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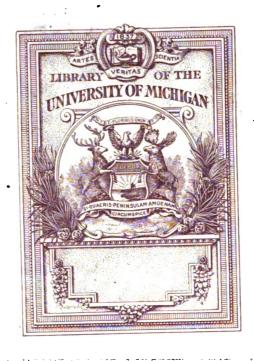
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THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

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## INDEX TO VOLUME LXIV.

AESTHRICS OF THE DINNER TABLE, THE. By Colonel A.	
Kenney Herbert National Review	683
APRICAN FOLK-LORE, By A. Werner Contemporary Review	640
ACHTHAR—THE STORY OF A OUREN. By Cornelia Sorabii. Nineteenth Century	275
AGRECULTURAL DEPRESSION UNMASKED. By T. M. Hopkins, Westminster Review	74
AMBRICA AS A POWER. By Alexander Miclure	67
AMERICAN CURRENCY CRANKS. By W. R. Lawson. Contemporary Review.	183
ANCIENT INCAS, THE	227
ART AND LIFE. By Verson Lee	6
ARIAND LIFE. By Vernon Lec	, 3/0
ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE. By Henry Harries	309
AUTONORY OF LABOR, THE. Dy Reney W. Wolk	470
BAB AND BABISM, THE. By J. D. Rees, C.I.E	3c3
Alden Nineteenth Century	432
BICETRE. By Tighe Hopkies	454
BICETER. By Tighe Hopkins	
By Edward W. Adams	864
CEMETERY OF THE LILES, THE. By M. H. Dziewicki Blackwood's Magazine	534
CHILDREN'S THEOLOGY. By I. M. P	403
CLAIM FOR THE ART OF FICTION, A. By E. G. Wheelwright. Westminster Review	008
CYCLING IN THE DESERT. By D. G. Hogarth	330
CONTRIBUTORS. By an Editor	480
CUBAN QUESTION, THE. By James Filemantice-KellyNew Review	497
CONTRIBUTORS. By an Editor. National Review.  CUBAN QUESTION, THE. By James Fitemantice-Kelly. New Review.  CHAMPAGNS. By George Harley Contemporary Review.	328
CUPID THE FIDDLER	846
DECLINE OF FUR SEALING, THE. By M. Rees Davies Gentleman's Magasine	661
Down in the World: The Flower-Maker. By Elsa	
d'Esterre Keeling	868
DECLINE OF FUR SEALING, THE. By M. Rees Davies	621
EDITORS. By a Contributor	77
EDITORS. By a Contributor.  ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND FRANCE. By T. H. S. Escott. Fortnightly Review.  ENGLISH RANCHWOMAN, THE. By J. R. E. S. Longman's Magasine.	731
ENGLISH RANCHWOMAN, THE. By J. R. E. SLongman's Magazine	54
ETHICAL IMPULSE OF MRS. Browning's Portry. The. By	
Thomas Bradfield	447
ETHICAL IMPULSE OF MRS. BROWNING'S PORTRY, THE. By Thomas Bradfield	811
FAMILY COUNCIL IN FRANCE, THE. By Miss M. Hethaun-	. 10
FAMILY COUNCIL IN FRANCE, THE. By Miss M. Bethain-	
Edwards, Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France National Review	. 61:
FIRST FOOT, THE. By Margaret Hunt. Longman's Magnetine. FORTY DAYS, THE. Macmillan's Magazine.	703
FORTY DAYS, THE	2
FORTUNES OF PARIS	SOF
FIRST NEST OF A R-IOKERY, THE. By Phil Robinson Contemporary Keview	510
FIRST NEST OF A R-IOKERY, THE. By Phil Robinson. Contemporary Keview.  FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES	2, 853
GENESIS OF EXPRESSION, THE; BEING THOUGHTS ON THE	
EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGE. By Maurice L. Johnson Westminster Review	. 8
HEROINE OF THE RENAISSANCE, A. By Helen Zimmern Blackwood's Magasine	400
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL. By Leslie Stephen National Review	256
PLUNT, LEIGH. By F. Warre Coinish	. 30
HUNT, LEIGH. By F. Warre Coinish. Temple Bar HOW SUMMER CAME TO CAITHNESS. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Blackwood's Magazine.	90
MUNICEY, A HOMAS MENRY: A KEMINISCENCE, By Wilfrid	
WardNineteentk Century	62:

INCARNATION, THE: A STUDY IN THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By W. W. Peyton	. 280 . 110
KAFFIR FINANCE. By W. R. Lawson	. 174 . 124
LAWTON, CAPTAIN FRANCIS.  LETTERS ON TUNKEY. By G. Max Müller.  LITERANY LADIES.  LI HUNG CHANG. By Demetrius C. Boulger.  LECKY'S "DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY"  Blackwood's Magazine.  Blackwood's Magazine.	5, 196 466 197 49
MAY TERM AT OXFORD. By Frederic Adye. Good Words.  MAKING OF A PRESIDENT, I HE. By Francis H. Hardy. Fortnightly Review.  MEN AND MANNERS IN FLORENCE. Cornhill Magazine.  MÉNAGIANA: AN OLD FRENCH JESTBOOK. By Sir M. E.	440
Grant Duff.  Grant Magazine  Modern President Facility.  Modern President Facility.  Modern President Facility.  Millais, Painter and Illustrator, John Everett.  By  J. and E. R. Pennell.  MISCELLANV.  136, 280, 423, 568, 71.	942 9430
MISCELLANY	4, 854
NATURAL REQUITAL. By Norman Pearson	. 181
thero	
	153
OLYMPIC GAMES, THE. By G. S. Robertson, a Competitor and Prize Winner. Fortnightly Review.  OLD LIPE OF THE INNS, THE, By Sheil: E. Braine. Good Words.  OLD ORDER CHANGETH, THE. By Julia Wedgwood. Contemporary Review.  ON AN OLD AMERICAN TURNPIKE. By A. G. Bradley. Fortnightly Review.	560 721 817
Pasteur, Louis. By C. M. Aikman	824 341 351 577 563
PAGEANTRY AND POLITICS. By a Spectator	746
QUINTA-LIFE IN ARGENTINA. By J. Barnard JamesTemple Bar	. 649
RELATIONS BRIWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN, THR. By J. B. Moore	145 257 502
DETTACL	215
STORY OF HIS LIFE. THE	678 848 160 525 768
Talks with Tennyson. By Wilfrid Ward	317 486
Talks with Tennyson. By Wilfrid Ward. New Review. Through Touraine on Wheels. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Blackwood's Magazine. Trapalgar from the Spanish Side: An Anniversary Study. By W. Laird Clowes. Cornhill Magazine. Trenyassing on the Tsar. A Crimean Experience. By Yegor Yegorevitsch. Cornhill Magazine. Trapalgar and To-day. By H. W. Wil-on. National Review.	387 758
Virgil as a Magician. By K. V. Coote	737
WILLIAM MORRIS: A EULOGY. By Mackenzie BellFortnightly Review	. 777
YOSEMITE MEMORIES. By H. W. Gleadell	. 8 <sub>37</sub>

## ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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Vol. LXIV.

JULY, 1896.

No. 1.

## ART AND LIFE.

BY VERNON LEE.

I.

ONE afternoon, in Rome, on the way back from the Aventine, the road-mender climbed on to the tram as it trotted slowly along, and fastened on to its front, alongside of the place of the driver, a big bough of budding bay.

Might one not search long for a better symbol of what we may all do by our life? Bleakness, wind, squalid streets, a car full of heterogeneous people, some very dull, most very common; a laborious jogtrot all the way. But to redeem it all with the pleasantness of beauty and the charm of significance, this laurel branch.

Our language does not possess any single word wherewith to sum up the various categories of things (made by Nature or made by man, intended solely for the purpose of subserving by mere coincidence) which minister to our organic and many-sided æsthetic instincts. the things which affect us in that absolutely special, unmistakable, and hitherto mysterious manner expressed in the fact of our finding them beautiful. It is of the part which such thingswhether actually present or merely shadowed in our mind—can play in our life, of the influence of the instinct for beauty on the other instincts making up our nature, that I wish to speak in

NEW SERIES-VOL. LXIV., No. 1.

these pages. And for this reason I have been glad to accept from the hands of chance, and of that roadmender of the tramway, the bay laurel as a symbol of what we have no word to express—the aggregate of all art, all poetry, and particularly of all poetic and artistic vision and emotion.

For the bay laurel—laurus nobilis of botanists—happens not merely to be the evergreen, unfading plant into which Apollo metamorphosed, while pursuing, the maiden whom he loved, even as the poet, the artist, turns into immortal shapes his own quite personal and transitory moods; it is a plant of noblest utility, averting, as the ancients thought, lightning from the dwellings it surrounded, even as disinterested love for beauty averts from our minds the dangers which fall on the vain and the covetous; and curing many aches and fevers, even as the contemplation of beauty refreshes and invigorates our spirit. Indeed, we seem to be reading a description no longer of the virtues of the bay laurel, but of the virtues of all beautiful sights and sounds, of all beautiful thoughts and emotions, in reading the following quaint and charming words of an old herbal:

"The bay leaves are of as necessary use as any other in garden or orchard, for they serve both for pleasure and profit, both for orna-

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ment and use, both for honest civil uses and for physic; yea, both for the sick and for the sound, both for the living and for the dead. The bay serveth to adorn the house of God as well as of mun, to procure warmth, comfort, and strength to the limbs of men and women; . . . to season vessels wherein are preserved our meats as well as our drinks; to crown or encircle as a garland the heads of the living, and to stick and deck forth the bodies of the dead; so that, from the cradle to the grave, we have still use of it, we have still need of it."

The symbol is too perfect to require any commentary. Let me therefore pass on without additional delay to explain, in as few words as possible, why the Beautiful should possess such power for good, and to point out before entering into a detailed account of any of them in especial what the three principal moral functions of æsthetic emotion and contemplation may be said to be. And, first, for the why. Beauty, save by a metaphorical application of the word, is not in the least the same thing as goodness, any more than beauty (despite Keats's famous assertion) is the same thing as truth. These three objects of the soul's eternal pursuit have different objects, different laws, and fundamentally different origins. the energies which express themselves in their pursuit—energies vital, primordial, and necessary even to man's physical survival—have all been evolved under the same stress of adaptation of the human creature to its surroundings; and have therefore, in their beginnings and in their ceaseless growth, been perpetually working in concert, meeting, crossing, and strengthening one another, until they have become indissolubly woven together by a number of great and organic coincidences.

It is these coincidences which all higher philosophy, from Plato downward, has forever strained to expound; these coincidences, which all religion and all poetry have taken for granted; and to three of which I desire to call attention, persuaded as I am that the scientific progress of our day will make short work of all the spurious estheticism and all the shortsighted utilitatianism which have cust doubts upon the intimate and vital connection between beauty and every other noble object of our living. The three coincidences I have chosen are: that between

development of the æsthetic faculties and the development of the altruistic instincts; that between development of a sense of æsthetic harmony and a sense of the higher harmonies of universal life; and, before everything else, the coincidence between the preference for æsthetic pleasures and the nobler growth of the individual.

The particular emotion produced in us by such things as are beautiful, works of art or of nature, recollections and thoughts as well as sights and sounds, the emotion of æsthetic pleasure has been recognized ever since the beginning of time as of a mysteriously ennobling quality. All philosophers, beginning with Plato, have told us that; and the religious instinct of all mankind has practically proclaimed it, by employing for the worship of the highest powers, nay, by employing for the mere designation of the godhead, beautiful sights and sounds, and words by which beautiful sights and sounds are Nay, there has always suggested. lurked in men's minds, and expressed itself in the metaphors of men's speech -an intuition that the Beautiful is in some manner one of the primordial and, so to speak, cosmic powers of the world. The theories of various schools of mental science, and the practice of various schools of art, the practice particularly of the persons styled by themselves æsthetes and by others decadents, have indeed attempted to reduce man's relations with the great world-power Beauty to mere intellectual dilettantism or sensual superfineness. But the general intuition has not been shaken—the general intuition which felt in Beauty a superhuman, and, in that sense, a truly divine power. And now it must become evident that the methods of modern psychology, of the great new science of body and soul, are beginning to explain the reasonableness of this intuition, or, at all events, to show very plainly in what direction we must look for the explanation thereof. This much can now be asserted, and can be indicated even to those least versed in recent psychological study, to wit, that the power of Beauty, the essential power therefore of art, is due to the relations of certain visible and audible

forms with the chief nervous and vital

functions of all sensitive creatures; relations established throughout the whole process of human and, perhaps, even of animal evolution; relations seated in the depths of our activities, but radiating upward even like our vague, organic sense of comfort and discomfort; and permeating, even like our obscure relations with atmospheric conditions, into our highest and clearest consciousness, coloring and altering the whole groundwork of our thoughts and feelings. Such is the primordial and, in a sense, cosmic power of the Beautiful; a power whose very growth, whose constantly more complex nature proclaims its necessary and beneficial action in human evolution. It is the power of making human beings live, for the moment, in a more organically vigorous and harmonious fashion, as mountain air or sea-wind makes them live, but with the difference that it is not merely the bodily, but very esentially the spiritual life, the life of thought and emotion, which is thus raised to unusual harmony and vigor. I may illustrate the matter by a very individual instance, which will bring to the memory of each of my readers the vivifying power of some beautiful sight or sound or beautiful description. I was seated working by my window, depressed by the London outlook of narrow gray sky, endless gray roofs, and rusty elm-tops, when I became conscious of a certain increase of vitality, almost as if I had drunk a glass of wine, because a band somewhere or other had begun to play. Suddenly, after various indifferent pieces, it began a certain piece, by Handel or in Handel's style, of which I have never known the name, but which I have always called for myself the Te Deum tune. And then it seemed as if my soul, and according to the sensations, in a certain degree my body even, were caught up on those notes, and were striking out as if swimming in a great breezy sea; or as if it had put forth wings and risen into a great free space of air. And, noticing my feelings, I seemed to be conscious that those notes were being played on me, my fibres becoming the strings, so that as the notes moved and soared and swelled and radiated like stars and suns, I also being identified with sound, having become apparently the sound itself, must needs move and soar with them.

We can all recollect a dozen instances in which architecture, music, painting, or some sudden sight of sea or mountain, has thus affected us; and all poetry, particularly all great lyric poetry—Goethe's, Schiller's, Wordsworth's, and, above all, Browning's—is full of

the record of such experience.

I have said that the difference between this æsthetic heightening of our vitality (and this that I have been describing is, I pray you to observe, the æsthetic phenomenon par excellence), and such heightening of vitality as we experience from going into fresh air and sunshine or taking fortifying food —the difference between the æsthetic and the mere physiological pleasurable excitement consists herein, that in the case of an impression, not of bodily comfort but of beauty, it is not merely our physical life but our spiritual life which is suddenly rendered more vigor-We do not merely breathe better and digest better, though that is no small gain, but we seem to know better: under the vitalizing touch of the Beautiful, our consciousness seems filled with the affirmation of what life is, what is worth being, what among our many thoughts and acts and feelings are real and organic and important, what among the many possible moods is the real, eternal ourself.

Such are the great forces of Nature gathered up in what we call the æsthetic phenomenon, and it is these forces of Nature which, stolen from heaven by the man of genius or the nation of genius, and welded together in music or architecture, in visual art or written, give to the great work of art its power to quicken the life of our soul.

I hope I have been able to indicate how, by its essential nature, by the primordial power it embodies, all Beauty, and particularly Beauty in art, tends to fortify and refine the spiritual life of the individual.

But this is only half of the question, for, in order to get the full benefit of beautiful things and beautiful thoughts, in order to obtain in the highest potency those potent aesthetic emotions, the individual must undergo a course of self-training, of self-initiation, which in its turn elicits and improves some of the highest qualities of his soul. Nay, in all true æsthetic training there must needs be-as every great writer on art has felt, from Plato to Ruskin, but none has expressed as clearly as Mr. Pater—into all æsthetic training there must needs enter an ethical, almost an ascetic element.

ART AND LIFE.

The greatest art bestows pleasure just in proportion as people are capable of buying that pleasure at the price of attention, intelligence, and reverent sympathy. For great art is such as is richly endowed, full of variety, subtlety, and suggestiveness; full of delightfulness enough for a lifetime, the lifetime of generations and generations of men; great art is to its true lovers like Cleopatra to Antony-" age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety.'' Nay, when it is the greatest art of all, the art produced by the marvellous artist, the most gifted race, and the longest centuries, we find ourselves in presence of something which, like Nature itself, contains more beauty, incorporates more thought, and works more miracles than most of us have faculties to fully appreciate. So that, in some of Titian's pictures and Michael Angelo's frescoes, the Olympia Hermes, certain cantos of Dante and plays of Shakespeare, fugues of Bach and scenes of Mozart, we can each of us, looking our closest, feeling our uttermost, see and feel perhaps but a trifling portion of what there is to be seen and felt, leaving other sides, other perfections, to be appreciated by our neighbors; till it comes to pass that we find different persons very differently delighted by the same masterpiece, and accounting most discrepantly for their delight in it.

Now such pleasure as this requires not merely a vast amount of activity on our part, since all pleasure, even the lowest, is the expression of an activity; it requires a vast amount of attention, of intelligence, of what, in races or in individuals, means special training.

There is a sad confusion in men's minds on the very essential subject of pleasure. We tend, most of us, to oppose the idea of pleasure to the idea of work, effort, strenuousness, patience;

and, therefore, recognize as pleasures only those which cost none of these things, or as little as possible, pleasures which, instead of being produced through our will and act, impose themselves upon us from outside. In all art -for art stands halfway between the sensual and emotional experiences and the experiences of the mere reasoning intellect—in all art there is necessarily an element which thus imposes itself upon us from without, an element which takes and catches us: color, strangeness of outline, sentimental or terrible quality, rhythm, modulation or clang which tickles the ear. But the art which thus takes and catches our attention the most easily, asking nothing in return, or next to nothing, is also the poorest art—the oleograph, the pretty woman in the fashion-plate, the caricature, the representation of some domestic or harrowing scene, children being put to bed, babes in the wood, nailway accidents, etc.; or again, dance or march music, and aphorisms in verse. It catches your attention, instead of your attention catching it; but it speedily ceases to interest, gives you nothing more, cloys, or comes to a dead stop. It resembles thus far mere sensual pleasures—a savory dish, a glass of good wine, an excellent cigar, a warm bed, which impose themselves on the nerves without expenditure of attention; with the result, of course, that little or nothing remains, a sensual impression dying, so to speak, childless, a barren, disconnected thing, without place in the memory, unmarried as it is to the memory's clients, thought and human feeling.

If so many people prefer poor art to great, 'tis because they refuse to give, through inability or unwillingness, as much of their soul as great art requires for its enjoyment. And it is noticeable that busy men, coming to art for p'easure when they are too weary for attention or thought, so often prefer the sensation-novel, the music-hall song, and such painting as is but a costlier kind of oleograph; treating all other art as humbug, and art in general as a trifle wherewith to wile away a lazy moment, a trifle about which every man can know what he likes best.

Thus it is that great art makes, by

coincidence, the same demands as noble thinking and acting. For, even as all noble sports develop muscle, develop eye, skill, quickness and pluck in bodily movement, qualities which are valuable also in the practical business of life; so also the appreciation of noble kinds of art implies the acquisition of habits of accuracy, of patience, of respectfulness and suspension of judgment, of preference of future good over present, of harmony and clearness, of sympathy (when we come to literary art), judgment and kindly fairness, which are all of them useful to our neighbors and ourselves in the many contingencies and obscurities of real life. Now this is not so with the pleasures of the senses; the pleasures of the senses do not increase by sharing, and sometimes cannot be shared at all; they are, moreover, evanescent, leaving us no richer; above all, they cultivate in ourselves qualities useful only for that particular enjoyment. Thus, a highly discriminating palate may have saved the life of animals and savages, but what can its subtleness do nowadays beyond making us into gormandizers and winebibbers, or, at best, into cooks and tasters for the service of gormandizing and winebibbing persons?

Delight in beautiful things and in beautiful thoughts requires, therefore, a considerable exercise of the will and the attention, such as is not demanded by our lower enjoyments. Indeed, it is probably this absence of moral and intellectual effort which recommends such lower kinds of pleasure to a large number of persons. I have said lower kinds of pleasure, because there are other enjoyments besides those of the senses which entail no moral improvement in ourselves: the enjoyments connected with vanity. Even if any of us could be sure of being impeccable on these points, we should not be too hard on the persons and the classes of persons who are conscious of no other kind of enjoyment. They are not necessarily base, not necessarily sensual or vain, because they care only for bodily indulgence, for notice and gain. They are very likely not base, but only apathetic, slothful, or very tired. The noble sport, the intellectual problem, the great work of art, the divinely beautiful effect in Nature, require that one

should give one's self; the Frenchcooked dinner as much as the pot of beer; the game of chance, whether with clean cards at a club or with greasy ones in a taproom; the outdoing of one's neighbors, whether by the outat-elbows heroes of Zola or the polished heroes of Balzac, require no such coming forward of the soul: they take us, without any need for our giving ourselves. Hence, as I have just said, the preference for them does not imply original baseness, but only lack of higher energy. We can judge of the condition of those who can taste no other pleasures by remembering what the best of us are when we are tired or ill: vaguely craving for interests, sensations, emotions, variety, but quite unable to procure them through our own effort, and longing for them to come to us from without. Now, in our still very badly organized world, an enormous number of people are condemned by the tyranny of poverty or the tyranny of fashion, to be, when the day's work or the day's business is done, in just such a condition of fatigue and languor, of craving, therefore, for the baser kinds of pleasure. We all recognize that this is the case with what we call poor people, and that this is why poor people are apt to prefer the publichouse to the picture gallery or the concert-room. It would be greatly to the purpose were we to acknowledge that it is largely the case with the rich, and that for that reason the rich are apt to take more pleasure in ostentations display of their properties than in contemplation of such beauty as is accessible to all men. Indeed, it is one of the ironies of the barbarous condition we are pleased to call civilization, that so many rich men-thousands daily-are systematically toiling and moiling till they are unable to enjoy any pleasure which requires vigor of mind and attention, rendering themselves impotent from sheer fatigue, to enjoy the delights which life gives generously to all those who fervently seek them. what for? Largely for the sake of those pleasures which can be had only for money, but which can be enjoyed without using one's soul.

Thus it is that real æsthetic keenness
—and æsthetic keenness, as I shall

show hereafter, means appreciating beauty, not collecting beautiful properties—means a development of the qualities of patience, attention, reverence, and of that vigor of soul which is not called forth, but rather impaired, by the coarser enjoyments of the senses and of vanity. So far, therefore, we have seen that the capacity for æsthetic pleasure presupposes a certain nobility in the individual. I think I can show that the preference for æsthetic pleasure implies also a happier relation between the individual and his fellows.

But the cultivation of our æsthetic pleasures does not merely necessitate our improvement in certain very essential moral qualities. It tends, as much, in a way, as the cultivation of the intellect and the sympathics, to make us live chiefly in the spirit; in which alone, as philosophers and mystics have rightly understood, there is safety from the worst miseries and room for the most complete happiness. Only, we shall learn from the study of our æsthetic pleasures that while the stoics and mystics have been right in affirming that the spirit only can give the highest good, they have been fatally wrong in the reason for their prefer-And we may learn from our esthetic experiences that the spirit is useful, not in detaching us from the enjoyable things of life, but, on the contrary, in giving us their consummate possession. The spirit—one of whose most precious capacities is that it enables us to print off all outside things on to ourselves, to store moods and emotions, to recombine and reinforce past impressions into present ones —the spirit puts pleasure more into our own keeping, making it more independent of time and place, of circumstances, and, what is equally important, independent of other people's strivings after pleasure, by which our own, while they clash and hamper, are so often fatally impeded.

For our intimate commerce with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts does not exist only, or even chiefly, at the moment of seeing, or hearing, or reading; nay, if the beautiful touched us only at such separate and special moments, the beautiful would play but an insignificant part in our existence.

As a fact, those moments represent very often only the act of storage, or not much more. Our real æsthetic life is in ourselves, often isolated from the beautiful words, objects, or sounds; sometimes almost unconscious; permeating the whole of the rest of life in certain highly æsthetic individuals, and, however mixed with other activities, as constant as the life of the intellect and sympathies; nay, as constant as the life of assimilation and motion. We can live off a beautiful object, we can live by its means, even when its visible or audible image is partially, nay, sometimes wholly, obliterated; for the emotional condition can survive the image and be awakened at the mere name, awakened sufficiently to heighten the emotion caused by other images of We can sometimes feel, so to beauty. speak, the spiritual companionship and comfort of a work of art, or of a scene in Nature, nay, almost its particular caress to our whole being, when the work of art or the scene has grown faint in our memory, but the emotion it awakened has kept warm.

Now this possibility of storing for later use, of increasing by combination, the impressions of beautiful things, makes art—and by art I mean all æsthetic activity, whether in the professed artist who creates or the unconscious artist who assimilates—the type of such pleasures as are within our own keeping, and makes the æsthetic life typical also of that life of the spirit in which alone we can realize any kind of human freedom. We shall all of us meet with examples thereof if we seek through our consciousness. That such things existed was made clear to me during a weary period of illness, for which I shall always be grateful, since it taught me, in those months of incapacity for enjoyment, that there is a safe kind of pleasure, a pleasure we can defer. I spent part of that time at Tangier, surrounded by all things which could delight me, but in none of which I took any real delight. I did not enjoy Tangier at the time, but I have enjoyed Tangier ever since, on the principle of the bee eating its honey months after making it. The honey months after making it. reality of Tangier, I mean the reality of my presence there, and the state of -- :

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my nerves, were not in the relation of enjoyment; but the image of Tangier, the remembrance of what I saw and did there, has often since been with my ego in the relation of the greatest en-

joyment.

After all, is it not often the case with pictures, statues, journeys, and the reading of books? The weariness entailed, the mere continuity of looking or attending, quite apart from tiresome accompanying circumstances, make the apparently real act, what we expect to be the act of enjoyment, quite illusory; like Coleridge, we see, not feel, how beautiful things are. Later on, all odious accompanying circumstances are utterly forgotten, eliminated, and the weariness is gone: we enjoy not merely unhampered by accidents, but in the very way our heart desires. For we can choose—our mood unconsciously does it for us—the right moment and right accessories for consuming some of our stored delights; moreover, we can add what condiments and make what mixtures suit us best at that mo-We draw not merely upon one past reality, making its essentials present, but upon dozens. To revert to Tangier (whose experience first brought these possibilities clearly before me), I find I enjoy it in connection with Venice, the mixture having a special roundness of tone or flavor. Similarly, I once heard Bach's Magnificat, with St. Mark's of Venice as a background in my imagination; certain mounlight songs of Schumann have blended wonderfully with remembrances of old Italian villas. King Solomon, in all his ships, could not have carried the things which I can draw, in less than a second, from one tiny convulution of my brain, from one corner of my mind; no Faust that ever lived had spells which could evoke such kingdoms and worlds as any one of us can conjure up with certain words: Greece, the Middle Ages, Orpheus, Robin Hood, Mary Stuart, Ancient Rome, the Far East. And here, as fit illustration of these beneficent powers, which can free us from a life where we are stifled and raise us into a life where we can breathe and grow, let me record my gratitude to a certain young goat, which, on one occasion, turned what might have been a detestable hour into a pleasant one. The goat, or rather kid, a charming gazelle like creature, with budding horns and broad, hard forehead, was one of my fourteen fellow-passengers in a third class carriage on a certain bank holiday Saturday. Riding and standing in such crowded misery had cast a general gloom over all the holidaymakers; they seem to have forgotten the coming outing in sullen hatred of all their neighbors; and I confess that I too began to wonder whether bank holiday was an altogether delightful institution. But the goat had no such doubts. Leaning against the boy who was taking it holiday-making, it tried very gently to climb and butt, and to play with its sulky fellow-travellers. And as it did so it seemed to radiate a sort of poetry on everything; vague impressions of rocks, woods, hedges, the Alps, Italy, and Greece; mythology, of course, and that amusement of jouer avec des chèvres apprivoisées," which that great charmer M. Renan has attributed to his charming Greek people. And, as I realized the joy of the goat on finding itself among the beech woods and short grass of the Hertfordshire hills, I began also to see my other fellow-travellers no longer as surly people resenting each other's presence, but as happy human beings admitted once more to the pleasant things of life: the goat had quite put me in concert with bank holiday. When it got out of the train at Berkhampstead, the emptier carriage seemed suddenly more crowded, and my fellow-travellers more discontented; but I remained quite pleased, and when I had alighted, found that instead of a horrible journey, I could remember only a rather charming little adventure. That beneficent goat had acted as Pegassus; and on its small back my spirit had ridden off to the places it loves. In this fashion does the true æsthete tend to prefer, even like the austerest moralis', the delights which, being of the spirit, are most independent of circumstances and most in the individual's own power.

The habit of æsthetic enjoyment makes this epicurean into an ascetic. He builds as little as possible on the things of the senses and the moment, knowing how little, in comparison, we have either in our power. For, even if the desired object, person, or circumstance comes, how often does it not come at the wrong hour! In this world, which mankind still fits so badly, the wish and the realization are rarely in unison, rarely in harmony, but follow each other, most often, like vibrations of different instruments, at intervals which can only jar. The n'est-ce que cela, the inability to enjoy. of successful ambition and favored passionate love is famous; and short of love even and ambition, we all know the flatness of much-desired pleasures. King Solomon, who had not been enough of an ascetic, as we all know, and therefore ended off in cynicism, had learned that there is not only satiety as a result of enjoyment, but a sort of satiety also, an absence of keenness, an incapacity for caring, due to the deferring of enjoyment. He doubtless knew, among other items of vanity, that our wishes are often fulfilled without our even knowing it, so indifferent have we become through long waiting, or so changed in our wants.

In a similar way, the modest certainty of all pleasure derived from the Beautiful will accustom the perfect æsthete to seek for the like in other branches of activity. Accustomed to the happiness which is in his own keeping, he will view with suspicion all craving for satisfactions which are beyond his control; he will not ask to be given the moon, and he will not even wish to be given it, lest the wish should grow into a want; he will make the best of candles and glowworms and of distant heavenly luminaries: moreover, being accustomed to enjoy the mere sight of things as much as other folk do their possession, he will probably actually prefer that the moon

should be hanging in the heavens, and not on his staircase.

Again, having experience of the æsthetic pleasures which involve, in their sober waking bliss, no wear and tear, no reaction of satiety, he will not care much for the more rapturous pleasures of passion and success, which always cost as much as they are worth. He will be unwilling to run into such debt with his own feelings, having learned from æsthetic pleasure that there are modes of soul which, instead

of impoverishing, enrich it.

Thus does the commerce with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts tend to develop in us that healthy amount of asceticism which is necessary for every workable scheme tending to the benefit of the individual and the plurality: self-restraint, choice of aims, consistent and thorough-paced subordination of the lesser interest to the greater; above all, what sums up asceticism as an efficacious means toward happiness, preference of the spiritual, the unconditional, the durable, to the temporal, the uncertain, and the fleeting. The intimate and continuous intercourse with the Beautiful teaches us, therefore, the renunciation of the unnecessary for the sake of the possible; it teaches asceticism leading not to indifference and Nirvana, but to higher complexities of vitalization, to a more complete and harmonious rhythm of individual existence.

In such manner, to resume our symbol of the bay laurel which the roadmender stuck on to the front of that tramcar, can our love for the Beautiful avert, like the plant of Apollo, many of the storms and cure many of the fevers of life. — Contemporary Review.

#### THE GENESIS OF EXPRESSION; BEING THOUGHTS ON THE EVOLUTION OF LANGUAGE.

BY MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

IF, as Professor Max Müller holds, it is impossible to think without words, thought and language must be so relat-

order of conscious evolution and coeval in natural origin. If we try by reflecting upon our consciousness and analyzed as to be practically simultaneous in ing our expressions to determine which is primary in point of sequence, thought, or speech, we fail to reach any definite result; first, because all thought is itself an ideal form of expression or lauguage, of which gesture, pantomime, and phonetic utterance are but continuous aspects evolved through voluminous apparatuses of ultimate physical organs; and secondly, because the whole personality moves together, and its every expression, whether psychic or articulate, involves a co-ordination of the whole self-conscious organism. have said every expression, whether psychic or articulate, but really there is no psychic expression which is not articulate, or articulate expression which is not psychic, for the unuttered thought is articulate to itselfi.e., ideally—and the uttered thought is articulate to itself and to objective selves through the medium of the external senses.

The fact that the language of a nation always corresponds with and is in proportion to its mental development, shows that there has never been a time when man was man and incapable of intelligible expression or articulate lan guage; the human consciousness—the power to think, feel, and perceiveevolves pari passu with the power, the instinctive capacity for creating intellectual symbols and giving them pantomimic or phonetic shape. The confusion in which philosophers become involved in trying to discover the true position of words in the circle of conscious evolution, arises largely from the limited conception of the meaning of language, which restricts it to pantomime, hieroglyphic, and phonetic symbols, expressing states of consciousness existing in the minds of those who employ them, and regarded as the evolution of a specific faculty whose function is to give external expression to such states; whereas, the power to express -and all expression is a species of language or speech—is not confined to any part of the organism, for it is common (and in sense) to speak of a speaking eye, an expressive face, voice, or deportment. What distinguished the different organic functions as the oral, the visual, and locomotive is, that each has the power to express any or all the conscious capacities through itself in a specific manner or specialized form. Thus, the mental state known as fear is expressed through the entire organism, and through each organ assumes a different aspect, which is the natural language of the emotion, recognizable at a glance, and understood in all countries, even by the veriest savages. dilates the eyes, blanches the skin, contracts the organism generally, produces through the voice a distinctive soundin fact, in each organic function assumes a specific expression. All these expressions are the language of fear, the word fear is only the intellectualized symbol, or nomen, created by the English intellect for bandling the state of consciousness in the abstract, without having recourse to its instinctive expressions; yet, while the instinctive expressions of this emotion are understood by all human beings, and even by the brutes—as they are possessors with us of this capacity—the intellectual symbol of four hieroglyphics with specific phonetic significance, has to be learned and its meaning acquired before individuals can connect it with the emotional state of consciousness for which it stands. But when a knowledge of its meaning is once acquired, the mind can use it without experiencing, or inducing in the minds of others, the instinctive emotional state of which it is the intellectualized representative, because the word is an intellectual transmutation of that state, and its relation to it is consequently indirect. How readily does a child or a dog distinguish the expression of real fear from that which is feigned.

The language of pantomime is generally an instinctive species of expression; but intellectual pantomime is also possible, as shown in the deaf and dumb alphabet expressed with the Further, it is impossible to hands. form a conception of any abstract state such as fright, except as expressed in a human or other living organism when under its influence. Thus no one has ever seen a living embodiment of fear Who, therefore, can conceive of it as having separate existence in itself? We know what a timid person under the influence of fear looks like; and such a person is our highest idea of the impersonation of fear.

recognition of this truth conducts to that of another very important oneviz., that the mind has no such thing as a faculty per se; and that what psychologists call such, are but capacities or potentialities of the living organism to assimilate itself to certain actual states or forms of expression; consequently all psychological phenomena, in fact, all phenomena whatsoever, within the circle of the knowable, which we call nature, are but a catena of expressions, and reducible to the idea of language. Descartes, in his celebrated sentence, "Cogito ergo sum," recognizes this truth. He means to say: My subjective existence is an inference from my capacity to evolve objective existences or expressions which are selfindividualizations--i.e., thoughts. For what are thoughts but expressions, the result of a capacity of life to propagate itself in a specific way through an organism, and thereby give individuality —or a special form of expression—to the attributes of its own capacities, and those of the objective existences or expressions of which its own are indirectly a continuous part? If we divide, as we can, all psychological phenomena, and, in fact, all phenomena (for there are none which are not resolvable into psychological), into two classes—viz., expressions and impressions—we shall find on examination that these apparently dissimilar and antipodal categories are reducible to expressions only; what we call impressions being, when analyzed, the assimilation of entities to an expression or form other than that in which they were previously existing. When a sculptor impresses a piece of marble, he reduces it to the expression of its own conception. And the artist who sways the minds of generations does so by assimilating them to the expression of its own mental states.

It is misleading to restrict the idea of language to vocal expression, for all the phenomena of nature are but forms of language—the expressions of changes in her unfathomable and impenetrable conscious activities. Thus, if we take a single word (which is one form of expression), and trace it in all its relations, we are compelled to unravel the whole science of speech; and if we trace inward the science of speech to

that of its antecedent thought, we must, to understand it, unravel the whole science of psychology; and that is conterminous with the whole science of heing—i.e., universal nature. A word, therefore, is thought evolved through an unbroken catena of psychic laboratories (brain centres), to an expression in which it is objective to itself

Our modern scientists represent that the hidden and impalpable forces of nature, such as we call life and thought, are discoverable only by vivisection. Such a method of research is equivalent to dissecting a criminal alive, not with the idea of extorting confession by the torture to which we subject him, but under the delusion that we shall discover the nature of the thoughts he won't express, as they arise in the Tennyson speaks of "When a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek." Now the flushed cheek is the most ultimate and intense expression which the thought can assume through the organism in which it has arisen, except vocal speech, which is a more ultimate expression than the blush, as in it (speech) the thought assumes an independent individuality, in which form it passes beyond the subjective consciousness in which it apparently originated, and becomes objective to that parent consciousness as a sound impressing it through the organs of hearing; or if the person wrote the words which are the phonographic symbols of the "great thought," it has then acquired an objective form which impresses him through the sense of sight. Thought is obviously a birth-process, life, issuing from a state potential through an indefinable series of physiological changes, until it assumes the most perfect actual expression it is capable of through the organism which is its medium of utterance. So, if we cannot comprehend by observation and inference the nature of the thought which has flushed the cheek by perceiving the flush, we should not be likely to do so by watching the molecular changes in the particular centre of the brain in which the thought had birth.

Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks of the "science of mind, which, through an

indeterminate region, passes into the science of being; if we can call that a science of which the issue is nescience." Now, as we have seen, the whole physiognomy of nature is a series of expressions; and every expression is a form of language: all natural phenomena are, therefore, the expressions or language of life—physiognomical appearances which result from antecedent changes of vital and psychic activities. To say that "the science of being ends in nescience" seems incorrect. As we have seen, all phenomena are expressions of thought; in other words, thoughtforms, manifestations of thought, the most positive aspect which in the terrene order it assumes. Mr. Spencer probably means to assert that thought And when Professor is unknowable. Max Müller speaks of the impossibility of thinking without words, he means that it is impossible to think a formless thought, which is obviously true, for it is impossible to think about nothing, thought being essentially a self-creative process, the source of its own existence, and of all the catena of expressions which it subsequently assumes through what we call matter. Thus, thought has knowledge of itself in precisely the same way that it has knowledge of all existence—i.e., in its attributes. Our thoughts know themselves by their forms; it is impossible to conceive of existence apart from the attribute of form; a thing is called formless when its shape is too vast in complexity for human definition—but that is the very opposite of absence of the attribute of shape. It is also impossible to distinguish between personality and thought; they are identical. Thought, then, Professor Max Müller means to say, has attributes; indeed, the attributes of all material existence are but the replica and counterpart of the attributes of Mill has laid it down that thought. "the ultimate laws of nature cannot possibly be less numerous than the distinguishable feelings or sensations of our nature." Thought is, therefore, related to itself as to all existence in its attributes; for if we say thought is related to existence and its attributes we contradict ourselves, for we assert that entity has existence independently of its attributes, and that

its attributes are non-existent; whereas, entity has no existence (for us) apart from its attributes, and cannot maintain its individuality if a single attribute be changed in the slightest degree. We are able to speak of a tree and its attributes, or of a thought and its attributes; yet tree or thought, apart from their attributes, are but undefined notions, resulting from the capacity of thought to generalize the particular, to unify multiplex attributes to the single notion of existence. But, to distinguish a tree from another entity, or one thought from another, we must resolve either into that special expression of abstract attributes which constitutes its individuality, individuality being that special modification of attributes by which any part of universal existence is at once related to and distinguished from all existence of its own kind directly, and indirectly from all existence whatever. Can thought, then, be said to be unknowable when it has attributes corresponding to those of all existence of which it gives us cognizance? And all we can know of any existence is by assimilating ourselves to consciousness of its attributes; and to this knowledge we can equally attain of thought.

Thought cannot exist, for example, apart from such attributes as form and extension. We can conceive of a world or a globule, but we cannot conceive of nothing, thought being a positive expression of which our organisms are the negative or potential side. If we picture a vacuum, our idea is of matter in a specific form and extent of separate-How can thought be said to be less knowable than a tree, when we can express it, or rather its attributes, in written hieroglyphics, or spoken sounds, or direct symbolic representation as drawing or sculpture? Thus, in tracing the genesis of expression, we are conducted by inevitable sequence to thought, which is expression in the most positive and mobile form in which it has actual existence—i.e., existence knowable to itself; thought being selfevolved and self-perceived expression. We are now prepared to consider the apparently opposite opinions of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Galton, as to the constitution and modes of action of

the mind, and to show that the views of both are correct and reconcilable. Professor Max Müller holds tenaciously to the belief that all minds are radically alike in constitution; and Mr. Galton asserts that it is an absolute error to believe that the minds of every one else are like one's own, and that he at all events has no difficulty in thinking without words. To see how such contradictory opinions can both be correct and reconcilable, we must analyze the individuality of the mind, for minds vary as strikingly as faces, each of which, though built upon the same ground-plan and of the same elemental features, is a specialization of that plan, and each feature is again a specialization of the ground-plan of the feature, and thus we have interminable variety resulting from the same radical elements, and yet producing an interminable unity. But to understand the individuality of the mind, which, as Professor Max Müller contends, has no actual independent faculties, is not so easy as to understand that of the visible face, though the face is but the result. the materialized reflection of a corresponding potential mental individuality. Now if Professor Max Müller's view be correct, we must look for the individuality of the mind, in thought in each thought-and every thought being the offspring of the whole mind, must contain the whole individuality of the mind, part actually, the remainder potentially. To cease to think, as before remarked, is to cease to be actually (cogito ergo sum). It is possible to exist potentially without being self-conscious, as in sleep and in the embryonic state of being, but in such states our existence is known only to self-consciousness external to us. We are self-conscious then. only so long as thought is evolving itself through the alembic of the brain, and issuing into articulate actual being or expression through the brain, nerves, and ultimate organic processes of the body. So, when we speak, it is not our voice which is operating through us, but our thought—i.e., our entire consciousness assimilated to some special thought-form through some special part of the brain, evolving through intermediate organic processes and issuing in ultimate expression through the

vocal apparatus. And as every feature and bodily organ is a specialized expression of the physical individuality—so that we say a person's nose, or eye, or mouth is characteristic of them—so are the psychic activities whose recurrent operation has moulded these features and given them their character, equally expressive of all the activities—the total energies of the ego. So that a person's individuality or character is expressed in his look, or gait, or voice; all his psychic potentialities are indirectly in a state of actual expression through the one organic process which is supremely active. All the capacities are in a state of co-operant and co-ordinate alignment to the one which is supremely active, in a perfect and harmonious scale of degrees of relatively subordinate activ-

Here we see the consistency between the opinions of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Galton. The mind has no distinct positive faculties, only potential capacities; but it will necessarily express itself most perfectly through the medium of those organic processes which are most highly developed, in other words, through those organic channels which, having expressed itself through most frequently in the subject and his progenitors, have become the most easy media by which it can evolve itself to the most perfect expression or state of actual being. For example, a blind man cannot express himself in a glance, though he may be able to do so in a very pronounced manner through his voice; and a dumb man cannot express himself through his voice, though he may be able to do so eloquently through his eyes or by gestures. But in the expression of the dumb man's look there is something wanting, which indicates his deficiency of vocal power, if we had the discernment to recognize it; and in the voice of the blind man his sensory deficiency is indicated if our perceptions were sufficiently delicate to distinguish the absence of expression. Thus the whole is perfect in proportion to its parts, and each part in proportion to every part. A blind man can acquire knowledge of his own physical conformation; but an idiot, however perfect the apparatus of sight, cannot see himself. We are conscious how we

are looking at any particular time, by how we are feeling subjectively. How then is it possible to deny that thought is the basis of sight as of all definite sensation? Professor Max Müller would doubtless admit that a man who has learned a single word and its meaning, has modified and enlarged his individuality to some extent, for he has acquired the capacity, which he did not possess before, to handle in the abstract some conception, in a form in which he could not handle it before. If, for example, he has been told that a certain object is a ship, instead of conceiving the ship he can think of the phonetic substitute, and if he has learned to read the word "ship," he can conceive the four hieroglyphics which stand for it. Yet, says Professor Max Müller, one man's mind is not different from another's, though if he were to use the word "thaumaturgic" in addressing one audience every member would understand him, while if he used it to another not one would know what he And if we use the word fear to an individual like Lord Nelson, who said he knew not what fear was, it has . no more meaning relative to such a person than the word "stone;" while to others, who can experience the emotion, it is indissolubly associated with a specific state of consciousness. there might be a language invented in which the word "stone" might be made to signify the conscious state called " fear," and the word " fear" to signify the concrete substance that we call "stone," both words being arbitrary humanly invented symbols directly related to the intellect only, because the intellect immediately evolved them; yet, though they were coined by the intellectual faculties, because the coneciousness which evolved them issued into being, or took ultimate shape, through those capacities, upon analysis we shall find that they contain within them the potentialities of the entire human consciousness, simply because any and every expression is indirectly related to all expression, which fact makes human language possible of illimitable development. We use the words "fear" and "stone," but before the mind can understand them it must resolve them into conceptions of the

abstract attributes of the things for which they stand. I say, of the things, but only the word "stone" stands for a thing, the other represents an abstract state.

This brings us to a crucial point of the problem—viz., the difference between things and persons. We shall further see that each human self-consciousness is a more or less intense expression or focussed reflection of a universal self-consciousness; and that each actual expression of a human self-consciousness—whether the expression be what we call sight, hearing, taste, smell, speech, love, hatred, anger, hope, fear, or any other state of consciousness —is a *directly* specialized form or individualization of the total self-consciousness which expresses it, and indirectly of the universal self-consciousness of which the human is a miniature individualization or expression. And now to show how far this seems an inevitable induction, and that every thought as it issues into being is the universe in abstract miniature, and that every human being is in the most literal sense a microcosm, and "the temple of the living God," and materiality itself an aspect or expression of thought.

Victor Hugo speaks of "The reduction of the universe to an individual" in describing love; and Descartes says "that to conceive quite clearly is to possess." If by mutual arrangement people might use the word "fear" for "stone" and "stone" for "fear," each of these words (which, as before remarked, are directly intellectual in origin and relation), must contain within them indirectly the potentialities of the entire conscious capacities of the human mind, otherwise they could not be reversible and made capable of identical significance, so that, by a paradox, the truth of which the intellect reaches through its capacity for endless comparison, anything can be made to indirectly express everything, and everything anything; the phenomena of existence being an interminable circle of expressions, at any point of which circle such expressions may with equal truth be said to begin and terminate; but capable of widening farther and farther into an interminable infinitude, the most ultimate zone of which is but

an indirect individualization of the most central, and en rapport with it. How do we understand the words "stone" and "fear"? To have knowledge of the individuality of a stone, we must be able to assimilate our self consciousness to certain expressions which are the counterparts of certain expressions or characters of the stone.

Now the expressions or characters which give the stone its distinctive nature are abstract attributes; change any one of them, and you change the individuality of the stone. And what are attributes of the stone but capacities to affect or modify in a specific manner certain capacities in us—i.e., to assimilate our central consciousness (thought) through the medium of its specialized radiations or organic points of assimilation (the external senses) to special shapes or expressions corresponding to such attributes, and which constitute our only attainable knowledge of the objective entity we call a The external senses are therefore media through which the subjective self-consciousness, which is directly en rapport with its own materialism, is placed indirectly en rapport with all material existence, and attains to knowledge of it through consciousness of its attributes; which shows that what we call objective existence is but an indirectly subjective, and what we call subjective an indirectly objective. knowledge of objective existence is, therefore, a specific state or relation of our subjective consciousness. Sight is but an exquisite form of tactility, by which the subjective ego touches certain aspects of the attributes of entity external to it, so that the objective is an indirectly continuous expression of the subjective and the subjective of the objective, and they are placed in a state of incessant reaction, each involving and evolving itself through the other, and, in doing so, differentiating themselves to new shades of expression. This is why we cannot distinguish between thoughts and words: the exterior surface of a man's body is as much himself as the most central molecule; and if one could translate a thought into a million languages, the last would be as much a continuation, or ultimate expression or individualization of the

thought as the first. It is impossible to separate the idea of quality from that of existence; an adjective has no meaning in itself. Nor is it possible to describe the most concrete object except in abstract terms, which implies that it must be resolved into thought-forms before we can reproduce it in wordforms indirectly comprehensible to our own and other minds. So that abstractness and concreteness are but the extreme degrees of a single circle, at which these positive and negative aspects of matter converge, and enable it to react upon itself. All matter has consequently its abstract point at which it is assimilatable more or less directly to the highest abstract form known to us-viz., thought.

The real explanation of this puzzle of minds being alike and yet different, is that every human mind is a microcosm through which the All self-consciousness reflects itself, a medium through which the abstract side of the universe is refracted and its character differentiated while its identity is re-When we say "I," we mean tained. nature as expressed through our own organism. To a mind incapable of experiencing the emotion of fear, the word fear would have no more personal meaning than the word stone, no matter how great the intellectual capacities of such a mind. Again, such a person could not form conceptions (mental images) of those expressions which are the natural language of fear any more easily than of the hieroglyphics which make the word, or than conceptions of stones, while, when endowed with the capacity to subjectively experience the emotion of fear, the mind spontaneously and involuntarily forms ideas of such expressions (sensation pictures), or of those which are the natural language of any other emotion which it has the capacity to experience. But human ideas do not involuntarily take the form of the intellectually invented symbols which we employ to express such states; no one instinctively thinks in such expressions as the words fear, terror, or panic, in the same sense in which he instinctively thinks in those expressions which are the natural language of fear; they have to be acquired by voluntary effort, and then become

inseparably linked with the emotional states of consciousness which they are used to express. There are men unable to read who would not know the meaning of hideous, who could nevertheless form very intense ideas of the terrible, and recognize the faintest gleam of the natural expression of fear in a human countenance. We see, therefore, that our capacity to read intuitively those expressions which are the cardinal language of nature, will be proportionate to our capacity to assimilate ourselves (and we cannot assimilate ourselves mentally and not physically) to counterparts of such expressions. A person entirely destitute of the capacity to express fear instinctively, would be incapable of reading its natural expressions, more easily than the words which stand for them: his intellect would have to voluntarily learn their eignificance. Yet the capacity to evolve intellectual language must be intuitive, or alphabets and language would never have been invented. Words have therefore a wider or narrower meaning according to the scope of the mind from which they proceed, or which re-assimilates them. A word is nucleated personality embodied in "matter-moulded" characters; it is an embryonic centre of assimilation which, evolved through a human mind, acquires personality in the attributes of the entity or modicum of entity for which it stands. The capacity for ultra or super-instinctive language which is the impassable barrier separating man from the lower animals, is a capacity for illimitable expression and therefore for illimitable advancement.

The Mosaic account of creation tells us that "The Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them," etc. This statement is exactly in harmony with the capacity which man alone of all terrene beings possesses, to evolve from himself expressions ad infinitum with which to designate and distinguish objective phenomena. Further, though the power of the human mind to invent arbitrary symbols for natural phenomena is clearly limitless, such symbols have no meaning apart from the cardinal natural expressions to which they bear reference. Natural expressions are therefore at once the basis and object of language, its source and its raison d'être; neither can thought assume expressions higher than those of nature. If the poet, artist, or sculptor describes angels or the Deity, his symbols are a transcendent anthropomorphism. This illustrates the truth of Professor Max Müller's opinion, that all minds are constituted on the same radical plan, and recalls again the Scripture, "God created man in His own image:" for the human individuality is the highest image thought is capable of assuming. The artist may arise who will portray forms more God like than any yet evolved by the human mind, but such forms will be but more exquisite and perfect expressions of the human form divine; the scale of idealization may have no limit; but the radical type will always be the human.

If we could know the genesis of a single word we should have penetrated the origin of thought, and therefore of all being; we should know the beginning and end of self; "we should know what God and man is."

If ideas did not terminate in sensations they could not recognize themselves, or be recognized by other objective selves; it is thus that the ego is at once subjective and objective to itself. Self-consciousness is a self-evolved circle, beginning in the idea and expanding until it expresses itself through the senses in such form as to become sensually objective to itself, and by a centripetal or return process reacting upon the self, to be re-evolved from the centre, expanding through it in the form of another idea, so that we can translate through ourselves one idea into any number of symbols or languages, every one of which is an individualization of the same primitive thoughtform. This truth must have been haunting the mind of Descartes, when he asked "where a thought is lodged in its author." Milton makes Raphael say, when discoursing with Adam, "One Almighty is, from whom all things proceed and up to Him re-Our self-conscious existence, as it emanates from moment to moment, is a perpetual evolving and involving—a flowing in and a flowing out of expressions—the points of confluence or reactive assimilation being the external senses.

Our power to translate our ideas into words is a capacity to create embryonic psychological symbols in which to handle in germinal miniature the stupendous and more fully evolved symbolism of nature. What are the melodious measures of the poet, or the glowing creations of the artist when "he dips his brush in dyes of earthquake and eclipse," but miniature representations of certain expressions of that nature which is "the living mantle of God," and so perfect that it can serve as a pattern for the imitation of human art,

for all time? Can any philosopher show that a word is other than infinity in embryonic miniature? It is a form of thought—and thought is the true self-but where in the self it begins and ends, who can say? If we could determine this, we could determine where in the All-self the so-called human-self begins and ends. The universe is its source, the universe is its object; it is therefore but a centre of expression through which the universe diverges from and reconverges to itself. As therefore a word is a human selfconsciousness in indirect miniature, so is it the universe in still more indirect miniature. — Westminster Review.

## FATE IN THE FACE.

BY LOUIS ROBINSON, M.D.

READERS of "Maga" will possibly recollect that in two articles on the Physiology of Expression published in 1894 and 1895,\* an attempt was made to explain the manner in which habits of life and external circumstances tend to mould the features. When discussing Physiognomy with that object in view, very little was said of those inherent and congenital facial traits which we all possess, because it simplified the somewhat intricate problems as to the causes of acquired expression to regard the human countenance, for the time being, as so much passive material subjected to the shaping influences of environment. It is of course very evident that the human face, upon which time and circumstances produce so many remarkable changes, cannot fairly be compared to a blank canvas or a lump of sculptor's clay. Although the infantile countenance shows merely a generalized type (and from an anthropological point of view, a very primitive one), it cannot be considered even as a rough casting which is to be worked up by future external agencies. Innate hereditary tendencies, combined with certain strange natural laws of associa-

\* See "Maga," April, 1894, "On Acquired Facial Expression;" and May, 1895, "Trades and Faces."

tion between the character and the organic structure—which will be discussed later on—have a powerful voice in determining what manner of man a child will develop into.

These mysterious laws of association between the mind and the visible bodily structure afford a most interesting field for research, and I shall offer no excuse for digressing freely in their direction whenever a chance offers of gaining a little new light by any such excursion from our chosen track.

It will be seen by all who are acquainted with the literature of Physiognomy that we are now about to approach the subject in much the same manner as has been done many times before. But instead of beginning with the postulates of some of the earlier writers, who have been content to declare that such and such a style of face is allied with such and such mental peculiarities, and have built their various superstructures on this empiric foundation, we will, whenever possible, endeavor to dig beneath these "first principles" and investigate the why and wherefore of the link. Thus it has many times been assumed (and with truth) that a certain type of nose is a sign of a pugnacious disposition, that another is an index of cunning, and so forth; but hitherto scarcely any attempt has been made to explain the reason of any such connection.

Now a little reflection will show that a definite correspondence of certain outward features with mental peculiarities is by no means confined to the face. The old classification of men by "temperament," although rather crude and unscientific, recognized the fact that the complexion and character are intimately associated. Nor need we confine ourselves to our own species alone in seeking evidence of this kind of relationship between the skin and the soul. Chestnut horses are proverbially highly strung and hot tempered, especially if they have white markings on their heads and legs; and it has been stated that more than half the people bitten by dogs receive their injuries from black animals with curly hair. Breeders of shorthorn cattle assert that white cows with red ears are more excitable than red ones, while rat-catchers find that brown ferrets are both more courageous and less to be trusted than those of a light color. A boyish experiment of my own showed that the same rule holds good with different colored mice of the same parentage. possessed a white female mouse, and a youthful friend was the owner of some which were piebald. Not wishing to be outdone, I purchased a black male from a dealer in such wares, in the hope that the cross would produce mice of the coveted color. In this I was disappointed, for when the first litter—of six-arrived, three were black and three white, and like results occurred when the experiment was carried on to the fourth generation. These black mice not only had rounder forms and blunter noses than their relatives, but they differed from them also in disposition, being decidedly gentler and more phlegmatic. That the difference in constitution was as marked as those of color and temper, was proved by a melancholy accident. One cold night I forgot to cover up the cages with a piece of felt carpet, and in the morning all the white mice were dead, but their black brethren, although drowsy, were no whit the worse.

These examples, which could be added to indefinitely, set us on the track of one explanation of the observed cor-

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 1.

relation between features and character among mankind. This track will not lead us to the root of the matter, as will be seen presently, but it will at any rate take us to a point from which we can get a better survey of the ground.

The difference between the black and white mice was of course a racial one. The white were probably merely a variety of the common species, while the black male (according to the statement of the vendor) had been imported from Africa. Owing to one of those mysterious laws of natural inheritance -a law, by the way, which some of the modern writers on heredity seem to have insufficiently considered—the mongrel progeny in this instance showed no fusion of the two parent stems, but remained absolutely true either to one type or the other. Although the black mice of the third generation were half. or three-quarter-bred white ones, they remained in shape, in color, in constitution, and in mental attributes, as black as their African ancestor. And in like manner, up to the frosty night which eliminated them, the whites showed no stain, either moral or physical, of that "splash of the tar brush" with which they were all more or less freely bedaubed.

Without discussing this law of the persistence of type further than is necessary for present purposes, we may assert that the same phenomena, although in a less marked form, are observable among most animals, not excluding ourselves. Now mental characteristics are without doubt as much a product of environment as the texture and color of the skin and the shape of the bones and sinews. A race of mice, or of men, becomes moulded psychically as well as physically to fit the conditions under which it lives. Under some conditions of life a fierce and combative disposition is a sine qua non of existence; under others meekness is the saving virtue. Hence the difference in character between a Bengalee and a Hillman, between a poodle and a wolf, between a coster's donkey and an onager.

In the case of the brown ferret above mentioned, any innate savageness of temper displayed is no doubt due to the fact that brown ferrets were first obtained by crossing the white domestic ferret with the polecat. Like the black and white mice, these two types remain distinct whenever the darker and lighter varieties interbreed; for in a resulting litter some of the young are brown and some white, and the peculiarities of temper appropriate to each remain constant from generation to generation. As in the case of the mice also, there is a marked difference in the power to bear a cold climate, for the "polecat ferrets" are found to be much hardier than the white. No doubt the fiercer and more robust brown ferret inherits these qualities from its foumart ancestor; but a white one of the same litter, although equally a direct heir of the polecat, inherits only the pigmentary poverty and the moral phlegm of the white race.

The black, curly-coated dogs which are said to be guilty of the majority of attacks on human beings are either retrievers or mongrels with a large admixture of retriever blood. Now retrievers of this type are all descendants of a cross with the Newfoundland dog, and the original Newfoundland (not the piebald "Landseer" variety) was but little removed from the native "huskie," and therefore from the timber-wolf of North America. I have been informed that mongrels resulting from a cross between some European dogs, such as Scotch collies, and Esquimaux dogs, are often of a markedly treacherous disposition. If the indictment against the white cow be well founded, it seems not unlikely that she gets her restiveness and her color from the same source—viz., from those wild white cattle which once roamed the European forests, the descendants of which now inhabit Chillingham Park.

It seems probable, therefore, that the ehestnut horses with white markings and showing white in the sclerotic of the eye get their hot disposition from some ancient strain, either of wild desert steeds or of Eastern war horses, all of which were colored in this way, and whose surroundings made a courageous and impatient temper a necessity. There are various peculiarities among horses of this class which further support such a view; but perhaps enough has now been said to enable us to pro-

ceed with our argument concerning character and faces.

It is a somewhat odd coincidence, and one which has, I believe, already been pointed out, that similar colored hair in two creatures genealogically so far asunder as the horse and man stands for a sign of like peculiarities of temper in each. That it is nothing more than a chance coincidence there can be little doubt, for if we widen our field of analogy, and especially if we consider the enormous physiological gap between the two classes of rufous and hot headed animals, any likelihood of a more logical bond is diluted away to

nothingness.

Probably there is no link between an ochreous complexion and a hasty temper in modern man rather than a racial The two qualities were coincione. dently developed by independent agen-We know little of the nature and working of the forces which go to create a national type. That they are to some extent climatic and geographical is plain, for in New Zealand, Queensland, and North America we find the process in visible operation. Probably in the days of purely tribal savagery any peculiar attributes of the founder of a clan migrating away from his fellows would give the key, which external nature would develop and elaborate into a national characteristic. Such a pioneer, whether emigrant or outcast, would in most cases be a man of uncompromising temper and exceptional originality of mind; and, as is well known, these generally go with a physical peculiarity as strongly marked. Moreover, all barbarians are extremely intolerant of any bodily deformity or strangeness of aspect; and often a man, or a family, chancing to be offensively conspicuous in any such way, would be expelled from society. In Central America a hairy man was deemed an impossible outsider by the aborigines, while among the blacks of Western and Southern Africa an albino is always an outcast. These facts show how a new race might be developed from a "sport" which otherwise would be redissolved in the prevailing national traits.

Our red-haired Briton, from whatever source his peculiarities arose, is a descendant of some branch of the great

Aryan family, which found a peppery temper useful in the struggle for existence. That, although far removed from his original habitat and kindred. he retains the ancestral qualities in such an admirable state of preservation, is owing to the law of the persistence of types so strikingly exemplified in our horses, mice, and ferrets. Like these animals also, he is found to differ from his blood relations in constitution as well as in complexion, for it is well known that many red-haired people enjoy a special immunity from some forms of tropical fever.

Why the special qualities of some interbreeding races mingle and others do not, is a problem for the philosopher of the future. The difference does not depend upon the physiological degree of relationship, for most mulattoes show the parental traits of the whites and blacks fairly evenly divided, while an Anglo-Chinese mongrel is said, as a rule, to resemble one parent to the exclusion of the other. Among a mixed race, such as the British, a very large proportion of the marked differences of feature and complexion (not acquired during life) are owing to this indelibility of tribal types. Did each child represent an even mixture of its parents' qualities, we should, with a few exceptions due to the recent immigration of foreigners, be all as much alike as were the Caribs of the West Indies. ever may have been the original cause of the differences in outward type which we see in these islands, it is not so difficult to point out the agencies to which we owe our national character. time immemorial the dwellers among the Irish bogs and the Frisian marshes, the Scandinavian, and the Highlander, have had to contend with a rigorous climate and a barren soil, which made the struggle for life a very hard one. It was this stress, and not innate depravity of disposition, which sent the vikings to sea and the raiders across the Border, and made every fertile dale or snug estuary the scene of incessant bloodshed. A tribal separation rendered necessary in primitive times by the inhospitable nature of the country between such spots as were suitable for human habitation, engendered constant rivalry between each fierce clan and its

neighbors. As iron sharpeneth iron, so did each sharpen the countenance of its foes. If one people happened to dwell in a fertile tract of country, they were not permitted to sink into soft ease. because their better fortune brought down upon them predatory hordes from less-favored coasts. Whether our fathers were Norman, or Saxon, or Dane, or Celt, they had been through the mill. It is difficult to imagine any other method by which those national qualities of mind and body could have been evolved which have enabled the English-speaking people to dominate three-fourths of the globe.

No one will dispute the fact that there is, as a rule, a definite correspondence between the complexion and the general cast of the features; and it will therefore be seen that, in dealing at some length with the former subject, we have not been ignoring the aim with which we set out. But probably not every one has noticed that the whole body likewise yields evidence to the careful observer of the distinction between the more marked racial types with their corresponding traits of character. A friend, who is a most shrewd judge of mankind, recently remarked to me that he could recognize a Jew by his gait and bodily contour quite as certainly as by his features.

Type shows itself in the bones, muscles, and viscera quite as much as in the skin; while from the power to bear cold or to escape disease enjoyed by some men and animals with marked racial peculiarities, it is evident that every tissue and cell in the organism shares in the distinction. Hence a skull tells its tale to the astute phrenologist (whose victims think, the while, that he is estimating their "organs"), and the hands to the adept who makes them, and their possessors, his special Indeed there is no reason why enterprising specialists of the same kidney should not become "professors" of the art of reading fate in any part of the body to which their fancy might lead them.

If the question be asked, Why is this bond between the mind and the outward aspect, which was formed in some unknown fashion thousands of generations ago, maintained until the present day in spite of innumerable dilutions with alien blood, and a constant change in the external conditions of life? we can only answer that the mental attributes in question are as much an integral part of the type as is the pigment in the skin and hair.

When we reflect on the vast number of correspondences which can be observed to-day between the inherited qualities of mind and body, it is evident, if the above reasons suffice to explain the facts, that a vast number of races, very distinct in aspect and disposition, must have contributed to make modern British society. I see no reason to regard this as a difficulty when we take into account the innumerable primitive tribes yet existing which still show a very distinct national temper. Moreover, we must recollect that for many generations a process of fusion has been going on among different races the whole world Some thousands of years ago, not only was the number of separate tribes much greater, but they retained their distinguishing characteristics much more than is the case to-day. But other factors may readily be admitted as contributing to the result as we behold it. The miscibility of racial traits, limited as it is, will doubtless account for some of the phenomena. A definite cross with men, as with domestic animals, will at times give a fairly constant result. Thus the malignant temper which has been remarked in the "Cafusos" (a cross between the Negro and Indian) of South America is traceable to the psychic peculiarities of neither race, but to an untoward mixture of those of the two.

But although the union of diverse races, each having a marked physical and mental individuality of its own, together with the laws regulating the fixity and miscibility of types, will account for some cases of inbred conformity between expression and mental habit, they will not carry us very far. Neither, as we have seen, do they lead us to the root of the matter and explain how such conformity is brought about. So far we have not advanced much beyond the older physiognomists; for we cannot give reasons why the dark man with fine straight hair is melancholy

and sentimental, or the man with red and curly hair is cheerful and choleric, except by declaring that probably each is descended from some ancient tribe in which these same characteristics were uniformly associated. As to how the connecting-link was forged in the first place, and as to its true physiological nature, we remain absolutely in the dark.

Now let us see if a wider survey of mankind will carry us any further than the study of the persistence of racial types. As yet we have not touched upon those instances of an inherent agreement between the face and the character which are practically common to all men of whatever nationality.

In examining evidence of this sort we must of course be careful to reject such habitual expressions as are merely due to the reaction of the mind upon the features, and which, therefore, are produced during the lifetime of the individual. Where the connection is one of cause and effect, it will not help us in our present inquiry, which is into the nature of the bond when both mental and bodily attributes have alike been inherited. Thus one man may be of a melancholy disposition and of a rueful countenance because his life has been soured by misfortune. His is plainly a very different case from that of another who has inherited both a lugubrious visage and a tearful temperament from his ancestors. It is not always easy, even when our phenomena are of the latter kind, to give them their true value, for most people, following a natural bent, adulterate their inherent characteristics with those which they acquire.

These and other difficulties of a kindred nature do not leave us many examples of the kind we want which are pure enough for purposes of analysis. We will, however, proceed to investigate such material as we have.

All the world over, a large and wellformed forehead is a fairly good sign of intelligence. Here the link between the face and the character is of the simplest description. In the frontal part of the brain the more elaborate mental processes seem to be performed. Here also, probably, is the seat of the inhibitory centres which give us our power of self-control. A high and full forehead, therefore, means good accommodation for the higher mental machinery. The interior furnishing may not in all cases be on a par with the outside appearance, and, on the other hand, unusually efficient apparatus may be packed in a very unpretending chamber.

No feature of the human face is so sure an index of the mind as the eye. But here the very closeness and continuousness of the link so affects the result, that any coeval relation between the two is obscured. In fact, when one observes the eye in young children, and is able to watch the profound changes which age and experience bring, one is obliged to conclude that nearly all the noteworthy characteristics of ocular expression are secondary. A few, however, depending more on the surrounding structures than upon the eye itself, appear to be innate. Eyes placed a good distance apart are, all the world over, deemed a sign of an intelligent and straightforward charac-Here the correspondence between the expression and the mind is again easy of explanation. When the orbits are capacious and widely separated the floor of the anterior portion of the skull is roomy, and there is plenty of space for the folds of gray matter which cover the frontal lobes. Conversely, people with eyes set close together are not usually thought to be of a liberal or ingenuous disposition; and their defects may be owing to the "cabined, cribbed, confined" state of the fore-Selfishness and knavery, it must be remembered, are, as a rule, merely the result of a limited mental outlook. Apart from defects in the emotional springs of conduct, people showing such traits act as they do because they simply have not wit enough to perceive that "honesty is the best policy," and that it is more profitable in the long-run to be open and generous than to be secretive and grasping.

As I hope, on some future occasion, to pass the various features of the human countenance in review, and to examine each in the light of the several principles discussed in this and previous articles on the Physiology of Expression, we will pass on to other phenom-

ena which bear upon the question now before us.

In spite of the important place given to the nose as an index of character, there is but little to be learned from it in estimating the causes of an innate bond between the mind and the fea-Most of the correspondences tures. which have been remarked appear to be of a racial order; but why a Roman nose first became associated with a warlike and domineering disposition, or how a long and thin nose became linked with business shrewdness, is more than I can say. If we omit the changes which take place in a nose during the lifetime of its possessor, there is scarcely a nasal peculiarity of value to the physiognomist which at the same time is cosmopolitan. No Tartar or Hottentot, however warlike, could give proof of it in this way. Japan has shown that she possesses plenty of men with military aptitude, but no Wellingtonian nose can be found within her Again, no Chinese nose is borders. long and thin, yet "John" is not without a certain aptitude for driving bargains.

The nose, as will be shown when we come to study it more in detail, is one of the most plastic of the organs of expression. Although the immutability of distinct racial types may to some extent account for the difference between an aristocratic and a plebeian nose, the constant reaction of the mind has a much greater influence than is generally imagined. Most so-called plebeian noses, broad across the nostrils and with a blunt and rather turned-up tip, are a sign of an uncultivated mental and moral nature. They are distinctly of a puerile type—noses, in fact, which, although always growing upward, are never "grown up." The mental traits which we find commonly associated with a snub-nose—good-nature, pertness, ignorance, and thoughtlessnessare simply the mental traits of immaturity continued into adult life. Nations among which noses of this description are the rule (with a few exceptions where the historic surroundings have been exceptional) are lacking in those mental and moral qualities which we deem a mark of the highest manhood. But the evidence afforded

by our puerile nose, although it proves an innate tie between the face and the soul which is not entirely racial, merely tells us of a law of parallel development. The deed of partnership will now be generally admitted: what we wish to know is, How did it come about, and what were the prospective mutual benefits which led the contracting par-

ties into taking this step? As a rule, when endeavoring to analyze the more intricate nervous phenomena in man, a great deal is gained by reducing the factors to their lowest Thus, a problem which is so encumbered by the multiple complexities of civilization as to be practically insoluble, is often found to be greatly clarified when the same facts are studied in the child or the savage. And when this is found insufficient, it is occasionally worth while to continue the process of reduction and to transfer our attention to the ape. In the immediate question before us very little is gained by any such method, and the reason becomes obvious as soon as the attempt is made. In civilized men, savages, and anthropoids, the clfactory nerve (which is of course the chief connecting-link between the nose and the brain) plays a very small part in the struggle for existence; and, what is more, the shape of the external organ has no appreciable bearing on the sense of smell. Hence the nose, being relieved from the pressure of environment, is free to follow its own ideals. For, apart from frost and social prejudice, it does not matter twopence-halfpenny to the race what kind of nose a man has, or whether he has one at all. Irresponsibility and eccentricity go hand in hand all the world over.

But when we commence to study the part of the face beneath the nose, we find ourselves at once beset with many difficulties; and here the reduction process, if boldly used, will prove most helpful, and will reveal some curious

Let me remark, before going further, that any explanations of phenomena attempted (in all good faith) in this paper are merely hypothetical, and are not put forward as conclusive in the scientific sense. It is one thing to say, "The facts, as far as we know them,

seem to point to such a conclusion;" but it is quite another to declare, " This is my theory, and the true and only ex-planation of the phenomena!" The difference is not always appreciated by the public (as several modest investigators have found to their cost), and therefore it may not be inopportune to emphasize it by an illustration. In the one case you place a dish before a guest and say politely, "Kindly taste this, and tell me what you think of it," and, if you deem yourself a tolerable cook, you perhaps add, "I venture to think you will find it pretty good;" in the other case you adopt the less considerate method known to hospitality (in madhouses and on chicken-farms) as

"forcible feeding."

There can be no question that character is more revealed in the mouth and lower jaw than in any other part of the face. For although we can judge neither of a man's intelligence nor of his morality with any degree of certitude if we omit the forehead, eyes, and nose, we can usually gauge his value as a social item more by the set of his lips and the shape of his jaw than by any other sign. Let him be ever so great a genius, or ever so holy a saint, if his mouth be weak and his chin retreating his mental and moral qualities will lack that motive force which is needful to render them of any great use either to himself or to society. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton uttered a truism when he said, "I am certain that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is in energy, in determination;" and it is in the lower jaw that this energy and determination shows itself to a physiognomist.

But why? We eat with the jaws, and we wag them when we talk; yet neither eating nor wagging (of the ordinary sort) will make us great or powerful. The most ardent phrenologist could scarcely believe in a "will centre," an "organ," situate in the inferior maxilla—although such a theory would not be a whit more ludicrous, from an anatomist's point of view, than many which find a place in the text-books of the "science." The will is an integral part of the ego; and if a soldier had his lower jaw carried away by a shot, it would still be the same valiant and pigheaded Thomas Atkins. We are all of us aware that, when we exercise our wills, we brace and tighten our jaw-muscles at the same time. Even if the difficulty we determine to overcome be a moral one, the same involuntary change takes place in the countenance. What can be the character of this relationship, which seems so inseparable, between the jaws and the centres of consciousness within the skull? If we were to study modern man alone, whether as a living organism or with the aid of the scalpel and the microscope, we should find no glimmer of an answer.

Let us therefore (very briefly, for the argument cannot be fully set forth on this occasion) endeavor to simplify the problem by studying the jaw-functions in our nearest congeners. Here at once we find a clue to the solution. Among all Old World apes the teeth are the chief weapons for defence against natural foes and for combats for mates The canines are or tribal supremacy. in most cases enormously developed, insomuch that ill informed naturalists have suggested that a near relationship must exist between the primates and the carnivora. As a matter of fact, these formidable teeth have nothing to do with alimentation, but are as purely weapons of war as are the bayonet and the Maxim gun. In practically every emergency demanding unusual energy, obstinacy, and courage, they come into play. In every conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil—as such things are understood in pithecoid societythe temporal and masseter muscles are the chief arbiters of war. To become a great and powerful anthropoid, it is absolutely and brutally necessary to have a large and strong jaw, to give firm attachment to the teeth and good leverage to the muscles. That for an immense epoch our pre-human ancestors achieved success in life in like manner, is as clear as the print of "Maga" to those who have learned to Nature's handwriting. Since those days of true Arcadian simplicity our life has become bewilderingly complex, and our methods for settling social difficulties have changed—generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the nervous system.

Nor is the link merely one of habit; for we find that a man, or a family, inheriting a tenacious, energetic, and combative disposition, inherits also a style of jaw allowing abundance of room for the canine teeth, with an angle enabling the great biting muscles to act with the fullest mechanical advantage.—Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE FORTY DAYS.

It is winter in High Brittany, but winter clad in silver and pearl rather than cloaked in leaden purple flecked with snow, as it too often is at home across the water. For days, and sometimes for weeks, the weather keeps itself at stretch; there is no sun visible in all the shining dome of sky, no touch of gold in the even radiance that fills the air; sky and sea travel to meet each other in a tender haze of gray that, when one looks at it again, is not gray but a shadowy white that glistens and shines in a pale chill splendor. It is the clear colorlessness of water in light. The country is still, too; the woods very void of life, silent and desert; the trees purple in their masses, and variously blotched with orange and green of lichen, moss, and ivy. The fields are bare, in the hedgerows the autumn glow of red hip and haw is gone, and the birds have not begun to build. The touch of spring has not come yet to make the world quick; it is winter, but the farther edge of winter, in High Brittany.

And it is also Lent; that strange season which is now, and here, so full of contradictions, of memories, of the vestiges of dying custom, tradition, and fatth, of gayety and mourning, of habit and of indifference, that there is surely no other time of year that enfolds so much; no other time of year, perhaps, that has so much to tell, if

one care to listen. Lent in Brittany is a quaint and ancient crone, wearing a mask that is half laughter, half tears, and below it the wrinkled face of the past.

Shrove Tuesday has gone by, with its pancakes. In the old days, when fasting was more strictly practised than now, these were the last eggs eaten before the beginning of Lent, as the Easter eggs, gay with many colors, were the first eaten after it was ended. And though this is no longer the case, here, as with us across the water, only perhaps more universally, pancakes are made in every house down to the poorest; and as they are tossed in the pan the mother chants to a rambling fragment of Church music:

God sends pancakes
To all good children;
May the devil fly away with the bad ones!

While the children about her watch with a solemnity that is twofold, divided between an uneasy recollection of many small sins and a serious joy in pleasures to come, the thin yellow cakes leaping so merrily into the air. But Shrove Tuesday has never been a great day of Carnival, or Masking, here at St. Malo, as it is elsewhere; perhaps because the little town does not lightly give up workdays to frolic. The Masks take an airing on the Sunday before, Quinquagesima or Dimanche-gras, and come out again in crowds on the Sunday after, Pancake Sunday, as the Ma louins call it; and indeed they are to be seen more or less on all the earlier Sundays of Lent up to Passion. But on Shrove Tuesday only a handful of children here and there deck themselves in such gauds as they can come by, with faces blackened with soot or masks cut out of paper, and much contentment, noise, and dirt. In Saint-Malo the shops have hung out pyramids of masks, beards, noses, and grotesque heads; the secondhand booths in the ancient Rue de Boyer-where everything is sold, from sea-chests and sea-boots to wayside crosses and weatherworn wooden saints—are gaudy with hanging costumes and dominos of every shape and color. On the quays outside the wall the roundabouts have taken up their places, and a dozen small stalls edge

the sidewalk; and by these signs one may know that Lent, the time of mourning, is about to begin. And upon Ash Wednesday, if one look close enough, one may see the ashes clinging to the hair of those who return, with the air of having more pressing business elsewhere, from early mass; the ashes, which are all that remain of last year's palms, that have been burned upon the altar now that the year has come round again to Lent, and sprinkled by the priest upon the heads of the faithful.

But if one go to look for them, there are other signs also that Lent has come ouce more. In the meat-market, built on the ground where once the White Brotherhood of Saint John had its great soup-kitchen, called literally the Kettle of the Poor, in the meat-market where last week was a thronging crowd and stalls hung round with joints, or piled high with poultry, is now emptiness; there is only a knot of women at the far end about the butter-counter. who speak in spite of themselves with lowered voices. The crowd has moved on across the town, through the twilight of morning in the narrow streets and sudden splashes of inlet sunshine, to the fish-market; and there is noise enough and to spare, a continuous Babel of sound in which, surely, there is every possible note of the human voice, a rushing, rising whill of speech and laughter that is as ceaseless and as indefinable as the sea. All Saint-Malo is here, or has been, or will be here today; all Saint-Malo is bargaining, buying, gossiping and quarrelling at the pitch of all its voices, in a dense, struggling, importunate mass. It is Lent, and one must eat maigre; and fish, it too frequently happens, is neither plentiful nor cheap, and is not to be bought without a world of argument over the last sou. For on the one side there is Paris with her gaping mouth to be filled, and on the other the sea, churned by the northwesterly winds of winter round the uncountable rocks. and treacherous with sudden storm and

It is worth while on a market-day in Lent to spend an hour in the Place de la Poissonnerie. Here is more to be seen of the life of Saint-Malo and

the Clos-Poulet than anywhere else. Here are the people of the town, the ladies above and the ladies below, as an old song calls them, alluding to those who live in the upper flats and who, if not too high up, represent the richer bourgeoisie; and those who live below, on the ground floor, that is in the Here are the servants from Dinard and from Paramé, in white caps and aprons, with their big baskets; here are peasants from all the country-side, in the strange varying caps of their districts, and their winter cloaks, strange also, back-aprons as they call them, hanging wide and short and loose from a straight band tied about their shoulders. Here are men in blouses of every shade, from purple to white, or of black, or pink, curiously embroidered in colors; they wear high boots, and some, if it be cold enough, have short, shapeless coats of goatskin, brown or black or a grizzled yellow. Here are fish-sellers from Saint-Jacut, large-faced, simple, very broad in speech, and quaint in habit; they make the sign of the Cross over their fish as they sell them, for is it not Lent? And there are others from Cancale; tall, handsome, bold-eyed women, full-colored and loose-lipped, with their coquettish caps poised on their shining black hair which is combed curiously into ridge and furrow over their brows; hot-tempered and muscular, as ready to fight as to flatter, and with an odd wheedling grace of glance and accent that changes on the least provocation to ferocity. They are sometimes, in their way, very splendid creatures; but on looking at them one understands the old Malouin saying, "When you bargain with a Cancalaise, have a good lock on your door."

Round about the central fish-market, on the narrow pavement, there are baskets in an endless row, baskets of cockles, mussels, and whelks; of periwinkles, the old Lenten food of Saint-Malo, so popular that the spring-fair was called after them, and they have a fairy-tale all their own which Malouin mothers still tell their children; of sardines, fresh and salt, of lançons, a kind of sand-eel, and of crabs, which are not quite such as one usually sees in England, but of two sorts, the one

spiny and the other growing a crop of black hair. And if in Lent one buys crabs one must make a difference between these two; the spiny ones must have the sign of the Cross made over them, but the hairy ones must be spat upon. And if you would know why this is so, and why there are no sardines on the Emerald coast, and why the sand eels are called little lances, there are plenty of old peasant-women able and ready to explain, and to tell many other stories, too-true stories all of them, "as true as it is Lent," as they will wind up. And the bells of the single steeple overhead ring out incessantly for one service after another; and the curé's housekeeper hurries off homeward with the best fish in her basket, for who should have the best, if not the curé? And as the creels grow empty the fish-sellers once more make the sign of the Cross over them, and say to each other contentedly that it is a "good Lent."

But if, according to the Church, this is a time of fasting, it is also, and has been for more years than one can count, a season of gayety, when the masks come out and the streets and quays of the gray town are motley with a fantastic crowd. Unlike most other places, where Carnival is riotous from Quinquagesima to Shrove Tuesday and reappears for a single day at Mid-Lent, here at Saint-Malo Pancake Sunday, or the First Sunday in Lent, has always been the chiefest day for merriment and masking. The roundabouts are thronged with gaudy dominoes: the lottery-booths are surrounded with men and women in false heads and extraordinary disguise; and through the ancient gates of the town there is a continual coming and going of priest and punchinello, citizen and peasant, a long, changing, many-colored stream that has yet been for centuries the same. But it is rather within the walls, in the narrow winding streets, that one looks most kindly upon the Carnival; as when, on one of these silver days of winter, a pale sunlight gilds the later afternoon and glances along the ancient Rue du Boyer. In the wide black archways the old-clothes' shops hang out fantastic garments for hire, yellow, red, or blue: across the narrow way,

ontside an arched and grated window, is a pile of masks and heads, hideous, grotesque, impossibly ruddy or lividly white, a heap of crude staring color; in the street, which is barely wide enough to be called a street, is a gay crowd laughing, struggling, screaming, singing, clowns and jesters in gaudy red and green, tall black seminarists, soldiers, sailors, peasants in blouses, white caps from all the country side; and ever as a background the tottering houses on either side, which have looked down on such a sight year after year for three centuries. Scraps of the Marseillaise or of the latest ditty from Paris hum through the air. The bells ring for vespers; and the blue Sisters, with their huge white flapping coiffes, convoy long files of the quaintly gowned town-orphans on their way to church.

The earlier Sundays of Lent had formerly their special customs and ceremonies, which have only of recent years fallen into disuse. Shooting the goose and shooting at the papageai were always Lenten sports, while running at the Quintain took place variously at Mid-Lent or on Easter Monday. Pancake Sunday, till some twenty years ago, all Saint-Malo went out to the great beach to shoot the goose. In old times the bird was tethered alive by its head to a pole or peg fixed in the sand, and became the property of the man skilful enough to free it by severing its neck, which seldom happened till it had been quieted by successive wounds. If the winner was a poor man, he received along with the goose a few silver sols, which were called a Lenten gift; if rich, he was expected to give the town a sum to be divided among the sick or the needy. In more recent times, and till the sport fell into abeyance, the goose was a dead one, hung by its neck from a tall pole, and the Lenten gift had become a pitcher of cider, which the winner in return was expected to offer also to the other com-The game is very ancient, even more ancient than its fellow, the papageai, which was introduced to Saint-Malo by the good Duchess Anne herself, but which, for all her patronage, never became so dear to the people as their own goose-shooting. And yet the papageai was a popular sport, and perhaps a more courtly one; and early in the fifteenth century it was no empty honor, during the first fortnight of Lent, to be King of the Papageai and decorated as such by the Duchess herself. The papageai was generally a pigeon roughly carved in wood and set up on the highest tower of the castle; and he who shot it away needed considerable skill, whether he used bow or arrow, as in the early days, or later a clumsy gun resting upon a high stand. Not only was the King decorated by the Duchess with a silver chain from which hung medals of all the former Kings of the Papageai, but he received also from the town an allowance during his year of royalty, which varied at different times from £60 to £100, a very considerable sum in those days; so that, one may repeat again, it was no empty honor some four hundred years ago to become King of the Papageai on Pancake Sunday. As to the quintain, it too is an ancient Lenten or Easter sport at Saint-Malo, where for centuries it was represented by a mannikin dressed as an English soldier; and indeed, though in a less picturesque form, it is popular still. but it is removed to the national holiday in July, and has no longer a share in the Easter merrymakings.\*

Another ancient game proper to the Third Sunday in Lent was the soule, which is said to date back to a period beyond the Christian era. However that may be, the soule was played everywhere, though less at Saint-Malo than in the country around, at this season of the year; and there seems reason to believe that the game had a certain religious character. The youngest bridegroom of the parish offered a garlanded soule (an inflated leather ball) to the church on the Third Sunday of Lent; and after it had lain dur-

<sup>\*</sup> The custom of shooting at the papageai was not peculiar to Saint-Malo. Perhaps it was one of the many importations which the French alliance brought into Scotland. Our readers will remember with what ceremony Lady Margaret Bellenden went to attend the Festival of the Popinjay in the county of Lanark on a May morning in the year 1679, and of the shock her pride received at the discomfiture of Goose Gibbie. Sir Walter says that the custom prevailed in Ayrshire down to his own time.

ing High Mass upon the altar, and had been specially blessed, it was given back to the parish for the traditional game. One remembers in this connection the Shrove-tide football so common in England; and the soule seems undoubtedly to have been closely akin to it. Its special peculiarity was that the game was originally played only, as it seems, on religious fasts and festivals, on the Third Sunday in Lent, on Saint John's Day, sometimes on the Fête-Dieu (Corpus Christi), when it always received a preliminary benediction at the altar; while its sole temporal use appears to have been as a traditional gift at Easter to the feudal lord of the dis-

And Lent, the mourning season of the Church, is not only in High Brittany a time of gayety, but also a time of much business. It is the season of fairs, and if fairs are a fine occasion for merry-making they always begin in a seriously commercial way. It is only after one has sold one's cows, shorn one's sheep, got rid of the cartful of little pink pigs or the sacks of corn or bundles of long slim fruit-trees-only after an infinity of bargaining, wrangling and drinking (for no sale holds good till one has drunk upon it)—that one is ready to amuse one's self; which is so true that, though a fair may begin at six in the morning, it is only toward noon, when business slackens, that the shows and roundabouts open in a leisurely way. From the first week in Lent the fairs begin in a long succession; without going far afield, one could find one for each of the Forty Days, even, as at Croisty, for Good Friday; and the famous fair of Dinan, called the Liège, runs through nearly the whole of Lent up to Palm Sunday.

At Saint-Malo itself the Saint-Ouine, as it is named, is held on the Sunday before Passion, though there is not much now remaining of the great spring assembly which has a history of its own during the centuries that it has existed. It has travelled in its time, the Saint-Ouine. It was once held within the walls, when it was called the Periwinkle Fair from the bowlfuls of periwinkles that were sold at it, or sometimes the Whistle Fair, because, it seems, of the innumerable whistles and

trumpets and horns which children bought there four hundred years ago as they still buy them to-day; but it was turned out after the great fire in the sixteenth century, which burned half Saint-Malo to the ground. Then it betook itself to the island of the Grand Bey, where was then a chapel dedicated to Saint Ouen, or, as he was called by the people, Saint Ouine, about which the fair was held, and where the wives of Saint-Malo sailors prayed for fair winds to bring their men home, turning the chapel cross toward the quarter whence the wind should come, so that the saying arose, "As changeable as the cross of Saint-Ouine." Lastly, and not till the middle of this century, long after the last ruins of the chapel on the Grand Bey had been swept away or overgrown, the Saint-Ouine was transferred again to the broad quays outside the town, where it is now held every year on the Sunday before Passion. But its importance has gone from it, and even compared with its neighbors it is a poor thing indeed; from its ancestor, the great Whistle Fair, it has only inherited one quality, and that is noise.

They are all the same, these fairs or assemblies, in their degree: roundabouts, lotteries, innumerable varieties of gaming-tables, shooting-booths, and phonographs; small shows of inconceivable squalor where women, thin, unwashed, and half-starved, shiver in a hideous undress; tumblers, cheapjacks; huge quaint baskets of the very ancient cakes of High Brittany, the cracquelins, and the founces, buck wheat cakes made not too cleanly on griddles over charcoal stoves, pans of steaming sausages: one does not fast nowadays with conviction. And in the midst of the noise, the crowding, the shooting, the gambling, the din of drums and cymbals and the braying of mechanical organs, there may be at the larger fairs such a show as the Passion, which is, according to its advertisement, " warmly recommended by the Cardinal-Archbishop;" and where the Passion of Christ is given in living pictures, and the audience, with a sprinkling of priests in it, looks on with a quiet and pleased attention, as far distant from indifference as from devotion.

do not applaud, neither do they criticise: they observe it with the same placid approval that they give to the crèche in their own church at Christmas; and one comes away presently with a memory of Roman soldiers, of Pontius Pilate on his high seat, of a pale slender Mary in blue and white, and of a central Figure; wondering that a thing that cannot be well done is done so little ill.

But already the gay days of Lent are over and it is the eve of Passion. Tonight before Vespers in every church the crucifixes and the figures of Saints will be covered with long purple dra-And, if one asks of the people why this is so, one is told with intense conviction that the Saints are all dead between Passion and Easter, because le bon Dieu Himself died then. There is a certain impressiveness about the hanging veils of purple beneath which the statues are dimly outlined in a strangely human fashion; a certain solemnity in the absence of glitter and color, save that of mourning, in these churches that are usually so full of rich and vivid brightness. There is a dramatic touch about it that calls to mind the old and close connection between religion and drama in the days when, for instance, a company of authors and actors took to themselves the name of the Brotherhood of the Passion and received from Charles the Sixth of France the exclusive right of playing sacred pieces in theatres or churches about the country. And long after this right had been rescinded the plays, in perhaps a simpler form, lingered among the people, lingered almost till to-day, if indeed in the byways of High or Low Brittany they do not still exist. At the village near Nantes called the Bourg de Batz the Passion was played regularly, under the name of the Tragedy, till some eighteen or twenty years ago; it was given in a disused chapel, and the priests of the parish, with the mace-bearer, the singing-men and the servers, attended in cassock and surplice. At many other places similar plays were popular during the first half of this century; and at a chapel near Saint-Servan, barely four miles from Saint-Malo, they are said to have been very finely presented no more than

thirty years ago. But probably, if the Passion plays still exist anywhere, it will be in the form of corrupt and almost incoherent dialogues chanted by children who scarcely know what they are saying; as, in their season, the Christmas dramas have sunk into an unintelligible formula. But in Brittany another custom existed alongside with the Miracle-play, and it has proved more long-lived. It was usual till very recently, even in Saint-Malo, to sing songs of the Passion from door to door as in England carols are sung at Christmas; and if the Pastoral or the Complaint, as it was called, has died out in the town, it is still alive, though dying fast, in the country. Here is one of these Complaints that was sung till a few years ago in the district; it is incomplete, but none of these songs are now more than fragments. it is believed, has never been published, and it is rare to find one so coherent and so long; but a translation unfortunately gives little of its quaint uncouth charm, or of the pathos of the refrain.

We have come into your courts
Praises for to sing:
The Passion of sweet Jesus,
Dear God, but it was great!

Jesus Christ did penitence, Penitence for our sin. The Passion, etc.

Forty days and forty nights He took no meat; The Passion, etc.

And at the end of the forty So little would He eat; The Passion, etc.

A little bread, a little wine, An orange—no more. The Passion, etc.

Jesus Christ did not eat all, He gave some to His Angels four; The Passion, etc.

To Saint Peter and Saint Paul, And Saint Michael with his sword. The Passion, etc.

You will see on the Cross of Sorrow The suffering of our Lord. The Passion, etc.

You will see His dear arms
On the Cross spread wide;
The Passion, etc.

You will see His dear feet Nailed side by side; The Passion, etc.

You will see His dear head Crowned with white thorn; The Passion, etc.

You will see His bleeding side By the cruel lance torn. The Passion, etc.

You will see the little birds, Dving upon the tree;

The Passion, etc.

Higher than the mountains
Will rise the angry sea . . . .
The Passion of sweet Jesus,
Dear God, but it was great!

When Palm Sunday comes High Brittany is at its devoutest. One takes to church a sprig of box or of laurel (the conventional palm) to have it blessed; and it is carried home again to be put in its place in front of the plaster Virgin, that is certainly above the fireplace or somewhere against the wall, till next Ash Wednesday comes round; when, as has been said before, it is burned upon the altar by the priest who presently "gives the ashes." Formerly sprigs of palm were stuck in the earth of garden or field to ensure fertility; but this, with much else that is quaint and graceful, has long died out. There is little now that is curious or particular in Holy Week. In the days when Saint-Malo was a cathedral town, and its Chapter as rich as it was haughty, it was the custom for the senior Canon to go in state to the Croix du Fief, or Bishop's Cross, where all Church proclamations were made, when the midday angelus was sounding on Holy Wednesday. As soon as the bells had ceased, the Canon, surrounded by his chaplain, his acolyte, and his four mace-bearers, read out the order of the Bishop and Chapter, that "all unclean Jews and other pagans should quit the town, under pain of the goad and whip, before the first sound of the evening angelus," with forbiddance of return before Easter Wednesday at midday, so that during the holy time of Easter the town should not be "made vile and foul" by their presence within it. may be added that it was not till so recently as 1708 that Saint-Malo, in taking in a new piece of ground, permitted the Jews to build themselves a quarter from which henceforward they were not turned out even during Holy Week. On this same day also, Holy Wednesday, at the office of the Ténèbres, a curious custom existed till the Revolution swept it away with so much else that was better worth preserving. that passage in the Scriptures, read at this service, where mention is made of a great noise, not only did the priests overturn their stools, but the congregation (who had gone prepared) made a hideous din by rattling iron pots, metal bars, or anything else of the sort; which was, as a historian of the town quaintly observes, "a means whereby the faithful were encouraged to take part in the service.'

On Good Friday (when, by the way, a special service is said and not a Mass, because, as the people explain, the bon Dieu is dead) it was till quite recently the invariable rule that women should go to church with the wings of their caps unstarched and hanging loose on their shoulders, in sign of mourning, as is still done in the country, and as widows wear them during the earliest days of their widowhood. And on this same day there is still no man so profane and impious as to stir or disturb the ground with any sort of tool: there are even many who will not do such work throughout Holy Week; and on this "grievous day" it is quite certain that if touched the earth would open, groaning, in a bottomless gulf, and that all sorts of misfortune would follow. On Good Friday also, as all good Malouin children believe and know, the church-bells have flown to Rome, to be blessed by the Pope himself; and when they begin to ring again on Easter Eve one says with joy, "Ah, they have come safe home again!" One says it with joy, for when they come back from Rome their great metal skirts are full of beautiful eggs, red and green and yellow, that taste like no other eggs in the world; the eggs that in older times were carried to church on Easter Day to be blessed at High Mass by the

And already in the corners of the country they are singing from door to door, as once they did here in Saint-

priest.

Malo, the Easter Pastoral, the Allelujah, the Song of the Eggs:

> I've a little bird in my breast, Not long has left the nest: So sweetly sings, So sweetly rings, Allelujah!

It is not very intelligible, but it serves its purpose; from house to house the sound of *Allelujah* is carried gayly, and from house to house the eggs are gath-

ered in payment, till one's basket is full; for at Easter all the world is generous in High Brittany.

But Lent is over, the Forty Days are done; and with them winter has gone, and spring sits in the woods and the fields in all her bravery of primrose and green. The great festival of religion is the festival of spring, and winter is over. Allelujah!—Macmillan's Magazine.

### LEIGH HUNT.

#### BY F. WARRE CORNISH.

LEIGH HUNT was one of the poets who have their portion of praise in this life. Such writers are not always unjustly treated; they had their day, and enjoyed their credit; they were listened to by their own generation, and pitched their voices for its hearing, but they have not Fame's speaking-trumpet to reach our ears too. It would be rash to say that Joanna Baillie, Hayley, Southey, Bailey (I name them at random), did not deserve the reputation which they once enjoyed because they are little read, or less read, now. The Immortals will have their immortality, and those who have done some particular thing supremely well will sit at their feet. Readers will always be found for Cowper, Jane Austen, Sterne, Charles Lamb. But Charles Lamb's friends-Leigh Hunt among them-are beginning to be forgotten, rather because they have gone out of fashion than for any better cause.

I remember some thirty years ago, in the pleasant suburb of Kensington, gay with elm-trees and hedgerows, where some of the streets had only one side, and in which you often passed from rows of new drab colored houses to green fields and country lanes, a cottage facing the south, with a little gate in front of it, a bow window, a porch with creepers, a garden and trees at the back; and we were told that Jenny Lind once lived there. It has gone long ago; but while it stood it was the home of art and romance. It did not suit this spreading building age, but it served for beauty and use forty years

ago. That cottage reminds me of the gentle suburban life of Leigh Hunt. He marked a moment in literature, the transition from the aristocracy to the democracy of letters. He was only a mortal, though he lived with the Immortals; but he has his place near them, and does not deserve to be altogether lost in the crowd.

He was a vagabond of literature, a hack of genius. He wrote about everything: politics, economics, Shakespeare, Byron, Italy, scenery, art, the Quattro Poeti, the modern writers, actors, and singers, the drama, the stage. He wrote so rapidly and indiscriminately, turning out his articles as the baker turns out his rolls, that the commonplace of the printer's boy, waiting below for copy, might have been invented for him.

Writing was as easy to him as talking—and how he talked, Carlyle and Hazlitt have told us. "He talked," says Carlyle, "like a singing-bird. . . . His talk was often literary, biographical, autobiographical, wandering into criticism, reform of society, progress, etc., . . . free, cheery, idly melodious as bird on high."

Hazlitt writes :-

"He has a fine vinous spirit about him, and tropical blood in his veins; but he is better at his own table. He has a great flow of pleasantry and delightful animal spirits; but his hits do not tell like Lamb's—you cannot repeat them next day. . . . He sits at the head of a party with great gayety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; is never at a loss—aliquando suft iminandus erut . . . laughs with great glee and good humor

... understands the point of an equivoque or an observation immediately... If he have a fault, it is that he does not listen so well as he speaks, is impatient of interruption, and is fond of being looked up to, without considering by whom."

Leigh Hunt was not an immense talker like Coleridge and Carlyle, a wit like Rogers and Sydney Smith, an authority and an opinion like Johnson and Hallam, a detailer of reminiscences, a chronicler, an accepted critic of art and letters, an asker of questions, an arguer for victory—all acknowledged species in the category of talkers, and good in their place—but a talker who was never tedious, because he was always fluent and graceful, and talked with, not only to, his company. And when he sat down with his conversational pen to talk about his life, he was not in a hurry for the printer, and could call upon memory and imagination to reproduce the good company he had kept, and the memorable things which he had seen and heard. He gives us in his Autobiography, not only his own life, but what is the chief .charm of a good biography, a picture of the time as well as the man. should not care so much for even Boswell's Johnson if we did not find him in the company of Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua, and his other playmates. Hunt always kept good company. He was the intimate friend of Shelley and Keats, above all, of Charles Lamb; the associate of James and Horace Smith, of Fuseli, Campbell, Charles Mathews, Theodore Hook, and a score besides; of Byron, whose brilliancy scorched him, of Coleridge, whom he quizzed and admired, of Wordsworth, whom he quizzed and respected. have had such friends is a sufficient testimonial to his genius and his heart.

We use the word "genius" advisedly. Leigh Hunt was a man of genius, not a mere product of literature and cleverness. He had little creative power, not a high originality; he reflected more than he invented; his experience was limited by the circumstances of his life—the desk, the prison, the comfortless home—and wasted over too wide a field of letters. But two qualities put him above the ranks of journeymen, and give him a share in the laurels of

genius: insight into the character of persons and literary works; and vividness of expression, never staled by the daily habit of writing, nor diluted with vulgar sentiment. What makes Leigh Hunt delightful reading is his own grace of style—felt most when he is least conscious of it—his gayety, his appreciation of character, his kindliness, and, above all, his gift of love and admiration for the dear friends, his superiors in genius, but not his superiors in humanity and generosity, and freedom from envy or jealousy. And it is due to him to remember that, though Keats, Shelley, and Lumb distanced him, he showed them the way over a new country.

Since the object of this paper is to attempt some appreciation of Leigh Hunt's character and personality, as well as of his place in literature, we will here try to recall something of the impression which he produced on those who knew him well. And first must come the picture drawn by Carlyle in his "Reminiscences":—

"Dark complexion, . . . copious, clean, strong, black hair, beautifully shaped head, fine, beaming, serious, hazel eyes, seriousness and intellect the main expression of his face. . . . He would lean on his elbow against the mantelpiece (fine, clean, elastic figure, too, he had, five feet ten or more) and look around him nearly in silence before taking leave for the night, 'As if I were a Lar,' said he once, 'or permanent household god here!' (such his polite, aerial-like way). Another time, rising from this Lar attitude, he repeated (voice very fine), as if in spirit of parody, yet with something of very sad perceptible, 'While I to sulphurous and penal fire' . . . as the last thing before vanishing. Poor Hunt! no more of him.'"

Elsewhere Carlyle speaks of him as having "a fine, chivalrous, gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her), and yet so free and natural." . . . "A gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul."

Trelawny found him "a gentleman and something more." Emerson thought him and De Quincey "the finest mannered of all the English men of letters." Lowell and Hawthorne enjoyed his company. William Bell Scott, who visited him at Chelsea with George Lewes, describes the old poet as he sat in his arm-chair by his frugal fireside, with his books, his piano, his bronze inkstand, and his pot of primroses—a "mild, even-natured, and unfortunate man," talking still of Keats and Shelley, Fiesole, "Kubla Khan" and its author, and yet welcoming youthful promise. To Browning, when the public would neither read nor hear him, and to Rossetti, in his early essays in poetry, Leigh Hunt's generous encouragement was worth something.

Too much space is commonly given in biographies to parentage and origin. There is an inverted family pride, very little resembling that of Sir Walter Elliott of Kellynch, and based, unlike that, upon reason, which chronicles worth rather than nobility of blood, and sometimes pleases itself in finding in the vagaries of ancestors a justification for its own ecccentricities. Partly in jest, partly with an idea that there may be something in it, Leigh Hunt, in his Autobiography, introduces us to adventurers in the New World, a Hebrew Professor at Oxford, Cavaliers driven (perhaps transported) to the West Indies by Cromwell, Irish Kings, a mythical "merchant theefe," who fought against Sir Andrew Barton, and more authentically to a family of Barbadoes traders and clergymen, the last of whom, his father, had a narrow escape from being tarred and feathered at Philadelphia as a supporter of King George. It is easy to construct a pedigree by judicious selection of "pet ancestors." Leigh Hunt had himself no great belief in pedigrees, and we need go no further back than his father, who turns up in London, after his Pennsylvanian adventures, a rhetorical and unorthodox clergyman, fond of good books, good company and good living, with something of a Charles Honeyman incapacity for meeting his creditors, "always scheming, never performing." a martyr for his opinions, and ill-consoled by a Loyalist pension of £100—which he soon mortgaged away-"for the loss of seven or eight times as much in America."

The first room which Leigh Hunt remembered was a prison. "We struggled on," he says, "between quiet and disturbance, between placid readings"—his father had a fine voice and delivery, and delighted in reading aloud passages from old English divines—"and

frightful knocks at the door, sickness, and calamity, and hopes, which hardly ever forsook us." His bringing up was thus not unlike that of Sterne-adversity in a humorous shape—an education not pointing in the direction of the Roman or British virtues of economy, consistency and regularity, subordination of hope to foresight, and of whims to designs; but likely to foster independence of thinking, animal spirits, that eutrapelia which Matthew Arnold translated as "elasticity," and a readiness to turn to any form of intellectual interest which did not take the shape of business, or "ticket and label" this happy-go-lucky spirit "among the acquiescent." Hope, rather of a Micawber character, sprang eternal in the breasts of the Hunts, and tempered the troubles into which a faulty arithmetic too often brought them.

His mother was a woman of a tender heart and a fine spirit. Her son records how, on a winter day, she took off her flannel petticoat and gave it to a poor woman—a better deed than that of St. Martin, for he only gave half his. cloak and got no harm, whereas she gave all her garment and was rheumatic "Saints have been made ever after. for charities no greater." She stood at her husband's side in all the vicissitudes of fortune which brought him lower and lower, changed her opinions with his, and took the consequences, in a time when to be a Unitarian or a Republican was unpopular and even dangerous.

Leigh Hunt was sickly as a child, though he afterward enjoyed good health, maintained by strict temperance. He was (he tells us) constitutionally timid, but had a stock of intellectual and moral courage which helped him to hold up his head among bigger and stronger boys at Christ's Hospital, and which never forsook him. Courage of this kind has none of the gayety of animal pugnacity. It is reflective, and combative on principle, not by temper, and it is apt to become pedantic and to be looked upon as con Leigh Hunt's martyrdoms always had a tinge of affectation, real or apparent, and we wonder why he should have chosen to go to prison when many a man as honest but more robust would have kept out. His natural gentleness, oddly combined with zeal for the oppressed, indignation at injustice, and a tender conscience, made him a political combatant on the unpopular side, and a sufferer in consequence. But we need not pity him too much, for he found a paradoxical pleasure in suffering, all the more, it may be, because his friends did not always see the need of it.

Leigh Hunt and his brother were three times prosecuted for attacks upon the Government in the Examiner, and three times—at heavy cost to themselves—acquitted. The passage which at last brought down the rigors of the law upon him—not unjustly, for libel must take the consequences, nor yet unhappily, for the memory of George IV. has never got over it—runs as follows:—

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this 'glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this 'protector of the arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own country. men! that this 'Mæcenas of the age ' patronized not a single deserving writer! that this 'breather of eloquence' could not say a few decent extempore words, if we are to judge, at least, from what he said to his regiment on its embarkation for Portugal! that this 'conqueror of hearts' was the disappointer of hopes! that this 'exciter of desire' (bravo! messiours of the Post), this Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent man of fifty! In short, this delightful, blissful, wise pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity.'

To prison he must go; and—which he had not foreseen—apart from his brother John, the sharer of his offence and its punishment. He tells the story of his jail with much humor, though unconscious that the figure he himself presents is a trifle ridiculous. Charles Lamb's admiration of it must have had a touch of irony. We cannot fancy him enjoying such a sentimental dungeon, or confusing fact and fiction as his friend did.

NEW SERIES.-VOL. LXIV., No. 1.

" I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up. with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. . . . Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale. . But I possessed another surprise-which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to a neighboring yard. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bor-dered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young There was an apple tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no. such heart's ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano ' while in prison, "-(it cost him £30. and ten years later he talked of selling it for half the sum, to buy bread)—"and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture :-

'Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva e prato.'
— Baldi.

'My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, meadow and
wood.'

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet-runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm chair and affect to think myself hundreds of miles away."

So complacent a temper sweetens adversity; and if Leigh Hunt had been a bachelor of private fortune, no one could have objected to his amusing himself with a Cockney Arcadia. when we hear that his wife with her eldest boy, not only shared this captivity, but that she actually gave birth to another child in these incongruous quarters, we are reminded, for all Dickens' disclaimer, of Harold Skimpole, and inclined to think that if indeed Hunt was not in the novelist's mind, the world was not very far wrong in seeing a likeness between the "amazing prisoner and invalid" who "issued out of a bower of roses," and the sentimentalist of "Bleak House."

"I made him business proposals. I had him into my room. I said, 'You are a man of business, I believe?' He replied, 'I am.' 'Very well,' said I, 'then let us be business, like. Here is an inkstand, here are pens and paper, here are wafers. What do you want?' 3

. . . In reply to this he made use of the figurative expression—which has something Eastern about it—that he had never seen the color of my money. 'My amiable friend,' said I, 'I never have any money. I never know anything about money.' 'Well, sir,' said he, 'what do you offer if I give you time?' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'I have no idea of time; but you say you are a man of business, and whatever you can suggest to be done, in a business-like way, with pen and ink and paper—and wafers, I am ready to do. Don't pay yourself at another man's expense (which is foolish), but be business like.' However he wouldn't be, and there was an end of it."

Leigh Hunt had no sense either of time or of money—a grave fault, perhaps an unpardonable vice, in a man who had a wife and children depending upon him. As long as he lived he was 'thriftless and needy, a lender and a borrower, so generous that he could never afford to be just, bringing upon those whom he loved sincerely a constant burden of debt and care. How reprehensible this was he seems never to have felt (though he blames himself freely and light-heartedly); and if the reader of his Autobiography is disposed to feel sorry for Mrs. Hunt, it is not because her husband sets him the ex-This was Leigh Hunt's one vice, never amended nor actively re-pented of. Yet he had had his warning. It is pathetic to compare with each other the two following passages, and to see how clearly Leigh Hunt foresaw his danger, and how incapable he proved of escuping it :-

"I have seen." he writes in 1808, "so much of the irritabilities, or rather the miseries, accruing from want of a suitable income, and the best woman of her time was so worried and finully worn out with the early negligence of others in this respect, that if ever I was determined in anything it is to be perfectly clear of the world, and rendy to meet the exigencies of a married life before I do marry; for I will mot see a wife who loves me and is the comfort of my existence, afraid to speak to me of money matters; she shall never tremble to hear a knock at the door, or to meet a quarterdar."

### And in 1832 :-

"I never hear a knock at the door . . . but it think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday I was sitting down to dinner . . . when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for forty shillings."

And it must have "tasted salt" to him to ask and receive a pension from the

representatives of the prince whom he had so courageously if unwisely attacked in his hot youth.

We do not excuse the selfishness. which this nathrift argues. Leigh Hunt might have given a practical proof of his love for his wife and children if he had mastered his constitutional dislike to hard facts, and cultivated justice rather than sensibility. But we claim for him an exemption from other and more common forms of selfishness. His son attributes to him, as two especial characteristics, an excessive wish to abstain from causing pain, and an "ultra-conscientiousness" which resulted in uncertainty of purpose; but though the consequence of this combination was too often a defective balance-sheet, in that affectionate family there seems to have been little thought of reparation or forgiveness due on the part of creditor or of debtor. Yet we feel that they might justly have complained of family interests postponed to those of friendship, of hardearned money lightly spent, sudden and capricious change of domicile, long, painful and expensive journeys, sanguine schemes which cost money to begin and made none in the end, hospitality which could not be afforded, and generosity which gave out of an empty purse; errors which are severely judged by the hard English sense of justice, and rightly so. But he would have been easily forgiven by Uncle Toby and the Vicar of Wakefield, and Sir Roger and Squire Allworthy, and others of the dear ideal folk whom he liked nearly as well as his more substantial friends; and, we may be sure, by Charles Lamb himself, and by Shelley too. He never spared his labor, nor even his health. If he spent foolishly, he earned industriously. His gentleness and cheerfulness melted Carlyle, though well aware of the hugger-mugger, comfortless existence of his neighbor's family.

Released from prison, with a constitution injured by confinement and finances hopelessly confused, Leigh Hunt struggled on for some years, perhaps the happiest of his life, for he was a poet, young and hopeful, bringing out his poems, the "Story of Rimini" and "Foliage," and the Indicator,

which contains many of his most brilliant prose essays; and he was enjoying the friendship and fighting the battles

of Keats and Shelley.

In 1821 came his visit to Italy, the rise and fall of his friendship with Byron, his ill-advised literary venture in that company—the earthen pot with the pot of brass - Shelley's death and lyric funeral—a period full of high thoughts and romantic fancies, only ill-starred because poets and their families must eat to live.

The death of Shelley was an irreparable loss to the friend who not only returned his love, but looked to him in everything as benefactor and counsel-Not only did Leigh Hunt never forget Shelley, but we may almost say that as long as he lived Shelley was never absent from his thought.

"I cannot help thinking of him," he writes, "as if he were alive as much as ever, so unearthly has he always appeared to me, and so seraphical a thing of the elements. . . . . '

And again :—

"You see I write in spirits-I do so even though I never know what a mirthful thought is; but I think of dear, dear Shelley, and the want of his presence comes on me like a

The bond which kept Byron and Hunt together was broken by Shelley's Byron was tired of him, and Hunt had not the tact to leave him We give Byron's version of the estrangement rather than that of the other, for Leigh Hunt's answer for himself is a weaker apology, and had better have remained unwritten:

"Hunt's letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombry you might expect from his situation. He is a good man, with some poetical elements in his chaos; but spoilt by the Christ Church Hospital and a Sunday news. paper-to say nothing of the Surrey jail, which conceited him into a martyr. . . . But Leigh Hunt is a good man and a good father—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt; a good husband—see his Sonnet to Mrs. Hunt; a good friend-see his Epistles to different people; a great coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in everything about him. But that's not his fault, but of circumstances.'

Again, though with no direct allusion to Hunt, he writes :-

"The pity of these men is that they never lived in high life nor in solitude; there is no medium for the knowledge of the busy or the still world. . . . If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, quarum partes fuimus."

Well might Shelley say, "The vulgarity of rank and fashion is as gross, in its way, as that of poverty," and " Byron has many generous and exalted qualities, but the canker of aristoc-

racy wants to be cut out."

Byron was to some extent in the Leigh Hunt was a vain man, whose self-assertion was sometimes exaggerated; he was a modest man, whose modesty is partly that of one who is not sure of himself, and does not always know what is a liberty and what an acceptable freedom; and modesty and vanity together made him sensitive and apt to take offence. It is almost incredible that he should have misunderstood Napier's request for a "gentleman-like" article, as a sneer at his birth; and when Macaulay put the matter right, Leigh Hunt showed as little dignity in his prompt reconciliation as in his unnecessary offence.

He was, indeed, seldom dignified. In his crusade against English laws and institutions he suggests to us Don Quixote mounted on Sancho's ass. His appreciation of his own deeds and sufferings is sometimes petty; his mention of the great is sometimes vulgar. On paper he could be as impudent as Monckton Milnes, without the fun and high spirits which commended impudence in that exuberant humorist. This want of taste was partly a natural defect, but much more the result of too early praise, followed by illiberal detraction and savage abuse. Such treatment might have poisoned all the honey on Hybla; but Leigh Hunt became neither sour nor bitter.

We return to the Autobiography, a work which no one can read without loving, or at least liking, the author. He was a master of the art of portraitpainting-clear, humorous and sympa-Where, for instance, shall we find a more graceful and vivid representation of the tragic and the comic muse than in these sketches of Pasta and Mrs. Jordan?

(Pasta),-" She was a great tragic actress, and her singing, in point of force, tenderness and expression, was equal to her acting. All noble passions belonged to her, and her very scorn seemed equally noble, for it trampled

only on what was mean

"When she measured her enemy from head to foot, in 'Tancredi,' you really felt for the man at seeing him so reduced to nothingness. . . . And when, in the part of Medea she looked on the children she was about to kill, and tenderly parted their hair, and seemed to mingle her very eyes in lovingness with theirs, uttering at the same time notes of the most wandering and despairing sweztness, every gentle eye melted into tears. . . Perfect truth, graced by idealism, was the secret of Pasta's greatness. She put truth first always; and in so noble and sweet a mind grace followed it as a natural consequence."

(Mrs. Jordan).—"In comedy Nature had never been wanting; and there was one comic actress who was Nature herself, in one of her most genial forms. This was Mrs. Jordan; who, though she was neither beautiful. nor handsome, nor even pretty, nor accomplished, nor 'a lady,' nor anything conventional or comme il faul whatsoever, yet was so pleasant, so cordial, so natural, so full of spirits, so healthily constituted in mind and body, had such a shapely leg withal, so charming a voice, and such a happy and happy-making expression of countenance, that she appeared something superior to all those requirements of acceptability, and to hold a patent from Nature herself for our delight and good opinion.

"She made even Methodists love her. touching story is told of her apologizing to a poor man of that persuasion for having relieved him. He had asked her name, and she expressed a hope that he would not feel offended when the name was told him. On hearing it the honest Methodist shed tears of pity and admiration, and trusted that he could do no wrong in begging a blessing on her head. Mrs. Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in illeducated country girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker and pinafore with a bouncing propriety fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her, when thus attired shed blubbering tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping and meaning and munching, and eyeing at every bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons.

His portrait of Wordsworth is full of humor, and the malice which inspires it was not incompatible with genuine admiration:—

"Mr. Wordsworth, whom Mr. Hazlitt designated as one that would have had the wide circle of his humanities made still wider, and a good deal more pleasant, by dividing a little more of his time between his lakes in Westmoreland and the hotels in the metropolis,

had a dignified manner, with a deep and roguish, though not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking. He had a habit of keeping his left hand in the bosom of his waistcoat, and in this attitude, except when he turned round to take one of the subjects of his criticism from the shelves (for his contemporaries were there also), he sat dealing forth his eloquent. but hardly catholic, judgments. In his 'father's house' there were not 'many mansions.' He was as sceptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding.

"Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway leading to a nursery ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment, and he uttered in so lofty a voice the words, 'Anything which is going forward,' that I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart.

Lamb would certainly have done it.

"Walter Scott said that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I cannot say the same of Mr. Wordsworth's; that is, not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires, half burning, half-smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Issiah to have had such eyes. The finest eyes, in every sense of the word, which I have ever seen in a man's head (and I have seen many fine ones) are those of Thomas Carlyle."

Every word that Leigh Hunt wrote about Keats and Shelley is worth reading. This "matchless fireside companion," as Lamb called him, had, beyond all other points of genius, the genius of friendship. No man ever chose his friends more worthily, nor loved them more, nor was better loved in return.

"Keats and I might have been taken for friends of the old stamp, between whom there was no such thing even as obligation, except the pleasure of it. I could not love him as deeply as I did Shelley. That was impossible. But my affection was only second to the one which I entertained for that heart of hearts. Keats, like Shelley himself, enjoyed the usual privilege of greatness with all whom he knew, rendering it delightful to be obliged by him, and an equal, and not greater, delight to oblige. It was a pleasure to his friends to have him in their houses, and he did not grudge it. 'Endymion' was published he was living at Hamputead with his friend Charles Armitage Brown, who attended him most affectionately through a severe illness, and with whom, to their great mutual enjoyment, he had taken a journey into Scotland. The lakes and mountains of the North delighted him exceedingly. He beheld them with an epic eye. Afterward he went into the South, and luxuriated in the Isle of Wight. On Brown's leaving home a

second time to visit the same quarter, Keats, who was too ill to accompany him, came to reside with me, when his last and best volume of poems appeared, containing 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the noble fragment of 'Hyperion.' I remember Lamb's delight and admiration on reading this book; how pleased he was with the designation of Mercury as 'the star of Lethe' (rising, as it were, and glittering as he came upon that pale region), and the fine, daring anticipation in that passage of the second poem:—

"' 'So the two brothers and their murdered man Rode past fair Florence.'

"So also the description, at once delicate and gorgeous, of Agnes praying beneath the painted window. The public are now well acquainted with those and other passages, for which Persian kings would have filled a poet's mouth with gold."

### Of Charles Lamb he writes :-

" As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humor, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost and then melting into thin air himself, out of sympathy with the awful. His humor and his knowledge both were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself."

Of Shelley, "Leontius" (as Shelley called him) says—but the whole book is full of love and regret for his dearest friend:—

"He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orb and found itself in another world. I used to tell him that he had come from the planet Mercury. When I heard of the catustrophe that overtook him it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold—the relics of a misunderstood nature, slain by the ungenial elements."

And in his "Imagination and Fancy":—

"A man idolized by his friends, studious, temperate, of the gentlest life and conversation, and willing to have died to do the world a service. For my part I never can mention

his name without a transport of love and gratitude. I rejoice to have partaken of his cares, and to be both suffering and benefiting from him at this moment; and whenever I think of a future state, and of the great and good Spirit that must pervade it, one of the first faces I humbly hope to see there is that of the kind and impassioned man whose intercourse conferred on me the title of the friend of Shel-

"Shelley... might well call himself Ariel. All the more enjoying part of his poetry is Ariel—the delicate yet powerful spirit, jealous of restraint, yet able to serve; living in the elements and the flowers; treading the 'ooze of the salt deep,' and running 'on the sharp wind of the North; 'feeling for creatures unike himself; 'flaming amazement' on them, too, and singing exquisitest songs. Alas! and he suffered for years, as Ariel did in the cloven pine; but now he is out of it, and serving the purposes of Beneficence with a calmness befitting his knowledge and his love."

## And of Coleridge:

"Coleridge was as little fitted for action as Lamb, but on a different account. His person was of a good height, but as sluggish and solid as the other's was light and fragile. He had, perhaps, suffered it to look old before its time for want of exercise . . . there was something invincibly young in the look of his face. It was round and fresh-colored, with agreeable features and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boylike expression was very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life apart from the rest of the world with a book and his flowers. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble—and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that thought. . .

"His room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with colored gardens under the window, like an embroidery to the mantle. I thought, when I first saw it, that he had taken up his dwelling place like an abbot. Here he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might have been taking his daily stroll up and down, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, and was a great acquaintance of the little children. His main occupation, I believe, was reading. He loved to read old folios, and to make old voyages with Purchas and Marco Polo, the seas being in good visionary condition, and the vessel well stocked with botargoes."

Such portrait-painting as this is as good in its straightforward vision as the best bits of Carlyle. Here is no elaborate piccing out of impressions to make up a paragraph, but the natural expression of a clear and true mental picture.

Much of Leigh Hunt's prose was written for the day, and meant to be " Men, forgotten to-morrow. His Women and Books," the transcriptions from Italian romances, the "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" (set off by Doyle's delightful illustrations), and the "Wit and Humor," served the purpose for which they were written, and may now be left on the shelf. "Essays" remain, and have much of the felicity of the Autobiography. an essayist, Hunt will bear comparison with Hazlitt, if not with Lamb himself; though, indeed, it is only fair to remember that Hunt, Hazlitt, and Lamb did not copy one another, but used a common language.

It seems strange, nowadays, that Leigh Hunt, as a poet, should have been reckoned as the rival, if not the equal, of Wordsworth, Keuts, and Shelley. We would rather rank him, as a poet, with Lamb and Barry Cornwall. But he was one of the leaders of the natural school—a literary pre-Raphaelite or pre-Popeite, taking his startingpoint from Dryden. He and his school were poets of fancy—neither romanticists nor classicists; realists in a sense, but not students of the facts at their feet, like Crabbe or Wordsworth; and their departure from the well-worn ways of poetry brought them praise and blame, rather on account of their common principles than in proportion to their comparative merits as poets. It is so in the case of every new movement; the final verdict-if there be such a thing—is given by a later generation, which is not affected by the jealousies and friendships of to-day.

Leigh Hunt had good authority for thinking himself a poet. His detractors in the Quarterly called him the "hierophant of the new school of Cockney poetry," and spoke of Keats as his "simple neophyte and copyist." The Whig reviewers, while they lectured him for affectation, negligence, and vulgar diction, awarded him the praise of "genuine poetry," "grace and spirit," and "infinite beauty and delicacy." The "Story of Rimini" was much admired at the time; Byron commended it warmly; and Scott, gossiping in Murray's shop, put the volume into his pocket. Shelley praised "The

Nymphs," one of the pieces in "Foliage," as "truly poetical, in the intense and emphatic sense of the word." Robert Browning many years later wrote: "I have always venerated you as a poet. I believe your poetry to be sure of its eventual reward."

It would be easy to make a selection from Leigh Hunt's poems which would find an honorable place in a "Parnaso Britannico." The poem by which he will be remembered is "Abou Ben Adhem," which, well known as it is, may be here transcribed once more:—

"Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of

And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold; Exceeding fear had made Ben Adhem bold; And to the Presence in the room he said. 'What writest thou?' The Vision raised his

head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love
the Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Adhem. 'Nay, not so,'

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next
night

He came again with a great wakening light, And show'd the names whom Love of God had blest,

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

But the "Chorus of Flowers," the "Grasshopper and the Cricket," or the following passage from the "Story of Rimini," will give a better idea of his style and its merits:—

"One day—'twas on a summer afternoon,
When airs and guigling brooks are best in
tune.

And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done.

And shades have heavy outlines in the sun— The princess came to her accustom'd bower To get her, if she could, a soothing hour, Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs, And the low-talking leaves, and that cool

The vines let in, and all that hushing sight Of closing wood seen through the opening

And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er, And smell of citron blooms, and fifty luxuries more."

So far the theme is not too high for

our poet; but when we approach the catastrophe, we wonder that he should have had the courage to transcribe into his pale water-colors the tremendous encaustic of Dante—a poet, too, with whom he was so little in sympathy as to call him "the great but infernal Dante, whom I am inclined to worship one minute and send him to his own devil the next."

When all is said, it may be admitted that his poetry will not survive. reputation was won, as he himself confessed, too early and too easily; and our age has been taught by Tennyson and Browning to disparage fluency and admire fulness of thought or perfection of manner. The generation of Byron, Scott and Rogers allowed a larger dilution of sense and style, and was more tolerant of commonplace; and when the turn of fluency comes again, it will not be worth while to disinter Leigh Hunt's flowing numbers and breezy sentiment. It is enough for his credit if a few poems be remembered to show what a fine poetical sense was his, tinctured with Keats and Shelley, Spenser and Ariosto, as his prose was tinctured with Lamb, Addison and Steele. verse, though neither deep nor strong, is delicate, fresh, sunshiny and orig-He could, as Professor Dowden says, " have passed his whole life writing eternal new stories in verse, part grave, part gay, of no great length, but just sufficient,' as he himself writes, 'to vent the pleasure with which I am stung on meeting some touching adventure, and which haunts me till I can speak of it somehow.'"

He turned the thoughts of English poets toward Chaucer, Spenser and Dryden, and in so doing purified his native tongue, while he enriched it with echoes of Italy. He was an important element in shaping the course of Keats To him, more than to and Shelley. any one else, is due that modern study of Italian literature which was caught up and carried on by Landor, Tennyson and the Brownings, and has borne other fruit in the study of Dante, and the poets whom Rossetti taught us to know. And indeed it is not far-fetched to put down to his score something of that international feeling which took shape in Mr. Gladstone's attack upon the Bourbon misgovernment at Naples, and the sympathy of this Government and nation with Italy in the War of Independence in 1859 and 1860. Italy to Leigh Hunt was a poetical expression; but his latest thoughts were of her redemption, and he would have rejoiced, had he lived so long, to follow the career of Cavour and Garibaldi, and welcome Victor Emmanuel as liberator and king.

Leigh Hunt was a true post, if a small one, which is more than can be said of many of the craft who nowadays are so numerous and so unnecessary. In verse and in prose he spoke to his contemporaries, anticipating and answering their thought; and poetry which does this, though it may perish, has sweetened and elevated the life of its own time and increased "the gladness of the world," like the plays, the pictures, the conversations, the loves and friendships of those whose eyes have long since sunk into their orbits. Poor Yorick did not live in vain, though his lips can charm no more. The greatest, perhaps the best, part of our lives is made up of perishing trifles; and Leigh Hunt, whose self-conceit was always bounded by modesty, would never have claimed or desired for himself the immortality of the half-dozen great wits with whom he was privileged to consort.

If Leigh Hunt's own works fall short of his aspirations, and posterity is willing to let them die, it should not be forgotten that he was the pioneer in poetry to Keats, in prose to Lamb; and that among the priesthood of freedom he holds a place by the side of Coleridge, Shelley, and those less transcendental patriots who prepared the English nation for the peaceful revolution of 1832, "in that patient and price oncilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture (as Shelley wrote), which the tenor of his life had illustrated."

Nursed and brought up in adversity, "not understanding markets," incapable of resisting the impulse which made him spend weeks and months in writing plays that were never acted, or damned on the first night (though he had some legitimate dramatic successes), still-born poems, and a mass of litera-

ture which was ill paid, or of which the expenses exceeded the returns, Leigh Hunt was never prosperous, and for the most part miserably poor. He was always in debt, and often absolutely penniless; he sometimes wanted even bread.

The death of one son and the misconduct of another did not make him misanthropic. In the midst of hardships and mistakes his home was not unhappy. Here were no Byron storms, no Carlyle moroseness, no Shelley amours and desertions, no Coleridge cloud-walking; all was sociable, gay and genial. He did not understand the give-and-take of life; he took adversity too lightly, and prosperity with too little of its responsibilities. But nothing worse can be charged to him; and in his daily intercourse we may be certain that the balance of good done

and pleasure given was not to be measured by a precuniary standard. His spiritual and charitable balance far outweighed his worldly deficits; and where this is the case it requires no great charity to give him the name of a good and honest man.

His best epitaph is the dedication to the "Cenci":—

"Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honorable, innocent, and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list."

-Temple Bar.

# LECKY'S "DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY." \*

THESE two volumes contain a complete encyclopædia of political information on subjects connected with the two great principles which it discusses. They treat a variety of questions with great fulness and in a spirit of judicial moderation. Unity is given to the work by its two guiding aims—first, to examine all modern forms of democracy with a view to illustrate its dangers and to show the nature of the safeguards which might diminish them; second, to show the proper limit of legislative interference on numerous subjects involving the exercise of personal free-These latter, which include Sunday legislation, gambling, the sale of intoxicating drinks, civil marriage, and divorce, are all examined in great detail and enlivened with curious information. It is impossible, however, to lay down any general rule on the limits of wise legislative interference. Mr. Lecky gets no further than the sound doctrine that each case must be considered on its own merits and special circumstances. The interest of those chapters lies in the light thrown

on the various detailed subjects with which they deal, or as illustrating the various ways in which the right of individual liberty must be modified in complex society by the correlative rights of the society to which the individual belongs. The main interest of the work as it bears on immediate and urgent politics lies in its treatment of the great question of that democracy which we have all agreed to enthrone in these islands, viewed in regard to the past, the present, and the future.

As regards the past, which is of course the least important, because the most irremediable, of the three, we find nothing in this book which approves the haste and rapidity with which political power has been displaced and transformed in these islands. parties in the State are in our judgment equally responsible for it. liamentary representation before 1832 had become unequal and anomalous to the last degree. The growth of new centres of population had been stimulated by manufacturing inventions and increasing industry and wealth. Old centres of power had been depleted and new centres created; in fact, parliamentary representation was arranged

<sup>\*</sup> Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. Lecky. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

on a system applicable to a state of things existing in a remote past, and wholly inapplicable to the needs of the Royal prerogative in former times could effect all necessary changes, but had become obsolete, and an Act of Parliament was the only mode of dealing with the emergency. Pitt in 1783, and Lord John Russell in 1820-1830, endeavored to deal with it; but the French Revolution and its consequences-viz., aversion to political change, and above all to an extended suffrage, whose first experiment had been so disastrous—indisposed the nation to adopt even the most moderate correctives of the existing system. A storm of fury at last arose, inspired by the French Revolution of 1830, and stimulated by all the arts of agitation which O'Connell had employed to carry Catholic emancipation. It was met by defiance from both Wellington and Peel, and in the result the alternative lay between civil war and a measure which was far more sweeping than its authors had originally dreamed of. The Act of 1832 was the final outcome of political convulsion rather than of matured and well-considered statesmanship. It effected a complete displacement of political power, the middle classes ousted the aristocracy, and in the inevitable sequence of events were themselves ousted by the working classes in 1867; while in 1885 democracy, or the government by numbers, without regard to intelligence, education, or property, was finally established, fur more speedily and with less of gradually acquired aptitude for their duties than might have resulted if the first beginnings of change had been more wisely considered.

Mr. Lecky's genuinely Whig criticism on the short-lived constitution which existed from 1832 to 1867 is that the world has never seen a better. "Very few parliamentary Governments," he says, "have included more talent or represented more faithfully the various interests and opinions of a great nation, or maintained under many trying circumstances a higher level of political purity and patriotism." "The constituencies at this time," he adds, "coincided very substantially with the area of public opinion;" in other

words, the multitudes who have no opinions were excluded from votes. was the thirty-five years of middle-class ascendancy, with its devotion to Whig leaders, whom it installed in power for nearly thirty of those years, its implicit confidence in men whose station commanded respect and whose Liberalism was cautious and prudent. Everything would have been for the best in their eyes if Whig tenure of office could have been renewed when occasion demanded by successive small increases of the electoral body, which should enlarge the following of one side, and augment the odium which attached to the blind resisters of change. This agreeable programme was dissolved in 1867 by the Conservatives taking the whole subject into their own hands and establishing a system of representation which at least tried to connect the privilege of the franchise with the discharge of the

duties of citizenship.

The measure of 1867 was sooner or later inevitable, and apparently in. volved as its sequel the measure of 1885, which was carried by the assent of both parties in the State. Its best defence is that the course of events had rendered it too in its turn inevitable. Rousseau's doctrine of the omnipotence of numbers and the superior virtue of political equality has triumphed. Masses of ignorant or influenced voters have been called in to swamp all varieties of genuine opinion. We have constituencies whose course on any given occasion cannot be foretold, which are liable to be swayed by capricious impulses and unreasoning fluctuations of sentiment, but whose power is absolute as compared with the constituencies of those countries which possess written constitutions. The only checks which can prevent or mitigate a rash mandate from them lie in the cumbrous parliamentary machinery whose function it is to give effect to their decisions. That machinery is clogged by the intense loquacity of the representatives who are trained to a facility in talk during their several "campaigns," by the intrigues which arise in a numerous body of 670 men all with their own purposes in view, by the suspensive veto of the House of Lords, which can always insist on the constituencies re-

considering their decision. The problem is how to ensure that increased ignorance in the elective body shall produce increased capacity for good government and legislation in the reprosentative body. A large part of practical politics is devoted to the art of collecting votes, for which the landlord, the priest, the publican, and the local agitator are the most effective instruments: in Ireland illiterate voters, more than one in five of whom are professedly unable to read the names on the ballot-papers, are driven to the poll by agitators or priests. This degradation of the Irish suffrage in particular was agreed to by both parties, who well knew that its effect would be to throw still greater power into the hands of a poor, ignorant, and disuffected peasantry, and largely increase the party of Mr. Parnell and his associates, who, to the knowledge of the whole country, were "marching through plunder to the disintegration of the empire." The verdict with regard to the past must be that Great Britain has advisedly and deliberately chosen to vest its voting power in the hands of the masses, however uninstructed they may be, probably under the idea, said to have been largely entertained both by Louis Napoleon and Lord Beaconsfield, that by adopting a very low suffrage you are enabled to penetrate below the region where crotchets and experiments and crude utopias and habitual restlessness prevail, and to reach the strong settled habits, the enduring tendencies, the deep conservative instincts of the nation. Let us hope that those eminent men were right. At present the experience of ten years of its working leads, on the one hand, to the belief that the tone of public life has been lowered, that the character of the House of Commons has undergone a change for the worse, and that public men are becoming mo e shameless in their tergiversations and in their regard both to personal and public character. On the other hand, the actual decision of the new constituencies on the subjects hitherto presented to them has shown that those Radical politicians who have aspired especially to lead them have misinterpreted their character, and will probably have to trans-

form their own methods and their own aims if they are ever to become the effective depositaries of political power.

The model of wise democracy which the devotees of extended suffrage propounded was one in which the voters were all wise and the leaders virtuous. Questions were to be thrushed out on the public platform, and when the public mind was sufficiently educated a Ministry was to come into existence to carry out the decrees of an enlightened public opinion. An honest Radical policy, worked out in the light of day by a process which involved the education of the voters, would at least have ensured an extended area of deliberative power, and the conclusions so reached might have been as wise as the nature of things permitted. Gladstone's antecedents did not mark him out as the kind of leader required to usher in a democracy in that spirit. His view of the duties of leadership involved a widely different procedure from frank, open disclosure and interchange of opinion. In his sudden dissolution of 1874, with its unexpected offer to the class of voters whom he knew to be most disaffected to him to abolish their income-tax, he had shown that he was by no means averse to stratagem and surprise, and that class bribery, "cheap, easy, and not illegal," was in his opinion a permissible weapon in party warfare. In his Irish policy he had proved himself the unrivalled coercionist of Ireland, and had locked up hundreds of men, including Parnell himself, without trial. notwithstanding his violent denanciations of those men and their leaders in public, he afterward parted with his Irish Secretary and remodelled his policy on the lines of the Kilmainham treaty, the germ of the subsequent alliance between Radicals and Home Rulers. It was not therefore to be expected that democracy, ushered in by this particular leader, would be initiated into the frank and above-board developments of its policy, which its more philosophic devotees had desired. when the new election of 1885 actually took place, with its 85 Parnellites sent up to Parliament as the first-fruits of a lowered suffrage, the course adopted by Mr. Gladstone confounded all specu-

Nothing simile aut secundum had ever before taken place in parliamentary history, and probably never The leader actually appealed to the constituencies to give him a majority independent of these 85 votes, so as to save him and his party from temptation; and not getting it, he at once, without any hesitation, without consultation with his colleagues, coalesced with the very men whom he had denounced, and some of whom he had imprisoned for "marching through plunder to the disintegration of the empire." The coalition of Fox and Lord North repelled our forefathers; but at least it was a coalition between statesmen who had taken violently antagonistic sides in a controversy which was a thing of the past, buried and out of sight, and which did not incapacitate them from patriotic agreement upon the questions of the future. The coalition between Mr. Gladstone and Parnell involved the surrender of every conviction which down to that point the former had cherished on questions of future policy involving British safe. ty, honor, and prosperity. It involved also the connivance at methods which the latter and his colleagues had uniformly employed to further their schemes, and which a later Commission tersely described as persisting in indirect incitements to crime and outrage, with knowledge of their effects. Under such leadership the new democracy was taught, or attempted to be taught, that so long as a scheme could be rushed through Parliament to the personal triumph of its author, it was immaterial what ultimate ruin it involved to the best interests of the country; that crime itself was a useful adjunct of political agitation; and that so far as its purpose was political it stood in a class by itself, and was not to be dealt with by the criminal law. is impossible to conceive of democracy being ushered into existence under worse auspices.

When we remember the disclosures of the Parnell Commission, the boycotting, the plan of campaign, the open advocacy of public plunder, the connection with American dynamiters, the concealment of its accounts, the cruelty and oppression which were traceable to

the Irish Land League, it is appalling to think of what might have been the consequences of placing the newly enthroned democracy under the dominion of the Parnellites, and that we only escaped those consequences because the new democracy turned out to have more honesty, common-sense, and sound judgment than those who undertook its education. When we recollect that this ill-omened union between the Irish Land Leaguers and the Gladstonian Radicals was not merely surrounded by all the glamour which attached to Mr. Gladstone's name, but was also blessed by Catholic priests in Ireland, Nonconformist divines in England, and Presbyterian ministers in Scotland, its utter failure is very remarkable. Its author did not succeed in wrecking his country-he only wrecked his party and his reputation.

Mr. Lecky remarks that, assuming the truth of Herbert Spencer's dictum that "the end which the statesman should keep in view as higher than all other ends is the formation of character," democracy has proved a specially weak instrument for securing it. With wise forethought the founders of the American constitution withdrew from the jurisdiction of a chance and hastily snatched majority (which probably is all that we have to fear) several vital and fundamental principles. Their Legislature cannot legislate in violation of existing contracts; if it did, the Supreme Court has authority to disallow the legislation. It cannot infringe any fundamental liberty of the people or carry any constitutional change except under conditions which provide for the assent of the State legislatures and a two thirds majority of both Houses of Congress. In short, all the rights which men value the most are placed beyond the reach of a tyrannical majority; private property cannot be taken without compensation; even graduated taxation is provided against. In England a bare parliamentary majority is capable, with the assent of the Crown, of carrying out any constitutional change however revolutionary, of embarking on any scheme of spoliation, and even, as in the time of the Tudors, of passing Acts of attainder and confiscation. The only security

against the adoption of such measures, apart from the cumbrous machinery of parliamentary action which provides opportunity for reconsideration, lies in the character of public men and in the ideas of political morality which prevail in the constituencies. From this point of view the increasing number of private scandals among members of Parliament which has followed the advent of democracy, of acts of financial dishonesty, of shameless apostusies, of class bribes, of insincere pledges, and of agreements to support one another's schemes irrespective of the public advantage, is a serious sign of the times. And among the constituencies the deliberate indifference with which a long course of habitual cruelty and persecution in Ireland was regarded even by the religious leaders was brought into grotesque prominence by an outcry of pharisaic horror when it was discovered that the Irish leader was at last convicted of having broken, in his private capacity, the seventh commandment. The whole Liberal party rose in the House of Commons by way of a demonstration of party triumph when one out of innumerable charges against him before the Parnell Commission broke down; and the same party, in deference to the Nonconformist conscience, drove him from public life with a remorseless determination when a private scandal in the Divorce Court, of no exceptional turpitude, and involving no political consequences, gave a convenient opportunity.

If the alliance of 1886 was of the worst possible import in ushering in the new democracy, that year also presented a spectacle of a totally different kind, and one which is of the best promise for the future. A large body of public men, several of them of the highest political eminence, at once dissociated themselves from the rash act of their leader. They broke the ties of party allegiance, and sacrificed without hesitation their political ambition and their party pre-eminence, rather than take part in an unprecedented scene, one which will stand in parliamentary history as the most flagrant in its character and the most dangerous in its possible or even its obvious consequences that was ever enacted. With

regard to those who remained, it has been consoling to see that even men of the first eminence may sacrifice character and consistency without obtaining the rewards which they anticipated. It was another feature of that year, that first the House of Commons and afterward the constituencies decisively rejected the scheme which had been propounded and the disastrous coalition by which it had been supported. Six years of Conservative administration followed.

Thanks to the energy of the "Times," which strained its resources for that purpose in a way which has never yet been suitably acknowledged by the public, the whole tale of Irish oppression at the hands of Irish agitators was unfolded in open court by its victims, and the conduct of its perpetrators received judicial condemnation. Home Rulers, on the other hand, were reduced to the necessity of a Newcastle programme, a scheme ingeniously devised to conciliate support to Irish policy by promises attractive on other grounds to English and Scotch voters. Every one of them was conditioned on Irish legislation having the precedence, and on that condition every one of those promises was impossible of fulfilment. The year 1892 witnessed, as a result of this programme, and of that swing of the pendulum which successive elections since 1867 have manifested, the reinstallation of Mr. Gladstone in office. And a most fortunate circumstance it proved to be. The decision of 1886 had been far and wide represented as a hasty one, and it was desirable that the eminent author of the new Irish policy, who derived such pre-eminent authority from his transcendent abilities and long experience, should have a full opportunity of unfolding his reconsidered scheme, and of showing to the world how far it could be recognized as prac-The Government had a suffiticable. cient majority to ensure its passing the Commons whatever its terms, so long as the Irish party supported them. gain that support they stuck at noth-They even consented that while Great Britain should abandon all effective control over Irish affairs, the Irish should send a contingent of 80 members to Westminster to hold there the

balance between parties, and practically preside over legislation by which they themselves would not be affected. was a provision to place, so far as legislation could do it, Great Britain under the yoke of the Irish. Every reasonable man knew that such a provision could never pass into law. But the remarkable thing is that the Gladstonian party voted for it to a man. There sat the aged leader, well over fourscore, with his hand to his ear listening to the whole public debate. There is my bill, he seemed to mutter, say a good word for it if you can; but at any rate there is my bill, and vote for it you must: at the close of my career I will have it at least pass the Commons, and I am indifferent in what shape. It is the most striking instance that has yet occurred of members voting in obedience to the party Whip, and without the slightest reference to their own convictions. Probably the feeling was strong that the House of Lords would throw it out, and that the tenacity with which Mr. Gladstone adhered to his scheme, determined that, closured in departments and remodelled by the Irish, it should at least pass the House of Commons, should be humored as the closing act of a great career. Such is the levity with which a democratic House may deal with the vital interests of the nation. The general assent to the sweeping majority of the Lords which shortly afterward threw out the bill, resisting every invitation of Ministers themselves to remodel it from end to end, the utter abandonment of the project both in public and private which has followed, both show as plainly as possible the total insincerity of support with which the measure was passed through the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, it was understood. would have gone to the country upon his bill, but his colleagues apparently had had enough of it, and under cover of a demonstration against the House of Lords were disposed to shelve the question of Home Rule, and resort to those remarkable proceedings which were tersely described as ploughing the sea-shore in order to fill up the

Those, however, are incidents of temporary and fleeting importance. But

it is impossible to overestimate the advantages which we owe to the election of 1892, that the whole scheme of Home Rule has been unfolded on the matchless authority of its author, that it cannot be now presented to constituencies as the embodiment of experienced wisdom which Mr. Gladstone was prevented by old age and party perversity from laying before a public which had followed him in blind confidence for a whole generation, and had watched his career with enthusiasm and admiration for sixty years. The bubble was blown to its full dimensions and burst in the lifetime of its author, and it will puzzle the capacities of lesser men to recall it to existence after its conspicuous and portentous failure. The storm of disaster which eventually overtook the whole Gladstonian party at the polls ratified the decisive rejection of the Gladstonian policy, and shows that whatever may be the perils of democracy in general, the British variety of that unintelligible institution at least is sound. In the first ten years of its power it has carefully examined the claims and the projects of its selfconstituted leaders, and has rejected them and their author in a manner which must suggest the necessity of a higher appreciation of its character and a wiser selection of expedients wherewith to obtain its confidence.

On a broad review of these first ten years the total result is encouraging, while the details create misgiving. may be that, as Mr. Lecky observes, pure democracy is one of the least representative of governments, and that a growing distrust of representative bodies has become a feature of the time. Under it the best life and energy of a nation flow habitually apart from politics, and neither its politicians nor its political life afford worthy illustrations of its genuine character. As public men and public life in England deteriorate, as the higher classes in rank and intelligence, if not in wealth, retire from public life and are succeeded by the purely professional politicians, the present unlimited power of Parliament, as compared with the very limited authority of those Congresses which are restricted by written constitutions, will become more and more of a snare.

Various clauses of the Home Rule Bill went to the very root of the British constitution, were in competent opinion fraught with the greatest peril to the empire, condemned by a vast preponderance of opinion, but were forced through the representative, or at least the elected, House. What is called the one-man power, that power which is the prize of success in public life, was one of the causes. Success of that kind is most readily attained by associating your name with some exercise of parliamentary omnipotence. Mr. Gladstone has had an unusually long list of such achievements. He has disestablished Churches, plundered landlords. remodelled fiscal arrangements, and tried his hand at the pacifications of Other men, destitute of real constructive ability, are at least capable of lowering a suffrage or attacking an institution. There is no easier mode of building up a conspicuous and noisy reputation. It is the established process by which one leading statesman bids When Mr. Disraeli against another. carried household suffrage in 1867, Mr. Gladstone immediately outbid him on the eve of the election by proposing to disestablish the Irish Church. When Sir W. Harcourt placed himself, according to Lord Rosebery, in the forefront of financiers by his graduated death duties, the latter at once endeavored to secure his ascendancy by leading a crusade against the House of Lords, masquerading in the mantle which Mr. Gladstone had thrown from him in his last speech in the House of Commons. The attack was delivered with a good deal of vigor, but it failed so utterly with the country that his chief lieutenant was emboldened to refuse it a discussion in the Commons, and quietly shelved it. It is a necessary accompaniment of the one-man power that the rank and file are more and more reduced to a dead level, disregarded and closured, and left to indulge among themselves in scenes of coarse insult, of deliberate obstruction, and of violence, which on one remarkable occasion culminated in actual blows.

The division of parties into groups is another result of the degradation of the suffrage reacting on the House. Different sections which by combining may overthrow a Government, command their price in the political market, but interfere with the working, as hitherto, of too strong party organizations. For the time that evil, with its log-rolling practices, has been suspended or thrown into the shade by the unprecedented majority which the country has recently sent up to achieve the destruction of recent Radical policy.

This decadence of Parliament, which seems to be the necessary result of a more ignorant electorate, need not imply a decadence of national character. Mr. Lecky examines this question with the result that he considers that English character is steadily improving. Crime has diminished in proportion to population, and its sources have to some extent been removed. The poor have improved in decorum, civilization, and humanity. The spirit of providence has grown, as the savingsbanks testify. Artisans have become an intelligent and orderly element in English life. The spirit of humanity has largely increased, particularly that form of it which seeks out suffering, as long as it is not political, in order to relieve it. Philanthropy and all its works are widespread, and many people have no other occupation. English people have not deteriorated, at all events, in military daring and endurance, or in love of field sports or in governing qualities, which latter have not merely the wide field of the Indian empire, but have recently been displayed with conspicuous success in Egypt, in the rescue of that country from a veritable Slough of Despond and placing it before Europe as one of the best-administered countries in the The munificent and publicworld. spirited management of our great towns in such way as to avoid the corruption which is the disgrace of American municipalities, and to avoid also the subordination to the metropolis, which is the feature of French life, show that the qualities which successful self government require still exist in abundance.

The future of democracy is a problem which only time can solve. All that we can do is to endeavor to estimate the dangers which even its most

resolute admirers admit to exist, and to consider in what way they may be alleviated. It does not ensure better parliamentary government or greater liberty of action. It seems to have an incurable tendency to weaken both the one and the other. It has an unmistakable disposition to authoritative regulation even down to minute details. The great majority of the democracies of the world are hostile to free trade, all of them seem to be hostile to free contract. Trade-union regulations are brought into play to restrict the amount of work which a man may do and its produce, and to bring the principle of legal compulsion to bear upon every branch of industry. The functions of the State are everywhere sought to be increased with corresponding expenditure, till taxes and rates have increased, are increasing, and, in the opinion at all events of those who pay them, ought to be diminished. Mr. Lecky points out in detail how we are advancing to a state in which one class will impose the taxes and another will be mainly compelled to pay them, a state of things which is fatal both to property and to honesty. The whole drift of democratic government, he adds, is to diminish or destroy the control which property in England once had over taxation. All must admit that if so, it is a most entire abrogation of those constitutional rights for which our forefathers struggled.

It is only, however, at the centre of power that we can look at the present moment, and at the securities which might there be provided again t that which is the greatest danger which confronts us, the danger which swallows up all smaller ones, of a chance majority suddenly involving us in disaster. One security would be the diminution of Irish representation and the better distribution of seats in Ireland. liament has long shown itself incompetent to refuse any serious claim for votes, for neither party in the State will incur the odium of refusal, or give to its rival an extension of probable support. The dangers in that direction have been mostly in the past; what remains is to complete the task of distribution of seats and the limitation of the number of representatives.

Ireland has twenty-three seats in excess of its due proportion, regarded from the point of view of numbers alonemore than that excess if numbers and taxation are combined. The schedule to the last Home Rule Bill admitted eighty to be sufficient. The excess, too, is mainly in the disloyal part of Ireland. At any given moment a general election may occur which will place the Government of the day under the dominion of the Irish vote, and it ought to be provided that that vote should not be vastly in excess of its legitimate strength. Measures which both England and Scotland disapprove and resist can readily be carried by the Irish vote, often on subjects which do not affect the Irish in the slightest degree. The graduated death duties of Sir William Harcourt, for instance, might have been demonstrated over and over again in the lat Parliament to be contrary to sound principles of finance, but it is idle to suggest that votes would have been gained. other suggestion for security is proportionate representation, but from that discussion the public mind has somehow or other always revolted. Plural voting is another expedient, but it is difficult to believe that it would have any very great effect, if it were merely as at present that men with property in different localities may vote in all of them. The fancy franchises of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1859 might be revived with advantage, for they were all favorable to intelligence, education, property, and frugality. And it might at least be provided that those voters who could neither read nor write sufficiently to conduct their own business at the polling-booth should be relieved, if not of the franchise, at least of all assistance in exercising it as an interference with that secrecy which the ballot was designed to secure. The tendency of political thought at the present day is not in favor of these expedients; but a rude awakening may possibly result when the consequences unfold themselves of dissociating power from property, and of giving to the many au unlimited power of confiscating by taxation and rating the possessions of a comparatively few.

Mr. Lecky seems to rely on two ex-

pedients in particular for placing adequate restraints on the capricious exercise of democratic power. No one in these days would talk of impeding its real will on any subject when once clearly ascertained. Those two expedients are the referendum and the reform of the House of Lords.

It is useless to speculate on the probable aims of democracy, whether it is favorable to religious liberty, to the maintenance of empire, to the preservation of property, to the spread of education, to free contract and free labor, or not. Time will show. In our own belief there is no reason to lose confidence in the genius and destiny of the British people on account of an extended suffrage, if only precautions are taken to ensure that the judgment finally acted upon shall be matured and not the offspring of temporary excitement or caprice. There are in existence already several guarantees that such shall be the case; first and foremost the authority of the House of Lords, which, even if it preserves the hereditary principle as the exclusive, or almost the exclusive, basis on which it rests, will nevertheless retain both the power and the will to prevent disastrous hurry in legislation. Still the aim of all Conservative politicians should be to try and establish some such lasting securities against irretrievable injury to the dearest interests of mankind which the far-seeing founders of American democracy so wisely provided. An Act of Parliament, for instance, which provided that, on the subjects which those founders withdrew from the jurisdiction of caprice, twothirds majorities in both Houses should be required, is one which could, when once passed, only be repealed with the consent of the House of Lords, and might answer all practical purposes. It would, like a perpetual Coercion Act, be repealable, and it would not be quite the equivalent of the complicated impediments which American democracy interposes between any sudden and illconsidered resolution and its execution, but it might be sufficiently effective in the absence of other and better expe-

The Swiss referendum, for instance, establishes the electorate as a final court

of appeal on any question of constitutional revision, so that a direct popular vote directed to a single issue is necessary before the fundamental institutions of the country can be tampered The inconvenience of this plan with. lies in the probable extension of its scope, the probable multiplication of the subjects to which it will be made to In Switzerland it was in 1874 extended to all Federal laws and decrees not of an urgent nature if 30,000 qualified voters or eight cantons demanded it. In practice it has been found that the popular vote, when it extends over the entire Confederation, more frequently negatives than ratifies the measures submitted to it—another instance of the conservative temper of democracies unless when temporary excitement overbalances its judgment. The tendencies exhibited in the collected examples of the Swiss referendum results are a dislike to large expenditure, a dislike to centralization, a dislike to violent innovation. Graduated taxation is one of the innovations which has been rejected by the popular vote.

In America the referendum has also been extended in its application, the tendency in State politics being in favor of substituting direct popular legislation for legislation through the medium of representative bodies. But the reason is that State legislatures are corrupt, and public safety requires that their power of imposing taxes and of incurring debts and expenditure should be strictly limited. Wire pulling, jobbery, and corruption, which seem to be the inevitable characteristics of small local legislatures, are found in practice to be best provided against by intrusting legislation to conventions specially elected for a particular purpose, empowered to pass particular laws, subject to ratification by a popular vote. have not reached that point yet in Local bodies, like the Great Britain. London School Board, may be extravagant, but it is the extravagance of faddists devoted to a particular subject to the exclusion of all else; there is no evidence that it is the waste of corrup-The only object in view in resorting to a referendum in Great Britain would be to render it impossible to carry constitutional and other fundamental changes without the direct and deliberate assent of the people. There is no necessity for making legislation in general by the representative bodies subject to ratification. And it is not impossible, one would think, to provide the required restraint without resorting to a device which, if once introduced might be indefinitely extended, to the no small inconvenience of public business.

Mr. Lecky writes decidedly in its He thinks it would increase the favor. power of the House of Lords for the purpose of restraining the despotism of the Commons. It would enable the electorate to give its deliberate opinion not on men, but on measures; not on a crowd of measures all submitted at one time, but on one capital measure selected from all the rest. He considers that it would lower the authority of the House of Commons, which he evidently regards as at present too much uncontrolled and unbalanced. principle of a referendum is that of enabling a democracy to find its own remedy, to provide its own restraints. The experience, he adds, of both America and Switzerland shows that "when the referendum takes root in a country it takes political questions to an immense degree out of the hands of wirepullers, and makes it possible to decide them mainly, though not perhaps wholly, on their merits, without producing a change of Government or of party predominance." In our view introduction of this expedient would constitute a most radical change in the Government of the country, and the working of the parliamentary machinery under a democracy does not at present stand sufficiently condemned to require it. The House of Commons is losing its moral authority and its hold over the masses as it is. The authority of the House of Lords will probably rise as the other declines, and its power for the purpose of checking caprice has been immeasurably strengthened by the universal ratification of the vote which destroyed the Home Rule Bill. In the last resort, if the circumstances did not warrant the complete rejection of a measure which it deemed to be disastrous, it could make its assent provisional—that is, subject to a referendum

NEW SERIES .- VOL. LXIV., No. 1.

which would be a condition precedent to its assent taking effect.

Looking back on English politics, it would be difficult to point to an instance where a referendum would have been in recent times wisely resorted to, except perhaps on the two great questions of Irish land legislation and Sir W. Harcourt's graduated death duties. On both of those subjects, involving as they did the principle of confiscation, the existence of an appeal to a popular vote might have encouraged the House of Lords to withhold its assent. But both schemes were too complicated to have been a fit subject of reference. Its introduction would probably increase the suspensive power of the House of Lords, and force to the front the very difficult question of a reform of that House.

Whether or not the referendum is introduced into English politics, it seems reasonable to suppose that as the House of Lords in either case will have in the future to hold the scales between the electorate and its representatives, the functions and constitution of that House will come more and more under public notice and discussion. Lord Rosebery has taken up a position of some violence on this subject, but he has never expresed any clear definite views about it, or formulated the scheme which he wished to have adopt-No reasonable politicians are in favor of government by a single Cham-Mr. Lecky has stated the case against single Chambers with conclusive force, that of all possible forms of government that of a single omnipotent democratic Chamber is the very worst. In this opinion most men would agree. It is as susceptible as an individual despot to all the temptations of uncontrolled power, and its collective sense of responsibility is no greater than the very attenuated share which falls to the lot of each individual member. It may assume at any moment the character of a mob, and resort to blows. Its members are often tied by pledges, influenced by personal interest, absorbed in the triumph of a party, acting under the eye of constituents whom they know to be ignorant, and believe, perhaps erroneously, to be devoted to their own narrow and immediate interests.

When such a Chamber breaks up into groups, the difficulty of obtaining a decision on the merits of any one question is enormously increased by the system of log-rolling, of each group agreeing to support the objects of the others in return for support to its own. Of all the many parliamentary constitutions now existing in the world, Mr. Lecky points out that Greece, Mexico, and Servia are the only ones in which independent and sovereign nations have adopted the system of a single Cham-Norway is another instance of at least virtual government by a single Chamber. But it is not absolutely independent, being united with Sweden, and the extreme concentration of power so resulting is one of the causes of dangerous tension between the two countries. England was never governed by a single Chamber, except for a short time under the Commonwealth. The abolition of the House of Lords by a vote of the Commons was very soon followed by the expulsion of the Commons, and for some generations it was a maxim in English politics that the two Houses must stand or fall together -a maxim which in all probability is Cromwell felt himself obliged to have two Chambers under his Protectorate. America started in 1781 with a single Chamber. It was invested, Mr. Lecky says, "with very small powers, and was almost as completely overshadowed by the State rights of its constituents as the Cromwellian House of Commons had been by the military power of the Commonwealth." Though a single Chamber, it certainly was not an omnipotent Chamber. In 1787 the very first article of the American Constitution divided the Congress into a Senate and a House of Representatives. In all the separate States, and in all the British colonies, the system of two Chambers prevails. In the French Constitution of 1791 all power was placed in the hands of a single Cham-The result was tyranny and the Reign of Terror. In 1848 the experiment was repeated with a similar re-Again France was conducted through anarchy to despotism.

In Great Britain we have a Second Chamber, the recent decline of whose authority is more apparent than real,

which has throughout its enormously extended career shown that "flexibility of adaptation" to varying circumstances which is a sign of vitality. It may claim at least 1000 years of existence, as against the 630 of the Lower House. The Wars of the Roses reduced its number, as regards the temporal members, to 29; even in Henry VIII.'s reign the number never exceeded 51. ormation removed many of the spiritual members and made the temporal members a clear majority, increasing their influence by a vast distribution of monastic property. The Revolution was due to a great extent to that House, and was largely regulated and maintained by it. Through the system of small boroughs it exercised great influence over the other House; and the most critical moment of its fortunes was when the Ministry of 1719 endeavored to limit its number and deprive the sovereign of the power of fresh crea-George III. largely added to its numbers, and for the first time gave it a predominantly Tory character. Still it did not come into violent antagonism with the people as the Commons did in the Wilkes case and in the case of the Coalition Ministry. In the latter iustance the nation ratified the Lords' rejection of Fox's India Bill as decisively as in 1895 it ratified its rejection of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Its anti-Catholic and anti-reforming policy was in unison with that of the people during all the earlier years of the century, and the main instance in which it placed itself in strong opposition to the people was during that wave of wild enthusiasm when the existing constituencies of the country voluntarily, and even violently, abdicated their power in favor of a new and untried electorate. That, however, is more than two generations ago, and although it made the mistake of exasperating and intensifying the situation, yet so far as it delayed the settlement, and insisted on its full and mature consideration, it acted rightly and in the strict fulfilment of its constitutional duty.

Since 1832 the position of the House has been, as Mr. Lecky points out, fundamentally changed. It no longer claims a co-ordinate power with the House of Commons; it has been ex-

cluded from all financial legislation and control; its initiative in any legislation is viewed with jealousy; it can no longer eject a Ministry. Its real power is representative—not the representation which depends on votes, but that which depends upon conformity with the educated opinion of the country, the ultimate guide of democratic votes if national prosperity is to endure. Its actual power is revisory and prohibitive over all subjects of legislation not financial which do not powerfully affect public opinion, revisory and suspensive The main source over those which do. of its power is the authority possessed by its foremost members, the capacity and experience in public business in different localities possessed by most of The hereditary principle is often the subject of frothy denunciation, but half of the existing peerage has been created since 1832, and the hereditary principle acts as a check on unwise creations, and probably gives to the Upper House fewer unworthy members than an ignorant electorate gives The constitution of the to the Lower. House provides an assembly whose members are too deeply interested, through their wealth, social position, and hereditary associations, in the prosperity of the country, to risk its stability by unwise resistance to the ascertained will of the nation, and who are for the like reasons above the temptation of acquiring notoriety by rashness. Mr. Gladstone described them at one time as up in a balloon, so far as the passions and interests of ordinary men were concerned: their seclusion from those temporary passions, and the complete identification of their position with the permanent and lasting interests of the country, guarantee a prudent and independent exercise of the duties of a Second Chamber. They also guarantee the introduction of a judicial element into politics. Debates in the House of Lords on great occasions are not composed of the speeches of men addressing constituents, and bidding against one another in a vote-catching tournament. Those speeches are almost always of a higher order of merit than those in the Lower House, in point of view of the information brought to bear upon the subject, and of the

sincerity of comprehensive argument which is applied to it. The speakers are evidently addressing themselves to an instructed public opinion, and most of them, with their ancestors behind them, are justifying their proceedings to the posterity before them as well as to the more enlightened opinion of their own generation. If democracy more and more connects the Lower House with a miscellaneous variety of electors, it is a great source of strength to Parliament that in its Upper House it should also be connected with the chief elements of independent influence, power, and popularity which exist throughout the nation.

Besides its suspensive power, it has great influence in shaping the particular form of compromise in each case which our legislation so often assumes, and to which it largely owes whatever permanence it enjoys. Very frequently the House of Lords represents the minority which has been overpowered in the other House. It not merely mitigates the tyranny in which a majority is too often tempted to indulge, but the knowledge that it will do so has a restraining influence on that majority

which is of great value.

Thus the political value of the House of Lords as at present existing is that it consists of members who have the will and the power and the patriotism, guaranteed by their position in the past, the present, and the future, to exercise on momentous occasions the authority which is required, to refrain from pushing that authority beyond reasonable limits, and at the same time to be content on all ordinary occasions with an admittedly secondary position in the work of government and legislation. It is only in an exceptional state of society that the materials exist for establishing a Second Chamber which so completely answers the purpose for which it is created. Its authority largely results from its personnel, and it is only persons who are exceptionally placed who would be contented with the habitual exercise of secondary authority, while at the same time they are equal to the exercise of the highest, and know that they command public confidence in doing so. It is composed of men who hold or have

held the highest offices of State, of a large number who have for years been members of the House of Commons and accustomed from platforms to gain experience of their fellow-citizens, of men who have had a wide experience of life, and as landlords, magistrates, and political leaders of their districts have gained aptitude for business. It seems, according to Mr. Lecky, that Archbishop Magee's criticism on the House was that nothing struck him more than the large amount of curious special knowledge possessed by its members. If the most out-of-the-way subject was started, there was always, he observed, some obscure peer on the back benches who had made the subject a study and knew all about it; while in the fields of literature, philosophy, and science the Peers may at least challenge comparison with the Commons.

Mr. Lecky approves as a reform the proposal that Cabinet Ministers should have the right of opposing or defending their measures in both Houses, though their right of voting should be restricted to the House to which they belong. He instances the inconvenience of the most powerful Minister being in the House of Lords while the decisive verdict on his policy lies in the Com-But the powerful Minister is sure to have competent lieutenants, and the inconvenience of Ministers and debaters being interchangeable between the two Houses would outweigh any advantages to be gained. Besides, the two Houses are separate in their functions as well as in their members, and it would considerably detract from the weight and moral authority of the House of Lords if its principal members had forestalled the speeches which they address to their own Chamber by previous rehearsals of them in the other.

It is not at all clear that the alternative of mending or ending the House of Lords has presented itself. The overwhelming decision of the last election may be taken as evidence that the country has no wish either to overthrow it or destroy its power or extirpate its hereditary element. But Mr. Lecky insists that there could be no greater error than to infer from that triumph that there is no need of change or re-

form in the Upper House, widening its basis, increasing its strength and its representative character. We doubt the necessity of increasing its strength. The object in view should be to fetter the omnipotence of Parliament as other democracies do, not by increasing the strength of one Chamber to increase the friction between the two. The more the power of the Lords is increased, the greater the resulting temptation to come into unnecessary collision with the Commons, and to indulge in activity which would excite opposition and increase the friction of parliamentary life and government. Anything which increased the indirect representative character of the Upper House would be welcome; but that could not be done by legalizing the creation of life-peerages unconnected with the tenure of high office, either past or present. Nothing would weaken the stability of the House more than to lodge with the Ministry of the day, always the nominee of the Commons, the power of controlling its decision by too facile creations. We agree that so long as its members discharge their duty faithfully, fearlessly, and moderately, they are not likely to want popular support." The existing constitution has secured a discharge of their duty to which those three epithets apply, and an increase of strength might lead to a disappearance of that moderation which it is essential to preserve, and which it might easily be very difficult for a new or reformed assembly to The authority of the House of Lords really lies in the personal influence and weight of many of its mem-If ever the leading peers or the majority of them lose the character, influence, and prestige which they now possess, from the highest, "the sustained splendor of whose stately lives" lends strength and dignity to the nation, to those who are merely influential magnates in their particular districts, the authority of the existing Second Chamber will decline. It has been remarked by Lord Beaconsfield that the Peers are of more account everywhere in the country than in their own House. They do not derive their authority and influence from being members of that Chamber, nor does their avenue to dis-

tinction lie within its walls. They are subject to disqualifications which in some cases must be seriously felt, and in all detract from the privileges pos-They accordingly have no greater interest in its continued existence than the rest of the community. There can be no greater guarantee than that circumstance for the moderation with which the duties of a Second Chamber should be habitually conducted, or for the faithful and fearless discharge of it when exceptional occasions arise, or for a wise prudence in yielding when once the matured determination of the country is reasonably attested.

The real cause of Lord Rosebery's pronounced hostility to the House of Lords as at present existing is the extremely limited support which he and his party receive from it. But that is merely a temporary incident in the relation of that party to the House. Down to the time when Mr. Gladstone embarked upon his downward course, of which the volumes before us are the first instalment of historic condemnation, the two parties in the State, owing to the very numerous creations by Liberal Ministers, were pretty evenly balanced. The Liberal party in the House of Lords condemned that course and withdrew its support, as emphatically as the whole country has done in 1895, and as history is beginning to do in Mr. Lecky's book. The way to recover that lost support is to reverse the policy and abandon the expedients to which Mr. Gladstone, during the eclipse of his great genius, had recourse, and which most assuredly he would not have resorted to in his earlier and better days, before he threw himself with characteristic self-abandonment into all the thoughts and works and wavs of a mere party leader, bent upon securing, per fas aut nefas, a majority of votes. If the Liberal party were to return upon its steps, abandon Home Rule, its coalition with the disaffected Irish, its patronage of the various elements of disorder at home, Lord Rosebery and his followers would stand better with the Second Chamber as well as with the electorate. The difficulty of their doing so, however, is portentous. Mr. Gladstone's bequest to them is a policy and a coalition which they cannot persist in without incurring the strongest opposition from Great Britain, and which they cannot discontinue without breaking up into a congeries of mutually hostile groups which would consume time in the slow process of reconciliation. The Irish rejection of Parnell has been

avenged in a similar way.

The disastrous consequences of the manœuvres of the last ten years are not limited to one of the great parties of the State; they extend to the whole nation. It is a national disaster of the first magnitude that one of the two parties should by an almost irreparable error have adopted a policy and a coalition which sever it as completely from the great masses of the English people, with their profound conservatism and genuine attachment to the institutions of their country, as from the Second Chamber. If any disaster befell the present Administration, the only alternative Ministry which could be formed is one which is hopelessly in discord, after a prolonged examination of its methods, alike with the classes and the Perhaps one of the most diffimasses. cult problems of the present reign will prove to be how the Liberal party may rescue itself from its present perplexity and re-establish itself in the eyes of the country. The task is one of enormous difficulty, and will never be accomplished by leaders who are divided from each other by personal jealousies, and some of whom are too old to dig with any vigor foundations upon which others will have to build. Lord Rosebery alone has given any sign. He has admitted the futility of long programmes, which implies a distrust in log-rolling; and that Home Rule can never be carried against the will of the predominant partner. If those two admissions are carried to their logical result, and the Liberal party can be rebuilt with a constructive policy on a single subject for its intelligible foundation, and a leader vigorous enough to carry it into effect, a beginning would have been made to abolish the disastrous legacy bequeathed to it by the statesman whom it for the fourth time placed in the position of Prime Minis-The task of retracing its steps is slow and full of peril, but it is better than remaining in a cul-de-sac.

lesson of the last election, admitted by Sir William Harcourt himself to have been a perfect storm of disaster to his party, must be laid to heart. It cannot be more forcibly expressed than in the words of Mr. Lecky: "It showed clearly which section of the Liberal party in the great Home Rule schism most truly reflected the sentiments and conviction of the nation. It showed how enormously men had overrated the importance of the noisy groups of socialists, faddists, and revolutionists that float upon the surface of English political thought like froth-flakes on a deep and silent sea. It showed also, not less clearly, how entirely alien to English feeling was the log-rolling strategy which had of late been growing so rapidly in English politics." No one wishes to see the great Liberal party of the past permanently disabled. For a time at least it is played out. Its abler and more distinguished lead-

ers have joined the Conservatives. That junction opens, as it were, the second chapter in the early history of the British democracy. On the conspicuous failure of those who claim to have been its founders a great homogeneous party of overwhelming strength, and under the guidance of a powerful band of statesmen, steps forward to take up the reins and prescribe the policy of the future. To consolidate instead of dismember the United Kingdom, to bind together in a close tie the colonies to their democratic mother, to uphold the empire and spread the commerce of Great Britain, to utilize existing institutions for the good government of the country, are worthy aims for the new electorate to adopt, are faithfully represented and will be powerfully promoted by the Administration which they have so decisively summoned into power.—Blackwood's Maga-

## AMERICA AS A POWER.

### BY ALEXANDER MACLURE.

DURING the past few months, in the daily and periodical press here and on "the other side," numerous articles have appeared dealing with the position of America at the present time, particularly in relation to Great Britain. Some are written from a patriotic standpoint; while others treat of the subject in a spirit of catholicism which is entirely admirable in principle but equally lacking in conviction to the practical mind.

In the following pages it is proposed to indicate briefly and concisely the position of America from several points of view not hitherto referred to—so far as the writer is aware—as regards her title to be considered a Power, and also, co-relatively, as a Power on a war footing, which, rightly or wrongly, is still in this nineteenth century the almost universal standard by which the status of any nation is judged.

By "America" is meant, of course, the United States of America, and by "Power," that potential strength which commands attention and respect in the council chambers of the world, and, if wisely exercised, enables a nation to pursue the even tenor of its way without fear and without reproach.

It may be assumed without argument that population alone is not power; nor extent of dominion; neither can extensive trade relationship nor the benefits of a republican or democratic government bring the attributes of power. Population without active interest in, and earnest working for, everything that makes for progress is but an unenlightened mass of possible raw material, as in China. A dominion peopled with freed-men who are yet bondmen, and citizens who are not citizens, as in Russia, is a land whose disintegration, and perhaps destruction, will surely come with a continuance of the policy of suppression, and whose progress is thwarted at every turn by official tyranny of the most pronounced character. Extensive trading, without a stable monetary standard, is, after all, only a "clearing sale of surplus stock" on a large and continuous scale,

which is unfortunately true of India, and, to a considerable extent, of America also; while republican or democratic government, ever-changing and generally mistrusted, is often but the veriest travesty of power.

What then, it may be asked, constitutes national strength? Briefly, a land whose every citizen is a free man and an enlightened subject; extensive and profitable trade intercourse; a sound currency basis, and a stable government free from jobbery and panic. It is not the writer's intention, however, to enlarge on these points, but rather to proceed at once to the consideration of another, and not less important, factor in the large subject of national strength, and one which is receiving greater attention in these days than ever before, viz., the possession of a mercantile marine.

History shows how largely a nation's growth and permanence may be bound up in the maintenance and extension of its maritime strength. The Phœnicians, with a mere strip of coast-line, and the Venetians, with little more than a salt marsh, for territory, both attained magnificent pre-eminence among the nations of their day, almost wholly by reason of their maritime supremacy. The insular position of our own fatherland has compelled us to become a nation of seamen, so to speak, and we have gradually built up an immense mercantile fleet, which not only carries our own and our neighbors' merchandise, but, while doing so, takes the Briton, with his commercial and administrative ability, to the farthest corners of the earth.

Other nations, by means of handsome subsidies from the public purse, are now endeavoring, and not unsuccessfully, to create a mercantile marine where none previously existed, or to foster and increase that which they may have had the good fortune to pos-Germany, with an awkwardly divided coast-line of 1200 miles, is notably leading the way in this respect, and in the public press attention was lately drawn to the fact that her principal steamship lines are paying good dividends notwithstanding the depressed state of shipping affairs—a state of matters which is certain to stimulate an increasing interest in the investing public of that country. The constant purchase by Norway of old British vessels is well-known; and even Belgium, with a sea-board of only forty-two miles, is moving in the same general direction by spending money freely and wisely in increasing and improving the crosschannel service with England, and also to some extent in fostering her maritime intercourse, the shipping section in the Antwerp Exhibition of 1894 having received special prominence.

In view of all this, and without going into the merits or otherwise of the subsidy system, it will be interesting in the first place to see how the United States stands in respect of her mercantile marine—her position in the ocean carrying-trade—as compared with other nations. The official figures in connection with the different countries, it should be remarked, are so variously compiled that it is not an easy task to reduce them to a uniform basis for comparison, but the following table may be accepted as sufficiently accurate for our purpose, and includes only vessels of iron and steel construction:—

	Sailers.		STEAMERS.		Totals.	
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.
Great BritainGermanyFranceUnited StatesNorwaySpainHolland.	1,645 809 94 15 91 2	2,168,451 362,184 92,296 22,920 89,512 1,228 51,836	6.325 952 559 417 480 870 209	9,676,047 1,343,153 900,885 765,142 407,462 447,798 315,196	7,970 1,261 653 432 571 872 255	11,844,496 1,705,337 993,181 788,062 496,974 449,026 367,032

It will be observed that in the number of her sailing vessels the United States is second last in the list; while as regards steamers she is easily distanced by Germany, France, and Norway. With a population of 63,000,000 and an area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles, it would naturally be expected that the United States would have had a larger maritime interest than, say, Germany, with a population of 59,000,000 and an area of about 1.300,000 square miles, especially in view of the very magnificent seaboard

which the American continent affords.

Like Norway, the United States has a large number of wooden sailing vessels, viz.. 2579, averaging 474 tons, as compared with our own fleet of 1105 similar craft, averaging 212 tons; and, continuing this individual comparison between Great Britain and America a little further in regard to the relative number of high-speed screw steamers belonging to each nation, we have the following interesting figures:—

Vessels capable of steaming:

	12–14	14½-15½	16-17	1714-19	19 Knots and
	Knots.	Kuots.	Knots.	Knots.	Upwards.
Great Britain	640 55	57 18	34 1	15	6 4

Now, there is, as every one knows, an enormous traffic flowing between the United States and Great Britain, principally in food-products to this country. In fact, in the twelve months ending the 30th of June, 1894, the volume of trade to Great Britain represented 47 per cent. of the total exports of the United States, the value of the same in round figures being £85,000,000. The chief items of this large sum were: cotton. £22,500,000; wheat and flour, £20,000,000; bacon and hams, £8,000,-000; cattle, £4.600,000; fresh beef, £3,295,000; lard, £2,600,000; tobacco, £2,700,000; and maize, £2,220,000. The exports from Great Britain to the States fluctuate considerably, as

also do the exports from the States to this country; but the value of the same may be stated as about £30,000,000, so that the total traffic passing to and fro represents a value of over £110,000,000, of which, it may be mentioned incidentally, more than half passes through the port of New York.

What proportion of this immense trade is carried by United States vessels? Well, though it is not possible to state accurately the tonnage, the arrivals from, and departures for, America during 1894, will no doubt serve the point in view, taking for the purpose of comparison only British and

American owned vessels :-

	American.		Витівн.	
	Arrivals.	Departures.	Arrivals.	Departures.
Sailing vessels. Steamers	87 47	10 46	86 1,831	1,037 1,611

It will thus clearly be seen that the United States has but a small interest in the carrying-trade between the two countries; in fact, little over 8 per cent. of her whole sea-borne trade is carried by her own vessels, and this, it may be stated, is a remarkable falling-

off within the past thirty years, in the early "sixties" quite 70 per cent. of the foreign trade of the United States having been carried by American-owned vessels. While other nations, therefore, are doing everything possible to stimulate and encourage their mercantile

marine, the United States has allowed a valuable, indeed indispensable, industry to decay, and even the most disinterested can hardly review these figures without reflecting upon the splendid opportunity to acquire maritime greatness which has been frittered away by the exigencies of a short-sighted protective policy.

An American writer recently referred to this pregnant fact, though in a somewhat casual way; and from certain indications in other directions it is evident a reaction has set in, and that the public spirit of the American nation will ere long be roused to a sense of its duty in this respect. It is very questionable, however, if the ground which has thus gradually been lost will ever be recovered, especially if a recent enactment, requiring that all officers and engineers employed in American vessels shall be naturalized American citizens, is an example of the lines upon

which American shipping legislation

will be conducted.

The foregoing deals with America's position as a Power in time of peace, a point of view unfortunately not yet fully recognized in the unwritten code of international principles as a basis of judgment in the case of a nation aspiring to the rank of a Power. Let us now consider the position of the United States as a possible belligerent. Little more than three months ago we experienced the disquieting effects of the possibility of war between this country and America—a state of matters which, had it been prophesied twelve months pre-

viously, would have brought down upon the head of the misguided seer a world of scorn and ridicule, yet which has now become a page in history.

It would indeed be a grievous mistake to exaggerate in this or any other connection the prospects of war, but while we cannot afford to ignore our duties so long as warlike preparedness is an assurance of the maintenance of peace, or shirk the responsibilities which have grown round our national welfareduties and responsibilities greater and more onerous than any people ever had before-we may at least review, without prejudice, first the relative positions of the principal nations in the matter of naval strength, and, secondly, some of the probable results of a war between Great Britain and America as it would affect the latter, remarking, by way of preface, that some points in the last-named connection appear worthy of greater consideration than seems to have been given them, not only as regards the ability and preparedness of America to precipitate hostilities, but more particularly with reference to her trade with Great Britain, and its early prospect of steady diminution as the result of the growth of our own colonial trade.

The following table shows the naval strength of the nations named, as comprehensively as it is possible to do—anything like a satisfactorily uniform classification of the various vessels of the respective fleets being extremely difficult, if not impossible.

	Battle-ships.	Cruisers.	Torpedo Craft.	Port Defence.
Great Britain	. 32	263	118	23
France	. 30	150	216	17
Spain	.] 1	90	16	1
Russia		70	64	16
Italy		61	139	4
Holland		66	20	25
Germany		48	132	12
United States		47	17	19
Denmark		18	12	4

Taking the combined figures of battle-ships and cruisers—a reasonable procedure, all things considered—it is seen that the United 'States stands

eighth in the list as regards her fighting capabilities on the high seas, and with this observation we may pass to another aspect of the subject.

The business instinct in these days has been developed so abnormally by the keen struggle for existence that there is little doubt, in the event of war between any two nations, efforts would be made by commercial interests on both sides to continue as great a proportion as possible of the volume of trade which had been previously pass-

ing between them.

Unlike most European countries, however, America has no neighbor across whose neutral territory she could count on maintaining a considerable part of her export and import trade. Her northern marches would be closed by Canada, while her southern boundary is physically impracticable for such a purpose. An effective blockade of her ports, therefore, would mean inevitable and disastrous ruin. With a greatly restricted, or entirely obstructed, outlet for his produce the American farmer would become, if not bankrupt, at all events a much poorer man than he is at present; the army of the unemployed, even now ominously large, would be recruited enormously from all ranks of life; the financial position of the railroads, never of the soundest, would at once become desperate on account of the cessation of "foreign through-going" truffic; and, if the writer is not mistaken in his conclusions, the number of the different nationalities, individually and collectively, which form the component parts of her population, would prove a most embarrassing element of complication, rendering internal dissensions only too probable.

Even making every allowance for the patriotic cohesion which the call to arms evokes in all ranks of a nation, there are grave doubts whether the United States, with its immense alien population, has yet reached a degree of national solidity sufficiently strong to justify a declaration, or even a menuce, of war at the present time. He would be considered foolish who embarked upon a business venture without first counting the cost and summing up his probable gains and losses. Similarly, no nation, in the face of such incalculable ruin, even though the fortune of war be with it, is justified in a threat or menace of war against any other na-

tion, unless, indeed, "the case is a good one, the ground fair, and the necessity clear;" and it is tolerably certain that, had the soundness of this axiom been more clearly recognized by American statesmen during past months, we should not have heard so much regarding the Monroe Doctrine, or rather the modern American read-

ing of that dogma.

More than thirty years ago John Bright gave it as his opinion that " if we go into war with the United States it will be a war upon the ocean. Every ship that belongs to the two nations will, as far as possible, be swept from the seas." Circumstances, of course, have greatly changed since these words were uttered, but it is true now, as ever, that in the event of a rupture the hostilities will become a struggle for naval supremacy, and that whichever nation proves invincible on the high seas will have the other at its mercy.

We have seen how inefficiently America is equipped to maintain such a naval struggle; we have also seen that Great Britain at present buys practically half of that which America has to sell, for which produce, it will be admitted, there would be very great difficulty in finding other purchasers in the event of British markets being closed against It is idle to speak of the resources of America being so enormous that she would be practically unconquerable; if they bring no money into the national exchequer, or if public credit is embarrassed or destroyed, these resources become a burden rather than a benefit. And, after all, can any nation lightly scout ninety millions of money, especially one whose! public debt is over £175,000,000, and whose revenue seems incapable of further expansion on present lines? Should it not rather set its house in order, and until that has been done repress the policy of interference in extraneous matters which affect its national interests not one whit—a policy which is as mischievous as it is undignified?

Great Britain has so many colonial possessions and dependencies from which to draw supplies to replace American produce in her markets, that she could well afford, in the event of war, to raise an effective and strenuous

blockade of United States ports; and her large navy, in conjunction with the fleet of fast merchant steamers, of which particulars have already been given, is a convincing element in the case. In fact, as the direct result of such a blockading action, the British colonial trade, already large and steadily increasing, would receive so great an impetus, and gain so firm a footing, that American produce would probably never recover its former position.

But sufficient has no doubt been said to show the weakness of America as a belligerent, and, dismissing now from our minds all thought of war, we come to a question which appears to be of more immediate importance to the people of the United States, viz., the impending decline in their produce trade with this country, consequent on the enormous increase and development of the import trade from our colonies. This colonial trade, as we have just mentioned, has been making rapid strides within the past decade, and it is not difficult to believe that, in the natural course of things, America may find her exports being gradually cut out of our markets by the produce of those of our own household.

To make this clear it is only necessary to state that there is hardly a single commodity which we now import from America which we are not at the present moment importing from one or other of our colonial possessions, dependencies, or allies. Cotton is the only item in which the difficulty of supply from other quarters would probably prove insuperable, our present independent sources being capable of furnishing little over one-half of our annual import of American cotton. the matter of wheat, which is the principal item next to cotton in our imports from America, we have the Argentine Republic doubling its exports to this country in the course of a few years, and, with only a fifteenth part

of her estimated wheat-growing area as yet under cultivation, this rate of increase may continue for years; while our Australian colonies, India, Egypt, and Russia are well able to send us a very much greater supply than they are yet doing.

Being nearer than most of our possessions, America has no doubt a geographical advantage which our colonies will always have to contend against, but when it is considered that the importation, e.g., of preserved meat from Queensland in 1889 was only valued at £4568, and in 1893 reached a total of £85,767—and this, it must be remembered, in competition with the American article—it will be seen that we have by no means reached finality in the possibilities of our import trade from our colonies, for what is true of one item applies with more or less force to the whole. The importation of grain and other produce from the States at merely nominal freights has undoubtedly retarded the growth of our colonial trade and also checked the imports of similar produce from other countries; but with a rise in prices consequent on the appreciation of American land values and increasing demand for local consumption, with or without a muchneeded advance in ocean freights, matters will right themselves to a more equitable balance, of which it is certain our kin in Greater Britain will not be slow to take advantage.

Having thus superficially dealt with this very involved subject, principally from a maritime point of view, it is only necessary to say in conclusion that the mere talk of the prospect of war between two countries prompts the outsider to investigate matters which are ordinarily left to the statistician, but the results of such researches are none the less valuable, and the application is probably more practical.—Nineteenth Century.

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### MEN AND MANNERS IN FLORENCE.

ABOUT three visitors of every six who come to fair Florence go straight to a pension. The city may be said to be made up of pensions and antiquities, with flower-girls and royal personages thrown in. Such an error of conduct is therefore excusable. For an error it certainly is, if you propose to feast instructively on mediæval relics, paintings, and memories, and study the modern Florentines into the bargain. I know nothing more distracting mentally than the drama of an Italian pension, in which a couple of dozen individuals of three or four continents, of incongruous ideals and different ages and stations (from dukes and duchesses -Italian-to retired butchers), herd together at one dinner-table, and in the drawing-rooms devote themselves to gossip and love-making. The pension is, in fact, just the stage of a theatre; and the life in it makes up a variety of plays, in which tragedy and farce predominate. This is especially true of Florence when the almond-trees are in blossom and the streets are perfumed by the flower-girls.

And so, as a start, I went to a humble inn in Shoemaker Street, deferring my pension experiences for a week or I did not regret it. The common Italian is a much-misunderstood person in England, where we form wrong ideas of the nation from the organ-grinders and ice-cream men it sends us. He is honest, amiable in the extreme, and as natural as Dame Nature herself. At this plebeian inn they gave me no fewer fleas than I ought to have expected at a "lira" the night. But their civility was unbounded, even as their linen was clean. My window looked across unblushingly at the window of a room occupied by a couple of genial young women, who slept, worked at bonnet-making, ate, and sang as if they really rather enjoyed than disliked

my involuntary supervision of them.

My landlord was proud of me—he said so, never before having had an English

"Excellency" under his modest roof.

He himself sat up to receive me when I

stayed out late at nights, and smiled, even through his yawns, as he carried my candle for me. And the dark-eyed chambermaid who brought me my coffee of a morning could not have been more engagingly gentle and devoted if she had had to thank me for her life and ten times as many accompanying blessings as she possessed. Her "buon giorno, Sinny," or her "buona sera," as we clashed on the narrow stairs, was always emphasized by a winning smile of the kind one does not get out of King Humbert's happy realm.

Thus loosely tethered, I could do as I pleased in all essential matters. fifteen days I had dined at fifteen restaurants and supped at fifteen others. I also made acquaintance with about a score of cafés. That is seeing life in Florence with a vengeance. At any rate, it taught me to lift my hat with case in entering and leaving these public places of entertainment. The homestaying Englishman may mock at this simple courtesy, but to my mind it is somewhat educative, and the more so that it is violently against the grain of the British temperament. The flowergirls also were one of the salutary trials Perceiving that I did not of the life. wear a Florentine countenance, they invariably made me their victim. In the middle of my macaroni, for instance, one of them would assault me with a bunch of violets and a pin. Covering her attack with a smile all over her brown countenance, and showing a score of eager white teeth, she would fasten the nosegay in my coat ere I could say five serious words in opposi-The other guests beheld the encounter with pleased impartiality. Life in Florence is all pictorial. I thus contributed a commonplace yet bright little vignette on my own account. it happened that regularly as I dined was I adorned with flowers.

It was the same with the mandolin players. How excellently these sweet strummers aid digestion in this city of the Medici! They and their stringed toys appear everywhere. Indeed, the more obscure the eating-house the more systematic their visitations. The music dignifies the viands. Not always was the wine good, nor the cutlet à la milan-

aise of the tenderest; but one forgets these defects in the plaintive spectacle of a white-bearded sightless mandolinist led into the room by an angel-faced (though not very clean) little girl, to add the sauce of harmony to the meal. I have seen a warm-hearted neighbor shed tears over his "carciofi" during the melody, and another let his meat go cold while he beat time to the musician's strumming. The Florentines are all sensibility-or nearly. Touch their hearts and you may be sure you have touched their pockets also, though there may be naught inside these. For my part. I reckoned the copper to the mandolinist as an integral part of my The flower-girl and the dinner bill. waiter were the only inevitable extras.

Afterward it was gay to go into the lively streets with the post-prandial cigar; to roam recklessly for a while among palaces, churches, and slums; or to watch the stars and lamplights in the Arno from Taddeo Gaddi's quaint old bridge, with its shops and crowds of passengers. The evening air here in spring is often keen, thanks to the snow on the distant mountains; but it always reaches the lungs with a " cachet" of purity upon it that the dead dogs visible in the Arno by daylight may appear upon the whole to belie. The pensions and hotels of Lung' Arno after the dinner-hour exhale an air of fascinating frivolity. One beholds illuminated drawing-rooms and gleaming shoulders, and there is a clang of merry Music, too, floats hence toward the gliding water, and whispers descend from amorous couples nestled in the balconies, with hearts steeped in the romance of their surroundings. music ascends also to these love-makers; for the omnipresent mandolinist of the street finds them out, and serenades them one by one as fervently as a thrush its mate. The musician's words are often as torrid as his notes. It is convenient. The discreet wooer has only to murmur in the ears of his loved one that his sentiments are precisely those tongued by the melodious rascal below.

Your typical Florentine is epicurean to the toe tips. His enthusiasms and yearnings are quite other than those of the northerner. Give him two francs

a day for life and he will toil no more. He may be a marquis, and seventh or eighth in direct descent, but he will be content to forego the assertion of his rank so he may thenceforward enjoy the priceless boon of leisure and independence. His leisure he will dissipate at the café, with perhaps two threehalfpenny sweet fluids per diem; and you may study the effect of his independence in his courtly manners, even though his hat be worn at the brim and his coat-back be deplorably shiny. is a pellucid brook—shallow as you please, yet engaging for his pellucidity. As he sits on the red velvet cushions and looks forth at the carriages and gowns of fashion in the Via Tornabuoni, he shows no trace of envy on his open countenance. What, in effect, have these rich ones more than he, save the ennui of modishness and the indigestion of high feeding? The monuments and blue skies of Florence (not to mention the glorious or stirring memories of its history) are rather more his than theirs. And it is such ineffable bliss to be able to twiddle one's thumbs and defy all and everything (except death) to upset one's sweet tranquillity of soul. Call it vacuity instead of tranquillity, and no harm will be

Through sitting twice or thrice as his neighbor, I came to know one of these remarkable men. His salutations at meeting and parting were of the benignest, but he had nothing to say between times. He sat with his hands folded in his lap, looking as happy as a pretty maid at her first ball. Now and then he would comb his hair and mustache with an ivory pocket-comb, and now and then he would use a tooth-quill. Occasionally he hummed a popular air. His daily beverage was When he lifted his lemon and water. arm I could see the bare skin through the parting of his shirt. In the forenoon, toward evening, and well on in the night, I caught him in the thrall of the same giddy diversion. Yet he was always radiant with innate felicity. And there were others, many, like him.

This devotion to the pleasant shadows of propriety is quite a characteristic of certain of the Florentines. They skim the cream of existence, and care little or nothing for what lies under-Why should they distress themselves with doubts or unattainable ambitions? they seem to inquire with their ingenuous, unwrinkled countenances. The thing to do is to live easily. That achieved, all worth achieving is achiev-This explains much in modern Florence that has raised the furious ire of more or less illustrious strangersojourners in her laughing midst. Our great Ruskin writes of the "Devil-begotten brood" of the Florentines of our They "think themselves so civday. ilized, forsooth," he proceeds, "for building a Nuovo Lung' Arno and three manufactory chimneys opposite it, and yet sell butcher's meat, dripping red, peaches, and anchovies side by side: a sight to be seen." The authoress of "Moths" also has not yet wearied of fusillading the tough hide of the city's rulers for their apparent disregard of the first principles of æstheticism. But Florence will put up with worse and far more comprehensible abuse than this, so it may still sip its wine and twiddle its thumbs beneath the soft mantle of its all-enveloping The very raging of its self-esteem. celebrated aliens on such subjects is a tribute to its own beauty, which nothing can mar irretrievably. Besides, is there not a necessary difference between the children of Arno's banks and these their revilers from other lands? The latter are the slaves, the blind champions, of Art. Your born Florentine knows better than to worry himself about the crumbling of one fresco among many, or the incongruity of whitewashing what is called "an immortal piece of stone-work." Due observation of these racial dissympathies is convincing on one point. In all physical struggles between the north and south the latter must go to the wall. There is a stern, almost ferocious pertinacity and strength in the Teuton that the mild or hectic selfgratulatory enthusiasms of the modern Latins cannot stand against.

One day I went with a fellow-countryman to the Church of S. Spirito. It was the saint's festival. Outside, the morning was hot and still, and you could hear the larks over the red earth and blossoms of the distant fields and

gardens. Across the church's threshold, however, all was yellow with candle-light. The atmosphere was sickly sweet and hot, thanks to incense, flowers, warm humanity, and the multitude of untimely tapers. A woman knelt by my side and prayed audibly for certain desirable blessings, with her bright eyes upon the richly garbed officiating clergy by the altar. Two or three amazed tourists stood and contemplated the candles, the worshippers, and the clergy through opera-glasses, passing remarks between their views. I heard a British youth whisper "What rot!" none too quietly. Anon the function at the altar reached its zenith. crowd of worshippers seemed to hold their breath. What was coming next? Why, this: the reverend bishop showed symptoms of fatigue or suffocation. Instantly two of the lesser clergy relieved him of his mitre; the one then respectfully wiped his episcopal brow, while the other, with the palm of his hand, smoothed his sleek hair at the Afterward the function proback. ceeded. In the evening this same church was decorated externally also with countless lights to its weather-There was no wind to spoil the garish spectacle. But there was a vast assemblage of the faithful and the dilettanti in the space about the church, and an infinity of tokens of joy. The word "Bella!" was bandied from tongue to tongue, and from their eyes you would have thought the people had received a national and personal boon of the highest kind.

They were the lineal ancestors of those impulsive men and women who, six hundred and more years ago, when Cimabue's Madonna was ready for its shrine, escorted it, with incredible rejoicing and the music of trumpets, from his studio to the church of S. Maria Novella. They recognized in this sadfaced Virgin the source of new emotions; and as such it was exceedingly welcome, quite apart from its religious character.

So nowadays, when a monarch or two or three come to the city, their majesties are received in the piazza of the railway station with outcries of joy that may well deceive the visitors into fancying that they have some especially

amiable quality which endears them to the Florentine heart. Nothing of the kind, in fact. They beget a new emotion, that is all. To the southern nature this is as if handfuls of gold and silver were to be scattered from a car-Nay, it is even more; for in the scrambling for the coins some may receive injuries provocative of emotion of quite another kind—and language in keeping. One evening, when I returned to my inn in Shoemaker Street, I found Cecca, the maid, voluble and "I have seen pretty with excitement. your dear Queen, sir," she said; and then she described the sight, with tears of rapture in her eyes. The innkeeper also referred to my country's sovereign as " la cara regina."

The same sensibility on such an occasion pervades the city in all its parts, from the itinerant shirt-seller (who shows you his goods in a café) to the municipal rulers. These at once seize on the pretext for public revels. issue leaflets in which the citizens are implored to be conscious of the honor done them by the presence in their midst of these "august personages." There is to be, for example, a Battle of Flowers on a certain Sunday, with illuminations to follow. The citizens and others who will hang out carpets and flags from their windows, and adorn their vehicles (or even the chaises they may hire for that purpose) with flowers in as tasteful a manner as possible, will oblige the municipality and at the same time do their own hearts good in the recollection that they are pleasing roy-The result is admirable. alty. spends an intoxicating afternoon in streets strewn with violets, apple-blossom, and lilies, and sees a thousand pretty girl-faces in the cars as happy as the blue May sky overhead.

A race meeting in the park by the green Cascine shows us something more of the Florentine nature. Save among the wealthy sprigs of nobility and others who have the doubtful advantage of foreign travel, there is no betting. The horses run as best they can through the lush grass of the course, and the people clap their hands. It is a spectacle pure and simple; and it is also the glad occasion of other spectacles, such as Punch and Judy, the feats of

acrobats, and the fine clothes of fash-The rich young men of Florence make themselves rather ridiculous in their high collars, primrose-yellow gloves, and legs clad in leather from the knees. They also excite the derision of the couple or so of enterprising British bookmakers who cry the odds in their midst in English. For they are chary of their five-lire pieces, and do not lose with grace, even as they express themselves somewhat queerly in their business transactions in a tongue not their own. But they are not specimens of the true-born Florentine. Their inherited nature has got more than a little adulterated. The very dogs at their high heels have been beaten into a mood that compels them to ape the sang froid that is believed to be a feature of the British dog as of the Englishman. They are totally unlike the ordinary dog of Florence, which capers and barks and wags its tail in the grass and flowers of the park with all the vivacious "abandon" of its master or mistress.

Between the unspoiled high-born Florentine and the ordinary native there is comparatively little difference on all material points. The one has more money than the other—that is about all. He has a heart of just the same size, and is just as willing to let his heart be the monitor of his actions. From vulgar pride he is gloriously free. John Evelyn, who was here in 1644, makes a note of the conduct of the Grand Duke, who sold wine in the basement of the Pitti Palace and was not ashamed to do so: "wicker bottles dangling over even the chiefe entrance into the Palace, serving for a vintner's bush." It does one good to think of such condescension, assuming, as one well may, that the wine was of fair But Florence has never been quality. disrespectful toward the tradesmen since the days of the Medici, with their pawnbroker's sign for a coat of arms. She remembers, too, that more of her geniuses were lowly born than of lofty parentage, and she loves geniuses for the rare emotions with which they provide her. These must, however, be of the first order of great men. Commonplace cleverness is scarcely more than respectable here; and the mere clever person (man or woman) who makes a tiresome claim for recognition as a genius in Florence is likely to become only a butt for the glib jests that fall as easily from Florentine tongues as courtly phrases.

I was privileged to bear a letter of introduction to a certain Countess well to the front in society here. She received me with the grace one expects in Florentine ladies. But almost her first words were astonishing.

"I hope you are not intellectual, Mr. —," she said, with rather an anxious smile. Her daughter and the young

Count, her son, also smiled.

Having assured her that I was nothing of the kind, she sighed with relief. And yet she herself was distinctly intellectual, which made the matter seem a trifle odd. The truth was she had but just said "A rivederci!" to one of the lights of English literature, who had, she confessed (and so did her daughter), bored her in a quite pitiable manner. The daughter was cruel enough to compare the poor gentleman to a cloud. "One does not want clouds in May," she added. The young Count (an unobtrusive adolescent) agreed. And then, I am afraid, some rather unkind censures were passed upon certain others of my country people as we drank our tea and looked at the sunlight on the orange trees in the little garden upon which the room opened. I had to congratulate myself that I had gained my footing on the sober grounds of mediocrity.

To recommend one's self in Florence it is necessary to be volatile and unpretentious. It isn't at all necessary to be a judge of pictures and statues. This, upon the whole, is a mercy, for Professor Ruskin has made it hard for the average Philistine to express an opinion about Florentine works of art without avowing his own ignorance. Praise Florence in a general manner, and you will win the hearts of the Florentines. This is a simple and easy programme.

As for the leisured young men of the city, these devote themselves strenuously to but a couple of aims: the garnishing of their own dear persons and the pursuit of fair ladies. In the former particular they are not more eccentric than their peers elsewhere. But

in their amorous adventures they are wonderful. One with whom I was acquainted was possessed by three infatuations at once. The ladies in question were entire strangers to him, but he knew their names, their circumstances, the hotels at which they were staying (with mammas, papas, or big brothers), and the shops they patronized. He was deterred by no false modesty from raising his hat to them whenever he met them in the Via Tornabuoni (his favorite lounge) and smiling his sweet-He had tried a billet-doux on two of them, but had received no answer. He admitted that so far he had not had encouragement from any one of the three; yet he was far from despond-The most beautiful of them was soon to have a birthday (he had learned that fact from the subsidized portière at the hotel—Heaven knows how), and he proposed to spend ten lire on her in a magnificent bouquet, in the midst of which there was to be a note containing an eloquent declaration of his heart's passion. He said he was sure he should succeed sooner or later with one of the three, because he had so often before succeeded under similar circumstances. When I mentioned the perils he so audaciously faced at the hands of wrathful parents and brothers, he shrugged his shoulders in contempt of such petty obstacles.

"Amico mio," he remarked, with the air of a Solon, "between two hearts that love there is always a way."

The Briton is disposed to laugh to scorn such barefaced impertinence in the Florentine youths. But not infrequently impudence gains the day. lamentable instance of this occurs to The victim was a conventbred American girl, visiting Florence with her mother. She was beautiful, with strange light-brown eyes, a coquettish demeanor mysteriously out of keeping with the manners one is disposed to believe are inculcated in convents, and a sufficiency of dollars. The rascal who wrecked her was precisely one of these young ruffians of the Via Tornabuoni. He was a count, of course. They are all that, at least. He bored his way into her young heart with the assiduity of a bookworm and the singleness of purpose of a ferret.

she and her mother ate tarts in the swell confectioner's shop near the club, he also was there, with sad, wistful eyes. He won the driver of their hired car to slip something into her hands from "il Signor Conte." He bribed the porter at the pension where they were staying, and so established a channel for his love-letters—on superb thick paper embellished by an insidions gilt coronet. And after a fortnight's wooing of this kind, he got so far that the girl was not unwilling to sit at the open window of her groundfloor room and accept his smiles and greetings from the roadway, and even his letters. The affair ended in a wedding, and a year later in a divorce. This precious count, like so many others of his kidney, was a mere adventurer. The tale of his iniquities would astonish a world used even to the reports of our home divorce proceedings. While I write, I have before me one of his letters to this unfortunate girl. He takes credit in it for the ardor of his Italian heart and the eternity of its pas-But it is a pity some one did not pinch the life out of him as a babe ere he began his career of blind brutish subservience to the dictates of this same heart.

Since the time of the "Decameron," love or the semblance thereof has played what one may term an inordinate part in Florentine life. Let the visitor be on his guard when he comes to this beautiful city, with its Fair Ladies' Street and its expansive smiles; and let him be so especially if he have with him a susceptible and pretty wife, sister, or daughter whom he wishes to leave Florence with her affections in much the same state as when she first walked, open-eyed and eager, among the pictures and antiquities of the place. In one of the city's enchanting cemeteries you may read the following epitaph under the marble bust of a girl —" Born for heaven. After eighteen years of life and forty days of love, fled to her home." These words are an epitome of more than one young life upon which Florence has brought the first rough shock of disillusionment. Taine says of the Florentines that they are "actifs sans être affairés." It is a significant phrase. The late lamenta significant phrase.

NEW SERIES,-Vol. LXIV., No. 1.

ed Dr. Watts could have given us a fine didactic stanza or two on such a text in such a city.

I learned more on this subject when I left the inn in Shoemaker Street and took up my abode in one of the Lung' Arno pensions. There were no fleas here, and the furniture in my room was a charming study in green and gold. From my window, instead of a couple of absorbed little milliners, I looked upon a barrack exercising ground. The bugling was rather a nuisance at times, but the strong colors of the troops, the tight breeches of the lieutenants and captains in command, and their resonant voices were not altogether a change for the worse. And, though the pension was of the best class, it did not need a lynx eye to see that a good deal of an interesting kind was going on in it.

There were about fifty of us. course we included six or seven unattached English spinster ladies with white hair who knew all that was worth knowing about the rest of us. Also there were two German families; the one from Hamburg, the other headed by a baron and baroness from some small Schloss. Americans, two English parsons and their wives, a newly married and very modest pair from London, a marchese from Naples, two Roman counts, a Dutchman, and a round dozen others made up the house-Every room in the pension was ful. occupied, and the dinner-table was a sight to warm the heart of the signora who ran the pension.

I never breathed such an atmosphere of ill-suppressed antagonisms as in this establishment. To me, as unattached as the spinsters themselves, it was highly diverting when I was in the humor to amuse myself at the expense of poor human nature. At table I sat between a parson's wife and the eldest daughter of the Hamburg merchant. The latter was a fine statuesque young woman and very candid in certain matters. could not bear the daughter of the German baron, whose manners were so much more polished than her own, and she liked better to whisper about the girl's deficiencies and pride (so she regarded it) than to discuss the churches and pictures she had visited en famille

in the course of the day, Baedeker scrupulously in hand. She was also much put about by the extraordinary number of frocks in which one of the American girls indulged. That, too, she considered bad form, and she asked her stout father if he did not think a mere half-dozen gowns per lady made up enough travelling luggage. Papa said, "Ach, yes," very decidedly. Nor did the fair Hamburger like the pow-der on certain faces. "It is only when they require it that they use it," she told me—a statement not so self-evident as it may seem. She said much more when we were in the drawing-room of evenings; and sometimes she said it in the privacy of one of the pension balconies, toward which she loved to steal when the stars were very bright and there was mandolin music underneath more moving than the piano flourishes For, though critical in comindoors. pany, she was not devoid of enthusiasm when the right time offered. Being the daughter of a practical man and a German, she contrived not to waste any of the impressions made upon her by the sunny south. It is bold in a man to pass judgment upon a girl, but I believe this Hamburg maiden was a downright good lass in spite of her prejudices and limitations—perhaps, indeed, because of them. There were times subsequently when I thought of profiting by her father's and mother's warm invitation to visit them at their villa on But I have not yet used the the Elbe. opportunity.

The parson's wife also was not above being divertingly critical of our company. Several times, however, her husband pulled her up in her remarks with a gentle "Hush, my dear!" of horror, though it was as plain as could be that in his heart he thought her none too

I made friends with one of the spinster ladies, a dear old soul with snowwhite hair brushed high from her forehead. She recalled Carmen Sylva's royal words in one of her novels: "White hairs are the flakes of foam which cover the sea after a storm." For I know not how many successive years she had been accustomed to spend the spring months in Florence. Thus she had all the city's gossip at her tongue's end, and delighted to tell it in driblets to my sympathetic ears. It was she who first discerned that the young Dutchman was in love with the prettiest of the American girls; and it was from her that I learned of the progress of this little love affair between two people, each ignorant of the other's language, and none too well acquainted with Italian. There was a scare one day in the pension vestibule. Dutchman had proposed and been treated rather badly by the young lady's The scene was between the mamma. two ladies. The next morning the Dutchman was absent. He had, said my venerable informant, gone to Venice "to recover his senses."

The one duke in our company was an interesting personage. He was stout and about fifty. Far from communicative as a rule, he seemed, like my spinster friend, to find his pleasure mainly in calm contemplation of his neighbors. However, one evening he and I smoked cigarettes together on a lounge, and he confided to me that "these English are a bizarre nation!" He took me for a Frenchman. I did not undeceive him, and coaxed him to continue. And then, after a while, he amazed me by hinting that he thought a certain one of my countrywomen in the pension a sufficiently handsome lady. Fat and fifty though he was, and possessed of a large dark duchess with a mustache, he had proved susceptible to the charms of the wife of one of the clergymen. But he was philosophic withal, and nourished himself on no delusions. "She appeals to me," he said, "like a portrait I saw in one of the galleries this morning. Nothing more, parole d'honneur," and then he laughed a short dry laugh and puffed blue smoke into the air.

There was also an Oxford gentleman who was wont, for his accent's sake, to talk with the country people beyond the Santa Croce district of the city. He declared that the purest Tuscan was to be heard there, and that they used pretty much the same phraseology as Boccaccio wrote. He kept himself serenely above the transient bickerings and drama of the pension, and what time he did not give to the galleries and churches he gave to a very big

book. It was edifying to see him thus engrossed of an evening, when music, love-making, and gossip held the ascendant on all sides of him. The duke said he did not know what to make of that kind of man. But for my part I fancied he might be right to hedge himself about with his intellectuality. There was a certain grand duke here who, when he travelled, always carried about with him Raphael's "Madonna del Cardinello," now in the Uffizi Gal-That, too, was perhaps an ennobling, or at least a protective, proceeding.

The pension served its turn with me, as well as with the kindly signora who owned it. At any rate it was never

tedious, and it was always a notable contrast to such places of pilgrimage as the monastery of S. Marco and Michael Angelo's tombs of the Medici. The past is so very dead in Florence that one is apt the more therefore to enjoy even the vibrating sense of actuality in its present. On the rare occasions when I yearned for an evening soporific in contrast with the pension's drama, I had but to go to the theatre or to my favorite humble café, the Antica Rosa, where Giovanni the waiter passed his spare minutes in playing cards with the gentle lady who sat at the counter and smiled on her clients as they came and went.—Cornhill Magazine.

### CAPTAIN FRANCIS LAWTON.

### PART I.

ONE afternoon in the autumn of 1813 two gentlemen entered the cathedral of an English city, and halted within the threshold, looking from side to side with an air of curious scrutiny, which bespoke the fact that it was their first visit to the building. They were old men, and in their quaintly-made garments would have cut but sorry figures in our modern eyes, but they bore themselves bravely, as became officers in his Majesty's army, and in both there was an air of dignity which made the verger hasten toward them, in answer to the summons of an uplifted finger.

The strangers desired to be conducted to that part of the building in which a certain monument had been erected, and the verger's face brightened as he heard the request; for in his estimation the cathedral was his own, and all that was therein, and it pleased him well that visitors should come from afar to behold the most recently acquired of his treasures. The blackgowned figure shuffled forward, and the two old gentlemen followed, walking with careful, reverent footsteps. They were treading upon graves of brave and good men who had long since been gathered to their fathers; the wall beside them was covered with tab-

lets which the action of time had faded to a dull brownish hue, but the eye was attracted by the gleam of stainless white marble in the distance; and it was at this spot that the verger drew up, before a monument which, both in size and in beauty of design, surpassed any which had yet been seen. gers were close behind him when he paused, but there was a marked difference in the manner in which they greeted the object of their search. The elder of the two hung back a step, and there was a pained shrinking upon his face as of one who quails before a dreaded ordeal; the younger pulled his eyeglass from his fob, and hurried forward to read the words which were carved upon the marble scroll.

The inscription consisted of a eulogy upon the brave and unselfish life of one Captain Francis Lawton, who had lost his life in India while gallantly attempting to take a fortress from an overwhelming force of the enemy, and the art of the sculptor had given an added meaning to the words; for over the figure of the dying man, whose torn clothing and wounded body told the story of catastrophe and defeat, there stood an angel, with wings outspread, holding in her hands a victor's crown! It was a happy inspiration, for Francis Lawton had never appeared a greater hero in the eyes of his countrymen than when the news of the failure of his last enterprise sent a wail of lamentation through the length and breadth of the land. A nation's memory is, however, a fickle quality, and at the close of the nineteenth century it is necessary to recall to memory some historical facts, in order that the reader may understand the circumstances attending Captain Lawton's defeat.

The campaign in India which had as its object the relief of the Rajah of Travancore against the attacks of Tippoo Sultan, commenced in the middle of June 1790, and one of its first operations was the establishment of a secure and easy communication with the Carnatic, in order to bring forward the battering train, and the supplies for the service of the troops. The Muglee Pass, by which the army had ascended the Ghauts, being too far to the northward, and not sufficiently connected with posts, it became an object of great importance to dispossess the enemy of the Policode Pass, and of the hill-forts which commanded it. These forts natural were numerous, and the strength of their position made them in many instances appear almost inaccessible; nevertheless the army set itself resolutely to the attack, and started on the march toward Oussour with undaunted spirit.

Although the present campaign was in its infancy, Captain Lawton had already gained for himself a unique position in the service. Distinguished gallantry in one or two previous engagements had called him into public notice, but among his fellows he was even more renowned for a personal magnetism which made him the most popular officer in the force, and the idol of his battalion; while his wonderful hold over his men was so well recognized by the commander, that he was frequently chosen to undertake duties of a specially hazardous nature.

The army had marched some distance up the pass, and was about to advance to attack the fort of Kutnagheri, when it was discovered that there was a great want of water on the beaten road, and that it had the further disadvantage of passing within the range of the guns of the fortress. These, fired from the summit of a

rock, could reach to a great distance and cause much damage; while the approach of the troops being seen from afar, all preparations would naturally be made for a defence. Under these circumstances the army halted, and Captain Lawton was sent forward to reconnoitre in search of a safer route. He had under his command a company of men, and two lieutenants, and was empowered with authority either to halt or to advance and attack, according to his own discretion.

Some days later a messenger returned to the main body of the army bearing word that a path had been discovered, winding through the hills and woods, which, though unfit for an army or any large convoy, was yet eligible for a small detachment, and secure from observation. Captain Lawton was of the opinion that the best hope for success in storming the fort lay in a surprise under cover of darkness, when the force might be supposed to be much larger than it was in reality, and the killedar be alarmed into surrender by the rapidity and vigor of the attack, as had already happened more than once. He had therefore decided to follow the hill-road as far as possible, find a good position for watching the movements of the enemy, and there await his opportunity. He asked a certain time for the completion of his scheme, and when that time had elapsed the army advanced in confident expectation of The guns of the fortress were success. silent as they approached; but no English flag floated from the ramparts, and as the troops drew nearer they discovered with amazement and dismay that all that was left of the once mighty Kutnagheri was a deserted ruin. The enemy had abandoned their position, and, following their usual custom, had blown up the solid bastions of the fort behind them so as to prevent its further possession, while of the captain and his men not a trace could be discovered.

The gravest fears were entertained, and a search-party was organized to explore the hill-paths, under the guidance of the messenger, who had originally been a member of the captain's company. For one long day they searched in vain, and then—in a thick-

ly wooded gorge, within half a mile of the fortress itself—they came across the marks of a terrible struggle. Among the trees and rocks which blocked the narrow way lay a heap of dead bodies, many mutilated beyond recognition by the hands of the remorseless enemy; others exposed to the last indignity of having their bodies stripped, and left to furnish food for the birds of prey. It was evident that the captain's hiding-place had been discovered, and that, caught in a trap and surrounded on all sides, the little company had been cut down and utterly annihilated; and also that dread of the vengeance which would certainly follow had induced the enemy to abandon their position, and retire to a safe distance. In one sense, therefore, Captain Lawton had, after all, succeeded in clearing the way for his comrades; but in the opinion of men and officers alike Kutnagheri was dearly bought at the cost of one of the most valued lives in the army.

The two strangers stood in silence before the monument, while passers by came and went, casting curious glances

at their pale absorbed faces.

"Ay! ay!" sighed the elder at length, "and so it all ends! Little Lawton! poor little Lawton!" for his thoughts had flown back, and he was not thinking of the stalwart soldier, but of a curly-headed boy who had been his friend at Eton, the sharer and confidant of every youthful joy. He was getting an old man, and the days of his boyhood were clearer in memory than those of middle age; his eyes dimmed with tears, which were shed half for his friend and half for the days of youth—the merry glorious days which would never return again.

His friend looked at him with quiet

understanding.

"Nay, not ends!" he said, gently. "It is impossible to limit the influence of a man like Lawton. The tone of the whole army is higher and purer to-day because he lived and died. It is the fashion to take dark views of things, and to think the worst of our fellow-creatures; but when one sees how ready men are to be fired by a fine example, it revives one's faith in human nature. It is there! the good is

there, but it is often dormant for want of something to fan it into a flame. He lit the spark in many a breast. God bless him."

The other bent his head, and his lips moved as if in repetition of those

last two words.

"Yes," he said, reflectively, "he had a wonderful power of drawing out the best that was in a man. He was an optimist, Huntly; that was the secret of it. He believed in his men, and expected great things of them, and his confidence inspired them to rise to the height of the occasion."

"That and his own splendid example. The man did not know the meaning of fear, Maurice. It was an unknown quantity. Such a nature is a

grand inheritance."

" Perhaps so, but I will tell you what is grander. To know the meaning to the full, to have had bitter experience of its power, and to have overcome it by sheer force of will. That was Lawton's case. You are mistaken in your estimate of his character, as were most people who made his acquaintance in later years. He was in reality of a timid nature, and his dread of physical pain amounted to absolute terror. The first years of school were torture to him, and our rough games a severe ordeal; yet he never shirked a dan-gerous duty, and the boy did not breathe who would have dared to call him coward! I remember one day, when he was staying with me in the holidays, we were fired with a desire to be tattooed, and engaged an old boatman to perform the operation. It was a very simple device which we chosean anchor and our own initials; but I can see his face now as he stood watching me, waiting for his turn to comewhite to the lips, and quivering with nervousness! We begged him to give it up, but no! he would not hear of such a thing, and held out his arm without flinching, though one could see that it was all he could do to keep from fainting more than once. overcame his weakness to a certain extent as he grew older, but it was there all the same, and he must have had many a conflict with himself which none of his comrades suspected."

"I, for one, never did. Most men

have an attack of nervousness now and then, especially before an engagement; but I imagined Lawton above all weakness. We used to call upon him to cheer us up."

"And he would do it, no doubt, and then go away and fight his own battle by himself. That was always his way. Well, I am glad to see how highly his townsfolk appreciate him. It warms one's heart to find that he is not forgotten. Dear fellow! dear fellow!"

Reluctant as he had been to approach the spot consecrated to his friend's memory, Major Maurice now seemed even less inclined to leave it. lingered behind his companion, and cast so many backward glances over his shoulder, that he failed to notice a small bent figure which was approaching along the aisle, and had hardly taken twenty steps forward when he came into violent collision with the The Major was a heavy stranger. man, and the newcomer slight and feeble in his gait; so it happened that his stick slipped from his grasp, and before the onlookers had time to realize his danger, he had fallen, a limp and helpless mass, upon the floor.

The Major uttered an exclamation of dismay, and with the assistance of the verger lifted the stranger and seated him upon a chair which was close at hand. He was an old man, and presented a pitiable spectacle when contrasted with the two officers with their air of dignity and wellbeing. His clothes, though clean and whole, bore marks of the extreme of poverty; his frame was shrunken until it was scarcely larger than that of a child, and his hair hung in masses round a skeleton face, in which the outline of the skull and the jaw were painfully apparent. So deathlike indeed did he appear at the moment, that the Major was seriously alarmed, and would have hurried off in search of a doctor had not the verger reassured him.

"He will be better in a moment, sir. He is just a bit shaken with the fall. You don't look very hale at the best of times, do you, Johnson? The gentleman is afraid that he has hurt you, but you will be none the worse after a little rest, will you now?"

The old man stared dumbly in the

Major's face, but he waved his hand as if entreating to be left in peace, and the verger fell back a few paces and continued his explanations in a lowered voice.

"No need to be frightened by his appearance, sir. He looks very little different at the best of times. He isn't long for this world, and that's the truth of it. He lodges with some friends of mine close at hand, and I see a good deal of him, for he spends half his time in the cathedral. a kind of fancy for that monument you've been looking at—sit and stare at it by the hour together, he will, without ever stirring, as if he were a stone image himself! It's a pretty thing too -I like to look at it myself, and I've heard visitors say that they have never seen anything to beat the expression on the angel's face. haps it comforts him, poor old chapthinking of what's coming. He's been a sailor in his day, and has saved a little money—enough to keep him going as long as he will last."

The Major listened, his brow puck-

ered with anxiety.

"I shall never forgive myself if my carelessness has any bad results. He looks shockingly ill! I must speak to him again before I go. There is something I should like to say."

He stepped forward and laid his hand upon the old man's arm. It pained him to note how he shrank at the touch, as if he were little in the habit of expecting kindness from his

fellow-creatures.

"I am distressed at the results of my own carelessness," he said, gently. "Your good friend, the verger here, will look after you for the present; but I shall be staying in the city for some days, and if you are any the worse for your fall, I trust that you will let me know, and allow me the satisfaction of serving you in any way that is in my power. A message to Major Maurice at the Crown Inn will be sure to find me, and I will come in person to answer it."

He paused, but though the sunken eyes were gazing fixedly at him, there was no glimmer of comprehension upon the face to show that the meaning of his words had penetrated to the brain; and though he stood waiting for several moments, there was no attempt at an answer.

The Major straightened himself with a sigh, and turned back to the verger.

"Well," he said, "I must just leave him in your hands. Send for me if he is ill or in need of assistance. In the meantime—"

"He is well cared for, sir. They are decent people where he lives, and will do what is right by him. I will give them your message, and if anything goes wrong you shall hear about it."

"Come then, Huntly! We can do no more. Let us get away from here."

Major Maurice dropped a coin into the verger's hand and hurried toward the doorway. The incidents of the past few minutes had shaken his nerves. He heaved a sigh of relief upon regaining the fresh outer air.

# PART II.

It was three days later that the Major received the summons which he had been dreading. He was seated in his private sitting-room, enjoying the first fire of the season, when there came a tap at the door, and a stranger entered, in whom he instantly recognized the verger of the cathedral. brought a message that the old man had taken to bed on the evening of the accident, and had failed so rapidly during the intervening days that the doctor had pronounced it impossible that he could live through another night. He had expressed a wish to see Major Maurice, and the messenger had come in haste, as no time was to be wasted if he were to be found alive.

Unspeakably distressed, the Major followed his guide through a labyrinth of narrow streets, until they reached their destination, and ascending a narrow wooden staircase, found themselves in the attic bedroom in which

the dying man lay.

The breath of winter was in the air, nevertheless the window was thrown wide open, and the patient had only one thin sheet by way of covering as he lay propped up against his pillows. It did not need a practised eye to see that his hours of life were numbered;

but his eyes were fixed upon the doorway, and an expression of unspeakable relief passed over his face as the Major entered. All the taciturnity of a few days before had disappeared, and he was now so anxious to speak that he would not pause to listen to the other's

earnest words of regret.

"No, no! It is not your doing. I was doomed before then,-or if you have hastened the end by a few weeks, what then? You have done me the greatest service that was in any man's power to pay. But now I have something to say to you. Send them all away and shut the door. I must speak to you by yourself for a few minutes." Then, as the verger and the woman of the house left the room, "The doctor tells me that I shall not live until the morning," he continued, feebly. asked me if I would like to see a clergyman, and I told him no. I have confessed my sins to God, and I want no man to act as go-between. But there is a weight upon me,—a heavy weight, -and there is only one man in the world to whom I can unburden my That man is yourself!"

The Major drew back with a start of intensest astonishment, and for several moments the two men gazed steadily at each other, while the tick of the little clock sounded clearly through the silence. The eyes of the dying man were full of wistful questioning, but in the face above him there was no shadow of recognition—nothing but blank bewilderment and surprise.

"No," he sighed, wearily, "you don't remember me—I never imagined that you would—but you knew me once. It is a long time ago— You remember the summer of 1790, when you were serving under Lord Cornwallis in India,—when you set off on the march to Oussour and the—"

"Yes, yes, of course! And you were with us then? You were one of my men? My poor fellow, why did you not tell me before? And you recognized me the other day, even before hearing my name! Well, I am less altered than you, no doubt—no praise to me! And what have you been doing with yourself ever since? You have had your pension, of course?"

The man waved his hand feebly.

"I am coming to that. I will tell you all by-and-by. Sit down beside me. It is getting difficult to speak, and I have so much to say— Yes, I was with the army, but I was not of your men— Oussour was garrisoned, and we moved nearer the pass. Kutnagheri lay before us. It was a small fort compared with others which we had taken, but the position made it difficult to approach. The road was exposed, and there was a want of water— A—a company was sent forward."

"Yes! yes!" The Major's eyes were alight with eagerness, and he leant over the bed, as if fearful of losing one of the faintly-uttered words. "To find another road! I remember perfectly, — of course I remember. Well?"

"A company of men and three officers,—two lieutenants and the captain. He was your friend; you were always together. That is why I speak to you now— It was a difficult errand. The country was wild, and once off the beaten track there was constant danger of a surprise; but there was a hill-path, and after a long search we—"

path, and after a long search we—"
"We!" The Major started vi The Major started violently, and the blood rushed to his face. "You mean to say that you were there, -that you were one of Lawton's men ! And you escaped! We thought that every man of you had been cut to pieces. You escaped! You saw the last of him and can tell me how it came about! You were surprised, of course; but how did it happen that you-" He stopped short as a sudden terrible suspicion flashed across his brain. there been a traitor in the midst of that gallant company?—a man so base that for the sake of his own safety he had been willing to betray not only his own companions, but the most beloved and popular leader in the English army? As the thought passed through his mind he drew himself back from the bed, so that the clothing might not touch him where he sat, and his face hardened into the likeness of an iron mask.

The change of expression was too eloquent to be misunderstood, and the sick man winced before it as in sudden pain.

"Don't judge me yet!" he pleaded, "not yet—until you have heard my story. I will tell you all— We followed the path until it ended, and hid ourselves among the rocks and trees. The fort was half a mile distant, and at night scouts were sent out to reconnoitre. The information which they brought back was insufficient; time pressed, and the captain was impatient. Then—I had done good service before, and they trusted me- I went out, with two others! We separated, and crept along, hiding behind the trees and bushes-nearer and nearer-until suddenly—in a moment as it were—I found myself surrounded. It was dark, and the wind was high-I had heard no movement. They carried me back to the fort, and then-for they knew what my presence meant they would have me tell the number and position of our men. I refused! Oh yes, do not scorn me too soon—I refused! If it had been a choice between that and death I would have stood while every man among them fired upon me, and have been thankful —thankful! I had been a soldier all my life, and had faced many dangers. It was not death that I feared, but,"the weak voice shrilled with agony,-"they tortured me! Do you know what that means, you who sit here calm and comfortable, and despise me for my weakness? The touch of the burning iron, the wrench of limb from limb? Oh, my God! a man is not himself—he is mad! how can he be answerable? I told all-all! I lay there bound hand and foot, waiting until they should prove the truth of my words. If I lied, I should pay the price; if not, my life should be my reward. You know the rest. For me, I was sent up among the mountains and kept a prisoner, but by-and-by I had greater liberty. I could be of use to them in many ways; they sent for me to doctor them in their sicknesses. and I was free to go about from place But when the years had to place. passed on, it began to burn within me -the longing to come home, to tread on English ground, to see English faces, and hear the dear familiar words again before I died. It grew and grew until I could fight against it no longer,

and I worked my way across the country, trading with the natives as I went, until I reached the big towns. Then I saw my face for the first time for nearly twenty years, and it was as the face of a stranger. I had been saving all this time, and had enough money laid by to bring me home, and to keep me from actual starvation. I came back to the old country, but the hunger was still in my heart—I could not ease I drifted to this city, and have remained here ever since. You would nover guess what is the attraction which keeps me here! It is that monument in the Cathedral! I have spent hours of every day gazing at it. It breaks my heart, and yet-it comforts me! I look at the angel's face as she bends over the dying man, and I read the words which they have carved upon the marble, and I know that they are -true!''

"True, indeed!" replied the Major, "If that thought comforts bitterly. you, lay it to your soul that you have killed one of nature's noblest gentlemen. A man who spent his life in the service of others, whose memory is sweet in the minds of his friends until this day-ay, and whose influence is strong within their hearts, though it is twenty years since those black brutes shed his blood !"

The gray hue of death was spreading over the old man's features, but, as he listened to the Major's words, his face lit up with a smile of ecstatic happi-He clasped his hands together, and his lips moved as if in prayer. "Thank God!" he cried—"thank God for those words! Then he did not lose everything- It was a sad ending, but he did not lose everything-God knows all, and He will remember -He will remember-!"

His voice died away in inarticulate murmurings, and for a few moments the Major believed that consciousness had left him; but presently the closed eyes opened, and he spoke again in a tone of great sweetness.

"It is coming very near. In a few minutes I shall be with God, and He will judge me; but you were his friend -I think I could die in peace, if you could say that you forgive me!"

that sin which a soldier is taught to count the worst of all was strong upon him even at this solemn moment. He looked into the wistful face, and for a moment he wavered; then the remembrance of that awful scene at Kutnagheri swept over him once more, he thought of a hundred homes left desolate, of a gallant life cut short in its prime, and sprang to his feet with a gesture of aversion.

"No, never! I cannot say it. It would be a lie. How could any honest man overlook such a sin?—Judas!''

The sufferer drew in his breath with

painful inhalation.

"No, no-not that!" he cried, and his voice was as a wail of agony. "Not Judas - only Peter. whose enemy overcame him in an hour of weakness; who denied his Master, and then gave his life for the cause; who played the coward's part, and then went out into the darkness and wept bitterly—niy God, bitterly!"

No pen could describe the intonation of that last word. A broken heart breathed through it with irresistible eloquence, and at the sound the eyes which had been bright with anger melted into sudden tears. It was only a moment as we measure time; but in that moment the Major had time to remember many things-moments of weakness when the right had not conquered; secret sins unsuspected by the world, perhaps also unrepented; his own need of pardon and the divine forgiveness, which of old had transformed a vacillating disciple into the rock of the Church. A great wave of tenderness and pity filled his heart; he lifted the wasted hand and held it in a warm close pressure.

"Forgive me, my poor fellow, for my hardness of heart. Who am I that I should condemn you? If it will comfort you in the slightest degree to receive my pardon, you have it-full and unstinted. And may the Lord

have mercy upon your soul!"

The sunken eyes were raised to his; there was in them a shining depth of love, such as he had never seen upon a human face. The next moment they closed, and the last flickering breaths of life came from between the parted The Major hesitated. Horror of lips. The Major tightened his grasp of the hand which he held between his own, so that while consciousness remained, the traveller into the great unknown might feel the presence of a comrade by his side; and when the peace of death was upon the still face, he laid it gently down, stretched at full length upon the sheet.

The next moment he fell back against

the bedpost, and though the chilly wind still blew into the chamber, the sweat stood in beads upon his forehead. The sleeve of the night-shirt had fallen back from the dead man's arm, and upon the emaciated wrist was engraven an old tattoo-mark—an anchor and the initials "F. L."—Blackwood's Magazine.

# AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION UNMASKED.

BY T. M. HOPKINS.

ALTHOUGH pessimists alone subscribe to the doctrine that agriculture in England is on the brink of collapse, a doctrine whose altitude of grotesqueness is equalled only by that of its impossibility of realization, it would be idle to suggest that the industry were not in a condition of distress. Granted the depression has existence, the questions arise, What is it composed of? and, How is it to be extinguished? It consists of no single item beyond doubt; if it did, that item would conspicuously present itself, and its removal per se would shatter the whole fabric of depression and bring it to the ground. Neither is the depression, as darkness in a room, removable by a simple act as lighting a candle. Agricultural depression is a colossal body, consisting mainly of excessive rents, unjust agricultural laws between landlord and tenant, and unsatisfactory management of landed estates by incompetent agents. That there are other contributions to the distress no one will question; but every year it becomes more apparent that these three alone constitute the very keystone of what is called agricultural depression.

It has been stated by competent authority, and the statement has every appearance of accuracy, that tenant farmers throughout England, taken as a body, are paying, or making efforts to pay, rent quite 50 per cent. in excess of the value of their holdings. If this be correct, it must surely rank as a very important factor in the sum total of agricultural depression. If half of the large sums of money at present paid in the shape of rent by

tenant farmers to landed proprietors could be retained by the former, it would undoubtedly minimize very considerably the present agricultural depression; and if such reduction be in sympathy with value it ought to be effected. Landowners should be made to understand that by purchasing agricultural land twenty years ago, or about that time, or holding it from then until now that they made an unsatisfactory and unremunerative speculation or investment, and they must abide by the issue, the same as if they had placed capital in any other deteriorating species of property, and so accept a small return from money so unfortunately invested.

It no doubt appears to those unacquainted with agriculture inconceivable that landowners are receiving rents. altogether beyond value, and that tenants are to be found willing to pay such A study of agricultural law and conditions of tenancy will, however, at once show the intense difficulty that a tenant farmer experiences in obtaining rent reduction, and the enormous loss that he suffers on leaving a holding. Consequently he is not in a position to assert himself and grapple with the difficulties which beset him. If he approach his landlord upon the subject of rent reduction, he is usually referred to the agent, and his request is at once refused. If the tenant go further and vacate the holding, the cruel and dishonest laws not only permit, but actually encourage, the landlord to confiscate the whole of the improvements which the tenant has carried out. This means that a farmer,

on quitting a farm, is deprived of property in the shape of manures, plantations, buildings, and various other things that frequently cost him several hundred pounds. It is true that there is an Agricultural Holdings Act, under which a tenant can claim for certain improvements; but it is so clumsily drawn, and requires the fulfilment of so many unreasonable and awkward conditions, that landlords and agents manage to entirely evade it in nine cases out of ten, and so purloin the tenants' property. Rather than be deprived of his possessions wholesale in this manner, a tenant usually prefers to continue his tenancy and struggle against adversity, and hope that times may alter, the landlord continuing to exact excessive rent until the tenant's capital is exhausted and his ruin is complete. He is then turned out, and another tenant takes the farm, frequently at a rent that would not have been accepted from his predecessor.

On most estates, it may be remarked, an odd rule exists, or appears to exist, judging from the tactics of landlords and agents. Which rule prohibits reduction of rent to all old tenants. landowner, of course, suffers little when he reduces to bankruptcy or insolvency a tenant, as he, the real and direct cause of the failure, receives rent in full at the expense of the other creditors, in addition to becoming possessed of all improvements. Therefore a tenant farmer paying excessive rent is, as it were. "between the devil and the deep blue sea." He has ruinous rent to pay if he retain the holding, and abandonment of his property if he vacate it. In choosing what he considers to be the lesser of two evils, he decides to continue the tenancy, and thereby pay rent that he knows to be in excess of value. Into this disastrous trap, in addition to being driven as above stated, he is frequently allured and decoyed by some enchanting bubble or dazzling spectre, such as protection, bimetallism, or one equally or more absurd, which is dangled before his eyes frequently by the landlord or agent, the hopeful mind of the farmer-hope being a characteristic of the fraternity -being assured that the enactment of one or more of these grand ideas must

soon take place, and the result enable him to pay his rent and prosper. While he is being hoodwinked in this way his ruin is being effected, which fact he does not realize until too late. The exposure of these facts may show those who were unable to see before the reason why farmers pay exorbitant rents and the difficulty they experience in obtaining reductions concordant with value. Such facts will in time, it may be hoped, demonstrate to the English mind that a landowner occupies a position of pre-eminence that he has no title to, carrying with it, as it does, both faculty and license to practise plunder and to procure by actual menace extortionate rent.

A landed proprietor is, in reality, but a retailer of raw material, which land is, out of which his customer, the tenant farmer, manufactures a commodity—i.e, farm produce. The station of a landowner appears to be altogether misunderstood; the fact that he has money invested in land appears to some persons sufficient reason for them to pay him extreme homage, and regard him as some kind of superior being to themselves. Unfortunately the miserable pristine dread of landowners by their tenants, thought by some people to be defunct, still has life, and this hateful fear or feeling, erroneously called respect, emanates from no other source than the knowledge of the tenant that he is in his landlord's hands, and that the landlord has it in his power to wrong and injure him if he be so disposed. Is it impossible, it may be asked, to rescue these unfortunate farmers from the hands of the Philistines? Is it unreasonable to appeal to our legislators to place the tenant farmer in a position of security and safety—that is, in a relationship to his landlord similar to that existing between trader and trader, the one possessing no facility or advantage to act dishonestly toward the other; in other words, to bring about the independence of a farmer to the extent of making him able without fear or risk of his landlord doing him injury, to thwart any action, unjust or arbitrary, on the part of the landlord, as he is at present able to do if such action be at the hands of any tradesman with whom he may do business? Placing a tenant farmer in this position would be, although conferring upon him an immense boon, but an act of

simple justice.

In an agricultural district the question is often asked, if a certain landlord be good or bad, What does such inquiry really mean? Simply this—is he an honest man, or does he avail himself of England's agricultural laws? hear no such questions regarding other traders; plunder they are not encouraged or even allowed by law to practise, this privilege being reserved for those who possess the broad acres. The law, while not permitting ordinary traders to chastise their customers even with whips, actually incites landowners to chastise their tenants with scorpions. It is not, of course, every landowner who makes use of these instruments of torture which are placed in his hands; on the contrary, there is a small number of landowners who altogether discard their use, and treat their tenants with honor and honesty, and decline to adopt the popular idea that what is legal is moral. Such landowners would have nothing to fear or object to in an alteration of the law, which would compel others to act as themselves. Such alteration would only affect the dishonest and unprincipled, those who take advantage of the present law, as burglars do of the dark, to prosecute their nefarious practices.

Unfortunately, it is necessary to protect man from man, and it is a delusion to imagine that any particular class of the community possesses a larger proportion of morality than another. Man, whether he belong to the upper or middle class, has a leaning toward ovil impulse, and laws to restrain him from setting it in motion are absolutely indispensable. It is altogether absurd to think that the simple fact of possessing land creates in the possessor undiluted integrity; therefore, why a landowner should be expected to act with honor and honesty, without any means of keeping him within their bounds, and should have it in his power to determine whether he confiscate his tenant's property or not, are matters for intense wonder and amazement. Our very curious

agricultural laws can only be attributed to the fact that until very recent times law-making was almost entirely in the hands of landowners, and that they made laws for their own benefit and advantage. Very glaring specimens of this selfish law making are conspicuous in the arrangement for payment of full rent in bankruptcy cases, and also the cruel law of distraint. Of course it is quite possible, if tenant farmers had made the laws, that they would have made them less to their disadvantage, but, it is to be hoped, not so dishonestly toward landowners as they are now toward tenants. Another way the odious laws injure farming is this -with the knowledge that all improvements become the landlord's property on the termination of a tenancy, a tenant will not embark in carrying out improvements and alterations that would be beneficial to him and the farm he occupies. In the near fature English agriculture should develop largely into what is popularly called market-gardening; but what tenant farmer in possession of his senses would go to the enormous expense of planting gooseberries, strawberries, cherries, currants, or asparagus, all most lucrative crops to grow, with the knowledge that his landlord might turn him out of the holding at six months' notice and confiscate the whole of the plantations? Our laws thus cripple and hold back the expansion of profitable agriculture at home, to our great detriment, and make room on our markets for foreign produce. It may further be pointed out that the growth of such crops as the above-mentioned would find far more employment for both men and women than the growth of cereals, therefore the confiscatory system materially injures the working classes.

The unsatisfactory management of landed properties is very difficult to explain in a clear and concise manner to those unacquainted with farming; but that, as a rule, it is unsatisfactory there is not the least doubt. An estate agent is usually appointed, not from his knowledge of the business that he has to transact, but from various other reasons, such as relationship to or connection with the landowner, or some

service rendered to him or his political Agents are consequently, as a rule, men with a very limited knowledge of their vocation. Younger sons of the nobility, half-pay officers of the army, briefless barristers, solicitors, and ex-tradesmen, without having undergone any previous agricultural training, frequently occupy the position. The result is highly prejudical in many ways to the interests of tenants. Rents are unfairly and unequally fixed by such agents, first-class farms being let at an equal rent to that paid for the poor ones, and in some cases the best are let at the lowest rent; and a tenant's rent is frequently raised in consequence of his own improvements upon his farm. Agents also practise all kinds of boycotting and partiality, and dispense favors and disfavors in a most unsatisfactory and unbusiness-like manner; the tenants, owing to their position of insecurity, being entirely dependent upon the agents' whims; politics, sectarianism, and all kinds of bias playing important parts in guiding agents' decisions. Many tenants are, consequently, very considerably injured and wronged. None but those who have had transactions with land agents of the kind mentioned can im-

agine the extent of damage that they do to the farming interest.

To bring about an alteration in these matters, to destroy the components of agricultural depression, would necessitate the enactment of State control or supervision of agricultural tenancy, with plain and uncomplicated rules and regulations, entirely independent of the caprice or selfish motive of landlord or agent. The indispensability of restraint upon the present systematic daylight robbery as practised upon tenant farmers is beyond question, that is, if farming in England is to prosper; for it would be far beyond the bounds of reason for us to dream of its doing so with its limbs, as at present, manacled and fettered. these days of keenest competition, with the land of plenty, by means of all species of improvement in the method of transit, drawing nearer to us every year, it is somewhat surprising that English agriculture in shackles is enabled to maintain the position it does. It is, however, certain that this position, though bad, will become far worse unless the obstacles and impediments to progression aforementioned be removed. - Westminster Review.

#### EDITORS.

## BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

By courtesy editors are understood to be "able" and contributors "esteemed." Probably both have quite as much right to their respective epithets as Members of Parliament have to be styled "honorable," lawyers "learned," and officers "gallant." Neither ability nor esteem, however, prevents them from entertaining upon occasion a very poor opinion of each Their quarrels would, indeed, furnish a very interesting chapter in literary history. I commend the idea to some gentleman more learned in such matters than myself; and meantime, inasmuch as the subject touches a good many people rather closely, and is perpetually cropping up in an acute form, it is possible that some observations on the relations between editor and contributor, suggested by personal experience in the latter capacity, may not be altogether without interest.

In my time I have contributed to just a score of periodicals, thus distributed: daily, five; weekly, eight; monthly, six; and quarterly, one. What with changes of editorship, I reckon I have had to do with a couple of dozen editors, not including two or three whose only concern with me has been to reject my humble efforts. To name the organs in question is unnecessary, and might appear ostentatious; but there is no harm in saying that some of them are very well considered. In short, I claim professional acquaintance with a good sprinkling of able

editors, as they are to-day. With some, of course, my connection has been very slight; with others—and those not the least important—it has been prolonged and considerable. the whole they have treated me very well, and inspired me with both liking and respect. There is only one editor whom I should like to kick. He directs the destinies of a famous periodical, and his name is known far and I offered him an article on a subject of current interest. He took it, and kept it until it was too late for me to place the thing elsewhere at the time. Then he sent it back, but meantime he had appropriated my idea and had got some one else supposed to be an authority, to write another article on the same subject. He may be an honorable man, and this manœuvre may have been within his rights, but according to my notions it was a dirty trick, entirely opposed to the unwritten law of honorable journalism, which scrupulously respects property in ideas. He was quite at liberty to reject my contribution, and even to commission some one else to do the same thing, but then he should have told me so at once, and not have kept me out of the market until it was too late to compete with him in the pages of a rival. Subsequently I did publish my article elscwhere, and had the satisfaction of knowing that it attracted a good deal more attention than his substitute, which was, indeed, very poor stuff, written to order and in a hurry by a man who had really nothing to say. The editor, however, probably cared nothing for that, as he is reputed to set more store by the names of his contributors than by the quality of their contributions, wherein his wisdom is doubtless justified by the folly of his That is my solitary experireaders. ence of shabby treatment at the hands of an editor, and what class of men can be named in which you will not find one cad to a score of gentlemen? If this seems, as it probably will to some of my colleagues, an unduly favorable estimate, I beg them to observe that it does not apply to proprietors, who are often responsible for misdeeds attributed to the innocent editors they

employ. For them I have nothing to say. They have inspired me with neither liking nor respect. Here and there an honorable exception may be named, but generically the proprietor is a common trader, whose profoundly commercial instincts are the curse of honest journalism. His only use is to sign checks, and he does that with an ill grace.

With one editor I have had occasion to quarrel. I wrote a series of articles for him on a special subject by arrange-They were to be illustrated. and my idea was to use some very appropriate illustrations in my posses-However, he preferred to procure some others, and in that I acquiesced with a bad grace, as they had nothing to do with the articles. he kept the thing hanging on for months and months. This is, of course, a very common experience, and though often vexatious to the contributor, quite within the rights of an editor, who must be free to exercise his discretion as to the time of publication. But for certain reasons I was anxious to have the articles out, and several times asked permission to withdraw them, if they could not be used at an early date. He would not hear of withdrawal, and assured me every time that they would be used at once. At last my patience was exhausted, and having an offer in another quarter, I definitely withdrew them. He was in a great way about it, declared that he had them already on the machines, and denied my right to withdraw. I answered that they were not paid for, and therefore my property, and that he had broken the contract, first by doing me out of my illustrations, and then by repeatedly failing to keep his word about publication. As for the illustrations he had been at the expense of buying, it was done against my wish, and he could get somebody else to write the letterpress for them. However, he appeared so dreadfully put out, that I gave way. Poor man, he was not a very grand editor, and soon after ceased to adorn a position for which Providence had not intended him. It was an excellent paper, but the office always seemed at sixes and sevens under his régime, and if I failed to make myself "esteemed," he certainly proved him-

self anything but "able."

So much for my personal grievances. They are trifling enough in all conscience, but then I make a point of never worrying editors. On the other hand, my friend Lucifero, a very brilliant journalist, must be always quarrelling with them. He is a perfect mass of grievances. "Damn these editors," he says, "damn them all in after-life!" and the emphasis with which he utters this cheerful imprecation is that of a man persuaded of his wrongs. No doubt many others share the sentiment, and perhaps with more reason, for my friend has never been really ill-used, to my certain knowledge. He is too sensitive. Still editors are not always so careful of the feelings of their contributors as they might be. Grievances arise in two ways-the rejection of proffered contributions and the treatment of accepted ones.

With regard to rejection it is obvious that editorial discretion must be abso-Probably the most sensitive contributor will admit so much: but there is a good deal in the manner of rejection. The principle, on which some editors act, that silence means refusal, may be quite legitimate, but it is not polite, and is not followed in the best offices, according to my experience. In them great pains are taken to do the dispiriting gently. With daily and even weekly newspapers the W.P.B. must necessarily play a great part, and absorb a vast quantity of unsolicited manuscript: the senders can hardly expect to have it back with a polite explanation, unless they are well known and really "esteemed." But there is no reason why the monthlies should not return such matter as the editor "regrets he is unable to use," and none why even daily papers should not answer serious offers. Some do and some do not, but it is not importance or press of business which determines the difference so much as the system of management adopted. The greatest journal of all, whose correspondence must be far larger than that of any other, is the most prompt and punctilious in this respect. With papers as

with individuals the higher their position the more scrupulous their courtesy. Disregard of other people's feelings is the prerogative of inferiority. Not to answer a civil letter on business is at once ill-bred and unbusinesslike, whether the recipient occupies an editorial chair or not. On the other hand, contributors should not fancy that it means anything more. Some people believe that the whole world is in a conspiracy against them, and regard every editorial rebuff as an intentional injury which would not be offered to a more favored individual. Others take a less hypochondriacal view, but still imagine that literary kissing goes by favor, and that without recommendations or introductions they will have no chance. My experience is altogether to the con-I have only been personally trary. recommended to one editor, and he was the one I quarrelled with. market appears to me wonderfully open. More attention is naturally paid to a known contributor than to a newcomer, and the signed reviews depend more or less on what is in a name, but otherwise, I believe, all editors are glad to receive suggestions, whether they answer them or not, and are prompted to accept or refuse, first by the nature of the subject, and secondly, by the merit of its treatment. In other words, they are publishers, but with a keener eye for novelty, and a sounder judgment than ordinary publishers. The subject is the first consideration. An unsuitable subject has no chance, however well treated, while a really good one must be uncommonly mangled to Would-be be unfit for publication. contributors might save themselves much trouble and disappointment if they merely wrote in the first instance to suggest the subject, instead of sending the manuscript, or-still worsetrying to see the editor. A note will be read, and, in a well-conducted office, answered; but the editor who is too grand or too busy to read a brief letter and dictate a couple of lines in reply, is not the man to wade through a manuscript on an unpromising subject. Aspirants often tell me that they have written an article on something or other, and ask if I can help them to "get it in" somewhere. I always say

that I can draw the attention of suchand such an editor to it, but that its chances of acceptance depend entirely upon intrinsic merit and his judgment: if it suits him he will use it without a godfather, and, if not, a dozen would make no difference. Such is my belief, but perhaps I underrate the value of personal favor, as it has never done anything for me. There are cases which suggest that success at the Bar by way of the solicitor's daughter is a principle not wholly unknown in periodical literature. With regard to an editor's judgment it is to be observed that what he has to consider is not so much the absolute merit of a contribution as its suitability to his readers. And sometimes, also, the caprices of a proprietor or other invisible factors have to be taken into account. These things explain many apparently unreasonable rejections. Still downright errors of judgment are made even by the ablest. I have more than once been gratified by admissions of regret for such mistakes.

The real trouble between editor and contributor, however, arises at a later stage, and concerns the treatment of matter already accepted or written to Here the choice of editorial order. sins and contributorial grievances is very wide. Publication may be delayed or abandoned altogether; titles may be changed, matter excised, wording altered, etc., etc., all of which are grievous to the soul of the sensitive contributor. The commonest and the worst offences are the liberties taken with the matter. I believe every contributor hates to be "edited," and thinks it very rarely an improvement. But old hands come to regard the process with perfect indifference. It is extraordinary what different views editors take of their functions in this respect. They may be divided into three main classes: (1) the fussy; (2) the careless; and (3) the judicious. The first can let nothing alone; the second let everything pass, including obvious slips; while the third correct with a watchful eye but a sparing hand. The fussy are better editors than the careless, who can hardly be called editors at all, but they are more offensive to the contributor. There are two vari-

eties of them. Euphnes Junior typifies the first and the better sort. He is a martyr to what he calls "style," and takes enormous pains to secure a high standard according to his notions. Unfortunately, his dominant idea is to avoid the common at all hazards; and for the attainment of that end he has provided himself with a whole pepperbox of peculiar phrases, terms, tricks, and mannerisms of speech, with which he impartially sprinkles the pages of his contributors. The effect of this treatment is nothing short of astonish-A word here, a phrase there, a peculiar use of stops in a third placeand lo! you cannot recognize your own writing. It does not matter in the least if the sense is distorted or destroyed in the process, and you are made to talk nonsense. The matter may go by the board so long as the "distinction" of manner is maintained. The said distinction consists in dressing up a very average person in a fantastic garb, decked with antique ornaments, and set off by patches, paint, and powder. A whole procession of such persons, all similarly bedizened and denaturalized, produces an effect of unspeakable monotony, and in the end possesses far less "distinction" than would belong to the same set of individuals, homely or otherwise, as chance made them. So the sheet over which Euphues presides—or rather presided, for I believe he has left itseemed to be all written by one hand, whose mark was affectation. chief merits possessed by this kind of fussy editor are an eye for forcible expression, boldness, and a contempt for conventionality. The other kind is exactly the opposite. He can let nothing alone either, but his alterations are conceived in a niggling mood, and designed to water down any spirit shown by the contributor to a certain standard of general feebleness. Little Gudgeon is an editor of this kidney. He scems afraid to trust one's accuracy, and is always hedging. He has his fads in style, too, but they are all of a pottering character, and concerned with grammatical precision or somethin Of course one can that kind. ways know for certain whwields the blue pencil in an"

the chief editor may get the blame for deeds committed by a subordinate. I once did one of the best of living editors much injustice in that way. My things were constantly messed about in a very ill-judged and irritating manner, and though I kept silence my heart was rather hot within me against the chief of the office. Suddenly a subordinate departed, and from that moment the editing ceased to be fussy, and became judicious. To make the case complete, the same gentleman went to another office to which I also contributed, and there the editing began to be fussy too. When he was away, I was left to say my say in my own poor manner. He was a capital fellow, but a slave to conventionality, and no great judge of English. I set a little trap for him once, and he fell innocently into it, to my great amusement. I introduced into my copy a sentence from Burke very much to the point, but somewhat unconventionally worded. As I expected, it was not quite up to his standard, and he put it right. After that I felt that I was edited in good company, and bore the process with equanimity.

The editor who does not edit at all. probably gives more satisfaction to the contributor than to any one else. never can make out whether he does it from laziness, incapacity, or principle; but in any case I do not commend him. One has to be so very careful with one's proofs. And speaking of proofs that is another point in which editorial procedure varies curiously. Some editors -and first-rate ones-never send a proof; others send one sometimes, but not always, and when they do they seem quite indifferent about its return. A third class invariably send one and are so particular about it that the subject waits, however urgent, until they receive the revise. My friend Eugenio, the late accomplished editor of The Monitor, followed that practice. once wrote an article for him, of which the proof, owing to my absence from home, did not reach me in time to be returned before the next issue. knowing the subject to be rather urgent, I telegraphed that no corrections were necessary. However, it did not appear, nor in two or three succeeding

NEW SERIES-VOL. LXIV., No. 1.

numbers. At last I wrote to ask what was the matter and explained about the proof, to which he replied, "My dear—, what on earth do you suppose proofs are for?" My answer was, "That is just what I have never been able to make out." They seem chiefly designed to worry old contributors, and to excite false hopes in young ones, for if there is one thing certain about a proof it is that it proves nothing. Eugenio himself used to send out no end of proofs, which never went any further. But this is by the way.

To return to the editors, there remains the judicious class. I take off my hat to them in admiration of their judgment and insight. These are the really able editors. They deserve the epithet, for no abler men are to be found in any walk of life. In their treatment of contributors they know what to do and what to leave undone. The secret is that of all successful employers—when you give a man a thing to do, let him do it. Choose him carefully in the first instance, and then let him alone as much as possible, without relaxing vigilance or abandoning due control. The less he is meddled with the better he will work. I could name several instances of this kind of editing. The Times is a splendid example. It will publish column after column without the slightest touch of interference, and any one might think there was no editing at all, when some slight alteration—the suppression of an indiscreet word, the introduction of a fresh paragraph at a telling point, or a rearrangement of stops-betrays the watchful eye and the judiciously controlling hand. Every change is for the better, as the writer must himself admit, unless he is hopelessly in love with his own offspring. Under this system a contributor is stimulated by being allowed a free hand, and at the same time he derives additional confidence from the certainty that a chance slip will be corrected. On the other hand, the public gets individuality, interest, and variety. Mr. Frederick Greenwood was a distinguished editor of the same school, and his successor in The St. James's Gazette, Mr. Sidney Low, is not a whit inferior. I am often amused at the contrast between

the large-minded tolerance exercised by such masters of their craft and the futile fussiness of comparatively insignificant editors, who laboriously prune and pare matter good enough for journals of the highest calibre to suit their ridiculous literary standard. These gentlemen always take themselves with portentous seriousness. The traditional renown of certain eminent hands for skill in "polishing" other people's copy has led them astray. The work of a capable contributor who has something to say is best left unpolished by another hand. He may not be a master of language, but he will tell his own story or lay out his own argument more convincingly than any one else can do it for him. Matter and manner have not a merely accidental connection; they emanate from the same brain, and cannot be separated without losing vitality. Time was when editorial assurance serenely undertook to polish Shakespeare. The process is equally mistaken in principle when applied to any genuine utterance, With mechanical however humble. work and special pleading done to order it may be legitimate enough.

There is yet another kind of editor, a sort of literary shopwalker, engaged in measuring out material by the yard. His only consideration is the amount of space occupied. He cuts off as many inches as may be necessary to make the matter fit, and spaces the paragraphs symmetrically, without the slightest regard to the sense. But perhaps he is only the foreman-printer, or the office boy in temporary charge. Anyhow, he is an absurd person.

Of course the editorial prerogative in correcting contributions, depends very much on whether they are signed or not. Responsibility gives the right to control, and in anonymous work it rests with the editor, though it is often shifted to a certain extent on to the contributor by calling him a "correspondent," which constitutes a partial disclaimer, whether his correspondence "special," "occasional," "our own," or any other variety. With signed contributions, however, as in the case of most of the monthly reviews and magazines, the chief responsibility certainly rests upon the writer in the eyes of the public, and therefore editorial interference ought to be of the most guarded character. Herbert Stephen's recent grievance against Mr. Knowles for altering the title of an article without consulting him will have the sympathy of all contributors and, I fancy, of most editors. It was a high-handed proceeding quite contrary to the usage of the trade. editor has a perfect right to suggest his own title, and possibly to insist upon it, but not without notice, and if he uses it in face of the writer's objection, he should add a note to that effect. The title is an integral, and often a very important part of an article; and the writer who puts his name to it has to bear all that it entails, unless his responsibility is explicitly disclaimed. In the great days of the quarterlies distinguished reviewers stoutly resented interference although their work appeared anonymously in an organ possessing a sustained and definite charac-The case is very much stronger with regard to the modern review, which is a sort of hear all-sides repository of comment on current topics, and often lays itself out to represent diametrically opposite views on the same question side by side or in successive numbers. The editor clearly does not hold himself responsible for what appears beyond a general supervision, the choice and arrangement of subjects, and therefore he has no more right to take liberties without consulting the author, than any other publisher has. Common courtesy should alone prevent him from doing so; but some people appear to regard office as a dispensation from the restraint of good manners, which is doubtless very irksome to them.

Delay in publication is a standing grievance with contributors but an inevitable one. Old hands take it very calmly. I have had an article for a daily paper in proof for fifteen months. Yet I am certain that the delay was entirely due to lack of opportunity and quite contrary to the editor's wishes. The worst of it is that delay sometimes means suppression, and then payment may go too, which is a real hardship. This touches a very important point. The only honorable rule is that all con-

tributions written to order or by arrangement should be paid for, whether used or not, and that those which are not written to order, but are definitely accepted, should be either paid for or returned in time to be used elsewhere. The ideal procedure from the contributor's point of view is payment on acceptance, but few offices, alas! are sufficiently magnanimous for that. Payment after use is the general rule, and I do not quarrel with it. Personally I have suffered very little on this score. The only positive hardship I can recall was caused by inadvertence on the part of a most honorable editor. I wrote. by arrangement, a couple of articles for him, representing a good deal of My mind misgave me as to whether the point of view would suit him, and, on handing the first one over I said so, and offered to withdraw them. He would not hear of it, so I went on with the second. However. time went by and twice again I offered to withdraw, but still he stuck to them. In the end they never saw the light, and probably perished in the W.P.B. The explanation, no doubt, was that he did rather shy at them, the paper being committed to the opposite view, and postponed using them until he forgot the circumstances altogether. did not say anything or he would have compensated me, I am certain; but then, as I said above, I make a point of not worrying my editors. The loss, such as it was, on that occasion was made up on another by the singular experience of being paid twice over, which also happened through delayed publication. A long review of an important book which I wrote for a paper of high standing was held over for some time, when a sudden change took place in the office, and I was paid for the work standing in my name including the unpublished review. months afterward it was used under the new régime and I was paid again. I accepted the money without demur as the matter was well worth it. few other remarks on the subject of payment may, perhaps, be allowed here. although they concern the managerial more than the editorial department. There are two points of interest to contributors—the rate of remuneration,

and the punctuality with which the account is discharged. All periodicals have, I believe, a regular tariff for ordinary work, but few confine themselves to it. Special scales of varying The great elasticity are common. Bodger of the Paulo-post Future Review, who generally has a few ladies of title and ex-Ministers on tap as mere ordinaire, is said to have remarked, with unctuous emphasis, to an eminent statesman, that there were some contributors to whom he would be glad to pay anything; and was not Mr. Gladstone lately offered thousands for an article on the Venezuelan Question? It is obviously impossible to generalize about these fancy terms which are settled by special arrangement. Ordinary original contributions are paid by measure-so much the column, page, or inch at a fixed rate: but this admits of a good deal of elasticity, at any rate in the case of newspapers, and the writer's rough reckoning of what he ought to receive is often falsified. Sometimes one gets more and sometimes less than one expects. I have never been able to make out what principle determines the result. The variations indulged in by every newspaper with which I am acquainted are quite incomprehensible. Sometimes a column and a third or more is reckoned as no more worth than a column: at others the full value of every line is This adds a sporting element of uncertainty to the periodical check. The magazines and reviews, which pay by the page, are much more regular, and their remuneration can be reckoned with great nicety by the number As to the tariffs, The Times comes easily first, then the quarterlies, then the other leading daily and weekly newspapers and the best monthlies, all pretty much about the same. But of the newspapers, some are more remunerative than others with the same tariff, simply because they have more space at their disposal. When you have a subject in hand and plenty to say it is positively easier to write 2.000 words, for instance, than to condense your remarks into 1,000 or 1,500, and therefore the short-winded papers are at a double disadvantage. Work done for them may give more trouble and

bring in less return. The Times has a pre-eminent advantage over all other papers in this respect, as the quarterlies have, though in a less degree, over other reviews. The best market inevitably attracts the best work; a man takes his goods where they will fetch the highest price. But punctuality in payment is also a consideration of great importance. Contributors are rarely millionaires, and many a one prefers two guineas in the hand to two pound ten in the ledger. Managers do not seem to grasp this fact. Most of them settle accounts periodically—generally every month, less often at shorter or longer intervals; but, according to my experience, very few are quite faithful to the supposed date. Some are hopelessly irregular, and even require to be dunned before they will pay. This is infamy. I have had to dun a paper whose proprietor is a millionaire to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  power. Perhaps it was not his fault, but the hideous fact remains. Periodicals which do not pay at all are beyond the pale of discussion. My experience of "bilking" is confined to a solitary instance: the culprit was a professional journal as well known as Punch all over the world.

Editors are not always so careful as they might be to preserve the secret of a contributor's identity in anonymous journalism. It ought to be--and with papers that know their business it isan inviolable rule that no name shall be given up to any one whatever without the owner's permission. The result of breaking it may be very annoy-A friend once worried me to write an article on a controversial subject for a very well-known paper with which he was connected, and which I will call The Spread Eagle. I was extremely disinclined to do it, having a poor opinion of the journal in question as it was then conducted; and when the editor sent me some ridiculous hints designed to teach me how to write up to the standard -ye gods! of The Spread Eagle, I flatly refused. However, my friend's importunity prevailed, and the thing was done. The day after it appeared, the champion of the opposite view, who happened to

know the editor, rushed in and took him to task, whereupon he promptly gave me away. The result was a ferocious attack in another journal a few days later, and much subsequent unpleasantness. It was an unpardonable breach of professional etiquette, calculated to make a personal enemy of a man with whom I had not the slightest desire to quarrel, and had in no wise attacked.

But, after all, such trifling annoyances as have come my way are nothing compared with the uniform kindness and honorable treatment I have met with at the hands of editors. There is only one general criticism that I wish to make. They hardly seem to realize the value of praise, or at least, very few of them do. I have read somewhere that Mr. Archibald Forbes used to conclude every despatch to The Daily News with these words: "and if you don't like this, you may go to the devil." That exactly expresses the mental attitude of the conscientious but spirited contributor. He is most anxious to give satisfaction and does his very utmost, but like all good workmen possessed of an ideal he mistrusts his own success. At the same time the consciousness of his effort makes him ready to resent the criticism which his diffidence teaches him to expect. A word of appreciation, however brief and businesslike, puts new life into him: the lack of it sends him about his work determined but without alacrity. At the end of a long job he may find that his work has been appreciated all the time, but that does not help him to do it; he wants an occasional assurance by the way. I have often thought myself a fool for taking excessive pains to ensure accuracy, spending a whole day, for instance, in verifying a single statement, which occupies no more than one insignificant sentence, and probably passes quite unnoticed. One never knows; and though appreciation has not been lacking, as I gratefully acknowledge, the confidence which should reward accurate work is a plant that comes very slowly to fruition.—National Review.

# LETTERS ON TURKEY.

#### BY G. MAX MÜLLER.

I.

#### THE SELAMLIK.

We must all of us during the past year, when every newspaper paragraph from Constantinople was eagerly scanned, have observed such expressions as the Sultan received the Ambassadors "after the Selamlik," or "H.I.M. the Sultan attended the Selamlik as usuai." Those who have never had the opportunity of witnessing a Selamlik may be interested in an account of this gorgeous weekly pageant.

We had not been more than a few days at Constantinople, when our Ambassador told us that he had received a message from the Sultan that he was "bien faché" at not having been informed of my husband's arrival, and that after so gracious a notice we must not fail to attend the next Selamlik—that is, the ceremony of the Sultan going in state to the Mosque on Fridays, attendance at which is looked on by H.I.M. as a mark of respect.

Friday came, and about eleven o'clock our son, Secretary at the British Embassy, called for us in a carriage with an Embassy Kavass on the box. Kavass is a native servant appointed by the Sultan to the various Embassies and Legations. They are paid and clothed by their employers, and are answerable to the Sultan for the safety of those on whom they attend. In old days if any accident happened to a member of a Legation or Embassy, the wretched Kavass, whether in fault or not, forfeited his life. Those who have read Paul Patoff will remember the terror of the Kavass on Alexander Patoff's mysterious disappearance from There are six Kavasses at St. Sophia. Their undress the British Embassy. uniform is dark blue cloth, thickly braided in black, with a broad gold belt and gold straps over the shoulder. They all carry a sword, and have a revolver in a gold pouch slung from the The dress uniform is a fine shade of crimson, also thickly braided, and only worn on State occasions when in attendance on the Ambassador.

We were all in morning dress, uniform being worn but seldom by the diplomatic corps at Constantinople. Our way was along the new part of the Grande Rue, the only handsome street in Pera, rebuilt after the great fire of 1870, which destroyed the British Embassy. Here are all the best shops, the Club House, and the Spanish Ministry. A sharp turn to the right led us to the Grand Champ des Morts, still used for burials. This was our first sight of a Turkish cemetery with its turbancrowned tombstones, standing at any and every angle from the perpendicular, many even fallen down, and giving one that general impression of neglect conveyed by all Turkish cemeteries. The redeeming points are the huge cypresses planted by hundreds in every cemetery, large and small, and of a size quite unknown in England. They form a striking feature in every distant view of the city, as they surround each mosque, their dark foliage forming a strong contrast to the glittering white minarets. On the hills, as at Scutari and the Grand Champ des Morts, they stand out like black pillars against the bright blue sky. The Turkish women are fond of spending whole days, sitting on their carpets in the cemeteries, not from any deep affection for the dead, for the Turk cares little for the body when once buried—the soul, the true being they loved, is safe in Paradise, though only from the moment that the body is laid in the ground. For this reason the funerals take place as soon as possible after death, and if you meet a Turkish funeral, the procession is hurrying along in what appears to us the most indecorous haste, so that the soul may the more quickly attain to its final bliss. A devout Turk, passing a coffin, will give his aid to the bearers, exhausted by the speed at which they go. This aid, if only given for forty paces, secures the pardon of a heavy crime. The sweet scent

of the cypresses is said to prevent any ill effects from prolonged visits to the cemeteries.

Opposite the Grand Champ is the Luge palace of the German Embassy with its unrivalled view across the Bosphorus. A steep zig-zag road led us down to the fine marble Palace of Dolmabagbcheh on the Bosphorus, now only used twice a year, at the great Bairam receptions. Built by Sultan Abdul Medjid, it was a favorite residence of its builder and of the unfortunate Abdul Aziz. It was from this palace that he was carried off, after his dethronement in 1876, first to the Seraglio and then to the Palace of Cheragan, a little further up the Bosphorus, where his life soon came to its untimely end. From this point the road along the whole suburb of Beshiktash was crowded with troops on their way to the Selamlik. At each cross street we passed whole companies standing at ease after a long and dusty march, wiping their accoutrements and dusty boots, their officers in fullest uniform resting outside the many cafés which line the street, smoking and sipping A sharp turn to the left and inland led to the steep ascent to the Palace of Yildiz, where the Sultan always lives and which he now only quits to visit the Mosque, a stone's throw from the gates of Yildiz, or when, twice a year, he receives the dignitaries of the kingdom on the occasion of the Bairam festivals at Dolmabaghcheh. The latticed windows of the houses show that all this quarter is Turkish. In the poorer houses, where the women of the family do the work, the whole house is latticed. In the richer houses. where slaves are kept, only the harem is thus guarded, while in the selamlik, or men's part, where the women never enter, the windows are free. The active little Arab horses take a steep hill at a gallop, and we had scarcely time to notice the various groups of foot passengers, all pressing up the hill to the same spot: Arabs in their turbans and long shapeless coats; solemn Turks in fez and frock-coat, sometimes leading a little boy whose dress was the ditto of their own; women of the lower classes, with their white headgear; dervishes in their tall brown caps, like Irish hats without a brim; gayly-dressed Turkish grooms leading exquisite horses, splendidly caparisoned, whose masters, equally splendid, awaited them above near the palace; Ulemahs, Sheikhs, Muftis, all bent on a sight of the Sultan, whom they reverence not merely as their sovereign, but as the Caliph, the successor or vicar of the Prophet.

At last we drew up opposite the Mosque, before a low, white building, from the windows of which those introduced by the diplomatic corps can see the ceremony. We passed across a terrace on which stood those who had not secured tickets of admission, and where crowds of Pashas and aides-de-camp were waiting till the time came to take their appointed places. After giving our visiting cards at the door of the building, we entered and found we were in good time to secure front places in one of the windows. The scene was already full of life and interest. actly opposite across the road rose the small white Mosque, standing in the midst of a large gravelled space. the right, just beyond the road by which we had climbed the hill, were massed two large bodies of cavalry, one mounted on gray, the other on brown They were what we should call lancers, and their red pennons shone in the bright sunlight. In front of them were many hundreds of Turkish women, their heads covered with the large white linen covering which marks the poorer classes, as distinguished from the yashmak, or five muslin headdress worn by ladies. A corner of this linen is drawn over the The male spectators in their mouth. varied garments stood where they could. And now the first band was heard, and the line regiments one after another marched swiftly up the hill and took up their positions all down the various roads that surround the Mosque. Immediately under our windows were two regiments of Zouaves, with green turbans and loose red trou-They came sers, and white gaiters. down the hill from the direction of the palace, with a fine, swinging elastic step, preceded by their band. site across the road were the regiment of marines, with their large sailor col-

In all about 8,000 troops are massed each week round the Mosque, a splendid sight in itself, for the Turkish soldiers are well drilled, and well clothed, while the officers' uniforms are resplendent with gold lace and generally covered with orders. Men and officers alike wear the fez. A brilliant company of mounted officers had gradually been gathering under our windows, and opposite us were a group of boys in rich uniforms. These were the Princes, the Sultan's sons, and the boys who are educated with them. While the troops are waiting, the water-carriers pass to and fro among them, and we saw the tin cups eager'y held out and passed by the front rows to those in the back. At this moment some one near us exclaimed: "Here comes His Excellency," and looking out, we saw our Ambassador driving up the hill, his carriage preceded by two mounted Kavasses in their state crimson uniforms. Presently a number of small carts drawn by donkeys or ponies, and filled with gravel, came past, and the contents were quickly spread over the road in front of us, down which the Sultan will pass. is the last act of preparation, and now every one below us is on the qui vive. Servants hurry toward the Mosque, carrying small black portmanteaux in which are the epaulettes, orders, etc., of their masters, who have marched or driven up without their decorations, and who will meet the Sultan at the Mosque without joining the procession. The Chief Eunuch is pointed out to us, a very tall, stout, elderly negro who, preceded by his servant bearing the portmanteau, descends leisurely toward the Mosque. He ranks as third Altesse in the kingdom, taking precedence even of the young Khedive of Egypt. Just then a message came that we were to go to the Ambassador's kiosk nearer the palace, which we did, and found we had a far better view, looking on one side to the gates of Yildiz, and on the other to the hill which rose behind the cavalry. had hardly taken our places when some one said: "Here come the ladies of the harem," and a procession of about six closed carriages, splendidly appointed, descended from Yildiz, and passing

in front of our windows, turned in at Mosque. Here they are drawn up one behind the other, the horses are taken out, and the ladies see what they can from under the half-drawn blinds. Each carriage has its own hideous black The Valideh Sultan, the attendant. Sultan's mother, takes precedence. The present Valideh Sultan is really Abdul Hamid's nurse, his own mother died when he was born. As the carriages passed us, we could only catch a glimpse of the brilliant pink and blue and yellow brocades worn by the ladies, except that on one occasion a young daughter of the Sultan, not yet old enough to be veiled, passed in one of the carriages and looked up at us, with an expression of great curiosity and interest. By this time the court of the Mosque was filled by Pashas, aides-decamp, and officials of all sorts in glittering uniforms, only leaving room for the Sultan's carriage and those who are in his procession. And now we look up at the minaret, and see that the muezzin has appeared on the gallery, which runs round it high up, for it is some time past twelve, and he only awaits the moment of the Sultan leaving his palace to begin his shrill call to prayer. All this time various bands have been playing one after another, entirely European music; but now they pause, and we hear faintly borne on the breeze, for he has turned toward the south, and has the minaret between us and him, the muezzin's first call: "God is great. I bear witness there is no god but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle Come hither to prayers. of God. Come hither to salvation. God is great. There is no god but God." As the muezzin moves round the cry becomes more audible. Hark! there is a tramp of feet on the fresh-strewn gravel, it is the long line of Pashas who head the procession, all in splendid uniforms, covered with orders, marching one behind the other on each side of the road, down the hill from the palace to the entrance of the Mosque, where they draw up in front of those already waiting there. They are followed by some five or six officials, ministers who walk together in the middle of the road.

Then we hear the first notes of the "Hamideyeh," the Sultan's march. His Imperial Majesty has passed the gates of Yildiz, and every neck is turned to catch the first glimpse of his Listen to the magnificent carriage. cheers, taken up by each regiment as he passes, not the ringing cheers of the English, nor the Rah-rah of the Swedes, nor the loud Hoch of the Germans, nor the quick Viva of the Italians, but something like a deep, earnest, prolonged hum, solemn, yet heartstirring. And now the green enamelled and richly gilded barouche comes in sight, drawn by two glorious black horses covered with gold harness, driven by a man in bright blue and gold livery, on each side the grooms in blue and gold, and every man in sight, naval, military, civil, master, or servant, in the all-pervading, but all-becoming fez! In the carriage sits a small yet stately man, in a simple cloth military overcoat, with no order or decoration of any sort, only his curved sword, and a fez like all the rest; his large hooked nose proclaims his Armenian mother, his piercing eyes are raised to our window as he passes, and one feels he recognizes some of the faces there, but his face is still and immovable, and he salutes no one, though his whole person has a faint swaying motion, so faint that it may only be caused by the movement of the carriage. Opposite His Imperial Majesty sits Osman Ghazi, the hero of Plevna, almost his only intimate friend, whom he trusts implicitly. The carriage is followed by six superb riding horses, pure Arabs, each led by a groom.

Slowly the glittering cortège passes, turns in at the Mosque gates, amid the cheers of the surrounding Pashas, and draws up at the marble step to the left of the public entrance. As the Sultan steps out of his carriage in his simple dress, the centre of this gorgeous pageant, the muezzin above leans over the gallery of the minaret and utters his last cry, addressed to the Sultan, and only used on this occasion, "Remember there is One greater than thou." And so the Sultan passes into the Mosque and is lost to sight, and the Pashas hurry in at the public entrance to join in the prayers. When the attendance is very large and the small Mosque is overcrowded, prayer-carpets are brought out into the court of the Mosque, that all may join in the service. Faintly through the open doors we hear the nasal sing-song of the prayers, and we can watch the worshippers outside as they prostrate themselves at the name of Allah, rising and

falling in perfect unison.

Now we have time to talk to our friends, and are made acquainted with the French Ambassador, the Swedish Minister, and others. Black-robed attendants bring in the most excellent tea and carry round cigarettes, and the time of waiting passes pleasantly After a while the Grand Masaway. ter of Ceremonies enters, charged with his Imperial master's greetings. our surprise, he tells us that we are to be received in private audience after the Sultan has seen the French and English Ambassadors. When weather is cooler, the troops march past the Sultan, who appears after the prayers at the window of a small building which joins on to the Mosque, as a vestry does in our churches. But it is too hot to-day, and the troops begin slowly to move away, without music. A cloud of dust to the right shows where the cavalry are passing, and soon the various regiments have dispersed, except those lining the direct road to the palace. As we look out we see that they all turned toward the Mosque as soon as the Sultan had passed by. In a little over half an hour the prayer-carpets are taken up, and the Pashas inside the Mosque begin to reappear and crowd the court. Then a low open phaeton with two fine horses, snow white, a present from the Emperor of Austria, is led round to the marble steps, and the Sultan comes out, while the Pashas bow to the very ground. He gets in, the hood is pulled up, and his Majesty, driving himself, starts for the Palace at a smart trot, grooms, aides-de-camp and Pashas, thin and stout, all running behind. His Imperial Majesty looks now neither to right nor left, and quickly disappears behind the palace gates, and the Selamlik is over.

II.

# THE PALACE OF YILDIZ.

I HAVE already mentioned that we were to be received in private audience by the Sultan after the Selamlik. We were shown through one or two rooms, into a small audience chamber, simply furnished except for the rich carpets, where we found H.I.M., the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the English Ambassador, and the First Dragoman, who acted as interpreter, for it is not etiquette for the Sultan to speak, or even appear to understand, any language but Turkish, though he is a good French scholar.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception accorded to my husband or more gracious than H.I.M.'s manner to me and our son. Cigarettes were offered, the Sultan himself striking and banding on the match. were all seated on chairs in a circle, the Sultan placing me immediately on his right. He had read one of my husband's works in a French translation, and seemed much gratified at our expressions of admiration of what we had already seen of his beautiful capi-On rising to dismiss us, he presented my husband with the Order of the Medjidieh, highest class, and, offering me his arm, led me to the door of the room, a mark of the greatest condescension, and much commented on as such in the papers the next morn-

The Sultan had said that we were to see his private museum, library, and garden, and accordingly when we left we found one of the chamberlains and the Grand Ecuyer\* waiting to show us those parts of the palace to which no strangers are admitted. I believe we were the first foreigners (except the famous traveller Vambéry, who is an intimate friend of the Sultan) who had ever visited these parts of the palace. Leaving the kiosk where we had been received, immediately behind the room used by the ambassadors at the Selamlik, we walked up the steep hill down which the Sultan drives to the Mosque,

and pasing through the principal entrance to Yildiz, we turned to the left. On our right rose the high bare harem walls, higher than any prison walls in England; a closed and carefully guarded doorway admitted us inside these walls. Leaving a beautiful kiosk to our left, and passing through a narrow passage, we came suddenly on a scene of marvellous beauty. Yildiz stands on the summit of the highest hill of the capital, and here before us lay a large lake or artificial river, covered with caiques and boats of all shapes, an electric launch among others. The gardens sloped to the lake on all sides, the lawns as green, the turf as well kept as in the best English gardens. Exquisite shrubs and palms were planted in every direction, while the flower borders were a blaze of color. The air was almost heavy with the scent of orange blossom, and gardeners were busy at every turn sprinkling the turf, even the crisp gravel walks, with wa-The harem wall, now on our right, rose no longer bare, but covered to the very top with yellow and white Banksia roses, heliotrope, sweet verbena. passion flowers, etc. Thousands of white or silvery-gray pigeons—the Prophet's bird—flew in and out of a huge pigeon-house, built against the walls, half hidden by the creepers, and the whole scene was lighted up by the brilliant Eastern sunlight, in which every object stands out so clearly that one's sense of distance is almost lost. At the end of the lake is a duck decoy, where H.I.M. often amuses himself with shooting, and far beyond this we could catch glimpses of the park sloping away toward the Bosphorus.

Beyond the pigeon-house we entered a building consisting of one long room, filled with treasures. This is the Sultan's private museum. Here are collected and beautifully arranged all the presents that he has received, as well as innumerable valuable objects that belonged to some of his predecessors. Countless clocks and watches, inlaid armor, objects in jade, caskets, wonderfully bound books, china of all sorts, pictures, miniatures, jewelled ornaments of every kind, all so arranged in their cases that one could examine and enjoy them, a delightful contrast to

<sup>\*</sup>A most attractive man, now in banishment as an active member of the "Young Turkey" party.

the confusion in which the treasures of the old Seraglio are heaped together. One upright case contained four dozen of the most perfect deep blue Sevres plates, a present from the Emperor Napoleon, sunk into velvet, twentyfour on each side of the stand. Each plate was a picked and perfect speci-The right names were not always attached to the objects, and we found a miniature painting which we recognized as Lord Palmerston marked as the Prince Consort! We could have spent hours in examining everything, but time was limited, and we were taken on to the private stables, still within the harem walls, holding twelve of the most perfect Arabs, used by the Sultan for riding and driving in the park of Yildiz. They were all white or gray. Of course we saw no dogs anywhere—they are held of no repute in the East; but I was told the Sultan possesses a peculiarly fine breed of white Angora cats, to which he is devoted, and whose progeny he sometimes gives to friends, but I saw none The only pet we saw was a of them. large cockatoo at the harem gate, who uttered some unknown sounds—I suppose Turkish—as we passed.

On leaving the harem gate, where the Chamberlain took leave of us, we found two carriages, which were to take us to the stables. We drove round outside the harem walls, but still inside the boundary wall of Yildiz, through a park full of fine trees, that, but for the distant views of the Bosphorus, recalled many a park at home, till we reached a long stone building, the stables, where all the mares are kept. Black and white grooms in fine liveries stood about in all directions, and we walked down the middle, admiring the beautiful creatures in their stalls, on both sides, with their sleek coats, their graceful limbs, their soft The Grand and intelligent eyes. Ecuyer ordered the most beautiful of them—a snow-white mare, with a long curved tail, exactly like the pictures of Turks and their horses—to be saddled and put through her paces for us. She knew she was being shown off, and acquitted herself admirably, like any stately beauty well aware of her own charms. We then drove on to another

large stable filled with horses, all stallions, and most of them as vicious to strangers as they are beautiful. Here were horses of various breads—among others the two white Austrians, driven by the Sultan from the Mosque—and some very powerful black Russian horses, which we were warned not to All the arrangements of approach. the stables were of the most modern and improved fashion. Another fine horse was saddled here, and ridden up and down by one of the grooms. side this stable were several large buildings, roofed in, but open at the side; these are for sheltering the countless multitudes of poor people whom the Sultan feeds at the Bairam festival which ends the long fast of Ramazan; many thousands are entertained each We drove back as we had night. come, and taking leave of the Grand Ecover at the gate of Yildiz, and expressing our delight with all we had seen, we got into our carriages and drove home.

Two nights afterward, when my husband and son were dining at the palace, the Sultan said to my husband, when he expressed his interest in all that had been shown us at Yildiz, "You have not seen my private library, which I particularly wish you to visit." mentioned this to Sadik Bey, the charming palace aide-de-camp appointed by H.I.M. to attend us everywhere and show us everything during our whole stay, and to whose unfailing friendliness and attention we owe so much of the pleasure of our time at Constantinople. Sadik Bey at once arranged a visit for the next day.

Again we passed the chief entrance of Yildiz, but turned at once to our right, outside the harem walls, and soon reached a kiosk, of one long and lofty room, the private library of the Sultan. Here we found a charming old Turkish librarian, speaking no language but his own, but proud of, and devoted to the books under his care. He had six or eight intelligent assistants. We were soon seated at a table, a carefully prepared and very full catalogue before us, and our friend Sadik Bey at hand as interpreter. It was touching to see the genuine anxiety of the old librarian to find any

book my husband wished to see, and he was ably seconded by his assistants. They first brought us some exquisite Persian MSS, beautifully illuminated and bound; and when we made them understand that my husband would like to see any books in the library from India, they eagerly produced all they had, but they proved to be chiefly modern works on music. After they had brought us some fine MSS. of the Koran with glosses and commentaries, they asked us to walk about and examine the general contents of the The bookcases were of the building. best construction, with movable shelves, and at one end we found a very good collection of English, French, and Ger-The centre of the room man classics. was occupied by glass cases, filled with gorgeously bound, illustrated works, chiefly gifts to the Sultan. While my husband, with the aid of Sadik Bey, was talking to the old librarian, the assistants showed my son and me some fine photographs of places in the Sultan's dominions and of public buildings in Stamboul.

Nothing could exceed their courtesy and attention and evident wish to make our visit pleasant to us. Sultan had sent word that we were coming, and we heard from the librarian that H.I.M. takes deep interest in all the arrangements of the library, and visits it almost every day, and that he had already ordered that my husband's books, which he had begged leave to present to the Sultan, should occupy a prominent place when they arrived. We left most unwillingly, accompanied to the door by the venerable librarian and all his staff, who took leave of us with the usual graceful Eastern salutation of the deep bow, with the right hand laid first on the heart, then on the head—a sign of devotion which we felt they had fully carried out in their courteous attention during the two hours of our visit.

### III.

THE QURBAN BAIRAM RECEPTION.

"Or course you must see the Qurban Bairam reception," said Sadik Bey to us. "Your Ambassador cannot admit you, but as guests of the Sultan it can easily be arranged." Before we left Pera for Therapia, we had for some days constantly passed rams being led about the streets; some of them magnificent animals, with thick white fleeces, others looking poor and thin. These were the victims to be sold for the Qurban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifices, which is a day of rejoicing throughout the whole Mussulman world, and is celebrated on the tenth day of the twelfth lunar month. This fell, when we were in Turkey, on June Every householder must provide one or more rams, according to the size of his household, which he must kill himself directly after the morning It is afterward eaten, part being given to the poor. The feast is thought to be in memory of the sacrifice of Isaac.

As the reception is very early in the morning, we had to sleep in Pera. At 8.30 P.M. or sundown, a great gun proclaimed the opening of the feast, and from that moment the noise of bells and guns, shouts and singing, never ceased. We went to bed early, but not to sleep; the guns, and bells, and fireworks went on all night, and the dogs, disturbed from their usual scavengering expeditions, kept up one wild yell. About 2 A.M. the various regiments which were to line the road down which the Sultan passes from Yildiz to Dolmabaghcheh, began to march past our hotel, each regiment with its band playing, and, as the streets are not lighted, accompanied by hundreds of men carrying lanterns, looking like glow-worms as they came up the hill past my windows. After breakfast the carriage came, at 5.30, and we drove rapidly along the Grande Rue and down the hill by the German Embassy, reaching the palace just at its foot soon after 6. It was a glorious morning, already hot, and we found our faithful friend, Sadik Bey, in his grandest uniform and covered with orders, awaiting us. He took us at once to the diplomatic waiting-room, which was rapidly filling, we being the only people present not belonging to an embassy or legation; and we beard afterward our good fortune had excited the envy of other English visitors to Pera. It was past seven when the second Master of Ceremonies appeared to summon us, and then began a hurried rush across the garden and up the countless stairs to a long gallery on one side of what is the largest audience hall in the world. We found on crossing the garden that the Sultan had already arrived, and we had not seen what is the most beautiful sight of the Bairam reception earlier in the year, his riding into the palace on a white horse covered with jewelled trappings, surrounded by all his court officials, superbly mounted. As the Sultan slays his ram directly he dismounts on this occasion, no infidel eye may witness The ram, a huge animal the arrival. of the Angora breed, with snow-white fleece, lay dead as we passed at the foot of the steps by which the Sultan reaches his own apartments. On arriving at our gallery we found that we were so high above the floor, and the hall of audience so vast, that we could scarcely distinguish the features of those below us. But for a few attendants hurrying about, the hall was empty, except that the throne, a large armchair and footstool in cloth of gold, already stood in its place at the upper end of the hall facing the grand entrance doors. Over these doors was a smaller gallery, where the band was placed, which played beautifully till the ceremony began. Our gallery, Our gallery, though not much more than half the length of the hall, was large enough for a good ball-room. The ladies sat in front, looking over the balustrade, the gentlemen stood behind, and at the back, beneath the lofty windows, was a buffet, with gold plate laden with every delicacy. Gradually the hall began to fill, and as every one of the rank of a colonel upward throughout the whole Empire has a right to attend the Bairam receptions, the crowd of magnificent uniforms was very great. They stood in ranks, one behind the other, forming three sides of a square, leaving the centre of the hall facing the throne free. The Imperial Household, headed by the Chief Eunuch, stood across the hall behind the throne in order of precedence, all in magnificent uniforms, and most of them with orders. The second eunuch—a very tall, thin fellow—stood about the thir-

teenth, and above two of the Sultan's sons-in-law. It would be difficult to imagine a more gorgeous scene than the hall presented when all had entered and were awaiting the Sultan's Every variety of uniform, entry. sheiks from the desert in burnous and turban, priests, ulemahs, ministers all alike blazing with orders. Sadik Bey why there was so long a delay, as it was nearly eight o'clock. He told me that the Sultan, tired with the early prayers, had gone to sleep, and no one can venture to disturb H.1.M. At length the band ceased, and the small, stately man appeared through a door near the throne, followed by Osman Ghazi only. The Sultan wore a plain military frock-coat, a fez, like all the rest of the brilliant throng, with a curved gold-hilted sword-no decoration of any sort. As he entered every one in the hall bowed to the very ground, and remained so till he had taken his seat. Osman Ghazi stood at the right of the Sultan's throne, with a gold-embroidered scarf over his right arm, which was kissed by the less angust members of the assembly, who had no right to touch the Sultan.

As soon as the Sultan was seated the court ulemah stepped up on his left and uttered a low prayer, the whole assembly standing in the prayer attitude, with the hands raised and the palms turned toward the face, as if forming a book. Directly the priest stepped back, the reception began at once in perfect silence; the Pashas passing upon the Sultan's right, prostrating themselves and kissing the scarf, and then backing away on his left in a crouching attitude, and saluting as they backed by touching the ground, their heart, and their forehead with the right hand. Those who were well accustomed to court life executed this movement with perfect grace, but most of the provincial Pashas were exquisitely awkward, and, instead of pausing between each salutation, continued the movement incessantly, and long after they were hidden from the Sultan by those following them.

The Pashas who were personal friends of the Sultan were not allowed to fall at his feet; a very slight movement of the Imperial hand showed that

they were only to bow low; and old Raoulf Pasha, who had lost a leg at Plevna, was not expected to back across the room, but was permitted to pass away at once behind the throne. one else left the hall. Two incidents excited great attention. The Bulgarian Envoy had been treated a few days before with considerable hauteur by the Russian Ambassador, on which the Sultan had said he should not run the chance of any indignity in the diplomatic gallery at the reception, but should stand below with the Royal household; and there he was in plain evening dress, most conspicuous among The other notable all the uniforms. incident was the reception of the ex-Khedive, Ismael Pasha, who was known to be in great disgrace owing to some marriage intrigue in which he had been engaged. As the old man approached no sign of recognition was visible on the Sultan's countenance, and Ismael was allowed to grovel at the Sultan's feet, and back away at the side, without one kind look. At length all had passed by, and taken their places again in ranks round the hall.

And now the silence was broken for the first time, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Munir Pasha, stepping into the centre of the hall and announcing in a loud voice, "The Sheik-ul-Islam." Immediately a tall, dignified old man, in a long white robe and turban, with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidieh, approached up the open space in the centre, and as he neared the throne the Sultan rose and bowed his head, while the Sheik-ul-Islam

raised his hands in blessing and uttered a prayer, all the Pashas reassuming the attitude of prayer. He then stood aside and the Sultan resumed his place, and all the other ulemahs present came forward up the centre and made their obeisance. Their dresses were most brilliant—black, green, purple, and blue satin robes mixed with white—and many of them wore orders.

As soon as the last ulemah had passed, the Sultan rose, without any sort of salutation to any one, and while all present bowed again to the very ground, passed out of the hall, with only Osman Ghazi in attendance. The hall quickly emptied itself, and we were glad to turn to the inviting buffets, for though it was only nine o'clock, most of us had breakfasted soon after five. On our way from the palace to the landing-place, where the various embassy steam launches were waiting, we passed innumerable cafés full of Pashas and officers in full uniform sipping coffee and smoking after the fatigues of the reception. Sadik Bey bade us farewell at the hall, having to attend the audience granted to all the household officials.

"When will that be?" I asked.

"It is impossible to say," he replied. "His Majesty is going to sleep; we cannot say when he will wake."

We were glad to accept the offer of places in the Austrian launch, and, though it was but little past ten o'clock when we reached Therapia, we felt as if we had already had a long and exciting day.—Longman's Magazine.

# MY FRIENDS WHO CYCLE.

THE startling announcement that the gigantic sum of £3,000,000 was to be paid for the Pneumatic Tire Company, and that a new company was to be floated with a capitalization of £5,000,000, in the place of the original company with its comparatively modest capital of £250,000, has created something like a revolution in the financial world. Many a speculator

for a rise, who has hitherto confined his attention to South African and Westralian mines, and has made a study of assays and monthly crushings, will be prone henceforth to turn his attention to this new field for gambling, and to watch with more attention than heretofore the determination of our home-population to be up to date in fashions and recreations. The Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer has already made his acknowledgments for no mean portion of his surplus of £6,000,-000 to the mining markets: the signs of the times seem to point to the possibility that a boom in bicycling industries may provide him with a substantial contribution toward the hoped-for surplus in 1897. Whether in view of the abnormal increase in the number of bicycles either the present or some future Chancellor may conceive the audacious design of taxing a machine which is after all a luxury to one, if a necessity to another, moiety of riders; or whether either county or district councils, which seem to be respecters of persons to a less acute degree than Governments almost of necessity are, may find in a moderate impost on bicycles a way of tempering the wind to that shorn lamb the pedestrian ratepayer, who is condemned to pay the piper for the repair of roads on which his personal safety is endangered and his nerves violently shaken by the vagaries of wheelmen,—these are questions beyond the scope of this paper.

Less sudden than what I have spoken of as a revolution in the financial world, but quite as marked, has been the entire change of popular feeling on the subject of bicycles; and by popular feeling I do not mean the feeling only of those thousands who have lately become converts-slow unwilling converts like myself many of them-to the art of cycling, but the feeling also of those sections of society who, though for various reasons unable to ride themselves, now tacitly approve of and encourage what a few years ago they condemned and abominated.

" De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread To speak my curse upon thy head;

O'ermastered yet by high behest, I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"

As I read in a local paper not so very long ago a letter of thanks addressed this?" I presently inquired. by an elderly incumbent to his parishioners, who had subscribed to present him with a costly bicycle which he had yet to learn to ride, I was at a loss which to admire most,-whether the generosity of the parishioners in presenting the gift or the pluck of the recipient who had undertaken to use it.

But then, as I thought of my own feelings a few years back toward cycles and cyclists, I began to wonder whether the old clergyman was at all in the position of the abbot in the "Lord of the Isles," and had been mastered not exactly by high behest but by the God or Goddess of Fashion, who so often coerces humanity into following its dictates. For as I head my paper with the title "My Friends who Cycle," I cannot help recalling the fact that less than ten years ago I not only did not consciously own a friend who bicycled, but rather had the feeling that, if any friend of mine did take to such a pursuit, our paths must for the future lie apart. For in very sooth there was a time when I had almost learnt to loathe the sight and sound of a bicycle. There was little elegance methought in the art; the exponents thereof were for the most part beyond words objectionable. As they came tearing past me down the Bath road on Sundays, I felt that their personal appearance was unlovely, and their manners unnecessarily aggressive. They rode at top-speed, crouching down over their machines, and the majority of them seemed to take an unholy pleasure in startling, closely shaving, and, to speak generally, exasperating foot-passengers.

But time rolled on, and a change came over the scene. The bike became the fashion, and as a more respectable class of riders took to the road, and the manners of the cyclist improved, the feeling of loathing gave place to toleration, and I no longer felt wholly out of charity with my fellow-being simply because he chose to bestride a bicycle. It came to me, however, as a new and surprising sensation when a passing cyclist suddenly jumped off his machine, and as he shook me warmly by the hand, I recognized in him a quondam cricketing ally.

"But why have you come down to

''Come down, you call it! Why, there's no exercise like it in the world, my dear fellow. It costs nothing to feed, and is always ready to go. can ride it the whole year round, and in almost any weather. It saves a fortune in cabs, and keeps your liver going."

These certainly seemed strong arguments in favor of the machine, and as one by one my friends fell victims to the fascinations of the bike. I found myself, not only in the smoking-room at night but even at the afternoon teatable, inundated by bicycle conversation, and presently grew large-hearted enough to own that it was infinitely more intelligible and more amusing than golf shop. In fact, if all the stories I heard were true, I gleaned some interesting information about the habits and customs of the bicycle. It would appear on the evidence I heard—and I may add that I have later on partially verified sundry conclusions originally based on the Argument from Authority by personal observation as well as by painful experiment—that many commonly accepted opinions on the subject are quite erroneous. all, then, whom it may concern, be it known that a bicycle is not merely an inanimate and insensate piece of machinery. On the contrary, it possesses not only all the instincts, but also not a few of the vices, of quadruped animals, is quick to distinguish between rough and kindly handling, and capable of recognizing the presence of an intelligent and skilful river quite as The same mareadily as the horse. chine which, under good management, is perfectly tractable and docile, will be found under opposite conditions to combine the obstinacy of a mule with the kicking powers of a jackass. have heard one man complaining that his bicycle always lashed out and barked his shin as he was mounting; another that his invariably fell upon him heavily as he dismounted; while a hireling which had behaved quite respectably for a whole week, after standing in the stable on Sunday, was so fresh on Monday morning that, after trying to run away, it jibbed so suddenly that the rider was thrown violently forward on to his face and recrived some severe contusions. Walter Raleigh's well-known verse-

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall"-

must have found a ready echo in the heart of many a beginner who has hopped for fifty yards along a road with one foot on the step of his ma-

chine, hesitating to make the final attempt to climb up from one side owing to a conviction grounded upon past experience that it would only be a prelude to tumbling off on the other. A lady, not overmuch troubled by nerves, described to me what a shock it was to her wifely feelings, when. having persuaded her husband, who had been sedulously practising in the garden, to make his first public trial on the highroad, on turning a corner round which he had of course after the manner of husbands preceded her, she saw nothing but his heels sticking up into the air out of a very deep ditch. There were fortunately no bones broken, and it is needless to say that it was entirely the fault of the machine, which had first shied across the road at the corner, then deliberately buck jumped and kicked, and finally, having thrown the rider over its head into the ditch. had proceeded to sit down on the top Indeed, if the gentleman's account is to be credited, that particular bicycle either had, for some days at all events, only one side to its mouth, or having at some period of its existence been ridden to the hounds, resented hammering along the hard highroad, and not only attempted to jump the hedge and ditch into the adjoining field on every possible opportunity, but, being a high-couraged animal, invariably selected for the attempt that side of the road where the ditch was deepest and muddiest, and the hedge thickest and most prickly. there were, again, when that self-willed machine would resolutely ignore all rules of the road, and as if suddenly acquiescing in the rider's desire to avoid hugging the hedge, would persist in occupying the middle of the road, and either decline to give way to any passing vehicle or attempt to force a passage on the wrong side. Had it not been for the stronger mind of the lady-rider, who was a perfect mistress of her machine, the gentleman would have given up the struggle at a very early period of his cycling career. For, after narrowly shaving the wheels of the first vehicle he attempted to pass, he dismounted, and, pale in the face and trembling in every limb, announced his determination of going home.

"Nonsense! Get up again and go on: you'll be all right presently," and the doubting Barak obeyed the edict of strong-minded Deborah, remounted, persevered, and in course of time became an accomplished cyclist.

Again, I met a man in the flesh not so very long ago, who, being of a sanguine temperament, after about a month's practice by daylight, conceived himself to be sufficiently advanced in the art to ride out to a dinner-party on a summer evening. As a result of this misplaced confidence, he appeared at the breakfast-table on the following morning with a wofully scratched face. He disclaimed having had any quarrel with the family cat, but accounted for his disfigurement by stating that his cycle had also dined out, and -to use plain language—had made a beast of itself. He had found it in the course of his return journey by no means in the helpless, but rather in the foolhardy, stage of drunkenness, which had prompted it to perform sundry antics more dangerous than amusing. After shying at its own shadow in the road and playing the fool generally, it suddenly elected to attempt to jump a thick hedge, with disastrous results. The owner subsequently sold the machine to a German, who cured it by homeopathy, and it is now a reformed character. Its successor, in imitation of Alcibiades, one day elected to throw itself down flat in front of a heavy van, and having been trampled upon by a drayhorse and run over by the wheels of the van, took a good deal of repairing.

I have been told that it is not wholly advisable for a rider who has not attained a certain amount of proficiency to take out his watch and look at the time while riding a fresh machine. friend of mine who made the experiment fell into dire disgrace with a wife and husband who were riding on either side of him. For the machine, finding itself temporarily master of the situation, manœuvred so skilfully that it upset first the lady and then the gentleman into their respective ditches. That the delinquent rider should have himself fallen on the top of the latter victim was a wholly unnecessary proceeding, as I have been informed by another of my friends who cycle. For he assures me that in the days of his pupilage in the art he managed to upset his mentor for the time being, a parson, into a ditch without suffering the least personal inconvenience.

Furthermore, it is a wise precaution, so many of my cycling friends have assured me, to ride very slowly or even to dismount when passing through a village, where children and chickens, dogs and ducks, pigs and perambulators, and all other things that may be held to come under the category of feræ domesticæ, patrol the streets at pleasure. For some bicycles are of a gay and frivolous disposition, and delight to play with other animals, and as a bicycle's ideas of playing much resemble those of a goat, the results are often disastrous. Dogs are especially objectionable. Like the amiable hound against which Mr. Quilp considerately cautioned Sampson Brass, they may live on the right hand, but sometimes hide on the left, ready for a spring, and many of them have a playful habit of attacking the comparatively unprotected calves of knickerbockered cyclists, and not always being good judges of pace, are apt to get run over by mistake, to the disconcertment of both parties. Commonly speaking, the dog gets the best of the transac-The partiality displayed by these animals for bicyclists' calves is a strong argument, if any were wanting, against the adoption of the rational costume by lady-riders. Although cats are reputed to have nine lives, I am assured on good authority that an unhappy cat was instantaneously killed, and almost converted into sausages, when, being closely pursued by a dog, she attempted to rush through the wheel of a passing bicycle. As the rider of the machine took a severe fall. I cannot recommend this as a safe and convenient way of killing a cat, nor have I felt the least anxiety to accept the offer of a cycling friend, who suggested that just by way of experiment he should hunt the cat if I would ride the bicycle. are, I am told, just as stupid about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire riding down a grass slope came across a sheep which was lying down exactly in her way.

to the consternation of her friends, who were watching the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt, and the lady got a black eye.
"But why did you do it?" they

asked her.

"I do it !" was the indignant reply; "I rang my bell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get

out of the way."

From Peterborough about eighteen months ago a party of bicyclists started one morning to visit some churches in the neighborhood. Several members of the party, which comprised an equal number of ladies and men, were comparative novices, and there was a little discussion as to the best method of marshalling the force. That they should all ride abreast seemed a convenient and sociable arrangement, and it was in this formation that most of the outward journey was accomplished. Then, however, the left-flank lady's machine kicked or jibbed or did something unexpected, the lady fell against her neighbor, and the whole party toppled over like a row of nine-pins. Fortunately no great haim was done, but it was deemed advisable to reconsider their arrangement, and eventually it was decided that riding in single file would be a more secure, if less sociable, method of proceeding. It was in this formation that they commenced their return journey, and again all went on smoothly till the foremost rider encountered a flock of sheep. A really wise man would under the circumstances have dismounted, but the gentleman in question scorned so timorous a line of action, and attempted to thread his way through the sheep, with the almost inevitable result that he came to grief. The lady rider who followed fell over her leader, and there ensued a scene which recalls the chariotrace described by Orestes:-

"Then order changed to ruin, Car crushed on car; the wild Crissæan plain Was sea like strewed with wrecks."

For the wild Crissæan plain substitute a very dusty country road, and the reader can imagine the rest. For

NEW SERIES .- VOL. LXIV., No. 1.

those who know the ways of sheep it is almost needless to add that the whole flock ran helter-skelter over their fallen adversaries, who swallowed a sufficient amount of Olympic dust to satisfy their cravings in that direction for a

long time to come. But to return more directly to my subject. I seem to have brought myself to a period when I had begun to regard bicycles and their riders with toleration. The final stamp of respectability was in my eyes affixed to cycling when I met an Eton master riding along the Slough road at & dignified pace, and with the air of a man who is very much in earnest. So intent indeed was he, and so entirely engrossed in the solemnity of the performance, that he looked neither to the right nor the left, and my wave of the hand passed as a sort of work of supererogation, and was absolutely lost upon him. I felt a little hurt at the time, as no man exactly likes to be cut dead, cither on purpose or by accident, on the Queen's highway; but I have since heard it hinted that the apparent promeditation is not quite so real as it looks, but is only assumed in virtue of the fact that to take off his hat, to nod, or even to look round by way of acknowledging the greeting, would infallibly upset the rider's equilibrium, and that he prefers the risk of quarrelling with his acquaintances to the chances of an ignominious spill.

And with this event ended the happy days of my innocence, and now, owing to the circumstance that many of my most intimate friends had become musters of the craft, I ceased to regard wheelmen with positive antipathy. I had rather learnt to tolerate than to envy.

Presently signs were not wanting that I was soon to see the war being carried into my own country. In the first place, my small daughter (ætat. six), of whom it might at that advanced age be said with some truth that if her bodily presence was weak her pertinacity was by no means contemptible, received a letter from a fond bachelor uncle in Germany. Little dreaming of the heights to which it was possible for the young lady's ambition to soar, the rash man had inscribed the sentence, " Mind you write

and tell me what present I am to bring you from Wiesbaden." Here, indeed, was at once a problem to be solved and a situation to be envied,—not merely an ordinary present from an ordinary uncle, but any present she liked to select from an uncle in foreign parts. The little girl we read of in moral tales would of course have written back to the effect that any present which "her own dear darling uncle" brought her would be equally acceptable, and a really well-brought-up and refined specimen girl of the nineteenth century would have chosen a German doll or a book. But the particular small atom who calls me father, being a very ordinary and unregenerate atom, had apparently only been waiting for an opportunity to exercise her freedom of choice. About one trivial but not wholly unimportant detail, a mere matter of orthography, her mind was not quite clear, and either being doubtful of the line that her mother would take, or having, unlike Kehoboam, more confidence in the judgment of elderly counsellors, she suddenly announced that she was going to consult her grandmother on important busi-Aimed with the letter, and wearing an air of great gravity, she sallied forth on her mission, escorted by her usual retinue of one nurse and two or three dogs.

"Grannie," she exclaimed, immediately on entering the drawing-room, "I want to ask you something very

'ticlar."

"Well, darling, what is it?"

"Why, how do you spell bicycle?" and then came out the whole story, how her uncle had told her to choose a present, and how she had always been longing to have a bicycle; how she meant to write the letter herself, because she was sure that her mother would substitute "ball" or "doll" or something stupid, and how the only difficulty was that she was not quite sure how to spell the word. The magic word was duly written down for her in large letters and consigned to her picket. But, alas! for the treachery of grannie, who secretly passed on the story to the child's mother. This breach of good faith did not, as it happened, make much difference in the long run. For the atom, not being much of a scribe, eventually enlisted her mother to act as amanuensis, previously extorting a promise that the word bicycle was not to be transmogrified. Whether the mother added a postscript on her own account is open to question. But on the whole it was perhaps fortunate for the peace of the family that bicycles are not commonly registered as "made in Germany." For there is no knowing to what depths of besottedness a bachelor uncle's fondness for his one and only nicce is capa-

ble of leading him.

At this time, I may remark, that had I ever entertained the most remote idea of joining the ranks of bicyclists, that idea would have been at once nipped in the bud by my better half, who had even stronger feelings on the subject than I had. Living as we did near the Bath road, some twenty miles out of London, on fine Sundays in the spring and summer months we naturally either met or were overtaken by hordes of London clerks and shopboys, for whom we may charitably suppose that Sunday is the sole day in the week available for their favorite amusement. And I have no doubt that, having from observation come to the conclusion that "many bicyclists are Sabbath-breakers," she at once jumped, as feminine logicians are apt to jump, from the particular to the universal, and laid it down as a legitimate inference that "all bicyclists are Sabbathbreakers," and then possibly, still employing feminine logic, proceeded to convert this proposition into the still more damning formula, "all Sabbath-breakers are bicyclists." However, in course of time, when, like the rest of the world, she discovered that some of her male relations, connection, and personal friends had taken to the pursuit, she allowed herself to be educated into believing that it was possible for a male being to be a good Christian and ride a bicycle at the same time. And the fact that hard-working parish clergymen were seen to go about their vocation on wheels finally completed her conversion so far as men were concerned. But all the bristles of virtuous indignation fairly stood erect when for the first time she met one of her own

" Horrid sex riding along the road. creature!" was the mildest epithet that she applied to the unfortunate delinquent. There is no doubt the idea of a woman bestriding a bicycle—for I fancy that they did bestride them perforce a few years back, if they rode at all—was sufficiently shocking to many of the fair sex. For although it is an admitted fact that mankind is at all ages an animal with two legs, custom seems to have ordained that after a certain age girls should be supposed to have dispensed with such unnamable commodities as legs, much in the same fashion as the tadpole dispenses with its tail, and merely to have retained feet and ankles, to be displayed or hidden according to their shapeliness or unpresentability. And now, in defiance of this edict of Mrs. Grundy, this "horrid creature" was evidencing the circumstance of her unconventional bifurcation.

But a few months passed, and lo! the newspapers informed a rather sceptical public that the highest ladies of the land were patronizing the bike, and in due course of time "horrid creatures" were no longer regarded as things beyond the pale of civilization, but were merely criticised on the score of figure, get-up, and other points which it is the habit of the sex to notice.

Yet another year passed, and now it was a case of "jam proximus ardet Ucalegon." It is unfortunate that proxima would not scan, but it did so happen that this Ucalegon wore petticoats, and was not only what Mr. Weller would have denominated a highly "wirtuous female," but, what was still more to the point, a distinctly ecclesiastical young lady. From the day that my wife discovered that an intimate friend and neighbor had taken the decisive step of becoming a bicyclist, I noticed that she watched all lady performers with a new and even kindly attention, and began to regard their progress through rose-colored specta-And so it came to pass that one fine day six months ago I was assailed by a not unusual question, "Are you going to do anything particular to-day?" Experience has taught me, as it has probably taught many other

male beings since the world was created, to give a diplomatic answer to this inquiry. An affirmative reply is generally disliked; a direct negative, on the other hand, exposes the unwary answerer to the risk of being invited or commanded to come out and pay We all know what paying calls calls. in the country implies: the men of the house are of course always out, the lady and the baby generally at home, and the unfortunate calling man is expected to entertain the baby, which either slobbers, or, if of an age so to do, makes personal remarks, while his wife gossips comfortably with the host-However, on this particular occasion I shortly elicited that I might have leave of absence for the whole day and no questions asked.

It was intimated to me in so many words that I might go where I liked and do what I liked, provided only that on no consideration whatever did I set foot in the back-garden. recollection is that I really did mean to take a day out, but that something occurred to upset my plans, so that in the course of the afternoon I found myself not exactly in the forbidden ground, but in a room which commanded a view of it. "Curiosity, thy name is-" well it ought to be woman, but just on that one day it was man. It was impossible to resist the temptation. Like Eve, I fell; like peeping Tom, I looked and saw-my wife solemnly parading the lawn on a bicycle, supported by a lady on either side, while two or three other members of the sex were playing the part of appreciative spectators. I cannot exactly say that her progress was the poesy of motion, or that it was much more "elegant" and "swanlike" than Mr. Winkle's skating. Indeed, from the way that she wobbled from side to side and momentarily threatened to collapse into the arms of one or other of her supporters, I think that she must have had very much the same feelings about her machine as Mr. Winkle had about his skates.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

It is as well not to quote Sam's answer. Ladies, we know, are never



awkward. It is hardly possible for a tyro to look dignified on a bicycle; but, so far as expression of countenance went, there was an air of settled determination, which showed that the rider sufficiently realized the gravity of the situation. But occasional shricks of laughter, either from actress or audience, relieved the solemnity of the performance. Now that the initial difficulties have been after some perseverance overcome, I occasionally see the lady riding round the lawn, looking very much in earnest, and, as she has informed me, repeating to herself the formula, "I must get off like a lady," and she professes to have partially succeeded in compassing that laudable ambition. If this is really the case, as an impartial observer I can only record my opinion that lalies' methods of dismounting are rather multifarious than uniformly graceful.

It need hardly be said that after this I joined the ranks of bicyclists myself. I had regarded my daughter's desire to possess a bike rather in the light of a passing fancy, as an instance, shall I say, of that possession of the bump of acquisitiveness which prompts her to require that I should at once purchase, for her own personal amusement, gratification, or edification, any

stray dog, cat, lamb, or calf.

"I don't mind a bit, father. I don't want you to buy it for me out of your money; but I have got ten pounds of my own in the bank, and if you will only get it out for me I will buy it myself, and give up my puppy and my pony, and only love that dear little calf."

"But next year that calf will be a cow."

"Oh yes, and then it will have another little calf, and so I shall always

have a calf to play with."

And in like manner she had doubtless expected that a little bicycle would either grow up with herself or else multiply and replenish the earth with smaller bicycles. The child's fancy, then, had not seriously disturbed me. But that my wife should not only have so far forsworn all her oldtime antipathies as to meditate herself to play the rôle of a "horrid creature," but should actually have tried to steal a march

upon me and learn as it were upon the sly, was altogether too much for my feelings. How was I to know that she would not go off biking with some other fellow, and leave me powerless to follow?

From that day I was possessed with a grim determination to learn the art at any cost. But, unlike the lady, I was oppressed by no feeling of false modesty, but rather gloried in my shame, and announced to all who cared to know it that I had made up my mind to ride a bicycle. I learnt on a principle of my own which I can confidently recommend to beginners. I was helped on to my machine by a groom at one end of a gravel path, and after being fairly started, ordered the man to let go, and struck out manfully for a bush which was at the farther end of the same path. The bush, which was thick and thornless, was at once my goal and my buffer, and I felt a proud man when for the first time I charged it violently.

"Dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet."

I argued to myself that a man who could ride thirty yards alone on Monday might hope to accomplish a mile on Tuesday, nor was I disappointed. When after some preliminary canters in the garden I ventured to take the road, I was so far advanced in the art that I neither felt myself impelled to throw myself into the hedge, as one man who had neglected to learn to dismount confessed that he was in early days fain to do whenever he met a cart. Nor again was I compelled to enlist the services of stray tramps and passers. by, which was the habit of another of my acquaintances who boldly sallied forth abroad at a period when he had mastered the science of dismounting but was absolutely unable to mount without assistance. Hitherto I have met with no startling adventures. have neither charged a windmill like Don Quixote or a traction-engine like a more modern acquaintance, I have not been pulled out of a ditch by my wife or tried to clear a sheep like my Devonshire heroine, and I have turned a deaf ear to the suggestion that I should purchase a second-hand Sociable. —Blackwood's Magazine.

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# THE MONEY OF THE FAR EAST.

#### BY GEORGE PEEL.

He who attempts to deal with the question of money must walk warily in the lists. The stoutest minds of our generation have tackled each other in that arena, and have wrestled over every inch of the ground. But I shall not presume to enter here upon our existing controversy, though I fully and readily recognize how great are the minds, and how serious are the issues involved in Bimetallism.

Apart, then, from that important question, I shall venture to enquire as to the great issues of the future, and these present themselves to me as four questions that, sooner or later, may require replies. Is the immense increase of gold to modify the monetary policy of Britain? Will India eventually adopt a standard of silver or one of gold? Will the United States resort permanently, or at all, to a silver standard? What is to be the monetary policy of the Far East? Of these problems the first three may eventually to solved entirely, and perhaps the last may be settled in part, by the statesmen and financiers of Anglo-Saxon blood.

The monetary history of the world during the last thirty years might, until recently, have been summed up in a phrase—the fall of silver in its relation to gold. It was a generation ago that a slight decline in silver could have been observed upon the London market. As the years passed, that decline became more accentuated owing largely to the double cause that the great commercial nations of the West excluded silver from their standard, and also that concurrently the output of silver greatly increased. But if there was a double cause acting against the value of silver, there was a double cause still acting in its favor, for America, from 1878 onward, adopted the policy of annually buying a vast amount of silver, and also the mints of India were freely open to its receipt. But in 1893 the second great act occurred in the drama of the overthrow of the white metal. In that year America ceased to purchase, and the doors of the Indian mints were closed. Thus another heavy blow was dealt at the price of silver, which has, indeed, owing to this sequence of causes, fallen to about half what it was worth thirty years ago as measured in gold.

As to the future of that metal, the problem is too obscure for calculation, and could be decided by no one less than a prophet. Yet the present forces acting in the one direction and the other may be briefly enumerated. In favor of a rise in the price of silver is the recent diminution of silver mining in the United States. Taking the general list of the dividend-paying silver and silver-lead mines of that country, forty-five in number, it appears that there were only seven mines that paid a dividend in 1895. Again, according to a recent estimate of the American Mint, the total output of silver in the States was 60,000,000 ounces in 1893, but had fallen to 46,000,000 ounces in 1895. Against this diminution of supply must be set an increase in the output of Chili and Bolivia. Still, upon the whole, the total output of the world during the last few years exhibits a decline.

Again, there is the immense output of gold in Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, which may be held as liable to depreciate on this account in its relation to silver and thus to raise the price of the latter as measured in gold. On the other hand, some new process of extraction and chemical treatment may enormously reduce the cost of silver production and vastly extend the range of mining activity. Should another great fall occur in silver, we shall see what we have seen before—a readjustment of those prices which rest on the relative value of gold and silver. Of these prices some will rise in silver, while others will fall in gold. For each individual price, in my view, hangs by itself in the exchange, and nothing absolute can be said as to the effect of a fall in silver upon prices. But in respect of currency a fall in silver will be of less moment than thirty years ago, for it will not affect the currency of those nations which are upon a gold or a paper standard, nor will it exercise its former influence upon India, whose rupee, owing to the closing of the mints, is considerably more valuable as a coin than as silver bullion. Emphasis should be placed upon the fact that by slow degrees and by practical expedients the world is striving to rid itself of the silver question.

The second phrase necessary to summarize the recent history of money is—the flood of gold. How has this affected Great Britain? I find that the net imports of gold into this country during the last seven years reached the gigantic total of £57,581,000. Looking at the preceding ten years there was a net export of gold from our

shores.

Where is this gold that has come to us? If we compare the immense volume of gold in the Bank of England at the opening of this period and the gold there at the close of 1895, it appears that no less than £27,000,000 of this new gold has gone into the Bank of England, or not far from one-half. As to the remainder, a few millions have gone into coinage, but only a few. The rest must have gone into the arts and manufactures, and a little into the reserves of banks other than the Bank of England.

The question naturally arises—is this accumulation of gold a good or an evil?

As regards our gold currency it has had, I suppose, no effect, for our gold circulation only requires a very little new gold annually to keep it in repair, and it does not increase. For instance, during the last three years reported upon by our mint, only £1,548,000 was used of new gold for coniage. One clear effect has been to strengthen the position of the Bank of England, which has now a proportion of reserve to liabilities of about 60 per cent. as against 40 per cent. some years ago. The further effect has been to make loanable capital cheap, and though this may be an evil for those who lend, it is an advantage for those who borrow, and thus is in no substantial sense a national evil.

The question as to whether the ac-

cumulation will continue is very difficult to answer. Some portion of the gold that has recently reached us is from the United States, and this drain would cease if that country were to reorganize its finance upon a sound basis. Again gold has come to us to some extent, because France and Germany have not been so anxious to collect gold as they were some years ago. however, other nations, such as India, Japan, or America, were to begin to acquire gold for hoarding or for currency the tide of that metal would cease to set so strongly toward our Finally, gold has accumushores. lated with us so rapidly because, since the Baring crisis, we have not lent so freely abroad as heretofore. This reasoning would lead to the inference that the causes bitherto enumerated of the increase of our gold stock may be only temporary causes. On the other hand, it seems very clear that the output of gold will continue for many years upon an immense scale, and that London will continue to be a free market for The balance of argument the metal. seems at present in favor of a continued increase in our stock of gold.

As regards the Silver Question, is it not the East that is most interested in silver? Let me compare for a brief space Germany and China in this connection. A generation ago Germany was on a silver standard, but since that time on grounds of pure self-interest, she has discarded silver and has taken to gold. Why should she now trouble herself as to the metal she has abandoned? She produces silver herself, it is true, but on no very large scale, and as regards her eastern trade, the Hanseatic towns themselves which conduct that business are opposed to any idea of "doing something for silver. She will not, it seems, trouble herself seriously about silver for the good reason that it is no business of hers. Compare the position of Germany with that of China. The currency of China is barbarous and chaotic, and it may be said that she has not a civilized currency at all. Still, for general purposes, she may be reckoned a silverusing country. Suppose that China, awakening to modern ideas, or, what is more conceivable, stimulated by the contact of Japan, and the pressure of Europe, were to establish mints of her own on the lines, not of the recent experiment in Canton, but of India. She may in that case find herself in the same situation as India before her mints were closed, liable, that is, to the unlimited receipt of silver, and to the difficulties which a serious fall in that metal would entail.

The next step is to enquire as to what may be the eventual monetary policy of the Far East, by which I mean China, Japan, the Straits, Indo-China, etc. There are four great Powers that stand in a circle round the Far These four are Australia, Russia, India, and the United States. haps in the long run, the monetary policy of these Powers may affect and determine that of the central states. It may be assumed that Australia at all events will not abandon the standard which she now employs. For she produces gold for herself in ample quantities, and also she is closely connected in her trading interests with the United Kingdom. The next country which in the future may be expected to exercise a powerful influence upon the East An able article in the Nois Russia. vosti has recently defined the situation: "We must not forget that we Russians stand between silver-basis Asia and gold-basis Europe"; "Russia ought to perceive that the solution of her currency problem lies in a gold standard."

The policy of Russia is, indeed, toward a gold standard. The circulating medium is the paper rouble, and so far as that rouble is inconvertible she is on a paper standard. On the other hand, she has since 1881 been busily collecting an immense stock of gold which has now reached the great total of about £100,000,000. This has been achieved by gathering her custom dues in gold, by storing the output of the Siberian gold mines, and also by laying aside some portion of the product of the gold loans which she has raised in Europe. If the holders of roubles can claim to exchange their paper for this gold, Russia is on a gold standard. But, as I gather, though the Imperial Bank holds gold against nearly three-fourths of the paper circulation, no holder of a note can insist upon getting gold, though of late gold has on occasion been paid out for notes. A recent Ukase, referring to the rouble circulation, says that its amount is now so far reduced as to make it feasible "upon the fulfilment of other essential conditions, to proceed to the final regulation of our monetary circulation."

The horoscope of India and of the United States remains to be drawn. Will the United States resort to a silver standard? It would be idle at the present time to forecast the issue of the Presidential election. It is conceivable that they may one day slip into a silver basis from unwillingness to remedy any longer their difficulty in present circumstances of retaining gold. On the other hand, it is improbable that in the long run their plain commercial interests will not determine them to take measures to remain upon their existing basis. The recent history of the United States seems to indicate that time after time when the silver standard is in sight the nation draws back and takes measures necessary to maintain its gold standard.

There remains India. What has been the history of India since 1893? The reason why the mints were closed in that year is easily stated. In 1893 India had to remit to this country, in respect of her annual gold obligations, a sum of £16,500,000. With each fall of silver the heavier would this annual burden become. If the mints were closed, the rupee, no longer coined in vast quantities, would rise in price, above the value of the bullion contained therein, and, to put the matter simply, the debt could be discharged with fewer rupees. Has this expectation been justified by the course of events since 1893? The fact is that the bullion in a rupee is now worth 11 d., whereas the rupee itself in the exchange is worth, say, 148d. other words, the rupee as a coin stands over 20 per cent. above its value as so much metal. No doubt something must be subtracted from this gain. The production of silver in the world was about 165,000,000 ounces in 1893, and the amount that went to India in that year was about 50,000,000 ounces.

The reduction of this latter demand to a much lower figure in 1894 must evidently have considerably lowered the price of silver, and this fall again must have exercised its influence upon the rupee. Still I think it is clear that the closing of the mints, in spite of this factor, has considerably raised the value of the rupee above what it would have been had the mints not been closed. As regards the future, and looking to the present condition of Indian finance, is it possible that the mints can be reopened? Sir David Barbour, the distinguished financier and Bimetallist, has recently written, "It seems to me that, with good management, the gold standard may be established, though the bulk of the Indian currency can never be gold" (The National Review, July, 1894).

These considerations would lead to the view that the great countries which in the future may be expected to have the most considerable dealings and the most intimate connection with the Far East will not be upon a silver basis. The future of the Far East itself in this regard thus remains for consideration, though if silver is to remain stable in the future no doubt the question will not present itself in any urgent shape. Toward the close of the recent war between China and Japan a remarkable suggestion was made in a certain Tokio journal called the Nippon. The writer proposed that the humbled condition of China afforded an unique opportunity for the settlement of the silver question. main idea was that an Asiatic Silver Union should be formed, under the headship of victorious Japan. other members of this league were to be China and India, not to mention such minor states as Singapore, Hongkong, Cochin-China, Java, Tonkin, the Philippine Islands, Siam, and The arrangement was to be that China should be ordered to coin silver at the rate of about 20,000,000 ounces per annum, that the Indian Mints should be re-opened, and that altogether the Asiatic Union should pledge itself to the annual purchase of 59,000,000 ounces of the white metal. Simultaneously with this arrangement the United States should renew the Sherman Act, and recommence their annual purchase of 54,000,000 ounces. Other countries, it was calculated, might be relied upon to buy 40,000,000 ounces annually, and thus silver, assured of a market, would cease falling and the silver question would be solved.

The author of this suggestion has, I venture to think, approached the question in one respect from the right point of view, namely that if the silver question needs settlement by any Government interference, that action must come from the Governments of the At the same time, there are one or two criticisms to be made upon his scheme, apart from the practical question as to whether India is willing to reopen her mints, or the United States to recommence operations under the Sherman Act. In the first place, can it be wise that the nations of the earth should, by an arbitrary arrangement, be fixed down as regards the amount of silver to be annually bought by them? Do not the requirements of any nation for silver vary from time to time; and again, even if this could be arranged, would it check any fall in the cost of the production of silver, which fall must, in its turn, affect the price? In spite of these difficulties or impossibilities, the scheme merits attention as being the first attempted solution of this question, as far as I know, coming from an Oriental source.

All the world realizes that in recent years a star of the most astounding brilliance has arisen in the Eastern heavens-I mean Japan. The economists and thinkers of our own country will observe with pleasure that this extraordinary people is turning its attention to currency questions as well as to all the other problems of modern politics. In a recent report on Japan, addressed to the Foreign Office, dated June of last year, the following paragraph occurs: "The currency investigation committee referred to in last year's report still continue their meetings, and it would seem that a great deal still remains to be done before the result of their labor will be made pub-Though that report has not yet reached this country, a Japanese authority tells me that its members have decided by a very small majority to adhere at present to the existing standard. Of the opinion of the Straits we have already heard. Singapore may be said to stand at the core and to be the focus of the silver question in the southern portion of the Far She is situated between India and China, and is the centre of a series of silver-using states. Her circulation, I believe, is composed partly of Japanese yen and partly of Mexican dollars, and is thus a pure silver currency. In 1893, a committee was appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to report upon the monetary situation, and its conclusion has been that in view of the evils of a silver standard some coin on a gold standard basis should be introduced. But the evidence on which this conclusion was based was of a very conflicting na-

As regards China, it is utterly impossible to believe that Chinese statesmen, upon their own initiative, will establish a currency system in the modern acceptation of the word. In the first place such a reform would forward the interests of foreign trade, and they do not wish to forward those interests, and in the second place the Chinese administration is so corrupt that its first and last idea would be to make money out of any such establishment, a method incompatible with a sound system of currency. Well, if they cannot and will not do it, we may have to undertake that duty ourselves. More extraordinary and unexpected things have happened than that Europe should have to deal with the Silver Question at the bedside of the Sick man of the Far East.

What is the present situation of Chinese finance? The annual revenue received by the central government at Pekin is about £15,000,000, a tiny revenue to come from so vast an empire. The fact is that this figure in no way represents the sum raised from the people, and that a gigantic system of public plunder intervenes between the Treasury and the taxpayer. The next point to be observed is that the revenue does not fluctuate, or does not fluctuate materially, with good and bad years, or with prosperity and adversity. Like the face of Bud-

dha it alters not; there is something immutable even in the receipts of the Son of Heaven. The narrowness and the fixity of the revenue come substantially from the same cause, the great drain of administrative corruption which runs between the people and Pekin. To this rule there is one notable exception, the maritime customs which are levied by foreigners upon the foreign trade of China. service was started more than a generation ago at the conclusion of the war of 1860, in those fortunate days when English influence ruled at Pekin. An Englishman was appointed to assist and supervise the local authorities of Shanghai in the collection of the maritime customs of that port.\* This institution has grown, and the present Inspector General of Customs, Robert Hart, now collects a revenue of about £3,500,000. This is the only reliable branch of revenue in China, a fund, that is, which is collected by honest and incorruptible officials, and which would, no doubt, alone survive amid the crash of the dissolution of the empire of China itself. That this is so may be confirmed by the fact that this fund forms the security of the loans which China has recently raised in Europe for the discharge of her war indemnity to Japan. Such is the extent at present of our control or interference with the finances of China.

What appears to be likely in the future is that if Japan is a star, China will be one day a sun in the firmament of commerce. She has an exhaustless resource in her myriads of cheap workmen; she has labor without labor problems. Her material wealth of cotton, silk, tea, and precious metals, coal, and iron is supposed to be stupendous. She possesses magnificent waterways, and her sea-board gives her touch with the commerce of the world. Hitherto these gifts of nature have been cancelled by her system of government which has moved upon three pivots, love of sham, indifference to the public welfare, and hatred of foreigners. But it has become abundantly clear in the recent action of France on the

<sup>\*</sup> The Far Eastern Question, by Valentine Chirol, p. 102.



south and Russia on the north, and of both at the Imperial Court, that all this lethargy must be pushed aside and shaken into life. In this matter the divergent and warring interests of France and Russia, of England, of Germany, and of Japan converge and agree. It is evident that capital, and let us hope British capital chiefly, must pour into the development of that country, so antique and yet so new to

the sense of progress.

This being so, and it has already begun to be so, from the moment that we place our money in China we become necessarily most keenly interested in her currency. That currency appears to consist partly of silver dollars, partly of copper cash, partly of notes of the European banks, partly of the somewhat mysterious issues of native bankers in the interior, partly of shoes or ingots of silver, and partly, I understand, of bricks of tea. It is dubious whether a brick of tea is a satisfactory substitute for a pound sterling. Imagine the dangers of a cup of that innocent beverage brewed from the current coin of China! At any rate, the more we lend to China, the more certainly shall we have to extend the system now managed by Sir Robert Hart, and the more necessary will it be to introduce a sound system of currency. The West will be called upon in that case to decide the money of the Far East.

Till recent times, silver ruled the world. In 1816 our Colonies, in spite of the recent recognition of gold by the British Government as the basis of home transactions, asked unanimously The sign and for the silver standard. symbol of the supremacy of the white metal was the dollar of Spain. But that reign is past and over, and it has come about that in our own day the money of international dealings is the bill on London, and that it is now the pound sterling which is everywhere familiar, and which regulates the exchanges of the world. As Mr. Carlisle, Secretary of the United States Treasury, has said, "No matter what

character of currency other nations may use, no matter what standard of value they may adopt, all their international dealings are subjected at last to the test of the pound sterling." The decline of silver and the rise of gold have been a process and a growth too continuous and too secret for exact calculation or analysis. Has it come from the deliberate choice of nations? Germany might answer "Yes": Turkey might answer "No." Has it come from the plentifulness of gold, or has gold become plentiful because the nations needed it? Why is it that in Hiogo "forward" transactions on a sterling basis have become the rule among the merchants of Japan? Why does China issue her latest loan in gold? Why is sterling exchange the index of the commercial prosperity of America?

That this tendency has been and will be slow is certain, and that it should excite opposition is inevitable. British Empire contains within itself various states in all stages of development in this respect, but why should we charge ourselves on this account with an absurd and anomalous system? We have no system within the British Empire; and the absence of any system is the mark of freedom. It may suit England to maintain a gold standard; it may suit India to close her mints; it may suit the Straits to live at present upon a silver basis. There is no reason why these nations, as they may be called, should abandon their own present interests for the sake of an uniform currency, merely because they happen to compose a portion of a world-wide Empire. Such, at least, is the theory taught us by practical experience of the failure of past attempts to unite all upon a similar currency by a stroke of the pen. But a common interest seems by slow degrees to draw the world in one direction, and thither, at the instance only of that very self-interest which now divides them, will these nations eventually be drawn. —National Review.

# THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

### BY G. S. ROBERTSON, A COMPETITOR AND PRIZE WINNER.

To those who followed closely the preliminaries to the revival of the Olympic Meeting, it appeared certain that the games would be a disastrous failure. This was not the case, though the nature of the success obtained can scarcely have corresponded with the

expectations of the promoters.

These games differed from other athletic meetings in one most important feature—they did not stand or fall with the excellence of their athletics. Their promoters obviously expected that prodigious athletic results would be obtained, they expected to see the best athletes of the world perform the toilsome journey to Athens to win the olive branch of victory. It was apparently forgotten that few athletes are classical scholars, and that still fewer have either the time or the money Then, too, to make so long a voyage. what we may call the international perspective of the committee was at fault. They seemed to suppose that the participation of all nations was of equal importance to the success of the games. They did not consider, or, if they did, they gave no indication of having done so, that every nation except England and America is still in an absolutely prehistoric condition with regard to athletic sports. Unless England and America took a large share in the Olympic meeting, it was bound to be an athletic failure. In this matter the committee pursued the suicidal policy of devoting the greater share of their attention to Continental athletes. The original programme and book of rules was printed in French. Later on there appeared an edition in German. This, however, was disowned as unofficial by a member of the committee to the present writer, though as a matter of fact it had been sent to the Cumbridge Athletic Club as an official document. It differed in some not unimportant particulars from the French edition. But the really notable point is, that no edition of the rules was ever issued in English till very shortly before the games, when a private firm produced one. This, when we consider the importance of English and American athletes to the success of the enterprise, is really an extraordinary fact. It seems as though in the committee's eyes true internationality in athletics was equivalent to international mediocrity.

Of all Anglo-Saxon athletes those at present in residence at Oxford and Cambridge were the most likely to be able to take part in the meeting. The Easter Vacation was exactly suited for a visit to Athens, and the English University man would, of all men, require the least pressure to induce him to pay a visit to Greece. What was done to persuade Oxford and Cambridge men to compete in the Olympic Games? Two English-Practically nothing. men represented England on the international committee, but neither of them had any present connection with the Universities. An obscure notice, indeed, was posted up in Oxford and a paragraph inserted in an unimportant Oxford journal, but it was not till March, so far as can be ascertained, that any direct appeal was made to the Presidents of the University Athletic Even then the inducements and persuasion directed to them were of the mildest nature. It is, therefore, unjust to blame English athletes in general and University athletes in particular for not having taken part in greater numbers in these games. When an athletic meeting is scarcely advertised at all, and when an invitation to competitors from a certain district is markedly omitted, it is only fair that they should conclude, firstly, that the meeting is unimportant, and, secondly, that their presence at it is not desired. Of the method in which the committee dealt with the athletes of America, we are not in a position to speak. The manner in which American athletics are organized, and the system by which athletic teams form part of great social clubs enabled a fully equipped team of American athletes to visit Athens. The Boston Athletic Club furnished the greater portion of the team, and there were also two or three excellent athletes from Princeton College. We may venture to say, however, that the effort which this American team made to come to Athens, was not due to any overwhelming persuasion on the part of the international committee, but to the natural enterprise of the American people and to the peculiarly perfect method in which athletics are organized in the United States.

English athletes, seemingly, waited to be invited to go to Athens and consequently never went. Those, who did go, did not go as representatives of any club, but, for the most part, as private pleasure-seekers. They won the 800 and 1,500 metre races, the single-handed weight-lifting, the single and double lawn tennis, a victory in μουσική, and a second place in several events. Their total number was six, of whom one was resident in The bulk of the competitors Athens. was, therefore, Greek and Continental, and it may be safely asserted that their performances were not of the highest class. In fact, wherever an Anglo-Saxon appeared as a competitor, he defeated his foreign opponents in practically every case. The French, who, we fear, were largely responsible for the mismanagement of the international arrangements, sent several athletes, who were lamentably unsuccess-In the 800 metres race Lermusiaux, the only even passable runner among them, contrived to win a heat in very poor time, but none of their other runners did anything. successes were confined to bicycling and fencing, the latter a form of sport in which they have long excelled, the former a kind of exercise, by many scarcely admitted to the domain of sport, in which they are rapidly conquering a kingdom. The French, in fact, have not progressed so fast in the cultivation of athletics as other Continental nations, who have adopted the practise of them. The reason is somewhat hard to discover, but is probably to be found in a certain impatience and lack of necessary physique.

The Germans wisely confined themselves for the most part to those gym-

nastic exercises in which they are so extraordinarily proficient. Three of their party competed in other forms of sport; of these Hofmann of Giessen was a good second in the 100 metres, while Schumann, a little, elderly man, seemed to compete in every event. the strength of this we have seen him termed "the best all-round athlete at the games," but, in reality, he would have served his reputation better, had he refrained from exhibiting himself in many of the events in which he competed. His victory in the wrestling, however, was gained by sheer pluck and presence of mind, and his gymnastic performances were excellent.

Here we may notice incidentally another fault in the organization of the This arose from an incormeeting. rect idea of the relative importance of "different branches of athletics." may be replied that, if an event is once admitted into the programme of the games, it should be treated as on an equality with all the other events. We do not agree with this view. The climax was perhaps reached in connection with the vaulting horse. There were two olive branches, medals and diplomas granted for this exercise, one for leaping the horse, the other for manœuving upon a horse with pommels. The exercises performed in the first of these divisions seemed to the athletic and ungymnastic eye to be puerile, and those in the second division little less so. One would at least have expected to see some fine running vaulting from a springboard, as in English gymnasiums Yet the winners received the same olive branch as the winner of the 100 metres; even the seconds in these absurd gyrations gained the same laurel branch as the second in the Hurdles. They were proclaimed Olympian victors, they returned to their native Germany and Switzerland with a halo of glory, while the second in the 1,500 metres, for instance, a fine runner though quite untrained, had to recross the Atlantic bearing with him the consciousness of merit Of course there can be no graduation of prizes for single events; a winner is a winner, however unimportant be the feat which he has accomplished. But we would suggest that at the next meeting several of these gymnastic and other events should be combined, and a prize awarded for an aggregate of marks. An Olympic wreath is far too precious a thing to be squandered on good form in hopping over a horse or swarming up a rope.

The Germans displayed magnificent style in their squad exercises in the horizontal and parallel bars. In the former case they won without contest; indeed opposition would have been hopeless. In the latter set of exercises, they were opposed by two Greek teams, which performed what may be described as kindergarten evolutions, in perfect time. It seemed to us that any ordinary body of men could have done as well with two days' practice. The Germans, on the other hand, performed difficult exercises in beautiful style, but naturally with a few mis-They were at once awarded ze. The Greek public then, the prize. perhaps on this one occasion only, forgot its good manners, and displayed its ignorance of gymnastics, by greeting the decision with yells of " abika."

The Hungarians were the only nation, except the Americans, which attempted to send an all-round team. They certainly possess the art of selfadvertisement to a very high degree. They and their blue and white ribbons seemed to be ubiquitous; if one did not meet them driving in a cab with the Hungarian flag at the mast-head, one found them blocking the traffic in a compact line stretched across the Rue de Stade. In company with the Philharmonic Society of Corcyra they laid a solemn wreath at the foot of M. Averoff's statue on the Sunday before the games. Unfortunately their athletic performances did not justify their conspicuousness, scarcely indeed their visit. They won one or two second places in the heats, and one of them finished fourth in the Marathon Race, but, as a matter of fact, their only good performer was a swimmer, who seemed to be really first-class. Wonderful tales had been told of their high jumper, but he did not appear. It is noticeable, by the way, that the German high jumper stood at attention for half a minute after each jump, apparently supposing that it was more

important to appear to be undisturbed after a jump than to clear a respectable height.

We have not yet described the doings of the English athletes Mr. Flack, an Australian member of the London Athletic Club, carried off the 800 and 1,500 metre races without any difficulty. He runs with the most perfect ease, and with a stride of superlative length; indeed the Greek journals described his lower limbs as "superhuman." Mr. Goulding, of Gloucester, was undoubtedly a better hurdler than the American who beat him. feat was due partly to the fact that the race was run upon cinders, in the American style, to which he was unaccustomed, and partly to a mistake at the start, which lost him at least two He was only beaten by a foot. Elliott won the single handed weight-lifting without trouble, but in the double-handed lift he was defeated by an extraordinarily good performer, Jensen, of Denmark. Mr. Gmelin, of Oxford, entered at the last moment for the 400 metres, and gained second place. In the bicycle race from Marathon we were represented by a servant of the British Embassy at Athens. seems that he would have won had not he collided with a fellow-servant who was accompanying him. A Greek then proved the victor. We are sorry to have to record that it was previously attempted to exclude these two Englishmen from amateur games at Athens on the ground that they were servants, though no one could cast the slightest slur upon their amateurism. This was the more discreditable in the light of their success when they were finally admitted. Mr. Boland, of Christ Church, Oxford, who happened to be in Athens as a visitor, purchased all requisites on the spot, and was victorious in the single, and, in company with a German, in the double lawntennis.

The record of the doings of the American team is practically an account of victory unrelieved by defeat. They were, as they should have been, invincible. Not only did they win almost every event for which they entered, but they also succeeded in gaining second, and sometimes both second

and third places in addition. Garrett, of Princeton, won the Disk and the Weight; Mr. Burke, of Boston, the 100 and 400 metres; Mr. Clark, of Harvard, the high and long Mr. Hoyt, of Harvard, the pole-jump, Mr. Cartis, of Boston, the Hurdles, and Mr. Connolly, of Suffolk, the triple jump. In the polejump and 1,500 metres they gained second place, and in the high and long jumps both second and third places. It must be remembered that the team was formed solely to compete in track and field athletics, though one member entered for the swimming, in which Two Amerihe was not successful. cans at large, the brothers Paine, accomplished striking performances in the revolver shooting, winning two events with scores of 442 in each as against scores of only 205 and 285 made by a Greek and a Dane.

The other foreign countries sent few athletes of note. A Swiss, resident in Greece, was victorious on the vaulting horse with poinmels, an Austrian won the 500 metres swimming race, and a Dane the two-handed lifting of weights. The only Italian competitor, who walked from Milan to Athens, in order, as he supposed, to get himself into proper training, was

disqualified on his arrival.

It now remains for us to discuss the most interesting point of all—the form shown by the Greeks themselves. It seems to be an undoubted fact that, except for the throwing of a primitive discus, a primitive hop, step and jump, and a modicum of lawn-tennis, athletics were absolutely unknown to the Greeks till two years ago. Then the nation was seized with a remarkable fit A number of clubs of athleticism. were started, and athletics have been pursued with unabated vigor ever since. At the present moment one sees athletics being practised almost at every street corner. Sometimes one discovers infants putting a rude weight, some six times too heavy for them; at other times one finds every man and boy in a quarter of the town long-jumping, with a policeman and a soldier to keep the course clear. And there seems to be every likelihood that the enthusiasm will continue. The result

so far has been that the Greeks have obtained a very notable degree of success, considering the shortness of their training. This is the more remarkable if we consider the disadvantages against which they have had to con-Their physical gifts do not favor athletics, their disposition is on the whole opposed to active exercise, and their climate renders violent exertion difficult. The great danger is lest they may be led to suppose that they are already a great athletic nation, and do not any longer need elaborate training. It might be thought that their defeats in the Stadium would have persuaded them that they are not yet far advanced in athletic skill, but popular enthusiasm is never logical. Their journalists tend to encourage any nascent feeling of conceit which they may possess. They would not admit for a monient that a Greek over middle height is an exception, that Greeks are usually short and slightly corpulent in figure, and that they perhaps require more training than most nations to induce in them an athletic habit. In fact it is a commonplace for them to compare a wellbuilt Greek to the Hermes of Praxiteles. No modern Greek could possibly resemble Praxiteles' Hermes in the least.

We must give Greece full credit for what she has already accomplished in athletics, but it would be fatal to forget to qualify our admission by remenbering that her progress is only great in comparison to the shortness of the time which it has occupied. To deal with their performances in detailthey won undoubted victories in the rings and rope-climbing, in which their champions easily distanced their rivals, and in the weight putting Gouskos made a very good appearance. It was interesting to see how his style improved during the competition, owing to his careful imitation of his American rival. The latter only won by an inch, but was putting two or three feet below his proper form. This was due to the size of the square, which had sides of two metres, and therefore corresponded with no known rules. The blunder was the more remarkable as this event purported to be held under English rules.

In the Disk-throwing the Greeks were beaten, contrary to all expectation, by Mr. Garrett, of Princeton. It is true that he only won by a few inches, but it is not true that he was not the best disk-thrower in the con-The Greeks had practised with the disk for a considerable time, and indeed it is an ancestral sport of theirs. The American, whether he had practised with anything resembling a disk before or not, undoubtedly had never seen a disk like that with which he threw till the morning of the contest. What, then, is the explanation? Simply this-the best of the Greek throwers was not really good at all. 95 feet is an absurdly short distance to throw a flat missile of under four and a half Had English or American pounds. athletes practised the sport, the record would have been nearer 130 feet than The American won simply because he was accustomed to the throwing of weights, and knew how to bring his strength and weight to bear on the missile. The Greek had brought the knack of throwing to greater perfection, but one could see that he did not know how to apply any large portion of his strength to the throw.

We now come to the great glory of the Greeks—the victory in the Marathon Race. This event was reckoned the chief feature of the meeting, and in many ways it deserved its position. It possessed greater historical interest than any other of the competitions, and was, no doubt, also the greatest criterion of endurance. The race was won by a Greek, who had hitherto no reputation. The second was a Greek, who had already won one of the trial It certainly seemed to the impartial spectator that the winner was nothing of a runner. He arrived in the Stadium with a stride of a foot or so, but apparently not much exhaust-The second man arrived in excellent style, seven minutes behind him. We can only explain the fact by supposing that the winner succeeded by monumental perseverance at a moderate speed, though, strangely enough, his time for the distance was really first-rate. It must be remembered, however, in comparing his time with the track-record, that a road course is

very favorable to fast times—the remarkable performances recorded in the Eton Mile are sufficient proof of this. Now we do not wish to minimize the Greek victory, but only seek to regard it fairly. A statement was made in a daily journal not long since, by one who writes in true Greek style under the initials "J. G.," that "the welltrained English and American athletes had been defeated by the Greeks who had had no real training." This is an absurd misrepresentation. "J. G." really suppose that the English system of training cannot render a man capable of finishing in a race of twenty-five miles along a road, but that that feat is reserved for the heaven-gifted and nature nursed Greek athlete? As a matter of fact, the Englishman arrived in Athens ten days, the American five days before the race. Neither of them did anything which could possibly be termed regular training during their stay, neither of them had even seen the course till they drove to Marathon the night before the race, and certainly neither of them had ever run over it. Their lack of training was shown in the fact that the Englishman ran in splendid form till six kilometres from home, when he broke down entirely; the American had given up a little earlier. The Greeks, on the other hand, had practised over the course for months, and had all been engaged in trial races over the distance. Every cross-country runner must know the inestimable value of such experi-Let, then, the Greeks have every credit for their diligence in training, and the excellent form which they showed, but let them not be led by irresponsible journalists to claim a measure of credit which is not due to The honor they have gained them. by the progress made in so short a time is great enough to enable them to dispense with false claims to distinction.

Our criticism of the athletic performances from a national standpoint has already shown in part that they did not reach a very high standard. The 800 metres race, for instance, equivalent to five and a half yards less than half a mile, was only accomplished in two minutes eleven seconds. The 1,500 metres, one hundred and twenty

and a half yards less than a mile, occupied four minutes thirty-three and one-fifth seconds. We should have expected a half-mile in an international meeting to have been run at least well within the two minutes, and 800 metres, therefore, in four-fifth of a second or so less. 1,500 metres ought not to have occupied more than four minutes eight seconds. The 400 mctres (437 yards) occupied fifty-four and one-fifth seconds—a moderately good time would have been fifty-one seconds. But in the times made in the longer races, two considerations have to be taken into account, one of which applies also to the shorter races. the first place, the track was not in a The English satisfactory condition. ground-man, who was responsible for it, naturally found it difficult to obtain the necessary materials in Athens, and, as a result, the track was not laid down sufficiently long before the meeting to enable it to be brought to proper perfection. Even after it was completed difficulties still had to be faced, especially the insufficiency of the water At the time of the games, therefore, the track seemed to be overhard underneath, while it was loose and treacherous on the surface. ground-man is not to be blamed at all for this; his energy and devotion did all that it was possible to do for the success of the meeting. In the second place, the shape of the track rendered fast times impossible. In ancient times, when the two limbs of the track were practically parallel, and the runners had to turn round a sharp corner at either end, fast running must have been even more difficult. Even in the present Stadium, where the track has been laid out in a more gradual ellipse, we calculated that the runners lost two seconds in every round, owing to the turns, in the two longest races, and three seconds in the 400 metres Thus we must make an allowance of four seconds in the 800 metres. and eight seconds in the fifteen hun-The three seconds in the 400 metres is not at all an excessive allow-The runners literally seemed to come to a standstill as compared with their previous pace, when they arrived at the bends. The record of twelve

seconds for 100 metres (109.3 yards) was only average. Mr. Burke, who has competed against us with great success in America, could do much better under more favorable conditions. A fortnight's travelling does not produce a good state of training. The 110 metres (1201 yards) Hurdle Race took considerably longer than one would have expected, judging from the excellence of the competitors; the result may have been due in some measure to the unusual arrangement of the hurdles.

The results obtained in the diskthrowing and weight-putting we have already criticised sufficiently. The jumping was the most satisfactory portion of the athletics. The triple jump is not customary in England, but to the unaccustomed eye Mr. Connolly's performance seemed as good as it could For the pole-jump America had sent over two of her best performers, and the height cleared, 10 ft. 93 in., does not compare unfavorably with the record of 11 ft. 5 in. for this style of vaulting (without climbing). Clark, of Harvard, performed splendidly both in the high and long jumps; in the former he cleared 5 ft. 111 in., 6 inches more than his opponents, in the latter 20 ft. 93 in. The latter performance is not remarkably good on the face of it, but Mr. Clark in reality jumped a great deal further. Unfortunately the committee were under an extraordinary delusion, which is not unknown in England, as to the manner in which a long jump should They attempted to decide be judged. after each jump, whether the competitor's toe had projected over the takeoff board, and consequently disqualified Mr. Clark's best jumps. Every one ought to know that the only criterion of a competitor having passed the board is failure in his jump. No one who passes the board can make a good Even if it were possible, which it is not, to judge whether half an inch of his toe projects beyond the board, it stands to reason that he has taken fairly off the board, if his jump succeeds; and therefore it should be al-The result of this absurd judging was that the American competitors were forced for safety to jump from six inches or even a foot behind the line.

We may now turn from the athletic results of the games to the organization, and first to the organization of the athletics themselves. It was only to be expected from the inexperience of the committee that mistakes would Mistakes were made, but be made. they were not very serious. The greatest uncertainty was always allowed to prevail as to the events which would take place on any particular day, and as to the order in which they would Competitors had, as a take place. rule, to rely upon the slippery authority of the Greek newspapers. Again, the committee had a firm belief in the inspired character of its own programmes. It desired them to be regarded as absolutely unalterable, and, when any impossible arrangement which they had made was pointed out to them, they required unlimited persuasion before they could be induced to alter it. For instance, the 800 and 1,500 metre races were to have been run in heats (the former was actually so run, though there were only nine competitors), and the finals of both were fixed for the same day as the final of the Marathon Race. An Englishman was engaged in all three races, won two of them, and made a bold bid for victory in the third. It is needless to say that, had the committee been allowed to persevere, he would probably only have been able to run in one.

Much time was wasted in the drawing of places for heats and other pur-The competitors were expected to attend at the general office for an unlimited period over and over again. Time is of little value in Greece. There was considerable delay between the various competitions in the Stadium, and in the course of the competitions themselves. This was due, to some extent, to the distance of the dressing-rooms from the arena, fully 200 yards, and to the lack of accommodation for competitors in the arena The high and pole-jumps commenced at ridiculously low heights, and became inexpressibly tedious. latter, indeed, lasted no less than an hour and three quarters.

All these were, after all, minor blemishes, which were inseparable from the holding of a colossal meeting like

NEW SERIES, -Vol. LXIV., No. 1.

the Olympic games in a hitherto unathletic country. Some of the confusion arose from the co-existence of two committees, the Greek organizing committee and the international athletic committee. The former had general superintendence before and during the games, the latter was confined to safeguarding the interests of the athletes of each nationality, and to judging the It was inevitable that the contests. two committees should clash now and then and interfere with one another's arrangements, but such collisions were infrequent. The English and American competitors owe a great debt to Messrs. Finnis and Wheeler, their representatives on the committee, for the admirable way in which they protected their interests when it was necessary.

But we are anxious to admit that the Greek organizers dealt with foreign athletes throughout in the most sportsmanlike way. Exceptions were very few, though in one instance we cannot but maintain that the right course was not pursued. A trial race had been held to select the Greeks who should compete in the race from Marathon. The race was run and the team selected. Entries for the Olymapic Games closed, for Greeks, a fortnight before their commencement. A few days only before the games the Greek authorities seem to have become alarmed at the prospect of foreign competition in the Marathon Race, and especially at the fame of Mr. Flack, and, like Nicias before the last sea-fight at Syracuse, thought that perhaps they had not yet done all that was possible. They held another trial race, selected a second team, which included the ultimate winner, and made a post-entry We fail to see how this proceedof it. ing can possibly be justified. Such an action as this, however, was quite exceptional; as a rule, the treatment of foreign competitors by the Greek committee and the Greek people was extraordinarily liberal.

While the organization of the actual athletics was, with the above-mentioned exceptions, wonderful under the circumstances, the organization of the meeting generally seemed to us to be very nearly perfect, and in connection with the organization as a whole, we should

not omit to mention the untiring efforts of the three eldest Princes, whose absolute devotion-for we can call it nothing less—was of supreme importance to the general result. The Stadium holds something over sixty thousand spectators and on two occasions it was full to the uttermost corner. Yet we never observed any confusion or disagreeable incidents of any kind. There is no doubt that the Greeks are a patient people and allow themselves to be or-The committee were forganized. tunate in not having to deal with a north-country football crowd. Stadium was divided into blocks and tickets were obtainable for a particular block. Within that block no definite seats were reserved, and consequently to obtain a good seat in one's block it was necessary to arrive in the Stadium at a very early hour. But, inasmuch as the Athenian public, like the visitors at Bayreuth, lived for nothing but the games so long as they lasted, this expenditure of time was no great disadvantage. Perhaps, however, it may be permissible to suggest that on the next occasion the tickets for a particular day should be on sale a little earlier, and also that it would bring the games more into touch with aucient custom if the upper portion of the seats at least were not charged for.

The behavior of the crowd under very trying circumstances was most ex-The Greeks suffered one emplary. disappointment after another. even when they lost the Disk, they showed no vigorous signs of disapproval. This may have been partly due to their temperament, which is not in the least emotional, but must also be attributed to a great extent to gentlemanly feeling. A still greater trial of their patience came when the Greek's number was hoisted by accident as winner in putting the weight, soon to be replaced by that of the American.

But as the public seemed disinclined for vigorous expressions of disapproval, so it also was incapable of expressing very great enthusiasm. Much has been written in the papers about the tremendous scene at the conclusion of the race from Marathon. The coup d'wil indeed was surpassingly fine, but the outward expression of emotion

really amounted to very little. It seemed to us that the five thousand people who were present at the conclusion of the Oxford and Yale sports in 1894, displayed, proportionately, much more outward enthusiasm than the one hundred and twenty thousand people who witnessed the termination of the Marathon race in 1896. Yet the whole scene can never be effaced from one's memory.

It was expected in Athens that swarms of foreign visitors would grace the games with their presence. The committee appointed Messrs. Cook their agents for foreign parts, and apparently thought that this alone was sufficient to ensure an enormous concourse of foreigners. This turned out to be a very unfortunate mode of procedure. The price at which the agents advertised rooms in Athens was so preposterous, that many persons, who intended to visit Athens at the season of the games, abstained from going. We can vouch to having found several parties in Italy, who were intentionally delaying their visit to Athens till after the termination of the games. The audience, then, in the Stadium was almost exclusively composed of Greeks. The newspapers, both in Greece and England, continued, even after the end of the meeting, to estimate the number of foreigners present at twenty thousand. As a matter of fact, there can be no doubt that one thousand would be a large estimate. Foreigners may have won the greater part of the events, the sports may have been veritably international, but the body of spectators was not international at all. "Olympic" in the modern sense means "international," this audience was not an Olympic audience. The fact cannot be denied, the reason is not far to The organization which failed to attract foreign competitors also failed to attract foreign spectators. The so-called agents of the committee only provided information if applied to, and even then the intelligence given was very meagre. If one wrote to the central committee one was liable to be told that all information could be obtained by subscribing a considerable sum to the journal of the committee. Apparently the committee did not think it its duty or its advantage to supply information without immediate reward. The lack of foreign attendance at these games was peculiarly unfortunate because it may prevent their success from becoming duly spread abroad, and so may stand in the way of a favorable issue on the next occa-

We have called the games successful, but it may be thought that our comments hitherto point rather to failure than to success. What then was the peculiar triumph of these games? The triumph which was inseparably connected with them, the triumph of sentiment, of association, of distinction, of unique splendor.

The Stadium was till very recently a scene of desolation. It became the property of the King; he, assisted by German advice, commenced the task of revealing its ancient glories. Much had been done toward restoring its original features, when the notion of an international athletic assembly was first suggested. An international committee was formed in Paris, mainly under the patronage of Frenchmen, and the international games were decided upon. It was then that M. Bikélas, the leader of modern Greek literature, suggested Greece as the scene of the first meeting. Olympia was out of the question as the place of contest, and all eyes were turned upon the Stadium at Athens. It was found that the configuration of the ground permitted the restoration of the editice to something of its ancient magnificence with no very great expenditure. At this moment patriotism, as it has so often done in the history of modern Greece, came to the assistance of the nation. M. Averoff, of Alexandria, professed his readiness to bear the cost of the restoration, and even, like a second Herodes Atticus, to restore the whole building in Pentelic marble. The genius of M. Metaxas, the architect, carried the work to a temporary termination. The Stadium is not yet completed in marble; that task is already being performed and will be ended by the next Olympiad; but the whole stands even now in all essentials the same as in the third century of our Twice was the vast arena filled

to the uttermost with its sixty thousand eager watchers, twice the expectant throng completely hid M. Averoff's marble and its wooden substitute from the eye. On one side of this vast area rises a peaked hill, gently sloping at the angle of the seats; on this was packed an even denser mass, numbering perhaps some twenty thousand. round the upper rim of the Stadium another crowd was closely pressed, resting at the extreme ends of the line, where the Stadium projected from its guardian hills, upon a narrow ledge backed by a sheer fall of forty feet or more. Before the broad entrance, on the level road without, was another crowd, eager as the others, but entirely shut out from any view of the contests; it extended for fifty yards in either direction from the barrier and may be estimated also at twenty thousand.

On every day of the meeting the crowd present was enormous, but the two central moments were the conclusion of the Marathon Race and the presentation of the prizes. Then every available inch of space was occupied. The onlooker could think of nothing but that he had before him a serried throng of humanity, greater than any that had been marshalled before man's sight hitherto. The competitor, as he hurried through the gloom of the ancient tunnel, the Crypte, which led from his quarters on the hill behind to the arena, if he possessed a particle of imagination, felt himself now to be a Phayllus or a Phidippides, about to accomplish feats to excite the amazement, and arouse the suspicions, of all future times, now a martyr of the early Christian ages, whom a lion or a bear awaited where the gloom gave way to the sunlight. The spectator, on the one side, gazed toward the temple of Zeus Olympius and the Museum Hill, and further to the north, where the Acropolis shut off the Sacred Way, on the other side he looked toward Marathon and upon so much of Lycabettus as the committee's great panorama of lath and plaster permitted him. hind all rose crimson-tinted Hymettus, and, beyond it, purple Pentelicus smiled upon its offspring. Over all was the friendly sun and the " delicate" air. Such was the scene, unsurpassed

and unsurpassable. Who that was present there does not wish that he may once again be permitted to behold it? After the ode had been recited and the olive-branches presented, every one's first desire must have been for a repetition of the whole. The feeling of absolute entrancement with the beauty of the sight, the rapture of sensation, and the joy of recollection, which overmastered all who shared in this spectacle, found vent in ardent wishes that the Olympian games should be reserved to dignify Athens and to be glorified by her glory. No one, while under the glamour of the moment, could have ventured to oppose this suggested reservation, and even now, when the splendor has somewhat faded from the mind, it is difficult to criticise this impulsive proposal. Yet it has great practical difficulties to face. In the first place, it would have to meet French opposition of the most forcible The French regard themselves as the nursing-fathers of the first Olympic Games. They consider the permission granted to Greece to hold the first meeting at Athens as a special favor, which is bound up inseparably with the stipulation that the next Olympic Games shall be held in Paris in 1900. It seems likely that Greek enthusiasm, aided by considerations of sentiment and propriety, might under ordinary circumstances carry the day The French contentions. against Greeks would be supported by the

whole body of scholars and lovers of antiquity and by most educated athletes. Unfortunately the French have a most powerful ally to support their claimstheir great Exhibition. Even supposing that the Greek arguments prevailed, we cannot doubt that Paris would hold a rival international meeting. In that case we much fear that Paris and modern display, within a moderate distance of Central Europe, would prevail against Athens and the suberness of antiquity in the remoter The opposition between the claims of utility and of taste and sentiment in this matter seems to be irreconcilable: on the one side we have the probability of a truly representative international meeting, conducted on purely modern lines, in a modern arena unconnected with the memories and glories of the age which has provided models of grace and strength for all time, on the other we find the possibility of non-representative competitions. held in a spot which, with every beauty of form and position, is connected undyingly with all the magnificence of that golden age of athletics, whose ideals it should be the object of these international gatherings to promote. The opposition is so sharp that it would be fair to describe it by asserting that these games, if held at Athens, would be Olympic but, we fear, not international: if held elsewhere than at Athens, international but not Olympic.—Fortnightly Review.

#### MAY TERM AT OXFORD.

# BY FREDERIC ADYE.

There is no period of a man's career in which the wheels of life run, as a rule, more smoothly than that spent at one of our two elder universities. That so large a number of men in the primal vigor of life should be massed together in one place, and exposed to the severest rivalry in every physical and mental pursuit, with so little resultant jealousy or friction of temper, is one of the strongest evidences of the value of that culture which our university system affords. Things, to be sure,

are made easy for them. The cloistered comfort of those ancient halls of learning, in which simplicity and luxury of living are so pleasantly and wholesomely conjoined; the congenial society of youth, well-born, well-nurtured, and, on the whole, well-mannered, full of hope, mirth, and good fellowship; the picturesque setting in which life for those few years is passed, and the abundance of athletic exercise at hand, combine to make one's college days the happiest of one's mun

dane existence. The satisfaction of them to most men finds its highest expression in the sweet summer term. Happy is the undergraduate who is free to enjoy its varied pleasures, whose lines have so fallen that he is not in the dreaded schools what time the big trees in Christ Church meadow throw their beneficent shadows over the glaring Broad Walk, and darken with grateful gloom the sequestered paths beside the winding Cherwell. Then beside the winding Cherwell. after the fatigue of lectures the college gardens afford a cool and gracious retreat to the studious, while for the more energetic (and happily at that time of life we are all more or less energetic) the green sward of Cowley resounds with the click of the bat, and the reedy river with the rip of oars. For the man who has been in the schools, and for whom that trying ordeal is over, the few days of summer term which remain are exceptionally precious, and the charm of them avails much to beguile the tedium of his inevitable suspense.

What strains of melody are these which come surging up the glorious street on this fair first morning of May? Across the bosky glades of the Botanical Gardens and down the Cherwell's gentle stream, float the voices of the white-robed Magdalen choir, as from the summit of their noble tower they hail with matin hymn the dawn of day. Oxford in the early summer morn has a special charm; so fresh the air which pervades her clean and quiet streets, hardly yet astir with the first pulsations of the new-born day; so cool and calm the deep shade cast by her hoary college walls; so enchanting the view of her dreaming spires soaring in the golden light above; so grateful to the eye the contrast of her multitudinous tones of gray with the tender greens of the spring foliage. There were few things we more enjoyed in those halcyon days, whose every hour brought some varied interest, some fresh delight to the unjaded spirit, than the matutinal tramp before morning chapel and the hearty training breakfast, down Oriel Lane and past the Canterbury Gate of Christ Church into the Merton meadows bathed in dew. A peep into college quadrangles

shows all the windows gay with flowerboxes; while creepers, clothing with their tendrils shaft and capital, ogee and mullion, relieve the sombre stonework with varied tints. Surely he who plants a tree or grows a flower within a city wall does a gracious act; since the beauty even of a place so architecturally beautiful as Oxford is so wondrously enhanced by the divine grace which the perfect handiwork of God adds to the noblest effort of man.

The river, too, in summer term, is idyllic. Our boat glides gently down the stream in the golden afternoon, with the wonderful scent of the meadows in the air, and the great fleecy clouds slumbering in the sapphire sky above. All the earth is glad and rejoices in the ample calm. What scenes there may be upon her face of unrest and sorrow are far removed. It is a pleasant world to live in, after all. The cattle stand in the shallow pools, each above its inverted shadow; the lush grass grows tall by the river's brim; the poplars sleep in the summer haze; all around are the peace and glory of God, and man says with truth it is good for him to be here.

As the day wears on more boats appear on the river, gliding up stream and down; the light summer dresses of lady visitors and brilliant college blazers showing bright against the soft dull green of the reed-fringed banks, while the gay voice of youth and soft ripple of girlish laughter, with occasional snatches of song, come floating over the glassy stream. We are below locks, where it is permissible desipere in loco, and it is all pleasure-boating at this time of day. No workmanlike eight-oar, long and crank, casies in mid-stream, while its active coach on the bank stands to get his wind, or addresses wingéd words to the perspiring crew. Heavy randans laden with ladies, sisters, cousins, aunts, and may we say-sweethearts-all up for commemoration, pursue their steady course; while an occasional steamlaunch puffs its way along, churning the bosom of the stream into foam, and rocking with its eddies the tiny canoes which toss in its frothy wake. Now a sculler goes by, his slender craft skimming like a huge dragon-fly over, rather

than through the water, and clearing its own length at every stroke of a pair of vigorous arms.

Now we are in a lock. There is something a little awesome in the deep, humid cavern, with its slimy green walls shutting out all but a glimpse of pale blue sky, where the crowded boats bump and jostle in the seething rush of the entering flood. No larking, please, gentlemen—a panic on the part of some of your fair passengers might be awkward here. But soon we are level with the outside stream, the heavy gates swing slowly open and let us out on the smooth broad river beyond. Verily the charm of Isis at the end of summer term is one of the vanished delights of our youth, on which the memory lingers fondly after many

But would you see the eights? Come with us down the tow-path toward Iffley on this balmy evening, which is to be the first night of the May races. It is hard upon seven o'clock, and as we walk the boats one by one drop gently down beside us, paddling in rhythmic cadence to the strains of distant music from the band-stand on the University barge. What a pretty sight the gay colors of the crews make as they turn almost in parallel lines across the stream! Now they are ranged in line one behind the other; the long racing ships, with a space of about two and a half boat lengths between each, reaching nearly down to the lasher. The second gun has gone, and they are pushed out with poles from the bank. The excitement of the moment is highly contagious, and we watch with irresistible interest the proceedings in the boat immediately beneath us. crew divest themselves of their wraps and fling them ashore, try their slides, settle their feet in the stretcher straps, and grip their oars for the start. How bright and hard every man looks as with face keenly set he gets forward, every nerve and muscle braced for the coming struggle! They are evidently trained to the hour; as, indeed, they need to be, for the strain of eight nights' successive racing, much of it, perhaps, at forty strokes to the minute, demands a thorough and careful preparation. The coxswain alone looks a

little anxious as he grasps the line which connects his boat with the shore. "Touch her, bow," he cries, as with the force of the current the boat's nose sheers out into the stream. As soon as she is straightened comes the sonorous shout of "ten seconds more," a breathless interval, during which each remaining second is counted aloud from the watch, then a flash, and the bang of the starting-gun. Nearly knocked off our legs in the tumultuous rush, we recover ourselves in time to tear with the crowd along the bank. What a scene it is—the tow-path thronged with a dense mob of men, all yelling at the top of their voices, some shouting advice to the competing crews, as "Now you are gaining, keep it long. Well rowed, Merton-Orie-el!" while others seek to encourage their champions and stimulate them to the utmost effort by discordant brayings of horns and springing of rattles; which exhortations seem to us superfluous, since every man is so obviously doing his best. The river is all in a swirl with racing boats. Now the rush and rip of oars is close beside us; again past the gut we see them extended like grayhounds beneath the opposite bank. What a pace they go! The course is a mile and a quarter, and it would take a fast trotting horse to keep beside them.

Being ourselves untrained, we soon drop out of it, and the roar of the running crowd surges ahead of us far up the path. Opposite the barges a tremendous struggle is taking place. Three boats pass almost locked together, the middle one striving all it knows to bump the first before itself is caught by the third. In vain; the coxswain of the rearmost boat sounds his whistle for a final spurt. Twice the clever steerer washes the pursuing prow aside with his rudder; but the third time this desperate manœuvre fails; the bump is distinctly made, and vanquished and victor drop out of the course and paddle home in inverted order. As we get up there is a flutter of flags on the University barge, and the banner of Brazenose supplants that of Exeter, while the cognizance of Queen's succumbs to Merton, and so on. Thus with the shades of night

the Homeric contest ceases, to be renewed next evening with undiminished

But college life, even in summer term, does not consist, as the casual visitor might be led to infer, entirely in athletic sports and pastimes, though summer weather calls us all, youth especially, out of doors. That some resist voluntarily the wondrous attraction of bat and oar, golf club and racket, even in summer term, is to their credit; for such resistance can only proceed from a high sense of duty, coupled perhaps with a personal ambition in other directions, which, as Aristotle would say, is choice-worthy. her children less highly endowed with the power of voluntary resistance to insidious attractions. Mater thoughtfully provides a gentle antidote to complete idleness in the form of "schools," the "small but well-armed tribe of examiners" (to quote from that interesting and instructive work, the "Herodotean History of England," of which, alas! a fragment, edited by the Oxford Spectator, alone remains to us) being particularly active in the summer solstice.

The term ends in a general coruscaof festivities, balls, concerts, theatricals, flower shows in college gardens (than which no more charming scenes for horticultural display are conceivable) succeeding and overlapping each other in generous profusion, the whole culminating in the academic function of the Encenia itself. merly there was a procession of boats, when the long line of barges blossomed into gayest bloom with a gala crowd of well-dressed spectators, and the banks of Isis were thronged to the water's edge. As Mr. Punch once sang on the occasion of Lord Salisbury's installation as Chancellor:

And so he may sit by the riverside, While the eight oared galleys past him glide; And Alma Mater presents him with pride To her floating pepulation."

The procession of boats has been abolished, while the Show Sunday promenade in the magnificent Broad Walk of Christ Church, for long shorn of its former glories, is also a thing of the past, having died, we believe, of a gradual atrophy. Twice or thrice we. the sometime alumni of the benign mother whom we still revere and love, have re-visited the familiar scenes, and sought to revive, as men will in midage, the savor of the joys of youth. But it is of no use. The courts and cloisters which once rang with the mirth of our old friends are silent now, or resound with other voices and other We are strangers in the land, and perhaps the slowly awakening grin of some old college scout or boatman is all we can look for in the way of recognition; so at length we cease to repeat the experiment. Still we may be allowed to take an interest in the dear old place from a distance, and mark its fresh developments, in which we have no share. There is a sort of propriety in this; for it was there, in the study of the great Stagyrite, the apostle of the Βίος θεωρήτικος, that we learned the habit of contemplation which is the solace of our subsequent, and perhaps more solitary, life, and which perchance we should have learned nowhere else so well, for (to quote again from our friend Mr. Spectator) "surely never was a more favorable situation for observing the ways of men than this Oxford, which is itself a world within a world, into which, as into the fabled glass of the magician. a man may look and see the destiny of the time to come."-Good Words.

#### IN A NORWEGIAN FARMHOUSE.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Our farmhouse is placed on a slope, facing the south, and trending down to the small, shallow, weedy sheets of water where trout are rising. These held up by a natural dam of rock, a

lochans, as they are sometimes termed in Scotland, are fed by the overflow stream from the great lake, which is

hundred feet or more high, and crossing the valley for, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. All around are mountains, some clothed almost to their summits with pine-trees, others more rugged There are half-a-dozen small wooden houses within sight; each owned by a more or less prosperous farmer. Our host is a well-to-do man, and with a family of two big, broadshouldered sons—each two inches taller than their father—and three strapping wenches of daughters. They lead a patriarchal life in this wilderness, and have no difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door.

It is a peaceful summer's evening as our stolkjaerres are dragged up the rough road which winds round the hillocky slope. The painted, wooden farmhouse is built on massive stone foundations; the portion below the woodwork being devoted to a kitchen and brew-house in summer, a store in winter. Opposite the three rough stone steps, which lead up to the entrance, is a smaller, one-storeyed building, thatched with birch bark held down by sods of turf. One room of this is used as an extra sleeping-apartment, while in the other are the spinning-wheels and the loom. A hundred yards down the slope is a new barn, of which Herr Ole is very proud; for it is neatly made of massive planks and timbers, and roofed in with carefully cut slabs of stone, about two feet square, placed diamond fashion: a barn that will last out three generations of men. Some children are playing with a cream-colored foal, and another foal is just coming out of the room where the spinning-wheels are kept, and down the steps.

The work is over for the day, and the family come out to greet us, though we are unexpected. We find out afterward that we are the first English who have ever entered the house or, indeed, been seen by any of its inmates. Our guide and driver, Sivert, tells Herr Ole that we have come to fish the big lake behind that great natural dam, and would be glad of a bed and supper. This hospitality is accorded us without a moment's hesitation, and I am shown into a large room, perhaps twenty feet square. The furniture consists of a

bare table; a sort of wooden sleepingbox, five feet four inches long, filled with straw; an unvarnished wooden chair, and a low bench fixed to the wall round two sides of the room. it are the gayly painted boxes of the family; each member apparently having his or her private chest bearing the name, place of abode, and date of birth of its owner, along with some more or less barbaric design. On a row of pegs placed not far from the ceiling, and extending nearly round the apartment, hang the Sunday clothes of the family, a suit to each peg; the trousers' legs dangling down, and, late on in the dusk, looking as if some unfortunate people had hung themselves in a row.

There is no carpet, no wall-paper, no lath nor plaster. All is good honest wood; above, below, and all around; no varnish, no polish, no stain, no paint—not even on the furniture. twopenny-halfpenny one-inch weather boarding, or half-inch match-boards as we use in England, but great solid planks and boards which will stand the wear and tear of centuries. On the windows and doors alone is a little paint--a kind of white enamel. In a corner of the room stands a very old kettledrum, and how and why such an instrument of warfare has a place in this peaceful dwelling is for the time beyond my comprehension. are two big windows, in one of which a pane of glass is wanting, and Sivert tells me that the family are greatly concerned thereat; on my account be it understood, for much ventilation is deemed an evil thing out here. oval rusty tea-tray is leaning against the wall. It fits the window so far as tops and sides are concerned, leaving ample room for fresh air at the corners, so the matter is soon settled.

There is a pretty rustic scene taking place outside the window, which would require the pen of a Richard Jefferies to properly describe. One of those miniature cows which are found among the mountains—a light fawn color and well bred—is standing by the side of the palings which fence in a small potato plot; it wears a sort of bridle, with reins, made of fishing-line, by which a maiden is holding it. Seated

on an upturned pail is one of the farmer's broad-shouldered sons, who is endeavoring to milk the cow, which kicks at intervals, for the poor creature is ill, her udder tender, and the operation painful. Another girl is standing by the side of the animal, leaning across its neck to keep it quiet, chatting the while. Presently, the aged grandfather, with long flowing hair, and teeth brown and worn down by constant chewing of tobacco, comes wandering up with the feeble and uncertain steps of age. The cow will not yield milk; no, not even to the old man, who takes his place on the upturned pail, moistening his hands; but his oft practised, though dirty fingers are of no avail, and it seems to me that the refractory invalid is led off in more or less disgrace. Secretly, I am glad that the milk we look for presently at tea-time has not come from this particular source.

There is no hand-basin in my room, and no water, so I call Sivert, tell him of my wants, and presently Sameline, the farmer's wife, appears with a basin of water, which she puts down on a chair, and retires. Soap and towels are apparently unneeded in this primitive land, but they are also forthcoming through the medium of Sivert. I note that the slice off a bar of mottled soap, produced for my especial benefit from the depths of one of those big boxes, is, during our stay in the house, borrowed whenever any member of the family wants to wash his hands. the midst of my ablutions, one of the sons strolls in unannounced, sits on a box and watches me. I know exactly six words of Norwegian, so I try their effect on him, which is not exactly electrical. As Sivert afterward explains to me, "When you talk Norwegian dey do tink you talk English, and so dey no try to understand," which is very stupid of them.

We have brought with us eggs, bread and fresh butter, and a lump of gruyère cheese, which has been diffusing its somewhat powerful scent among the clothes and other things in my box, during our travels from Bergen. It is an hour and a half before the trout, which I caught on my way up, are cooked. Norwegians have a weakness

for cutting all things into slices, if possible, and food not sliceable, into small pieces. All my trout run about three to the pound, and are divided into four or five portions, just as though they were eels. But they are admirably boiled, and in due course placed on a side-table in an adjoining room, where the doctor is to sleep, he also having a five feet four inch box filled with straw. Two knives, some salt in a piece of paper, and two teacups are on the table. We ask Sivert to see if the good people cannot provide us with forks, teaspoons, saucers, and a milk jug. For the latter, Sameline brings in an antique china bowl, full of milk, and two curious ancient Norwegian silver spoons, with flat handles and quite round shallow bowls, used to dip the milk out of the basin.

Sivert sits down with us, as a matter of course, and very skilfully skins and takes the bones from the small chunks of trout by means of a knife, a piece of dissection which the doctor notes with professional interest. It would seem that forks are usually dispensed with in this part of the world, but two very doubtful ones (I say doubtful because it is not clear of what metal they are made—perhaps they were once upon a time silver-plated), after a long search, are discovered in a box hidden away under the bed. All these things come in driblets, and by the time the meal is set out, the trout are cold and our hunger not decreased, for it is now, if you please, eleven P.M., though still very light, and we have had no food since two o'clock.

As soon as the not-altogether-gargantuan feast commences, the farmer and the whole family, except the grandfather, troop solemnly into the room, stand in a semi-circle and watch us feeding, just as if we were some strange creatures at the Zoo. In fact, I believe that we are really greater curiosities to them than the lions and tigers are to Master Tommy in Regent's Park.

After supper I have a happy thought. I have read somewhere that the Norwegian children are exceedingly fond of sweets, and, owing to the heavy tax on sugar, have few opportunities of eating them; so I bought a pound in Bergen, and this I hand

The whole family solemnly help themselves, and, with deep gratitude depicted in their faces, come up to us, shake hands with both the doctor and myself, and say, "Tak." I give some cigars to the farmer and the two sons, the latter never having before smoked such a thing. The thrift of the Norwegian is shown in the treatment of these cigars by the youths. They smoke for five minutes, then carefully extinguish the burning end and place the cigar away in some corner of the house. The next morning I see them having another five minutes' smoke, and these cigars actually last for over two days, being taken in homoopathic doses at intervals of about two hours. Finally the ends are cut up and used in grandfather's pipe.

When I come to turn in, I find that a gorgeous woollen blanket of many colors—one of the products of the loom in the little house opposite—has been spread over the straw in my box, and there are two others to cover me. But before I am allowed to go to bed, the whole family, without exception, come into my room, examine all my things, first inquiring the English name of them, and then giving me the Norwegian

"Engelsk?" says Herr Ole interrog-

atively, pointing to my razor. "Razor," say I.

"Ah so, razor. In Norsk, barberkniv," he informs me. And so on through brush, comb, nail scissors, and all the things which Englishmen deem necessary for making the toilet; finishing up with sundry items of fishing-tackle which I have laid out on the table. My magnificent disregard of money in using silk for a fishing-line astonishes them. With the aid of a dictionary I tell them of what it is composed. "No! it must be cotton, or hemp." But I stick to my silk, and finally convince them, and they evidently regard me as a very thriftless sort of person.

It is now as dark as it will be during this short summer night, and Mrs. Sameline has brought into my room a curious old repoussé work Swedish

candlestick, with twisted stem, in which is a home-made, tapering, tallow candle nearly two feet in length. I am very tired, and though immensely interested in all these things, should be better pleased if the family would take into consideration my doubtless foolish English prejudices and forbear from spitting on the floor; in other respects my visitors are most clean. Each and all of them have removed their wooden shoes before entering the room, and are walking on the bare floor with their stockinged feet. grandfather, in particular, takes a kindly interest in me, and sits on the edge of my bed chewing tobacco and acting after the manner of chewers. The candle growing dim, he snuffs it with his fingers, and drops the lighted fragment of wick on the floor, extinguishing it with his stockinged foot. Finally, some of them wander out. The last to go is the eldest son, and he, I believe, has a sort of morbid desire to see what an Englishman looks like when undressed. But I do not intend to satisfy his wishes in this respect, and by dint of "god nat" many times repeated, induce him to go. But he has learned of me the English of this expression, and ten minutes later puts his shaggy head in at the door, grins, jerks out "Good-night," retreats, and I see him no more.

A good deep bed of straw with a warm woollen rug over it is not an uncomfortable thing, provided there is leg room, which in this case is wanting. But after these long journeyings, fishing by the way, one is thankful for anything in the shape of a bed, and heaven forbid that I should criticise the kindly hospitality of these good people. For a few minutes there is a great thumping about overhead, for the common sleeping-room of both girls and boys appears to be above, and neither men nor Norwegian farm lasses tread very lightly. There is a great joke going on—it is to say "Good-night" to each other in English. How they laugh over it! I can hear every word they say in this wooden house. Let me here say that although sleeping arrangements of this kind appear to be quite common in the wilder parts of Norway, there are no more moral

<sup>\*</sup> Anglice, "Thank."

people in the world than the Norwegians of the west coast.

The doctor, who was saved from the visitation of the previous night, is up betimes the next morning and wakes me at an early hour. These farmpeople seem to care nothing about sleep during the summer menths, having. I suppose, an overdose of it in the winter; for they have been up hours ago, shaving away at little patches of grass among the rocks with their small handscythes, not much larger than three "barberknivs," and nearly as sharp.

While Madame Sameline is preparing some more trout for breakfast, and apparently much puzzled about frying them in butter, a method which we had suggested to her through Sivert, I wander among the farm-buildings, and with, I hope, a pardonable curiosity, poke my nose into a number of places where I have no business. In one little wooden storehouse are sacks of meal, and barrels containing salted herrings of evil odor. A little way down the hillside is a tiny hut, some eight feet square, through the turf roof of which blue smoke is oozing. I look in here and see the farmer's eldest son working at a small forge, fashioning a new set of shoes for the mares which are to take us on our journey in a day or two. The animals, with musical bells fastened to their necks by a leather collar, and with foals running by their side and taking an early but spasmodic breakfast, are feeding on the short sweet grass near this little smithy. Two old, and evidently not often used, stolkjaerres have been dragged out from some shed and placed in front of the house containing the loom, to be prepared for the continuation of our journey. The shaft of one has been broken and has evidently been spliced that morning with a piece of fishing line. Bearing in mind that the roads are bad and the hills steep, that there are no traces, and a great deal of weight is placed on the ponies' shoulders, a nervous person might not feel altogether happy in contemplating the prospect of a journey in these particular conveyances.

I try to take stock of the farmer's possessions. Imprimis, there is a good stout timber-built red-tiled house, and

the more old-fashioned loom-house, which, I dare say, was the dwellingplace of an earlier generation. There are one or two small sheds used as stores, the big barn I have mentioned, and the little smithy. Close to the house is an all-too-small petato patch, and round it grows fine grass full of sweet herbage. Quaintly cut out of the grass in sundry places are a few square yards of land devoted to grain crops. By the edge of the potatoes are about twenty hop plants. Most of the cows and cattle are away on the common grazing grounds up the mountains. It is by no means a small farm, and I am told the tax paid to the State for it is about fifteen pounds a year. There is no hired labor; everything is done by the man and his family, and never have I met with more contented, happy, prosperous people. stone basement beneath the room in which we have our meals, the farmer is busy brewing two or three barrels of beer; while over a wood fire on an open hearth, Mrs. Sameline is frying our trout.

Earlier in the morning the doctor has told me, with much amusement, that on his giving out some tea for breakfast, Sivert has said that more tea was unnecessary as the leaves which were used overnight would do again. "Of course I told them to throw away the tea-leaves," says the doctor, "and the man seemed quite surprised."

While in the kitchen, Sivert comes up to me with serious face. "Do you think I should throw away the tealeaves which were used yesterday? They are very good." From this I gather that they look upon the doctor as a wasteful, thriftless sort of person, whose judgment in these matters is of no account; but pay me the compliment of regarding me as prudence personified, and as one not likely to fall in with such wicked waste.

"Don't you think, Sivert, that Mrs. Johannesen would like those tealeaves?" I query.

"Oh! yes, she would," says Sivert without hesitation, and so we settle the matter and please everybody, particularly Sameline; but it is quite clear the doctor has fallen in their estimation.

Sivert announcing that breakfast will be ready shortly, I return to the house, and see through an open door the eldest daughter busy at her sewing-machine. She is sitting in a tiny cupboard of a room, in the angle of which is a corner cupboard, having wrought-metal hinges and finely carved oak doors. It must be centuries old, and contrasts strangely with the modern machine the girl is using.

The farmer and his family are now so busy that they withstand the strong temptation to see the Englishmen eat with forks. One of the girls offers us fladbröd this morning, a contrivance evolved out of meal and water. I believe it can be easily imitated by means of a disk of stout whitey-brown paper about two feet in diameter. The delicate, crisp, short eating fladbröd of the hotels is very different from this stuff, which is tough, and requires excellent teeth for its proper mastication. this, potatoes, porridge, and herrings, these people seem principally to live; with the addition of some trout in the summer. Green vegetables they do not trouble to grow, and for lack of these purifiers, eating too many fish, and perhaps owing to the lack of ventilation in their houses during the long winter nights, scrofula and leprosy are all too common. Apple cultivation is steadily on the increase; but the people might none the less turn their attention with great advantage to the kitchen garden.

During breakfast rain commences. As soon as our frugal meal is over we sally forth, clad in mackintoshes, ascend the slope of that great rocky dam, and spend the day on the beautiful lake, catching most excellent, pink-fleshed trout. In the evening, when we sup, the family again surrounds us.

And this is very much our life in this primitive spot. The curiosity of the people concerning us, and our feeling of strangeness, gradually wear off. As our hosts begin to know us better, and we them, our regard and esteem for each other increases.

Stay, I have almost forgotten to explain the mystery of the kettledrum. I sound Sivert on the subject. and he tells me that the farmer's eldest son, like all young men in Norway, has been drilled for a soldier and has developed strong musical tastes which have led to his being appointed drummer. Word is passed round the family that I have asked about the drum, and on our second evening a deputation waits upon me, headed by Sivert, to inquire if I would like to hear the drum played. I weakly say "Yes," and about the time that I am longing to turn in, the whole family again troops into my room, the eldest son arming himself with long sticks, shoulders the drumsling, and fires off volleys of rolls, beats, tattoos, and other things at my unfortunate head. I say "Mange tak" many times, but the more I thank him the more he plays, until his arms weary, and then, thank Heaven! I am left in peace. The moral is that English travellers in Norway should not be inquisitive in the matter of drums.— Chambers's Journal.

#### A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Being a Series of Ten Letters from Mistress Anne Brotherton, Natural Daughter of the King.

SIRE,—My hand & my heart both tremble as I approach you, for my mind is agitated and oppressed by the magnitude of the task that is before me: & also because I know not how to address a King. Yet, there is joy within me too, & enough of it to give me hope y<sup>r</sup> Majesty will pity me, & maybe pardon in me all my unwitting

faults, on the gracious day: when you first permit me to use to you:—your highest title: Father. Father... my task is a difficult one, tho' I do it from my own head, & with no help or hint from any one: for I cannot tell how best to bring myself before you, nor have I the wit to guess in what spirit you will receive me.

Shall I remind you, Sir, of twenty years ago; when a Prince & a lady of the house of — met and loved. If you will be persuaded to let your memory touch back upon that time: you may also call to your mind a Mistress Wantage with whom-once, a young infant—myself—; was placed at her mother's death. Sir, Mistress Wantage herself died but lately: & when she found her last great sickness was upon her: she gave me over to the government of her sister the widowed lady Georgina O ---- with whom I now am . . . and she told me the secret of my Birth. Oh Sir. You can understand. I have always been orphaned, parentless, -- & now to have such grateful tidings conveyed to me. Is it strange that I shd be filled with great powerful emotions. To find a Father, & such a Father, it is more than the beautifullest dream could create: I am proud & thankful, humble and hopeful—all in one. It is worth all the loneliness of my childhood: those rich in Parents can never know, never share with me, the gladness that consumes me.

I have at all times felt stirrings within me, wh: have shewed me my blood was different to common. And I have had strange yearnings & prides take possession of me: wh: tho' another side of my nature bade me combat with them: still, loudly told me I had the spirit of warriors, of rulers in my I am dazzled: it is almost too much for me,-a maid-unlearnedof no station. Sire, that I am of no station is not to y' blame, I know of the silence, the secrecy, my mother imposed upon you: & of how she wd take no titles nor monies from you; & I feel as she wd have had me feel. Oh! why did she not live that together we might have loved you.

In these days when Puritans beset & surround us, when rebels have held high places, & when the opinions of some of the highest have changed in a mighty & momentous fashion: How glad am I to think on the way in wh; throughout all things, I have ever reverenced and honored you. Never once have I swerved,—no—not even when Mistress Wantage wd affirm that the state of the people was not indeed so

good since the King's return: But, Sir, do not think the worse of her for that—for she was on occasions hard pushed for an opinion by our neighbors: and she was always & in all circumstances, a faithful loving friend to me. Were not my soul rejoicing the finding of a Father; it w<sup>d</sup> still be weeping her loss.

To think that my always dutiful love for my King sha now have the felicity, the joy of being blent with the strength of a new, & a deep devotion for a Father: and how I have figured that Father: you Sir yourself ca not despise the picture I made of him in my heart. I have seen him often, he has always been the highest & the noblest, & blame me not that I imaged him, another such as you.

Something within me tells me, that in y' great condescension you will not despise this history of my love & respect for you: & that you may perhaps be not displeased therewith. Your Majesty: my dearest wish will be gratified by an acknowledgment that you accept my submission and affection.

If I am proud that you are Kingmy Father—what pride must you then have in being King. I am young: I cannot think on all sides at once: & there may be things pertaining to the Kingship not all pleasantness; though in this I hope I am wrong: & that you find in the guidance of the country & the happiness of y people ever a great & lasting joy. But I know nothing of Courts or of Ruling; & I hear I am never to take my place with dames of mine own age: but I am not sad because of that. I have the country side, & all its daily passing life to pleasure me, & that life doubtless the finest & best for me. I know & love all animals: I ride upon a small white horse. I am known quite well of the people (for I have not changed my neighborhood with my change of guardians) I visit with them, & am loved by them in return. Ah! I know now that they have seen something in me, wh: I knew not of myself.

If I fatigue you with these trifles, it is but because you have scant knowledge of me; & mine own greed for news of you, leads me to hope you will accept these details of my trivial life;

& send to me in return some account of vr own.

But, Sir. Be in no fear, I we in no way be an obstacle or a plague to you: we will therefore with y' gracious permission share this Knowledge between

To have a secret with you, & such a secret: places at once among the highest of y' subjects.—Your dutiful loving child. ANNE.

### LETTER II.

SIRE,—I wd not have you long be a stranger to the joy I have had of your courteous & pleasant response (given in all swiftness too, for it is scarce a month since I proffered you my humble request) therefore I haste to send to you a thankful acknowledgment. The post passes in two days from this so

the delay will be none.

It is with much amaze that I find myself with words of yours in my possession: & for mine own: and writ I verily believe by your own hand: and with them the caress where you have touched the paper, & the part of you (that good part wh: must ever go forth from the writer to the receiver of any loving epistle) that accompanies it. Sir, this letter will ever be my most great delight. In the possession of so much of you, I feel you near me, & my pleasure is so high & unbounded—it is meet I pause to curb myself, to bring my exaltation within a proper & modest limit.

You have in y graciousness remembered all—all—. Sir—Father—I have no words wh: cd convey a tithe of my great joy. Your cordial acceptance of me has poured peace upon my spirit; & where before I had nought but hope to sustain me: I have now, & ever shall have, a high & satisfied pride. find the world more young by far than it was yester eve. You are all I have thought you, & this is not so small praise, as maybe it appeareth, or as the When I remind careless may think. me I have ever been taught 'tis dangerous to awaken the memory of Kings, I laugh. There is so great a delight in having found an exception, in so conspicuous and auspicious an instance. For is not memory a virtue more than ordinary our own—the one most influenced by our own acts-if never forced or flagged it fails us seldomtherefore, may I not at this moment rejoice that you have this gift, & in its

best properest form and usage.

You tell me you are gratified to find I have grown up in health & beauty. In all thankfulness I can say that of health I have plenty & good store: but of beauty! Can I take what those who know & tend me, give me in all love; & pass it on to you. Even that wh: my mirror shows me I scarce dare repeat: when it but reflects what I wd have it do: : I am straight & fairskinned, for the rest of me I cannot say, mine own eyes being too loving Will you that I have a porflattering. trait limned of me?

And in all kindness you enquire into my life. But what will you find. Indeed there is nothing in it now but future: since you entered into it: the past has all disappeared. A quiet house I have ever had; and I much doubt me if I should shine with distinction in places where great companies meet. My daily tasks, besides the virginals, French & fine work: have indeed of late all been multiplied by my change of tutors: for the lady Georgina having lost her lands, & loaned her monies in the late wars: has but small means left to her, therefore, the household wh: is but small is all greatly employed. I do not rightly know, but it seems 'tis the Parliament that delays the payments to her. Indeed the lady is so troubled she speaks of little else: and while acknowledging no member of her family hath or ever had the least manage of business, she weeps. I wd Sir, that you cd mention her distress in the right places for her. It wd pleasure me truly were she in circumstances less straitened: Yet: I like not that my second greeting to you shd even seem to demand a favor: so use this only as you will. There are still wars I tell her, & the monies loaned for them goes upon long jour-

Oh, Sir. I am indeed content with my great good fortune: never among the many gifts conferred by you: has one of them given the pure and certain joy; as this y acknowledgment has done, to y happy daughter and faithful friend Anne.

### LETTER III.

SIR,—Tonight have come by private carrier y<sup>r</sup> most welcome letters & gifts. You have in all ways gladdened this house & filled it to the full of pleasure. The lady Georgina bids me respond with gratitude to y<sup>r</sup> Bounty: for the packet has given to her a high satisfaction, & though indeed I know not its whole contents: my own joy is not less than hers: for I have y<sup>r</sup> news & more than that y<sup>r</sup> picture.

Sire, I am so overpowered by the joyful present: & all it has given of pleasantness to me, that I have no thought (& selfishly I fear me no sentiment at this time) with the past. Father, Sir, shd there be apologies between us. Believe me they are not meet, therefore we will have none of Nor must you wound me by the profferance of annuities, & of special gifts. I will nothing from you in that sort, done and tied: I have my beliefs & I wd not be ordinary. I wish but for y' spontaneous affection, & an occasional greeting. Am I the less yr child, that I neither have nor crave for the possessions wh: please the majority. I we have you know that the present lowness of our condition, affects me but little-for my mind being full of its new gratitude: I wd change places with no one.

I have no wish to be at the Court: nor have I a desire to be wooed. alliance wh: shall alter my life: place me among the high whom I know not, and in a sphere of wh: I know little: is far from my ambition. I feel right well my unfittedness for even the smallest position wh: enforces the living in a great city; Never could I conform to or understand in any degree its intrigues, for we of the country, are well assured that all other lives than ours is made up of such: it is an ancient belief wh: it pleasures us to keep: & one we wd not easily be persuaded to part from.

Sir. Methinks my thoughts are from this time made up of thanks. What shall I say for y' picture. I like much the painting of it, for it has a

wondrous finish: & I like y' eyes & y' brow, for indeed they are fine & high looking: & it is well seen were made for rule. But what are our features? Have I not heard that some of the greatest minds among the old philosophers—were condemned to dwell in frames of direful plainness. Alas! I am much wrought upon: that having ventured to play the critic in even so slight a measure: I have wandered far beyond my meaning. I am not disappointed. I see pride & love, & goodness in y' countenance... & for me. And for what else shd I care.

You see Sir. I trust you, I feel well that my parent shd know the simple

workings of my mind.

We keep ever the best qualified persons company: our neighbors of equal rank—pay to us our just attention, & seek ever to frequent our society—tho' there can be but little attraction in us, two lonely modest women: with wh: to repay them.: It is true there is among them a youth-or maybe perhaps he shd be termed a man, of some little note. He is but of the family of a merchant: tho' if one were not told of his breeding, no person cd learn it from his carriage or manner. He has much ready courtesy toward women, & his knowledge upon most subjects is far more deep than common: & this he is ever ready to retail to the ignorant in a simple & acceptable fashion. He has no vanity at all of his learn-The lady Georgina tells me I am but in the mode when I admire the mind: but this sentiment of hers causes me some trouble: for it seems only right that all high things she be but admired for themselves, & for no other reason. To love the best, the highest & the truest, without the expectation of interest, is ever the aim of y' dutiful child ANNE.

#### LETTER IV.

SIRE,—You have so ofttimes demanded to be kept in full knowledge of all that passes with us; that I dare not therefore conceal from you an event, I otherwise wd have been too proud to reveal to you: a strange unforeseen episode, wh: has brought to us some mistrust and discomfort.

A few days since, at the hour it is

our custom to pass in the Chapel at the morning service . . . I found to my confusion, a stranger was present there. I discovered it only by the marked fixedness of his eyes upon me . . . and I looked back upon him, wh: was doubtless a wrong act in me. But Sir I had the thought. I had the hope — — maybe he came from you. He was a man of large frame, & to our minds he carried well the air of a Court. After that my first timidity had passed, I bore the audaciousness of his gaze, with I hope equanimity: nor permitted I it again to incommode me: Prayer being over, he came into the house to us, where he presented letters to the lady Georgina, & spoke with her of folk of whom they both had cognizance: & he included me always in his compliments to her. He introduced himself with but one of his titles, & that a French one. What need had he for secrecy Sir—surely two poor women cd in no way have harmed him. did he not give out the truth: for scarce had he departed an hour, when her ladyship; whose memory now lacks much of its former vigor, reminded herself that she had known him well when both were young: & his right name came back to her. She assures me he was no less a person than the notorious Marquis of C. Alas! What cd a man of his reputation & standing want here from us: for it seems his one only object in coming into this country, was to have sight & speech of us, & of no other persons. But I will tell you of all that passed upon that

After the gentleman had partaken of dinner in our society, & when the lady Georgina had left us for her room (for the hour's meditation she is wont to take each afternoon): it lay with me to show to his lordship, the terrace, the dogs, & the old round tower. I liked not the task, but I am not of the spirit to be disobedient about trifles: & also Cicely my woman accompanied

Sir, we had scarce reached the first gate e'er the gentleman had so be praised my hair, my shape, my skin, & that in

my hair, my shape, my skin, & that in so extravagant and open a style—my breath even now shortens when I think

upon it. It was an admiration too violent to be heartful: therefore I was constrained to answer his flattery, with more of causticity than perhaps becomes a host to a guest. With a poor endeavor to show myself a proper & worthy antagonist for him, I said. "Methinks Sir, you have not then ever made the study of Nature, seeing you have such surprise, at the sight of blood, wh: comes & goes in its most ordinary form." For I was thinking all the while of the white & coloring matter, wh: is in so great request by our great ladies; & truly the presence & proximity of the Marquis, made one think of nought else but things false. "Lady, you are right," he made reply, "I have seen but little of Nature herself; indeed it joys me much to find 'tis from you I first learn her bloom & purity. We of the town rarely see the blood move in all naturalness . . . unless we kiss hard." "Then Sir," I answered him, "I rejoice greatly that mine flows in such a fashion as to render such an act unnecessary." "Yet Madam. No one cd look upon y' finely moulded lips (wh: all can see were but made for kissing) without being overcome with a desire to taste their warmth & sweetness." My ire at his strange manner, & his fulsome sayings, took from me the greater part of my eloquence, & I had no reply for him. My limbs trembled, & my face burned mightily: yet now that I am calm & can think on things in a different way, I see I was wise to be ilent (Indeed I am assured a response was not necessary) but, I called Cicely closer to my side. He, however minded not that, but continued to converse in the same strain: until in the end, he had the brazenness to say right boldly (I had thought such topics were at first but lightly touched upon, but 'tis true I am not learned in these subjects) . . . that he wished to wed me: He said it all out in a loud & careless fashion . . . & cared no more for Cicely's nearness, than he heeded the sword at his side. But at this, as was maybe natural I found my tongue again: forced myself to thank him for the honor he had done me: but excused myself for not taking him: "on account of my youth, my want of

knowledge, & my ignorance of the dispositions of my guardians." Then "Gods life," he cried out, as I curtseyed & finished. "You are mine. This quibbling is but country shyness, we will take you where it will soon For have I not the consent of vanish. all the most concerned, & no one dare oppose me. Come Madame, be assured we will show to you a new & a merry life. You will not dislike it so much—for you will be taught love." "Sir," "You are indeed mis-I cried out. taken in this. If you heed not when in courtesy I endeavor to dismiss youif you fail to see of yourself my meaning, you must then have the full truth. I will consent to no marriage with you: and in this matter I rule for my-Adieu." For at that moment, praise be to Heaven, we were close by the small postern, and through it Cicely & myself passed right swiftly: & before he suspected our intents. fastened it as we ran, & hid ourselves for many hours in the great barn: & until we were well certain he had left the domain, & was far away upon his road to London.

Sir. Could I marry with a man who looked upon me with so ill favored an expression. Indeed there was something altogether base about him, & I even now feel soiled, & as though his gaze, & his sentiments had done me a harm.

Surely oh surely—you knew not of his visit! It was not with y' consent & connivance that he was here: No: never will I believe that cd be: tho' he did at one moment admit he had the consent of those the most concerned. Yet that will I put aside, as only worthy to be placed among the many other tales of his invention.

I wd I had not so agitating an account as this one for y ear. But I think Sir such will not be frequent in the life of Your loving child.

ANNE.

# LETTER V.

SIR,—Though I can never draw to the life those scenes wh: I but lately have viewed, yet will I endeavor to let you have as full a knowledge concerning them, as it is possible my poor pen can devise. An event most unthought

NEW SERRES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 1.

of has come upon us: we have in truth visited the city of London. I will not weary you with the details of the journey, for, though I slept not on the road, & the nearer we came to that great place, the more far off it became to my restless imaginings; yet I doubt it was but like all other travel. lady Georgina had there affairs of urgency. The state of the moneys again perplex her (verily we have been greatly pushed & in great straits) and an advisable time having come, she was warned that her presence at the courts of law wd benefit her cause. And I urged so mightily for permission to accompany her there, she at last had not the heart to resist my appeal. many fine sights we observed wh: gave us great and curious pleasure: but my best great joy was the delight I had in seeing you. Yes, as we passed one day the palace of St. James'—you & your gentleman with much opportuneness came out through the gate-way. Oh! if you cd have told how I felt then ! . . . And you saw me Sir, & you spoke some words to the person who rode on yr left hand . . . something wh: made him smile & look upon me too. . . . But alas! you did not know me! . . . nothing told you who I was. . . . Yet, I am thought to be like my mother! . . . I see now, how there is a sacredness, an isolation, about a King, wh: renders him different to others. felt well that power, or virtue, or whatever it may be-most strangely when first I looked upon you. You were away & apart from the rest of the world, & from all mean creatures. knew I cd not reach or touch you, even if I had the felicity of being close to No, if even mine head had been upon y shoulder-there w still have been that barrier. There is a wall around you wh: in my ignorance I told myself I had pierced, & wh: in my knowledge I but grieve I have viewed. It is maybe that of Majesty & Power yet, methinks I was more happy when I knew them not. Sir—the gentlemen of y suit were not of that age and gravity I had pictured them: if by some unforeseen event you & your country shd be placed in a great or even a passing dilemma;—Are they of a sufficient weight, & knowledge to help you rule or guide, with a just & calm

temperateness?

We were lodged at the house of the Master Richard Guest of whom I have aforetime spoken: & we were wondrously well entertained there. with his mother treated us to a respect out of ordinary, & showed openly the honor they had of our presence. They have a plentiful fortune: the appointments of their home are of so rich a nature they cannot be surpassed. Mistress Guest is a person of gentle bearing & much excellent discourse-& her house & servants are ordered so admirably well that nothing cd be mended. She has for me an affection, far beyond that of my merits: & she has shewn to me the jewels, & the gold & silver plate wh: is to be the portion of her son's wife (she has but that one son, Richard). Of linen too she has a great store, & for the same purpose. Many a time we looked at its goodly order as it lay in the armoire, & once as we counted its numbers; she held me to her breast & she kissed me.

Sire, I had thought an embrace from a person not my kin or my governess wd raise up my pride & my ire: but, this one, from so tender a body, & given in friendliness & even motherliness; caused me new & strange emotions. kissed her again in return, with wh: she was well content. I know not why, except perhaps out of some kindness to me, & their own goodness' sake, so many give to me, a true, though undeserved love: or is it Sir, but only for you. And yet they may not know of that !

I went one time to the King's playhouse, that it was wh: caused our longer stay. It was but my waywardness that took us there, & I much fear the kindness bestowed upon me tended not to bring out what was most good in me. For the' Master Guest liked not the name of the play to be acted, I gave my opinion for it; & thereupon with much courteousness he conducted us thither. But soon I repented me, for I liked not the play myself; the dialogue had something in it too low for criticism (yet I wd stay unto the finish). Many sentiments caused my cheeks to redden, & though Master Guest seemed not to note, & never caught my eye when such occurred: yet I saw the man was not at his case. And I liked not the playhouse, for I saw nothing there but an encouragement to licentiousness; & moreover in the pit there sate my lord the Marquis of C. The people around about us spoke out loudly of him, & that at times somewhat took my mind from the play . . . one said he was " more of a libertine than any of his family," & another that "his debauchery was beyond all precedent." Oh Sir, when I heard his character thus commonly reviled. I was constrained to turn contented eyes on the person beside me, and be thankful I was not for ever in the company of one so low. And in my mind I compared the two men (wh: I hope was not un-maidlike in me) & I found in Master Richard a nature wh: is delicate & full of thought for others: coupled with a manliness wh: it pleasures one to note: & none of those vices wh: now are looked upon as the properest accompaniment of wealth & high birth. You, Sir, yourself know the other.

I have lived years in the last two weeks: the time has been so joyfully I have had great pleasure occupied. too in the luxuriousness, & the case of my surroundings. Yet Sir I wd not have you deem those good things had too great an attraction for me; but they came at a time when they were to the troubled somewhat of a relief; & I was in truth more glad for my guardian than for mine own comfort.

It is ill indeed that our errand has been bootless; for with more excuses, & with more promises the lady Georgina is again denied: & in her present disappointed state she fears her end is In her kind but a thankless one. thought for my future life, she wishes dear lady, to make provision for me, it is for that reason she importuneth her rights. I rejoice that I have some affectionateness of nature toward those who have for me such constant loving thought. I pray always that I may in some measure be enabled to give back enough of the respect & love demanded of me—but, then how can I do it justly when all the best I have I give to you.

It is long since I heard from yr own hand.

But I am y' own loving child, Anne.

#### LETTER VI.

SIRE,—Never thought I to approach you in this wise, believe me, 'tis but the direfulest necessity wh: forces me to supplicate a favor of you; & my last greetings having called forth no response, I know not how best to begin.

For long time past we have had scarce enough for our daily needs: week by week our household has grown of less number, some leaving of their own wills (for who will stop with masters who have not enough of food for themselves) & others forced by us to go, to ease our expense. Of late we are beholden altogether for our nourishment to Master Guest, indeed were it not for him, there wd be no means wherewith to send this request to you this day. And our state is so low, that we lack even for clothes. With a sad reluctancy have I taken from the few things that remain to me of my Mother: -her two poor gowns. Alas - that I shd have to wear them-that I cannot keep them—to show in my old age as evidences of her. Poor lady, & those robes cherished in no small degree, that is well seen, by the care taken by her for their better preserva-You, Sir may know of them. The one is of rose & silver—a court dress—& the other a puritan gown of gray, & complete in all its detail. With them I found in French this motto pinned upon a favor. A cœur vaillant rien d'impossible.

We have with tears cut the brocade to the present shape, wh: is but a modification of the mode in wh: she used it; and the gray I wear always about my meaner work: for it is of the exact same figure of myself. It is indeed a marvel to be wearing her garments, & sometimes I stop for no reason & dream; & I am certain that in those dreams I think her thoughts!—for some of her emotions it must be that carry me back to the past, & makes me to dwell upon those times: & conduct me in many ways in a fashion unlike to myself.

Sir, I am thus lengthy because tho'

I began by confiding to y' Majesty I had a demand to make of you, I am in truth of a cowardly nature & my feeble courage failed me.

Oh Sir, give me the annuities once proffered in y goodness; I will take them in all humbleness & thankfulness. And send at once for our need's sake. He who gives quickly giveth twice. Do not Sir leave leave us longer to the charity of strangers, wh: tho' it be conveyed with all delicacy, and respectfulness, yet places us under obligation unmeet for us. . . . I must now seal this in haste, for our meats have this moment come, & they must for lack of attendants be prepared by Cicely under my guidance. Send oh send, I await with all confidence your swift reply.

Yr troubled child.

ANNE.

### LETTER VII.

SIRE,—Is it just the people shd be tried in so hard a fashion: the new taxations have come too soon: for the strain made upon their healths and purses by the late wars have not yet been eased. Do not I pray you have them ground down in any manner wh: shall lead them to rebel. Because Sir, rebellions are good neither for you nor for the country, therefore it will serve all sides better to deal toward the malcontents, in a spirit of truth & partiality. Pardon me that I embark upon subjects perhaps unmeet for my judgment, & unbecoming my years: but, being one with the people, & one with you: I wish good for both. And I love you in such truth, that I have nought but ambition for you, & accordingly a great jealousy of your name. Could I stand by, & hear the public criticism, & make no endeavor to apprise you thereof. It is I am well assured more wise that I shd advance the matter to you, for I can do so without fear, & with less of prejudice than many of y' advisers. For Sire, Kings have no times of security, they live ever on the edge of expectation; & have few about them with enough of hardihood to show to their masters the bitter & helpful truth.

And the people are not so much yr enemies as maybe yr Court or yr Parlia-

ment may wish you to think. Men have their rights! & if left to y own good judgment, you w at once listen to their voice & needs; & in doing so discover in them, a general love & respect for their Monarch, & a great long sufferingness. The late stirring times have brought all that is good to the surface: Oh Sir find out their

spirit for yourself.

We have sold the late crops, but we are not greatly benefited thereby: And we are now more used to the receiving of gifts from our neighbors & friends. I pray always that I may take them in the noble spirit they are proffered, yet there are times when my soul has an inclination to rebel. We are as of old, in great indebtedness to the Guest family; Master Richard is our groom, & valet, & general minister! therefore we have a goodly amount of his company. Sir, his true devotion to us shd win yr heart.

You have beforetime asked if my parentage is known to any! & if I did not respond to you, it was that my silence might reassure you, & you wd from it guess the secret was known to none. But I now find it is not so secure as I thought; & as we wished it

to be. A few weeks since some malcontents broke in upon us (maybe the news of these small riots have e'er this reached you) thinking us to be their enemies. Alas, poor creatures, they never attacked a meaner place. As our resources were but small, & consisted only of the lady Georgina, Cicely. & myself, it was but meet I shd be the leader: being the youngest & strong-The attack was in the evening, & in such suddenness there was no time in wh: to summons the neighbors. Hearing the approach we prepared as well as our small stores wd permit, & when they broke into the hall (wh: they did by breaking down the panels: & not by trying the latch), I was descending the stair with an old rapier in one hand & a taper in the other: & as they advanced to me, I went on to For a marvellous strength had come to me, & a boldness wh: I now know to have been but the imprudence of excitement. I parleyed with them, & at length told how we had no

moneys, & hardly enough of food in the house: but at this, one of them, a lusty fellow with an evil air, made a mocking comment upon my beauty: and in such coarse terms—my brave show of valor came near vanishing. Then it was that a soldierly man, & one of a different aspect to the others called out in a loud voice, "Come. Let's away from this poor abode—we make not war with women." "I make not war," answered the first speaker, "I make love." fool" - went on the one other, "know ye not the lady. Look upon her well. She is the daughter of y' King." At this, there was the completest dismay & silence among them: for the man seemed to be somewhat of a leader: & setting them the example he saluted me, & turned & walked away; -- almost at once the rest made after him. Thus ended the tamest battle ever wit-It seems though that that were all Royalist! vet knew not of our position & politics, because of the quiet life we lead.

But for me, when once again all was peace (save for the barking of the dogs who wd not be quieted) when my warlike feelings had entirely vanished: then I became verily woman, & I sate & wept long with my head upon the table. And I remained thus, -until I was lifted into some one's arms & com. forted. Sir, it was Master Richard Guest, that moment come to our assistance: his presence did much to restore my fluttered mind, for he is indeed strong & able (I knew not before that such a power of soothing, cd conce from one to the comfort of the other). From his story of the rising, I learned that he had knowledge of the intended attack; but knowing well the spirit of the rioters & of the times: & seeing that nothing wd keep them from their plans-he arranged with a friend the scene wh: occurred. But it was his lordship the Marquis of C. who told to the Guests my history—it was upon the last time he had occasion to loan moneys from them. I have had this from several since that night—& never from the Guests themselves. Indeed Master Richard's mind is too high for pettinesses: nor would he confide one man's business to another: his internal virtues are as goodly as his outward appearance, I think I have not before told you that he is well looking.

But I send you this history, that you may tell how far it is blazoned abroad that I am—Your dutiful child.

ANNE.

### LETTER VIII.

SIRE, —Though there be in y' letter none of the succor I had maybe too ardently set myself on obtaining from you: nevertheless y writings in this instance are filled to the full with weighty substance for me. Let me once more tell you that y' poor child has ever received the smallest notice from you, with the same thankful attention, that she has received the greatest (& that now she sends her most high gratitude for all you have hitherto done for her): so that, if as misfortune wills it; she may not accept or approve of the stipulations placed before her this day: you may know she still praises the thoughts wh: prompted their offer.

But Sir, it behooves me to deal with the body of the letter as it comes: yet, how to begin I scarce know; for when one is in the obligation to refuse a favor offered—many are the difficulties that present themselves.

"I give to thee an husband, a title and a fortune. Will they not please thee? From henceforward—five hundred pounds a year—the letters patent of the county of Plymouth, & my lord the Marquis of C.; are yours. . . . Take them all—such is my will—"

Oh Sir, can you guess that you give to me with them more of physic than of honey: a little peace with the prospect of much war. And I am weak my necessities make my spirit so. Yet I pray that in this I may not fail myself

If I take y advice & fulfil your ambition I shall but wrong both you & myself. I have certain knowledge that this is so. And Sir—is there no sweet without the sour! At this moment I want something to arrive with the power to divide: & I have a mighty wish to dictate to you: to do anything that shall part y Bounties the one from the other. You offer me moneys—a title, an husband, unhappily not

the one without the other. If I have the moneys, then indeed I shall be at mine ease: but for the title: what indeed wd it avail me: shd I possessing it be more myself than I am now, when but styled plain "Mistress"? the husband, Sir, the memory of his coarse thoughts, & his boldness of look, is still upon me :- Could I take what wd both hurt & lower me. I remember him but too well. Alas, then Sir, if one is part of the other—if all must needs fit in together as Eastern boxes do, I will have none of them; if there can be no subdivision, I refuse with few words-the whole. I hold it (for I have my thoughts, & my mind is not less than others of God's creatures) as the highest duty to ourselves to wed with no one—unless in a calm assurety of a life of peace, & love, & holiness: unless indeed both souls & bodies have enough of pure affection to become most truly one: I hold it a Shall I wrong myself & him, & our posterity, by a union not of selection: but of convenience. No (and No (and these thoughts have strengthened my purpose), those crimes have too oft been committed. And Sir to put away my duty to you & to myself . . . I like not the man.

I have some of the spirit of prophecy:—not all of it derived from contact with my mothers robes:—& it is strong upon me uow: and it tells me I do well to refuse thus shortly y' demands: for that in the future if ever you think upon me: you will but admire that I fell not at the instance of bribery: & 'tis best to risk y' anger now than to prepare for you an after regret.

Sir, I feel too, that in your quieter thought you wd not in all honesty have me give my youth & freedom into the keeping of one . . .; whom even you yourselt cannot honor.

Yet, great as are my hopes from you in this case, I can but note with a sorrowing heart—the difference of each succeeding letter I have had of you. In none is the defection more plain than in the one before me. In my youthful levity I have oftentimes deserved y' chidings. & in other ways too, have I brought upon me y' reproaches for I have importuned you in

unwise haste: & imprudently advised you with ill considered words. But Sir, indeed you have never known me—my untoward circumstances have ever insisted that I shd place myself as a suppliant before you: of my real self you have never had occasion to learn. Yet at no time Sir, in my most great need, have I ever demanded y help with one part the fervor I now crave the forbearance & forgiveness needed by—Yr poor child,

ANNE.

I am filled with pity for myself: for you may never know, how much it pains me, that I cannot be what I would to thee.

## LETTER IX.

SIRE,—Though in truth I can be charged with disobedience to y' commands (and those laid upon me maybe in kindness, & with a view to the bettering of my estate) vet, Sir, you wrong me when you hint that my rebellion arose but from a perverse & wayward obstinateness. I wd that I cd in clearness represent my thoughts as well as my deeds before you; so you might see them with the eyes I wd have you view them. If only my situation had permitted me always to listen with humility to you my just adviser, we had not both been now in a different mind: & yet, again if I shewed to you, who it was that forced me to take my own will for guidance—I fear it wd but have the air of an upbraiding for you, & I wd in no way that that was made patent.

My condition is even now so low it is meet I tie myself to the sturdiest

root for support.

Sir, the lady Georgina lies at this hour sick, almost to death: & her sufferings are in no ways tempered by the knowledge (seeing she is still without her just dues) of the differences that have come between us, Sire, you & myself: & that my future is still in an unchanged & unprovided state.

Sir, this letter has been left unfinished for the greater part of a week; & in that time events have occurred that shd in all respect be brought before you without more delay.

Master Richard Guest has this day

demanded me in marriage. Oh. Sir. never before spoke he of love to me, nor revealed he his intents, until this hour when the sorrows of this house at the ill-health of its mistress, brought the acknowledgment from him. When he told me how dear he held me, I cd but cry out "This then is the end of all my troubles" with wh: he seemed content. But Sir, I wd not have you deceived: I had some knowledge of his thoughts: for by many subtle means he shewed his disposition toward And when he is by I have a true content, & a forgetting of all troublons things: I have with him a most perfect confidence, & a respect wh: I pray will out-last the more fervent part of our love. We have but one wish, to please each other.

Oh give me Sir y' blessing, let me have the felicity of entering upon my new life untrammelled by y' displeasure. The future hold for me at this most blessed moment; a great promise of earthly happiness. I am loved for myself (do not scorn me Sir when I confess that in my ignorance, I had thought hitherto all had loved me but only for our sake)—therefore I wd have you too, think of me with tenderness: for my life cd not have been without

its anxieties for you.

Send me Sir your forgiveness & y'approval: I shall await them with much impatience, as all that is now wanting to complete the joy—of y'ever loving child.

Anne.

The lady Georgina is dead: she dicd this night & knew not the grateful news of my settlement . . . tidings that wd somewhat have comforted her last moments. And Sir; she died for you: not in the battle with her father & brothers, 'tis true: but those same wars most surely killed her. Her body was not hacked and bloody, but her spirit was broke & helpless . . . alas alas, & I cd in no way alleviate her distresses. To think of her as she was, in all her vicissitudes, never a word of complaint or of criticism: only ever a respect & a devotion to a Royal master, & love for his child. She shd have been helped! she might have been saved. . . . I know not what I write my heart is so torn with this new great anguish.

#### LETTER X.

SIR,—It is long indeed since there was a necessity for me to approach you; & I rejoice me now to find, after so long a space that I am changed in no way: for I am as much stirred with joyful emotions as heretofore by news of you. Need I tell how welcome to me are y' kind & courteous words.

But Sir, think me not ungracious when I at once, & without prevarication say, it is best I go not to you at the Court. For I have made my life, & it has its duties wh: fill its every hour: & I have no longer but mine own waywardness, & mine own self to consult. In tending to you right hearty thanks, I see it is but wise I stay with my own, & in mine own surroundings.

It is now more than a year since I was a wife: & the pleasantness of my position, & my true great joy, is far

beyond my deserts.

The efforts you have of late made for my welfare proves you have indeed my interest at heart: & that you think sometimes on me: & I am well pleased because of it, & if I did not fear to sicken you with the recital of my state, I c<sup>d</sup> most boldly enter upon a description thereof, wh: c<sup>d</sup> but give you a high content. But only will I briefly tell you—how I am indeed the most happy of women, with no love but for my household & my husband; & no ambitions but in his thoughts & works. I will acknowledge, & it may please

you to learn, that Master Guest is in all things vastly my superior; each day shows me some new virtue, I dreamed not he had in him: & those discoveries ever cause me a fresh rejoicing. His attentive care for me is delicate & respectful in its evidence: his belief in me & his tender lovestimulate me to a like return.

Our means being good, I have no sordid thoughts thereon: & so the

days pass well.

Sir, my love for you is of another nature, as indeed it shd be: & those I have once loved, I love ever, & with the same equalness of affection. My first & my last daily thoughts are yours: & I pray with frequency for your health & happiness, & for the safety & welfare

of y' country.

Ah! Sir, there is but one thing: You have never known me-What I was. - What I am - What I might have been . . . are as nothing to you . . . for an adverse tide rolled me back from you in a fashion wh: shewed well, it was not meant we shd comfort each other. Nevertheless in our various ways have we not both cause for thankfulness. And Sir it joys me now to know that always in my quiet life, you will think on me with lenient affectionateness: for the knowledge that I am content, & that my future will (with God's help) be made perfect for me, must indeed comfort & content you too. I am in all love and truth Your most happy child.

ANNE.

-Temple Bar.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

In the "Mermaid Series" of the best plays of the old dramatists, Mr. Fisher Unwin is about to include a selection from the works of Sir John Vanbrugh. The plays chosen are "The Relapse," "The Provok'd Wife," "The Confederacy," and "A Journey to London."

THE many admirers of the author of "Self-Help" will learn with pleasure that Dr. Smiles is making a good recovery from an injury caused by a fall—one that might have proved serious to a much younger man.

MESSES. CHAPMAN & HALL are publishing a third and cheaper edition of the works of Mr. W. S. Lilly. The first of the new edition will be "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought." In his preface to this work Mr. Lilly says:

"I may mention that the pages in chap. iv. on the subject of the miraculous were very carefully considered in proof by my venerated friend Cardinal Newman, and that suggestions and sentences of his find place in them."

THE young poets of Paris have elected as

successor to Paul Verlaine in poetical sovereignty Stephane Mallarme, translator of poems of Poe and author of "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," whose portrait by Whistler is a mas terpiece.

A POPULAR analysis of poetry, dealing with its nature, power, and art, with exercises and examples, by the Rev. W. H. Stanley, will be issued by Messrs. Abbott, Jones & Co. in the course of a few days.

M. HÉGER, Charlotte Brontë's teacher in Brussels, who plays so great a part in "Villette," died on May 6th, aged eighty seven.

BYRON'S admirers may be interested in hearing that among some relies of the poet which Messrs. Foster sold on Wednesday last was a very finely painted miniature of Byron, in a gold bracelet, with his hair, and the hair of Sophia Maria Byron, Frances Leigh, and Sir P. Parker. It realized fifty guineas.

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL, who is an eminent authority on the English language and literature of the Elizabethan era, says that Shakespeare's name was pronounced "Shahkspair," the a having the sound of a in "father," and the eare sounding as "air."

A WELL-KNOWN German savant and traveller, Herr Brettschneider, whose long-projected work on "Botanical Discoveries in China" will shortly be published, has just prepared a special map of China and the neighboring countries. It is based on his own verification of the Jesuit surveys made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the extraordinary accuracy of which he bears testimony, supplemented by the most recent discoveries of the Russian explorer Roborovsky and the French traveller Prince Henry of Orleans.

M. CHARLOIS, of Nice, announces the discovery of a small planet, which, if all recent discoveries prove to be really new, will raise the whole number known to 420.

Mr. E. A. FITZGERALD will contribute to a forthcoming number of the Revue de Puris an article descriptive of his recent exploration of the New Zealand Alps. The publication of this article will precede that of the more important work which Mr Fisher Unwin has in preparation.

THE Duke of Argyll, the sole survivor of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, which, forty years ago, drew up and contracted the Treaty of Paris, the basis of England's subsequent dealings with Turkey, has, in a small volume soon to be issued by Mr. John Murray, supplied the want of a brief narrative of the chain of events which have led to the position now held by England with regard to the Eastern Question.

ENGLISH papers pronounce Henry Seebohm, who has just died, as the greatest of English ornithologists. His "History of British Birds and their Eggs" is not only a classic; it is the ultimate authority on British ornithology.

THE seventh and concluding book of the series of Historical Reading Books, which Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster has written, under the title of "Things New and Old," was issued lately. The volume contains the story of English history from the accession of George I. down to the present date, with numerous illustrations and authentic portraits.

ZOLA's enemies are preparing an anthology of the objectionable words and phrases in his works, to be presented to the French Academy when he next offers himself as a candidate.

We learn from Paris that among the New Year appointments to the Legion of Honor in celebration of the centenary of the French Institute are the following Americans: Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer; Alexander Agassiz, the naturalist; and Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, the physicist.

LAURENCE HUTTON will issue during 1896 three more volumes of literary landmarks. The expected books deal with London, Venice, and Paris.

#### MISCELLANY.

ENGLISH CHARITY. - It is perfectly true that there is much in the condition of Great Britain which, far from being regarded with pride, can only be considered with feelings of deep humiliation. That there are particulars in which the laws, institutions, customs, and habits of foreign nations might with advantage be imitated at home, no sensible Englishman will deny; but taking a broad view of the advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of other countries, as compared with those which have fallen to the lot of Britons of the present day, I think it may fairly be said that, when the advantage rests with the foreigner, it is

due more to natural causes than to the acts of rulers or of legislatures. The educated man and the traveller know that the republican form of government is not necessarily more favorable to freedom than that of the constitutional monarchy, and that if the British working man finds himself, as he often undoubtedly does, in some new countries, in better circumstances than he did in the old, this is due not so much to the government, laws, or institutions of the land of his adoption, as to the immense undeveloped resources and wide fields of labor which almost all new countries offer to the industrious immigrant. No one would be so foolish as to assert that the British Constitution is perfect, or that its inatitutions and laws are incapable of improvement; but having travelled widely, I am convinced, speaking broadly, that in no country, and under no form of government, are more equitable laws, purer justice, and more righteous administration to be found, and personal rights and liberties more respected, than in the United Kingdom; and, so far as my knowledge extends, in no country do the rich tax themselves, either voluntarily or by law, as heavily for the benefit of the poor as in Great Britain. Indeed, it is only in the latter country that a man who is a pauper can at any age claim relief as a right at the hands of the community. In all other countries relief is granted either as an act of charity or of expediency. The sum raised by poor rates in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland in 1890 was £20,460,693. Part of this sum was expended on police, highways, etc. The actual relief given to the poor in the same year, and toward which each ratepayer was compelled by law to contribute, was in England at the rate of 5s. 91d per head of the estimated population.

In some districts of Switzerland the communes own corporate property in the profits of which every citizen has the right to share, but his claim is based on his rights as a citizen, not as a pauper, and therefore the rich as well as the poor man is entitled to his portion. In no other country in the world are hospitals maintained so entirely by the voluntary contributions of the rich as in Great Britain. Even in America, the land of our children, there is no poor law in our sense of the term, and the principal hospital of New York is supported by public taxation. This is still more the case in all continental countries. On one Sunday in every year the church going popu-

lation of London (and other large towns in Great Britain do the same) tax themselves voluntarily for the benefit of the hospitals to the average amount of about £50,000, while the well-to-do artisans, aided by 2000 ladies who collect money on a certain fixed Saturday in the year in the streets of the metropolis, add about £15 000 a year to the above sum. It is no idle boast, but an incontrovertible fact, that no country and no city in the world can show anything like the amount of voluntary self-sacrificing work in the interests of the poor, the suffering, and the sick, which is to be found within the British Isles or its metropolis.—Nineteenth Century.

ORIGIN OF THE BORRS. - It is extremely interesting, at the present moment (says Mr. Ganthony in the Sketch), to inquire as to who and what the Boers really are, and whence comes this heroic and stubborn defence of their rights which has exalted these South African agriculturists in the eyes of the world. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., numbers of Huguenots in 1688 left France, and settled in Cape Colony under the Dutch, who then had possession of it, which Government at that time denied the very privileges to the Huguenots that their descendants and those of the Dutch have until recently denied the Johannesburgers, which has led to this unfortunate revolt against the Government of the Transvaal, as in the eighteenth century it led to the French exodus from Cape Colony. Two centuries ago, when the Huguenots in Cape Colony presented a petition to the Governor for electoral rights, Van der Stell was enraged, and dismissed them with a severe reprimand, "to restrain their French impertinences," which had a parallel in Pretoria lately, when some reasonable appeal for representation by the Uitlander was "received with jeers" by the members of the Raadzaal. In 1709 the use of French in addressing the Government on official matters was publicly forbidden. In 1724 the Church Service in French was permitted for the last time, and seventy years after the arrival of the Huguenots in South Africa their children ceased to speak French entirely. When the settlers could no longer endure the tyranny of the Dutch, they "trekked," or tracked, into the interior, and it is, therefore, quite as likely that the Dutch speaking Frenchmen are more entitled to be called the owners of the Transvaal than the Dutch themselves -- that is, if we consider, as civilized nations do, that the original native has no territorial rights whatsoever. If the original Huguenots have been deprived of their language, they have not been deprived of their names, and those we find all through South Africa: Du Plessis, Malherbe, Rousseau, Fouché, De Villiers, Du Toit, Malan, Marais, Jourdan, Mesnard, Du Pré, Notier, Le Febre, Cordier, Retief, Le Roux, Theron, Hugo, Le Grange, and dozens of others. What are the names they gave to the homes they established if not French-Normandy, Le Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Champagne, Languedoc, etc. ? The name of the Commandant-General, Joubert, is French, and he is probably also a descendant of one of those who, in 1688, exiled themselves from France for the sake of their religious liberty. The names of the Boers, de Beer (not Van Beer), Da Toitspan, whose farms were despoiled when diamonds were found in Kimberley, are obviously of French origin, so that it would appear that the President of the French Republic has more reason for offering sympathy than the German Emperor.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is some time since a scientific discovery of real importance has excited so much interest and popular attention as Roentgen's recent work on certain hitherto unknown rays of light has done. Nor is the reason of the popular interest difficult to find, for the application of the discovery to the photography of hidden structures is a feat sensational enough and likely to stimulate even the uneducated imagination. To facilitate a more accurate conception of what these rays possibly are it may be useful to give a brief oatline of our knowledge as it stands at present. As is well known, besides the ordinary rays of light constituting the visible spectrum, there are certain others which are not perceptible to our ordinary senses which have their place at either end of the visible scale, and which are characterized by certain very definite physical properties; such rays are known as the infra red and ultra-violet rays. These rays, although invisible to our unaided vision, still conform in their general properties to our usual conceptions of light-that is, they are refrangible and, in varying degree, obey the usual canons of opacity. They differ, however, from their more familiar brothers in their wave length and chemical and physical effects. With the new rays of Professor Roentgen—the x rays, as he has provisionally named them —the case is very different, for their properties are altogether unlike anything that has been known before, with the exception, possibly, of certain rays discovered by Professor Zeuger and others.

The observation that led to their discovery can be repeated by any one possessing the necessary apparatus, and is as follows: A discharge from a large induction coil is passed through a Crookes's tube; the tube is surrounded by a close fitting shield of black paper. If some paper covered on one side with barium platino-cyanide is now held in the vicinity of the tube, it is possible to see in a completely darkened room that the paper lights up with a brilliant fluorescence. Rays are present then which are capable of passing through black paper-a substance which is, of course, quite opaque to ordinary rays-their passage being shown by their causing the barium salt to fluoresce. This property of being able to pass through substances which are opaque to ordinary light is, of course, the property which is of so much importance in the "new photography," as it has been called. Although in this way able to pass through many substances usually called opaque, they yet have a peculiar standard of their own as to what they will and will not pass through: thus, while thick metal sheets appear to be entirely opaque to the rays, aluminium appears to be relatively transparent. Ebonite, vulcanized fibre, carbon, wood, cardboard, leather, and slate are all very transparent, while, curiously enough, glass is exceedingly opaque. Thus it is evident that we are in command of certain peculiar rays which have a standard of opacity of their own, the medical interest of which lies in the fact that bone is opaque and flesh very transparent to them.

The application of all this to photography is obvious. It is only necessary to place some object of varying opacity to these rays between an excited Crookes's tube and an ordinary photographic plate to obtain in the latter, after development, a shadow of the objects which impeded their passage most. In this way the bones of a living hand have been successfully photographed. Useful as these rays must prove, there is one disadvantage from which they suffer as compared with ordinary light rays. As yet no substance has been found capable of refracting them to any great extent: the use of lenses in connection with them is therefore as yet out of the question, and it is only possible to obtain profile views or silhouettes, no distance or detail being visible in the negatives. Still, their application to medical science cannot but be followed by important results, and as an aid to diagnosis of obscure fractures and internal lesions generally they will prove valuable. It is, of course, in diseases of the bony system that their use will be likely to be most marked, for, although the soft parts seem to have a certain selective power as to their transmission, it is not sufficient to obtain a sharp image of any of their constituent parts It remains to be seen what can be done in this direction by regulating the exposure and by sensitizing plates especially for use in their connection. Already a beginning has been made in this direction, and Professor Mosetig, of Vienna, has taken photographs which showed with the greatest clearness and precision the injuries caused by a revolver shot in the left hand of a man and the position of the small projectile. In another case the same observer detected the position and nature of a malformation in the left foot of a girl with entire saccess. - British Medical Journal.

HOW A HOLIDAY SHOULD BE SPENT. -The complex conditions of modern working life make the absolute need of a holiday more apparent every year. In all classes of life, from emperors down to the humblest workers, we do as much in a week as our forefathers were accustomed to do in six months, and the need for recuperation is, therefore, so much the greater, and fortunately the means for supplying this need have grown coincidently with it. The enormous increase in facilities of locomotion which is a notable characteristic of the present day enables even those of moderate means to go far afield; neither can there be any doubt that a complete change of air, scenery, and surroundings is a very powerful factor for good in the treatment of those wearied with work of whatsoever kind. The days are gone when Islington was really "merry" and had fields, when the fisherman could walk to Tottenham and find a clear Lea to exercise his craft upon. There are still left a few places within twenty miles of London which are really country, and not given up to the builder, jerry or otherwise; but the majority of holiday-makers go either to the seaside or on the Continent, and it is this kind of holiday that we propose more particularly to consider now.

It may be well asked, "Do those who go for a holiday set about it in the majority of cases

in the right way ?" and the answer in general is "No." First of all comes the family conclave assembled to decide upon the important question of where to go, which generally ends in the selection of some place favored by the younger male members of the family. And here we may point out that when people live together all the year round it is the greatest mistake for them to attempt to take a holiday together. The true holiday implies much more than going away from home; it means rest, change of company, being taken out of one's self -this last item is perhaps the most valuable of all. We will suppose, then, that the holiday-maker has settled the matter to his or her satisfaction and has started with a friend. Let him beware of the other great mistake so constantly committed—that of trying to do too much. To rush from one town to another; to "do" the Ardennes, Cologne, the Rhine, Nuremburg, perhaps Bayreuth, Styria, and more or less of Italy in six weeks is not a holiday but a penance, and yet there are those who do this and think that thereby they are laying up a store of health for their return to work. The true holiday consists, not in doing nothing, but in having nothing to do-it is the sense of freedom, the feeling that one can go on or stop, whichever is most convenient. Trains and the catching of them. the baleful superstition that "objects of interest" must be visited and inspected, the hurrying from one hotel to another, all these mar the rest which is sought.

Then, too, there is the question of climate. We are convinced that the general rule which is followed of going south for the winter-unless, indeed, Egypt or some similar place be selected—is wrong. The countries to go to in winter are those where winter is a reality, and where means are and can be taken to meet it. Russia, Norway, and Sweden are seen at their best in winter, and the beauty of a northern winter night is inconceivable to those who have not seen it, while the dry, windless, cold atmosphere braces every tissue of the body, and if the cold begins to be felt too much the houses are really warm, and warm throughout. Compare this with a shivering day on the Riviera where the art of keeping houses warm is unknown. The same argument will apply to summer. If a warm country is selected the house, the food, and the style of clothing will be found in keeping. In the variable climate with which we are favored we can neither prepare for winters like the last nor summers like that of 1893; but at least, when we can go to a country blessed with climatic regularity, let us visit it at the most favorable time. The true holiday, then, is not such an easy matter to obtain as it seems at first sight,—Lancet.

DANGERS TO SWIMMERS FROM THE JELLY FISH. -Folkestone enjoys the natural advantages of high cliff promenades, magnificent sea views, and most invigorating air; and as its surrounding neighborhood abounds in rare fossils, plants, and butterflies, it presents unusual charms to the lover of nature. It was my custom to go down to bathe very early in the morning, and repeatedly I have been the only person on the beach; yet I was sure to find Baker sitting in his boat, for it was his duty to be there at five, irrespective of the attendance of his clients. For divers reasons a short flight of steps was attached to his boat, and as I mounted them in order to make a good plunge, he observed, "Don't go out too far, sir, for though the sea is smooth, there's a strong current toward the pier." I soon found that my guardian was right, so I struck off as if going down channel. It was most exhilarating. The only signs of life excepting myself were the guardian Baker far away near the shore and some porpoises in front. I had bathed near to porpoises previously, so I was not afraid of them. Being a fairly strong swimmer, I had every confidence in my powers; but getting a little tired, I lay on my back motionless and watched the deep blue of the sky overhead.

The tide had gradually and imperceptibly carried me out of my course. I turned to swim back to the shore; but I was a prisoner, and tightly bound into the bargain. I could see no living thing near me, for the school of porpoises was off Dover by this time, and Baker was so remote that he appeared smaller than I had over seen him before. But I was bound round the limbs, and lashed uncomfortably over my right shoulder and under my left arm. Instantly I assumed an upright position, and began to tread with each foot to keep myself above water. Surveying my chest and arms, I caught sight of slimy threads like fine transparent cords enveloping me. The dreaded jelly-fish, Cyanæ, thought I.. But where is it? If I swim about I may go right into its disk, which must be very large to possess such long feelers. I got my left hand up to my right shoulder, and passing it firmly

down, I broke off the tentacles. With my right hand I gave greater freedom to my left arm. It was not the strength of the meshes that affected me so much as the paralyzing power of their poison. In another moment I tore the poison threads from my body and legs; and then, right in front of me, I saw my enemy-a deme more than eighteen inches in diameter, with a multitude of lashes depending from its margin. I now struck out for the beach, and hard work I had to reach it; for I was smarting all over, and welts were appearing wherever I had been stung. A roll in a bed of nettles could not be productive of greater pain and irritation. When dressed I got into Baker's boat and we went in pursuit of the medusa. Finding one-whether my embracing friend or not I could not tell-we hauled it up in my Turkish towel, and I took it home. Cyanæ was placed in a bucket, which it filled in a very undignified manner. It was my intention to examine its poison threads under the microscope; but this examination never took place, for a very good reason. All day I went about with a very uncomfortable feeling until I tried a bath in fresh water. This, with an extra share of physical exertion, restored my comfort, so that next morning I was away swimming a quarter of a mile from the shore, and enjoyed myself to my heart's content. I returned to the beach without any encounter. So far so good. On regaining the beach I proceeded to dry my head; but on scrubbing my face with the towel in which the day before I had carried home my trophy, I suddenly felt the most intensely stinging pains I had ever experienced. My eyes were poisoned, and seemed as if they were being consumed with intense heat. The poison had not been washed out of the towel. The pain increased so that I was unable to open my eyes. All power over the voluntary muscles had ceased. On reaching home, I tried various remedies, but without any success, until, plunging my head in cold spring water, I let the water in about my eyeballs, and so gradually recovered power and sight. In accounting for the large number of deaths of expert swimmers by drowning, this particular form of danger does not appear to have presented itself. -Leisure Hour.

Is MAN IMMORTAL?—A discussion has been going on in the United States, of which Mr. Stead gives a résumé in the current number of his quarterly Borderland, on the question of

the intrinsic immortality of man. It is eurious that, as a rule, Englishmen should confound the question whether or not man is immortal, with the question whether or not the human personality survives, or does not survive, death-a very different question, and not one which has always been confounded with it. The Chinese generally believe, it is said, that the personality of every man survives the death of his body for some generations, but not permanently, and regard their ancestors' spirits as more or less active for several consecutive periods of the same length as a bodily life, but as exhausting even their mental and moral vitality in the end, as they had exhausted their bodily vitality in the space of their visible life here. We have read somewhere that when a Chinese was asked why then he believed in the continued existence of Confucius two thousand years and some odd centuries after his earthly life, he replied, "Ah, but only think of the extraordinary stamina of that man's mind," as if intrinsic power to resist mental decay varied from mind to mind, and as if even Confucius might be slowly exhaling now that exceptional staming which had endured through so many ages. Of course that view is a sort of magnified reflection of the common human experience, that while some aged men seem to exhaust their mental and moral, no less than their physical, powers in this short existence, others seem to grow in grasp and lucidity and force of will up to the end. It is clear that while in some men mental strength long survives bodily strength, in others bodily vitality survives mental, and the mind goes before the body; naturally, then, it is presumed that even if the soul and body are separable, there is no more reason why the survivor of the two should be intrinsically immortal than there was why that which went first should have been so, though we can now see for ourselves that it was not. The separability of the soul and body only shows that they are not identical either in durability or in anything else. But to show that one survives the other no more proves that the survivor is immortal than the survival of a mother of a son shows that that mother or son is immortal. We do not argue that because the body sometimes appears to survive the mind, the body will never die, and we must not therefore argue that because the mind survives the body, the mind will never die. Professor Max Müller appears to believe that the "self" never begins to

exist, and never ceases to exist; but that the "ego" both begins to exist and ceases to exist, being the product of circumstances; but like many of Professor Max Müller's beliefs this is a view which requires a good deal more explanation than he condescends to give us. To most of us the "self" and the "ego" are as indistinguishable as the "self" is from "myself." I don't really know any self except myself. Mr. Gladstone's view is as usual much more intelligible. He suggests, without giving it precisely as his own conviction, that man is not so much intrinsically immortal as immortalizable, that but for sin he would have attained to immortality, and that so far as he can avail himself of the redemption offered to him, he may become so, but that he is not necessarily and intrinsically immortal either for evil or for good.

After all, what seems to be sufficiently clear is that both the moral evil and the moral good of our human personality survive the death of the body, and that whether man is intrinsically immortal or not, he continues to exert many of his powers after his bodily dissolution-to suffer for the evil he has done, as well as to enter into the joy which his power of discerning and loving the eternal source of being, confers upon him; and that we cannot limit confidently either the one power or the other. It certainly cannot be shown that either progressive purification or progressive degradation necessarily comes to an end. The view of the pantheist that progressive purification ends in a kind of absorption and the extinction of the "ego," seems to be as absolutely forbidden by Christianity as any doctrine can be. Where our Lord says that because God calls himself the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, "all live unto Him," he directly forbids the pantheistic and Buddhist view of progress as dissolving away the personal identity of human beings. If Christianity be true, pantheism even for the good is certainly false. And still more, it is false for the evil, for whether suffering be eternal or not, it certainly is spiritual, and lasts as long as the spirit survives; nor have we the smallest vestige of evidence that the downward progress of the will is a terminable process and comes to any natural end. may do so, if immortality depends only on the union with God. But there is certainly a sort of antagonism to God which appears to be progressive as well as the union with him. and antagonism means conscious existence no

less than love means conscious existence. All we can say is that if man be what Mr. Gladstone terms immortalizable, there is no final reason (unless it be God's mercy) why he should not be immortalizable in the one direction as well as in the other; and that while a good deal of our moral and spiritual experience tends to show the durability of remorse and the persistence of the growing incapacity to turn back after a certain point in the downward stage is reached, we have only the vaguest hope to rely on for our anticipation that all suffering must finally end. We have no experience to verify the death of the soul, such as we have to verify the death of the body. There is a good deal that suggests that even the death of the mind may be an illu-Certainly the memory, which is of course of the very essence of personal life, revives in the most wonderful way, when it seems to be wholly gone, and its failure appears to depend as much on the flaws in the bodily organization as the effectiveness of a phonograph depends on the marks left in the paper on which the vibrations of the voice are registered. The sudden recovery of the memory and of mental vitality which not unfrequently takes place at the moment of death, does not look much like its absolute dependence on the brain, or it would flicker out as the brain dies. Indeed, if the intelligence ever survives death, that seems to show that while the dying of the body may obstruct the action of the mind, its actual death does not interfere with mental life, and may therefore even quicken it. We clearly have no means of saying whether the mind is intrinsically immortal or not. But if, as the story of revelation implies, it is at least immortalizable, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, it may endure both for evil and for good, and certainly does endure both for evil and for good beyond the limit at which the death of the body takes Professor Max Müller's view that there is some sort of self which persists through an indefinite number of lives not connected together by any chain of continuous memory, appears to us the sort of philosophic conjecture for which there neither is nor can be any proper evidence at all. may be true that we are being punished or rewarded now for what we did in a state of which we have absolutely no record or memory. But if so, we are certainly not intended to recognize the justice either of God's punishments or of his rewards.

It is very difficult to understand the confidence with which Mr. Stead seems to rely on direct evidence, received, as he holds, from the other world. While it must be for him, and for those who have had such experience as he tells us that he has had, very impressive, so far as it conveys information as to what formerly happened in this world-information entirely new to the recipient-which the recipient had other means of adequately verifying, it is the reverse of impressive when it deals with allegations as to the spirit's experience after death. We can hardly imagine that experience could be so vague and so unlike what we mean by fact, as the sort of story usually received by so-called spiritualists from the other side of the veil, though it professes to be autobiographical. The present writer has read sheets on sheets of such socalled autobiography, and the only effect it has made upon his mind, is that those who send such communications must have entered a world of mist, in which there is neither definite time nor definite space nor definite form nor definite color nor definite judgment, but in which " naught is everything and everything is naught." Take the communication entitled "I Awoke," with which Mr. Stead concludes the article on " Is Man Immortal?" and which he speaks of as "curiously suggestive and very original." First the departed spirit professes to have felt a very vivid sense of renewed life and strength; then he explains that he was " unaware of his surround. ings and unconscious of himself." mean," he says, "that I did not ask myself where and what am I, but accepted all without question, as one does generally in daily life or in a dream." Well, we could not find a worse way of saying that life was vivid and renewed than to say one did not ask one's self where one was or what one was, but that one felt just as one does in a dream. In daily life, especially when it is vivid life, one does not feel like that at all. Then the spiritual autobiographer goes on to explain that he kept alternating between consciousness and loss of conscionsness, the consciousness being the consciousness of evil forms, who stimulated him or her to vindictiveness, and the loss of consciousness being like a fainting fit. Then gradually thoughts of forgiveness toward one who had betrayed him, and of self-reproach for having been full of selfishness in relation to this traitorous friend, steal in, and after a good deal of dull see-saw, very mistily

described, he manages to forgive his treacherous friend, and to do something toward persuading other misty figures to give up their favorite resentments too; and so the chapter of spiritual autobiography ends. It is a chapter in the autobiography of a person whose vivacity had all evaporated at the moment of death, and whose subsequent thoughts and emotions are wreaths of mist. If this is real life in the future world, we fear all that makes existence vivid and graphic must end with this. In fact, the so-called accounts given of the other world are the accounts of a life which has ceased altogether to be definite, and begun to copy the billowy shapes of cumulus clouds. The older ghosts are altogether more impressive than the modern ghosts who telegraph their experience by automatic writing, and succeed only in dissolving thought and dissipating language.

MONKEYS AS GOLD MINERS.—Captain E. Moss, who has just returned from the Transvaal, tells the story of the monkeys who work for him in the mines: "I have tventy-four monkeys," said he, "employed about my mines. They do the work of seven ablebodied men, and it is no reflection upon the human laborers to say that they do a class of work a man cannot do as well as they. In many instances they lend valuable aid where a man is useless. They gather up the small pieces of quartz that would be passed unnoticed by the working men, and pile them up in little heaps that can easily be gathered up in a shovel and thrown in the mill. They are exceedingly adept at catching the little particles, and their sharp eyes never escape the very things that the human eye would pass over." "How did you first come to employ them?" "When I went digging gold I had two monkeys that were exceedingly interesting pets. They were constantly following me about the mines, and one day I noticed that they were busily engaged in gathering up little bits of quartz and putting them in piles. They seemed to enjoy the labor very much, and would go to the mines every morning and work there during the day. It did not take me long to learn their value as laborers, for at that time our working men, who are mostly natives, were unskilled, and oftentimes almost useless. My two pets had not worked very long before I decided to procure more. So I immediately procured a number, and now have two dozen working daily in and about

the mines. It is exceedingly interesting to watch my two pet monkeys teach the new ones how to work, and still stranger to see how the new-comers take to it." "How do you control them?" "They control themselves. They work just as they please, sometimes going down into the mines when they have cleared up all the débris on the outside. They live and work together without quarrelling any more than men do. They are quite methodical in their habits, and go to work and finish up in the same manner as human beings would do under similar circumstances. It is very interesting to watch them at their labor, and see how carefully they look after every detail of the work they attempt." "What character of labor do they perform?" "They clean up about the mines, follow the wheelbarrows and carts used in mining, and pick up everything that falls off on the way. It is strange how they will discriminate between the tools used by the working men and a piece of quartz. They only keep their eyes on and make a fuss about what they must recognize as particles belonging to the mines."

A KAFFIR WEDDING .- Having resolved to attend a Kaffir wedding, whether as an invited guest or otherwise, the visitor to the Transvaal has first to make choice of the means of arriving upon the scene of action. There is generally a light wagon, in which he can be bumped and jolted over the "veldt," shaving the great ant hills as if by a miracle, with all his energies concentrated in saving his head and his hat from being smashed against the sides of the cart, the horses going full gallop most of the time. Or he can ride, with the chance of his horse putting his foot into one of the deep holes made by the "aard vark," or ant-bear, and coming to most signal grief, a thing which, fortunately, seldom happens. C ming to close quarters, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the dignified and unaffect. ed courtesy with which he or she (for ladies are equally welcome) is received. Here is an assemblage of what some highly cultivated people are pleased to call uncivilized savages, less than half clothed, and in a state of violent excitement, which at times seems half frenzied; yet no sooner do white visitors appear than an "Induna," or head ring man, approaches with his "Inkose" and military salute; the best seats are provided close to the bridegroom, and Kaffir beer is handed to the guests in gourds.

Meanwhile, the dances are being carried on with a fervor that never wanes, for eight or ten hours at a stretch. The men wear the large plumes of black feathers, which cover their heads and hang down their backs. With their cowhide shields and waving spears they are continually in motion. The effect produced by the small parties of Zulus who have been brought to England is but the palest shadow of the thrilling sensation inspired by the sight of some hundreds of these magnificent people in a state of the wildest enthusiasm, and yet observing the most perfect discipline in their manœuvres. They shout, they grunt, they advance and retreat, stamping until the ground actually trembles, and at last fall into a procession which moves toward their "kraal," dancing all the way. From time to time a warrior will burst from the ranks and bound with a sort of galloping action several yards in front of the line. He will then go through the motions of attacking and killing his antagonist amid the shouts and cheers of his fellows until they catch him up, when he falls in, and is followed by other eager rivals, all thirsting to outdo one another.

These evolutions are watched by the bride and her party of ladies, who for these occa sions reserve exceptionally elegant attire, consisting of a skin petticoat and several rows of beads, with the much prized soda water bottle wire twisted round their arms. As at home, the father of the bride occupies a specially important position, his tail of feathers frequently extending the whole length of his back. The bride, surrounded by her sisters and friends, usually kneels upon a mat, facing the line of dancers. She holds-for what purpose it is not easy to imagine-a shield and a knife in her hands, and is at especial pains to assume a dignified and cynical expression, as of one who finds the whole proceeding immeasurably beneath her contempt. Here, as in most other countries, the real interest of the wedding centres in the bride. Her conduct is regulated by the strictest etiquette, and for one day in her life she enjoys a mock sovereignty over her future husband and owner. It is the custom for a man or woman to leave the ranks of the dancers from time to time, and to rush up to the bride and address to her some description of badinage, more pointed than would be considered polite at a wedding in Mayfair. The lady, if she has been properly drilled, takes not the slightest notice of these witticisms, throwing back her head and shutting her eyes with infinite scorn. Nor does she address a word to any one except her attendants, with whom she may occasionally laugh and joke.

During the dancing the women keep up a most extraordinary shrill, tremulous cry, resembling the neighing of a horse. The men accompany their stampings with a song, consisting of the perpenal reiteration of three notes in a minor key. It is plaintive, and not unpleasing, and to it they recite their poetry,. such as "So-and so is a big lion," some one else a "bigger and will eat him up," and so on, with hardly any variation, hour after hour, while the dance goes on. From time to time Kaffir beer comes round, sometimes in a gourd, sometimes in a clay calabash shaped like a cocoanut cut in halves. It is ladled out by some functionary, and served with profuse liberality. Happily, this drink is not so disagreeable as it looks. It is of the consistency of gooseberry fool, pinkish in color, of a slightly acid taste, and resembling wort more than English beer.—South African Review.

A Novel Cure for Colds.—A good many new cures for colds have lately been published. Perhaps the most novel and the most hopeful is Dr. Schnee's. Schnee employs what may be considered a massage variant. He percusses the terminal branches of the nerves supplying the mucous membrane of the nose with a small hammer made of india rubber. Slight shocks upon terminal nerves have the effect, as hus been experimentally demonstrated, of contracting the blood-vessels. That is, they excite the activity of the vaso motor nerves. Stronger shocks produce dilatation of the same blood-vessels, no doubt, by overstimulating and so exhausting the vaso-motors. Here, then, we have a method of exercising a great deal of control over those nasal blood-vessels, whose altered condition constitutes the initial stage of coryza. In the inception period of a cold, what is wanted is to set up contraction of nasal and naso-pharyngolaryngeal blood-vessels. For this purpose slight "tappings" with the india-rubber hammer are to be resorted to. The locality to which the percussion should be applied is the forehead, just above the root of the nose; and the "taps" should follow a line extending horizontally outward over the eyebrows. The method is interesting, and based on physiological reasoning.—Hospital.

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# THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.\*

BY J. B. MOORE.

Nor long ago a gentleman who has had much to do with diplomatic affairs, referring to the number and variety of the controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain, observed that these two countries seemed to have greater difficulty in understanding each other in the same language than they have in understanding other countries in foreign languages. In the late negotiations between China and Japan at Shimonoseki, many of the documents were originally prepared in English, and it is said that Count Ito, in respect of a certain stipulation, observed that it was "clearer" in that language. the eminent statesman recurred to the history of the diplomatic relations of the two great English-speaking peoples, perhaps he would have modified his opinion. The Government of the United States has concluded with the Government of Great Britain upward of twenty-five treaties or conventions, and, though they were expressed in one language, the differences that have arisen in regard to their construction seem to have been proportionately

countries became dissevered.

It has often been remarked that it was a great misfortune for the English race that the colonies out of which were formed the United States of America were not permitted to establish their independence in peace. While it may be true that, taking all things into consideration, the course of the British Government was not so wantonly oppressive as many writers and speakers have been led to represent, yet it is also true that the revolutionary struggle left behind it a legacy of mutual ill feeling which has not ceased to influence international relations to the present day. Of the Treaty of Peace the United States could not complain. It was based, as its preamble declared, on broad considerations of "reciprocal advantages and mutual

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more numerous than in the case of agreements concluded with other countries in two languages: This fact is not, however, so strange as at first blush it may appear to be. The relations between the United States and Great Britain have been at once more intimate and more diverse than those between the United States and any other country; and they have also been characterized by a certain political antagonism which is to be traced to the conditions under which the two

<sup>\*</sup> The writer of this article occupied the eminent position of Assistant-Secretary of State in the United States Government during the Secretaryships of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Blaine.—Editor N. R.

convenience," and if it had been followed by commercial arrangements of a corresponding character, it might have been attended with the most beneficent results. But, after a delay of nearly a year, the preliminary Treaty was made definitive without the addition of a single stipulation, and no arrangement in respect of commerce was concluded. For this condition of things the responsibility rested with Fox, whose name is indissolubly associated in America with the defence of colonial rights. But, unfortunately, at the moment of colonial independence, his course was controlled by the spirit of faction. Joined with Shelburne in the Rockingham Ministry, when Rockingham died, Fox resigned. At this conjuncture Fox, says Sir George Cornewall Lewis, had three courses before him: (1) To remain in Lord Shelburne's Government; (2) to resign with his friends and form a separate party; (3) to coalesce with Lord North and the Tories. Of these, the last was in our judgment incomparably the worst, and this was the course Fox selected. After the downfall of the Shelburne Ministry, Pitt, who retained the leadership of the House of Commons till the Coalition Ministry was installed, i troduced a Bill which declared it "highly expedient that the intercourse between Great Britain and the United States should be established on the most enlarged principles of reciprocal benefit." By this Bill it was proposed to throw open the ports of Great Britain to the United States on the same terms as to other independent states, and, as an exceptional privilege, to permit American ships and vessels laden with the produce and manufacture of their own country to enter all British ports in America, paying no other duties than those imposed on British vessels. not only opposed this measure, but he secured the passage of an Act by which the regulation of the trade with America was committed to the King in Council, and under the influence of Fox this power was exercised by restricting the trade with the British possessions to British-built ships, owned and navigated by British subjects.

The first attempt to establish per-

manent diplomatic relations was equally unfortunate, though it was not made until two years after the conclusion of the definitive peace. So far as the sentiments exchanged on that occasion were concerned, nothing was wanting to a complete reconciliation. "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens," said John Adams, who, after playing a leading part in the Revolution, now appeared as the first minister of the United States at the Court of London, "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good nature and the old good humor between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood." "The King," said Adams, "listened to every word I eaid, with dignity, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say. But he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with." The circumstances of this audience," said the King, "are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always

said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent Power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

Adams' mission, though thus auspiciously begun, accomplished nothing. No minister was sent by Great Britain to the United States. The provisions of the Treaty of Peace remained unexecuted. The situation was complicated by the inability of the Govof the United States. ernment under the Articles of Confederation. to compel obedience to its authority. The indisposition of the British Government to make concessions in matters of commerce was confirmed by the fact that, in spite of restrictions, the course of American trade was toward England. As early as 1786 the French Legation at Philadelphia informed its Government that the proportion of English commerce with the United States to French was as eight to one. But, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, there was a great outburst of sympathy toward France which, when the war between that country and Great Britain was declared, rendered it difficult for the Government of the United States to maintain an attitude of neutrality. A large part of the people of the United States, besides sympathizing with France as the ally by whose aid the country had achieved its independence, looked upon the war as a contest between the principles of democracy and the principles of mouarchy. But the more far-seeing statesmen of the United States looked with apprehension upon the possibility that the people might be swayed by their affections and prejudices to participate in the struggles of Europe; and, in 1794, in the midst of the excitement, Washington determined to make an attempt to adjust the relations between the United States and Great Britain by a treaty. For that purpose he sent John Jay, the Chief Justice of the United States, to England. On the 19th of November, 1794, a treaty was

concluded. For a time Washington withheld it from the Senate, and, when its provisions became known, they aroused a storm of denunciation. "I have brought on myself," said Washington, "a torrent of abuse in the factious papers in this country, and from the enmity of the discontented of all descriptions therein." Nevertheless, after the lapse of fifteen months from the date of its conclusion, the treaty was ratified and came into effect. In February last the centennial of its proclamation was celebrated in the city of New York with enthusiasm.

Had it not been for the Napoleonic wars, it is scarcely doubtful that the basis of intercourse laid in the Jay Treaty would have been gradually broadened by scipulations inspired by mutual interest and mutual good-will. Jay himself, in whom, as in Adams, the resentments of the Revolutionary period were succeeded by kindlier dispositions, felt that he had laid the foundations of future amity. "I daily became more and more convinced," said Jay, before his departure from England, "of the general friendly disposition of this country toward us. Let us cherish it. Let us cultivate friendship with all nations. By treating them all with justice and kindness, and by preserving that self-respect which forbids our yielding to the influence or policy of any of them, we shall, with the Divine blessing, secure peace, union, and respectability." But soon afterward began the long struggle which ended with the downfall of Napoleon and the triumph of Great Britain. In this long contest the rights of neutrals were at first little respected; they were at length completely sacrificed.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with the war between the United States and Great Britain of 1812 is the fact that it did not occur five years earlier. If its declaration had finally been delayed for six weeks, it would not have been issued at all. Deceived by Napoleon, and exasperated by the apparent futility of protests. President Madison brought himself to the point of recommending hostilities just at the moment when the British Government was on the point of sus-

pending the orders in council and adopting a conciliatory policy. By many American writers the war of 1812 has been called the second war for independence, but the expression is euphemistic. While the conduct of the American navy was highly creditable, the most successful of the few en-'gagements on land of which a candid American historian can boast was fought two weeks after the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace; and the peace was concluded on the basis of status quo ante bellum. But the Napoleonic wars came to an end, and with them slumbered questions of belligerent right.

It was not till 1830 that a permanent direct trade in American bottoms was established between the United States and the British possessions in Amer-This was an important step toward conciliation, but it was prevented from having its full effect by disputes as to boundaries and the fisheries. Canadians, we are told, think that their interests have been sacrificed to considerations of Imperial policy. the United States, on the contrary, there is a general impression that the expectation of Imperial support has often led the colony to pursue a policy which would not otherwise have been adopted. But, however the fact may be, questions growing out of the contiguity of the British possessions in North America to the United States have repeatedly formed the subject of controversy. In 1846 the dispute as to the Oregon boundary brought the two nations to the very verge of hostilities. This dispute involved the possession of a domain of 600,000 square miles, lying between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40' north latitude, and comprising the territory now included in the States of Oregon and Washington and the province of British Columbia. The declaration in the Democratic platform in 1844 that the title of the United States to the whole of this territory was "clear and unquestionable" was repeated by President Polk in his inaugural address, and was in substance affirmed by him in his first annual message. But by a treaty concluded on the 15th of June, 1846, the territory was almost equally divided, and the boundary was adjusted on the line of the 49th parallel of north latitude, which was deflected at the sea so as to leave the whole of the island of Vancouver in the possession of Great Britain.

Between the years 1850 and 1860 various questions of controversy were either settled or put in the way of adjustment, and the statesmen of the two countries could look forward to the gradual growth of more cordial relations when the Civil War in the United States broke out. When this struggle ended the relations between the two countries wore a grave aspect, which, in the course of the next four years, became still more menacing. The controversies which had arisen in the half century intervening since the war of 1812 had furnished the occasion of sharp contention, but they did not have their origin in the deep and pentup feelings of national injury, such as that which the depredations of Confederate cruisers, fitted out in British ports, produced in the mass of the people of the United States. Nor did the question growing out of the Civil War constitute the only subject of dispute between the two Governments. controversy as to the San Juan Water Boundary, which was in train of settlement before the war began, was now revived. Moreover, on the 17th of March, 1865, before the war had yet been concluded, notice was given to the British Government, pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress, of the intention of the United States to consider the Reciprocity Treaty of June 5th, 1854, in relation to Canada, as terminated, in accordance with its provisions, at the expiration of twelve months from the date of the notification. The termination of this treaty brought the two Governments face to face with old differences, which had at times proved to be exceedingly troublesome, and, as if further to complicate the situation, there came the outbreak of Fenianism dragging with it the vexed question of expatriation, which had formed a subject of contention in the disputes that led up to the war of Had the unfriendly influences 1812. in England which Lord Palmerston had for many years done so much to foster and create, and the bitterness of

feeling in the United States represented by Mr. Sumner's speech against the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, been permitted to prevail, the result can scarcely be a matter of conjecture. The occasion was one that demanded the highest statesmanship, and happily it was not wanting. It may almost be said that the turning of a hand might have precipitated a conflict; but, as on many prior occasions, the statesmen of the two countries had the wisdom to look beyond the influences and passions of the hour, and to maintain the permanent interests which it was incum-

bent upon them to preserve. The brief narrative which I have attempted of certain historical events explains the existence in the United States of that feeling of antagonism to Great Britain which so often finds expression in the press and in political speeches. It is the legacy of past controversies, and as such should be depre-That it is now as cated and resisted. widespread and intense as it was in former times I do not believe, for, while there may be occasional evidences to the contrary, there are also evidences of a growing popular conviction that the essential interests of both countries, as well as their obligations to civilization, demand that they shall not permit enmity to prevail between them. should it be forgotten that in the many controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain since the war of 1812, there as always been found in the end a and public opinion in favor of the icable adjustment of differences. ile it may true that the settlement the Oregon question in 1846 was litated by the prospect of hostilibetween the United States and ico, there was a sober public opinn the United States, as well as in t Britain, that was utterly opto war between the two coun-This feeling was not inspired y by sentimental considerations, ere those who shared it confined e political party. It proceeded the general conviction among htful men everywhere that war n the two countries, unless as a ort for the defence of clear naights and vital interests, would

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be a disgrace to their statesmanship, and a crime against civilization. "Who is the man," said Mr. Webster, in a speech at Faneuil Hall on the Oregon question, "at the head of either Government who will take upon himself the responsibility of bringing on a war between two nations like Great Britain and America upon a question of this kind, until he is prepared to show that anything and everything that he could do has been done to avoid such a terrible ultimate result? If a British Minister under whose administration a war should ensue on this question cannot stand up in Parliament and show that it is not his fault—cannot show that he has done everything which an honest and sensible man could do to avert the conflict, I undertake to say that no power or popularity can uphold his shaking position for an hour. And in the same sense and spirit I say, that if in this country any party shall, before we are aware of it, plunge us into a war upon this question, it must expect to meet a very severe interrogatory from the American people-must expect to prepare itself to show that it has done all that it could, without any bias from the pride of success or the love of war—all that it could do to keep the nation safe from so great a calamity, with the preservation of its rights and honor." Even in the darkest days of the Civil War there were many thoughtful men in America, as well as in England, who had the confidence to believe that the two Governments would ultimately reach a mutual understand-In March, 1863, an eminent merchant of New York, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, said: "While I deplore the agency of Great Britain in permitting vessels like the Alabama and Oreto to go forth to destroy our commerce, I have that faith in the British Government that when it understands all that is justly felt on this side of the water, the evil will be corrected." It was this feeling, shared by men of intelligence on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially represented in the United States by Hamilton Fish, who became Secretary of State under President Grant, that led to the settlement of differences by the Treaty of. Washington—a treaty which adjusted

all pending disputes and left the two countries for the first time in their history without a boundary dispute.

In the quiet condition of Anglo-American relations following the adjustment of the Behring Sea question, the civilized world has lately been startled by the appearance of a question which, though by no means new, suddenly became the subject of acute international controversy. It is superfluous to say that I refer to the question of the boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela. Of this question little or nothing was known either in the United States or in Great Britain until a very recent period outside of their Foreign Offices. That it had suddenly become the cause of something very like a quarrel doubtless was, as has often been declared, a matter of complete surprise to most persons in Great Britain. But in America the case was somewhat differ-While there were not many persons who were prepared for, and while there were certainly very few who could have anticipated just such an outbreak as occurred, yet an intelligent observer of events in the United States could not have failed to remark the possibility of future complications.

In October, 1894, there appeared a pamphlet entitled British Aggressions in Venezuela; or, the Monroe Doctrine on Trial; by William L. Scruggs, Jurisconsult for the Government of Venezuela, late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Columbia and to Ven-Though I have rarely seen a reference to this pamphlet in the public journals, it was, I believe, the actual source of most of the information that was disseminated by the Press on the boundary question; and in 1895 a second and revised edition of it was published, with the omission from the author's title of the words, "Jurisconsult for the Government of Venezue-The appearance of this pamphlet is of historical importance, since it marked the beginning of a systematic popular agitation of the boundary question as a subject involving the Mon-While the precise boundroe Doctrine. ary between Venezuela and British Guiana had not, said this pamphlet,

been definitely fixed by treaty, it was inferable, from historical facts; and "the persistent aggressions of the stronger Power upon the jurisdiction of the weaker had reached a point where they directly threatened the dismemberment of one of the Spanish-American Republics, and indirectly menaced the sovereignty and territorial integrity of at least two others." The true boundary, it was maintained, was the river Essequibo. In January, 1895, a joint resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives of Mr. Liv ingston, a Member from Georgia, in which it was proposed that arbitration "be earnestly recommended to the favorable consideration of both the parties in interest." The debates on the resolution show that it was adopted merely as a suggestion; indeed, it was amended in the Senate so as to bear purely a suggestive form. But, after the adjournment of Congress, the agitation in the Press increased rather than diminished; and many articles were published demonstrative of the soundness of the Venezuelan position, and with maps exhibiting graphic illustrations of the aggressions on Venezuelan territory.

In this way a very general conviction was produced that, by the exercise of superior power, a gradual absorption of Venezuelan territory was taking place; and this conviction was confirmed in the popular mind not only by the refusal of the British Government to accept unrestricted arbitration, but also by its refusal to submit to arbitration any territory within the Schomburgk line. In the latter circumstance there was more to warrant the popular impression than in the former. The Schomburgk line, whatever may be its historical justification, was drawn ex parte; and it was not treated by Her Majesty's Government as definitive till 1886. But as to the question of unrestricted arbitration, the popular inference was more plausible than sound. While it is true that the Schomburgk line was ex parte, the claim of Venezuela to the Essequibo as a boundary was confessedly arbitrary. In a memorandum communicated by Mr. Andrade, the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, to the Secretary of State, Mr. Gresham, on the 31st March, 1894, and published in the volume of the foreign relations of the United States for that year, the boundaries of the captaincy-general of Venezuela in 1810, to which the Republic of Venezuela now lays claim, are described as follows: "On the north, the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean beyond the eastern bank of the Essequibo; on the south, the Maranon or Amazon River; on the west, the viceroyalty of Sante Fé; and on the east, Dutch Guiana, which, by the convention of August 13th, 1814, signed in London by His British Majesty and the United Provinces of Netherlands, came to be the British Guiana of the present time." Such is the description; but, says the memorandum, " out of moderation and prudence, however, she (Venezuela) has contented herself with claiming the Essequibo line as that dividing Venezuelan Guiana from British Guiana." From this statement, which I happened to read soon after its publication, I derived the impression, which was confirmed by the examination of maps and historical writings, and especially of Spanish maps, that the claim of Venezuela to all the territory west of the Essequibo was based not upon occupation, but upon the theory that Spain and her successors could, by virtue of original discovery and the Papal Bull of 1493 assert title to all the territory of the Guianas which they had not by treated alienated to other Powers, though such powers had occupied and maintained possession of the territory through all the vicissitudes of more than three centuries of conflict in Europe and in America. In this view of the matter I could easily comprehend the "prudence," if not the "moderation," which induced the Venezuelan Government to refrain from pressing an indefinite claim to territory " beyond the eastern bank of the Essequibo." It is a matter of common knowledge that Spain's claims to territory in America merely by virtue of original discovery and the Papal Bull, were utterly disregarded by other nations. Spain and Portugal themselves, though they were the intended beneficiaries of the Papal Bull, did not observe its provisions. Great Britain and France fitted out ex-

peditions of discovery, and took possession of territory in defiance of it. The very treaty of Münster of 1648, between the Spanish and the Dutch, provided, in language strictly reciprocal, that the contracting parties should "continue in possession of such lordships, cities, castles, fortresses, commerce, and countries in the East and West Indies, as also in Brazil, and upon the coasts of Asia, Africa, and America respectively, as the said Lords, the King, and the States respectively hold and possess;" and it by anticipation confirmed to the Dutch "the forts and places which the said Lords the States shall hereafter chance to acquire and possess without infraction of the present treaty." other words, the treaty acknowledged the principle of possession—the rule of the uti possidetis derived by international law from the Roman law—the principle that has been adopted as the great solvent of boundary disputes, especially in South America. In the passage heretofore quoted from the memorandum of the Venezuelan Minister of 1894, it is stated that the captaincy-general of Venezuela was bounded in 1810 on the south by "the Marañon or Amazon River." An examination of the map will disclose that there now lies between the southern boundary of Venezuela and the Amazon a large tract of territory in the possession of Brazil, almost as large as the present republic of Venezuela. How came this to be? The answer may be found in the first article of the treaty between Brazil and Venezuela of November 25, 1852, by which the high contracting parties "agree upon and recognize as a basis for the determination of the frontier between their respective territories, the uti possidetis, and in conformity with this principle they declare and define the boundary line." Nor is the effect of possession confined to the particular settlements that may be made. On the contrary, in the determination of territorial rights in America certain general principles were acknowledged, one of which was "that when any European nation takes possession of any extensive sca-coast, that possession is understood as extending into the interior country, to the sources of the rivers emptying within that coast, to

all their branches and the country they cover, and to give a right, in exclusion of all other nations, to the same." Such was the language used by Messrs. Pinckney and Monroe, the representatives of the United States, in discussing with Don Pedro Cevallos, the Minister of State of Spain, the boundaries of Louisiana; and it since has been adopted by many eminent writers on the law of nations. It was this principle that gave to Brazil the basin of the Amazon. And, if I had been required to express an impartial opinion on the subject, I should have said that the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana should be directly settled on the basis of the uti possidetis, at the time of the transfer of Dutch Guiana to Great Britain, and, if the parties could not agree as to what that possession was, then by an arbitration on the same basis.

The diplomatic correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney, and the Message of President Cleveland to Congress, it is not within the scope of my present purpose to discuss. But, as an American, and as one who has had some knowledge of President Cleveland's devotion to duty and his desire to promote international justice and goodwill, I deem it proper to say that it is impossible to believe that he has at any time wished for any other than a peaceful settlement of a vexatious controversy. It is obvious that to the invocation of the vague and undefined, but very powerful, sentiment commonly called the Monroe Doctrine, are in large measure to be ascribed the excitements and misunderstandings that have attended the recent discussion of a question which, if it had been treated on its merits in the first instance, might not have been, and certainly ought not That it to have been, hard to solve. will erelong be adjusted honorably and satisfactorily, the possession of that practical common sense of which Englishmen and American alike boast, does not permit us to doubt.

I have already adverted to the fact that in the many controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain in the last eighty years, there has always been found in the end a sound public opin-

ion in favor of the amicable adjustment of differences; and it is in this way that, in spite of adverse influences, the ties of mutual interest and of a common civilization have been made mani-The identification in their fundamental institutions of the principles of liberty and law has confirmed in the minds of the people of both countries the idea of legality, which has led them to resort to judicial methods, rather than to methods of violence, for the settlement of their differences. they have already afforded, in the conduct of their relations, the most conspicuous illustrations in modern history of the practicability and beneficence of international arbitration. May they not take yet another and a greater step in that direction by the establishment between them of a permanent arbitral tribunal? On the 14th of February, 1890, the Senate of the United States passed a concurrent resolution, which was adopted by the House of Representatives on the 3rd of the following April, by which the President was "requested to invite, from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means." On the 16th of July, 1893, a responsive resolution was passed by the House of Commons, "cordially sympathizing with the purpose in view, expressing the hope that Her Majesty's Government would "lend their ready co-operation to the Government of the United States upon the basis of the foregoing resolution." Since that time it is understood that negotiations have been in progress between the two Governments for the establishment between them of a permanent arbitral system. With a view to promote the accomplishment of this end, many meetings have lately been held in the United States; and at a national conference at Washington, on the 22d and 23d of April, which was attended by representative men from all parts of the Union, the following resolutions were adopted:

"This national conference of American citizens assembled at Washington, April 22, 1896, to promote international arbitration, profoundly convinced that experience has shown that war, as a method of determining disputes between nations, is oppressive in its operation, uncertain and unequal in its results, and productive of immense evils, and that the spirit and humanity of the age, as well as the precepts of religion, require the adoption of every practicable means for the establishment of reason and justice between nations, and considering that the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain, bound together by ties of a common language and literature, of like political and legal institutions, and of many mutual interests, and animated by a spirit of devotion to law and justice, have, on many occasions, by resource to peaceful and friendly arbitration, manifested their just desire to substitute reason for force in the settlement of their differences, and to establish a reign of peace among nations; that the common sense and enlightened public opinion of both nations is utterly averse to any further war between them; that the same good sense, reinforced by common principles of humanity, religion, and justice, requires the adoption of a permanent method for the peaceful adjustment of international controversies, which method shall not only provide for the uniform application of principles of law and justice in the settlement of their own differences, but shall also by its example and its results promote the peace and progress of all peoples, does hereby adopt the following resolutions:

"(1.) That in the judgment of this conference, religion, humanity, and justice, as well as the material interests of civilized society, demand the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain of a permanent system of arbitration, and the earliest possible extension of such a system to embrace all civilized nations;

"(2.) That it is earnestly recommended to our government, as soon as it is assured of a corresponding disposition on the part of the British government, to negotiate a treat providing for the wildest practicable application of the method of arbitration to international controversies:

"(3.) That a committee of this conference be appointed to prepare and present to the President of the United States a memorial respectfully urging the taking of such steps on the part of the United States as will best conduce to the end in view."

It may be observed that these resolutions speak merely of a "permanent system" or arbitration. Such a system may be established either by the creation of a permanent tribunal, or by the adoption of a permanent plan for the constitution of special tribunals as occasions for them may arise. tween these two methods, the former, in my opinion, posesses manifest advantages. The creation of a tribunal in which the people of both countries had confidence would not only tend to secure for the system popular support, but it would also avoid the difficulties that often attend the selection of arbitrators in the midst of a controversy. The creation of a permanent tribunal would also tend to produce uniformity of decision, and thus contribute to the development of international law. As to the jurisdiction of such a tribunal, it is generally conceded that the contracting parties would not agree beforehand to refer all matters in dispute be-There are, however, certween them. tain subjects which are on all hands admitted to be eminently proper for These subjects might be arbitration. expressly included without prejudice to any others which the contracting parties might from time to time agree to refer, and without expressly including any. I make these suggestions merely for the purpose of exhibiting some of the practical aspects of the proposal to establish a permanent system of international arbitration.—National Review.

#### NICCOLA PISANO AND THE RENASCENCE OF SCULPTURE.

BY J. A. CROWE.

TEN centuries went by before Italian painters and sculptors lost the traditions handed down to them by the Roman Empire. From the days when Christ, the Good Shepherd, was represented in the Catacombs on the same classic lines as Orpheus, the ancient charmer of animals, to the time when

Italian artists became familiar with all the forms under which Gospel subjects might be represented, nothing occurred —nothing, it appeared, could be done—to stem the current which led to what seemed a final collapse. Yet, in spite of the magnitude of the danger and its near approach, the catastrophe was

avoided: the sister arts were saved from ruin; a revival took place; sculpture and painting recovered the ground which they had lost; and masters appeared who transformed a business apparently destined to perish into one that embodied new elements of prog-

That this is a true sketch of what actually occurred is known to those who have given a thought to the history of the early craft of sculptors and painters in Italy. Less known is the difference of the conditions under which painting on the one hand and sculpture on the other emerged from the ob-

scurity of the middle ages.

The practice of painting had declined to such an extent that hopes could hardly be entertained of its final recov-North and south of Rome the level was exceptionally low. At Sant' Elia of Nepi, as at Sant' Angelo in Formis, wall-painting was carried out on a large and imposing scale. old system of distemper was maintained, but the skill of the workmen was inferior in many respects to that of much earlier times. In Rome and Florence mosaists of some experience in the judicious application of ornament and color decorated large spaces in basilicas and churches with pictures of gaudy tint and imperfect design.

In provincial cities of the centre of the Peninsula, where painting had sunk to the position of a trade, shops were open for the sale of crucifixes, and the Berlinghieri of Lucca, among others, founded a family of which several generations gave themselves up to the production of such wares. On these stock pieces the Redeemer was represented as the Sufferer, and side panels affixed to the perpendicular limb of the Cross were enlivened with scenes from the Passion composed and executed with that want of art which had now unfortunately become habitual even to the

best guildsmen.

In Sienna Gilio and Dietisalvi varied their occupation as painters by throwing on the bindings which covered the registers of the municipal accounts portraits of the treasury officials. One of their colleagues, Vigoroso, left behind him a Madonna dated 1281, now in the gallery of Perugia, in which the decay

characteristic of the period is very apparent. His contemporary, Coppo di Marcovaldo, at Florence also left us an altarpiece which is still to be seen in all its repulsive features in Santa Maria de' Servi at Sienna.

At Arezzo and Pisa crucifixes were also commonly produced by such inferior hands as Margaritone and Giunta. who represent the lowest form to which the art of their time was reduced. Margaritone flooded Tuscany with portable altarpieces, of which many more have been preserved than are required to brand the painter as coarse and ineffi-Giunta, with little more skill, cient. but better advised, cast in his lot with the Franciscans of Assisi. But even this would not have served him, and he would have spent his days in the old ways of the craft but for a new impulse given by the religious orders. The zeal of the friars of Assisi had suggested to them that it would be a gain to religion to multiply portraits of their chief, and effigies of him became almost as numerous in Central Italy as representations A great part of the Crucified Saviour. of Margaritone's practice consisted in painting imaginary likenesses of St. Francis. Giunta took the same road. But he was not only employed in representing Christ on the Cross, or figures of St. Francis; he was entrusted with the more important task of illustrating the Franciscan legend. It had been the aim of the directors of the order at the very earliest moment after the death of its founder to represent the chief incidents of his life, which had been compressed into a legend parallel with the Bible narrative of the Lord's Passion. It was resolved that the episodes of both should be displayed on opposite walls in the aisle of the lower church of Assisi, which at that time were unbroken and reached uninterruptedly from the portal to the choir. On this vast field Giunta was commissioned to paint the Passion and scenes of the legend of St. Francis, and he did so with such power as his barbarous and feeble pencil allowed. course of time the walls of the aisle were broken through for the purpose of erecting a series of chapels to which the faithful might have access. Giunta's wall-pictures were mutilated; yet such was the conservatism of the Franciscans that the remnants of his work may still be seen, and we judge of the artist's incapacity by the parts which have not yet perished or entirely disap-

peared.

Persons with an eye for such studies will make out, even now, in the lower church of San Francesco that fragments of the original decorations are still in existence. On one spandrel of the first arch which used to form part of the wall of the aisle there are remnants of a Descent from the Cross with very little left but a bit of the timbers of the On the similar cross and a ladder. space further on there are remains of a Calvary, with the Mary's following the procession to Golgotha. In the spandrels of the next arch is the Descent from the Cross, with half of a figure of Christ, and parts of Joseph of Arimathea supporting the body, the Evangelist kissing the hand, the Virgin wailing, and Nicodemus drawing the nails from the feet. In the next section Christ is depicted at length on the ground, while Mary in a fainting fit is attended by her women. A third space shows us nothing but traces of colorstains.

Facing this row of fragments, but on the opposite side of the aisle, a bishop is seen covering the nakedness of St. Francis with his cloak; the Pope dreams that the Church is tottering, and would fall but for the saint's support; St. Francis feeds the sparrows; he receives the stigmata; and the series is closed with the scene of the death, where the friars surround the saint's pallet waving censers or carrying tapers.

Although there is reason to believe that Giunta's pencil was not confined to the lower church, but that he also painted in the right transept of the upper church, the remains are so mutilated that we cannot discern with certainty what may be his and what Cimabue's. There is no documentary evidence of Giunta's share in any part of the edifice. Naturally we are unable to say whether the art there displayed made a strong impression on the public of the thirteenth century. But the fact that the lower church proved to be too small for the press of pilgrims, the opening of chapels, and the subsequent re-

painting of the upper and lower churches in the spirit of the earlier designs, is evidence that the order found its policy requited by an increase of wealth and numbers, and Giunta's work was approved, although, as time sped on, it was soon discovered that his distempers were no longer up to the mark of pictorial attainments to be noted in the neighboring cities. Ginnta's art shows a moderate improvement upon that of the almost contemporary decorators in San Pietro in Grado near Movement and a natural forma-Pisa. tion of groups are in advance of the powers of the commoner painters of the time, yet the drawing and the coloring are of that barbarous kind which Vasari disdainfully though improperly called Greek.

Simultaneously with the Franciscans of Assisi, the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, before the acknowledgment of the superior talent of Cimabue, deemed it advisable to decorate their church and convent with incidents taken from the legend of their founder. There was a rivalry between the orders. Those of Assisi took the opportunity which the enlargement of their church offered them, and, seeing that they could not save all that Giunta had done in the first aisle, they engaged Cimabue to re-decorate the right transept of the lower church, and they further employed him in the left transept of the upper church. At the same time new hands were engaged as helps in painting the central ceilings of the transept and nave of the upper church, while Cimabue and his assistants covered the sides of the nave with subjects from the Old and New Testament. Later artists, including Giotto, designed and completed the lower strip of wall-paintings in the upper church, showing at the close what immense strides art had been taking in a comparatively short time.

Painting was thus revived by a series of efforts limited to a single centre. The men who contributed to the result were Florentines of successive generations who lived and labored in the second half of the thirteenth century. No mystery clouds the expansion of their progress. Vasari thought the impulse due to the superiority of Tuscan

over imported Greek art. But it was Tuscan art which revived in consequence of the policy of the religious orders and the rivalry of the Franciscans and Dominicans in Tuscany.

The renascence of sculpture took place under conditions altogether differ-But the attempts of Florentine historians, from Vasari to the commentators of the present day, to ascribe the development of sculpture in Italy to the single efforts of local Tuscans taught by Greeks has comp'etely failed; and there is no reason any longer to doubt that, whereas the revival of painting was localized at Assisi, that of sculpture was due to entirely different causes from those recited by Vasari, and it was not in consequence of an accidental collection of antique examples in the Campo Santo of Pisa or the study of those examples by a single artist that sculpture improved.

Many years ago I pointed out that nothing occurred to check the action of decay in productions of the chisel in Central Italian cities during the greater part of the thirteenth century. I inferred from the existence of a superior art in the South that the true impulse came from that direction, and urged with some considerable show of reason that Niccola Pisano, whose name appeared to indicate that he was a Pisan, was really an immigrant who only brought his skill to a better market than that to which he had access at home. One or two examples were given at the time to illustrate the talents of sculptors who apparently had never stirred from the neighborhood of Salermo.; and a point was made of the fact that Niccola Pisano was at least the son of a native of Apulia, and probably had been taught in Southern Italy.

But these arguments met with strong opposition. It was said by Mr. Perkins, a historian of Italian sculpture, that sufficient evidence could be adduced to prove that the renascence had its origin at Pisa. Milanesi broke a lance in favor of the same theory by asserting that Niccola Pisano was born at Apulia, a village near Lucca. But neither Perkins nor Milanesi, nor their numerous partisans in Germany, could get over the fact that sculpture was not

practised by any artist of skill in Central Italy when Niccola appeared for the first time as contractor for the erection of the pulpit of Pisa in 1260, and no one could give a rational explanation of the assertion of Vasari, that Niccola Pisano learned his art by copying the bas-reliefs of ancient monuments, preserved in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

Since this controversy began much has been done to throw light upon the subject of Italian sculpture. Not only has the miracle which Vasari describes been disproved, but his statements have been found to be false and his theory untenable. Meanwhile the fact that sculpture had fallen into complete decay at Florence and in Tuscanv generally in the early part of the thirteenth century, while it gained a new impulse in the South under the protection and care of Frederick of Hohenstaufen, has been established so completely that it can no longer be successfully controverted.

It is matter of common knowledge that, previous to the appearance of Niccola Pisano in Tuscany, the art of the carver in that part of Italy was so rude that, if taken as an evidence of civilization, it would have suggested the existence of a thoroughly barbaric Not at Pisa alone, but in Florence, Pistoia, Lucca, and even farther north at Parma, sculptors had lost all the traditions of the antique, and failed to exhibit even an approach to a reasonable imitation of Nature. As late as 1250, when Guido of Como erected a pulpit at San Bartolommeo of Pistoia, which may be compared with that which Niccola Pisano built ten years later, we seem to have gone back to the infancy of art for the production of figures characterized by slenderness of shape, rigidity of attitude, and almost complete absence of modelling. At Florence we note the childish creations of a nameless craftsman, who carved the "ambo" of San Piero Scheraggio, now in the church of San Leonardo, or those of an equally unknown carver, whose reliefs on an arch in the abbey of Candeli have lately been transferred to the National Museum.

Vasari was clever enough to see that such specimens of sculpture as the Tus-

can cities could show were ill fitted to serve as models for a coming race of artists who were to regenerate the craft. For that reason probably he invented this story of Niccola Pisano, and the monuments of the Campo Santo of Pisa. But the wonder is that so many historians should have accepted his theory as probable and true. Niccola Pisano uncovered his pulpit in 1260 he displayed to a public accustomed to the feeble creations of Biduino, Bonamico, and Bonanno the work of a man who had obtained a thorough insight into the practice of the Roman antique, who had studied pagan examples in preference to Nature, and acquired the skill necessary for realizing high relief in figures of powerful build and marble of admirable rounding and polished surface.

Never had the Pisans seen such work. They certainly had not seen any by Niccola himself, who had not been employed and had not left any traces of his presence in any part of Tuscany. But, this being so, we inquire where the Pisans discovered him, and how

they secured his services.

Niccola, who is called Pisanus in the inscription of his first pulpit, must have obtained the freedom of the city before he completed that masterpiece. It is needless to assume that Pisanus means a native Pisan. The adjective would apply equally to one who had only become a citizen. No early historian, Vasari included, knows where he was born. Vasari, indeed, carefully abstains from any mention of his birth. The oldest document that refers to him is the contract of 1265 for a pulpit at Sienna, in which he figures as "Magister Niccolus lapidum de paroccia Ecclesie Sancti Blasii de ponte de Pisis quondam Petri." At this time it is clear Niccola was a resident of Pisa, and had lost his father, of whose origin nothing further is said. In a second document of somewhat later date, in which Niccola is requested to summon his journeyman Arnolfo to attend to his duties as assistant in the completion of the pulpit of Sienna, he is called "Nichola Pietri de Apulia," which shows that either he or his father, or both, were natives of Apulia. An account of wages, dated in August 1267, bears the

master's signature: "Magister Niccholus olim Petri, lapidum de Pissis, populi Sancti Blasii," and in this form we have other records of 1272 and 1273 at Pistoia.

According to Vasari, Niccola, having studied under certain Greeks employed in carving figures and ornament in the Cathedral and Baptistery of Pisa, gave particular attention at the same time to ancient monuments which had been brought home from abroad, and especially singled out a sarcophagus in which the remains of Countess Mathilda were enclosed. In this monument, which was set up in a place of honor in the square facing the cathedral, Niccola admired most a relief of the Chase of Meleager. He copied it, as well as other reliefs of the same class, and displayed such cleverness in this form of imitation that he was acknowledged as

the best sculptor of his age.

The pulpit of 1260 bears out Vasari's theory of the influence of the antique on the expansion of Niccola's talent; but it does not confirm the legend which attributes that influence to monuments imported as spoils of war from abroad. Pisan annals know nothing of the Greeks whom Vasari describes vaguely as masters of Niccola. There are no Byzantine examples of sculpture in Central Italy, nor are there any works by Niccola of an earlier date than 1260 and 1265, the year in which he appears for the first time as pastmaster in his guild. We cannot place the migration of Niccola from the south earlier than 1250 or 1255, about which time Giovanni Pisano, his son, was born in Pisa. The rapture with which Vasari speaks of the Chase of Meleager on the surcophagus of Countess Mathilda is feigned, no such subject being found in the place which he assigns to The bas-relief of the sarcophagus represents either Atalanta's Bace or Hippolytus and Phædra. The only Chase of Meleager in the Campo Santo is a feeble work of late Roman execution, to which Niccola would pay no attention. If, therefore, we cannot trace the career of the master in his earlier efforts in any part of Tuscany, and if we cannot discover his Greek masters, any more than we can find the antiques on which his art is based, we

are bound to inquire where the conditions which are wanting in Central Italy are really found to have existed. There must be some means of ascertaining where the career of a sculptor of such eminence began, under what circumstances it was favored, and in what lo-

cality it was shaped.

Happily, we have now a better clew to this mystery than we possessed be-What we now know justifies us in assuming that Niccola was bred in a country where antique examples were more abundant than at Pisa, and where more models were cast in the mould of the classic Roman than in Tuscany. It enables us to urge that Niccola cannot have been born at Pisa, though later on he must have taken the freedom of that city. It forces us to the conclusion that the master's services were engaged because he had a name and repute among the seafarers of the Republic, and that, having responded to the call, he at once displayed an art which struck his patrons as new and superior to anything of which they had acquaintance at home. We must not forget that Pisa in the thirteenth century commanded the trade of the west coast of She had acquired by various means the business of commercial exchanges between her port and the ports of Amalfi, Salerno, and the Sicilian Straits, and she must in consequence have had a fair knowledge of the artistic resources which these countries contained. About the year 1250, when Niccola may be supposed to have settled at Pisa, the Southern States of Italy were in a condition of transition. Frederick the Second, who had wielded the sceptre of Empire, was just dead, and his provinces were about to witness the struggles of the house of Anjou to oust the last descendants of the Hohen-Frederick had done a great staufen. deal to encourage the cultivation of art in his dominions. He had his architects and sculptors, who built and decorated Foggia and Capua. He may have known something of the talents of Niccola, though we have no evidence to warrant us in asserting that he actually did so. Unfortunately, his empire was overrun and exhausted by a succession of wars, so that Apulia, in which we should trace Niccola's career,

was completely wasted. Neither the name nor the works of the master are to be found, if they ever were known there. What we have discovered, however, shows that while in Central Italy local sculpture had a character foreign to that of Niccola, in Apulia and the South generally sculptors practised under the same technical conditions as Niccola, and with the same tendency to adapt the elements of the antique. We know of no contemporary works by Niccola, but we find statuary and carved reliefs which remind us of his

Vasari, curiously enough, has prefaced the life of Niccola with some general observations in which he deals with edifices built by an imaginary architect named Fuccio of Florence; and he specifies particularly the castles of Naples, the deer-park of Amalfi, and the gates of Capua on the Volturnus. These are the very places in which Niccola must have acquired the rudiments of the art which we find illustrated in his pulpits. At Salerno, which is remarkable for its classic remains, the town is full of old sepulchral monuments, unsurpassed in quantity and variety by similar ones in Pisa. The difference between the two cities is that Salerno is the centre in which the monuments were produced, whereas Pisa is only the place to which they were taken after successful wars. the Episcopal palace at Salerno, among a number of sarcophagi and separate reliefs, which abound, we find in the cloisters a fine Chase of Meleager, the very subject which Vasari pretends to have seen on the tomb of the Countess There are figures of a Mathilda. pseudo-antique style on the pulpits of the Cathedral which in spirit and execution recall the art of Niccola. Amalfi, Ravello, and Scala there are pieces of statuary and busts in marble, some of them by Nicholas of Foggia, in which the style is almost exactly that of Niccola Pisano. A bust from Scala. now in the Berlin Museum, will give a fair notion of the mode in which South Italian sculpture was developed. It represents a female wearing a diadem, and dressed in jewelled attire. modelling of the flesh parts is bold and effective; the eyes are made peculiarly

expressive by the scooping out of the pupils. The mechanical perforation of the more distant parts by means of the drill, the polish of the surface where it remains uninjured, are quite in the character of Niccola Pisano, and similar in almost all respects to the work of the sculptor of the pulpit of Ravello.

But the whole art of this end of the Peninsula shows that imitation of the antique was the aim and purpose of the sculptors of South Italy generally.

Frederick the Second spent his life in trying to re-establish the Roman Empire in Italy in opposition to the Papacy. His effort carried with it the apparent necessity of restoring much that had become obsolete in the old realm over which the Cæsars had once held their sway. Among these obsolete things classic art was not the least important. Though Frederick tried, he found it impossible to compass the revival, yet what he attained before his death was remarkable. He got together a number of architects and carvers who created a pseudo-antique not unworthy of admiration; and it is to his transient attempts that we probably owe the innovations which are so noticeable in the carved work of Niccola Pisano. pulpit of Pisa is not, however, a solitary example of the influence of Fred-The pulpit of Ravello erick's reforms. and the bust of Scala belong to that class. But more important still are the remnants recently unearthed of the sculpture produced in the thirteenth century at Capua.

Frederick the Second had determined to make Capua the seat of a supreme court of law and a fortress of the first order. Immediately after his coronation at Rome in 1220, he met the barons of Apulia in the old capital of the Terra di Lavoro, and ordered the construction of a citadel and bridge-head on the Volturnus. The work was rapidly taken in hand and completed, and we have it on the authority of those who described the siege and capture of the stronghold in 1266 that it was equally remarkable for the strength of its round towers as for the decora-The approach tion of its entrance. was through a marble arch, above which a statue of Frederick was placed in which he was made to appear in the

robes and mantle of the Cæsars, covering the wide sleeved under-garment of a mediæval knight. The gesture and the drapery were manifestly copied from the antique. Above this commanding figure, which was larger than life, there were ranges of old works of pagan statuary dug out of the ruins of the neighboring Capuan circus, and lower down. at the emperor's sides, were busts of Pietro delle Vigne and Roffredo of Beneventum, both of them judges of the Imperial high court. Beneath all this, and still above the key of the arch, a colossal statue allegorically representing Capua was placed, and at the sides of the entrance trophies were placed with carved reliefs illustrating the vic-

tories of the emperor.

In spite of many vicissitudes this important monument remained entire till the seventeenth century, when it was taken down by the Duke of Alva, who enlarged the citadel. The sculptured figures and reliefs were then thrown down and left upon the ground, and it was not till a few years ago that frag-ments were found which proved sufficient to give an idea of the original grandeur of the decoration. Of the remains, which are now in the maseum of Capua, all that exists is the mutilated head and torso of Frederick, without nose, hands, or feet; the head without the body of Imperial Capua; and the busts of the two Capuan judges. Here, then, are classic remains of the sculpture of the thirteenth century in South Italy. They reveal the spirit in which the carvers had learned to work. They lived upon a robust, but, on the whole, honest imitation of the Roman antique in costume, dress, and gesture. Frederick is one of the Cæsars; Capua, an antique goddess with sharply cut features disposed after the fashion of the Greeks, but marking about the same relapse from the Greek as would be a mechanical revival of the sculpture of Egina by feebler artists of the Roman lower Empire. Technically, the execution is like that of the busts of Ravello and Scala.

What the artist has well attained is a certain measure of severe gravity expressed in the orb of the large scooped eye, the curve of the brows, and the breadth of the cheek. The judges

might easily pass for effigies of ancient philosophers in the dress of their time.

Nothing so natural as that work of this kind should have furnished models upon which Niccola might form his art, and enabled him to realize not only the spirit but the mechanical methods in use among the artists of Frederick's time.

It may seem venturesome to a few to acknowledge the existence of a South Italian school of sculpture. But here we have the practical outcome, and we can explain to our perfect satisfaction how Niccola, bred in that school and reduced to idleness during the troubles that followed on the Emperor Frederick's death, wandered from the south to Pisa, where he settled, and gave the example of a leaning for the antique which was only assimilated after a time, when the genius of Giotto reacted not only on all the painters, but on all the sculptors, of Italy.—Nineteenth Century.

#### A STROKE OF LUCK.

BY MRS. E. T. COOK.

It was long since a piece of good fortune had turned up for Alice Tremaine. She was thirty-two years old, and up to now her life—with one exception—had presented no particularly attractive features. And yet she was one of those people whom one would have preferred to associate with ease and soft places so small, so pathetic she looked in her worn black dress. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, her face delicate and refined—her dark eyes were usually plaintive, but to-night they shone with pleasure—and was there not reason?

On Alice's lap lay an open letter—a precious document indeed—it was a let-

ter of acceptance for a novel.

Only one letter in Alice Tremaine's life had ever been as sweet. That was a letter received eight years ago-the one ray of happiness in her life up to now-a letter from young Noel Crichton, the curate in the far Hampshire village, asking her to marry him at some future day. That future day had never yet dawned, and the letter was already turning yellow in Alice's desk; but she had no need to re-read it, for every week Noel wrote a new letter, and the joy of receiving it blotted out even the recollection of those that had gone before. . . . And she saw him, oh! quite often—twice or three times a year, at least—in the draughty corridors of the British Museum, perhaps, or under the trees in Regent's Park. Those were indeed red-letter days. They loved each other, they would

marry some day—what did it matter when? "Some day" Noel would get a living; "some day" they would be happy, and till then she must work.

And Alice had worked. Seven years ago now she had come up to London alone, an orphan and friendless, with her little hoard saved from teaching (she had been governess in Sir Afamily in Blankton manor-house), to "go in" for journalism. She had always had a strong bent to literature, and though she starved more or less at first, in time she made enough to "rub along somehow," as she expressed it. Noel, the Blankton curate, to whom she had become engaged while at Sir A---'s, had indeed at first opposed objections, but Alice had laughed at his fears, assuring him that the "drudgery" of writing was as nothing compared with the drudgery of teaching, and that she would soon "get on," and be able to earn some money, too, for their future home.

But she had not always "got on." Even after the first months of semistarvation were over, work had often been uncertain and fitful. How many days when Alice had not an idea whence the next day's dinner was to be procured! how many fruitless journeys in wind and rain to editors who had "no opening for her services"! how many weeks when, anxious and ailing, abe had felt as though her powers of writing were failing her, and as though the profession she had chosen were one incessant "making of bricks without straw"! Of course, Noel had never known all this; she had always kept the bright side for him—for what was the use of worrying him, hard-worked

and poor as he was also?

And now the tide had turned, and Fortune, always fitful, had smiled at The novel over which she had been working eight months was just accepted. Alice thought over in her own mind all the experiences that had led to its acceptance. How she had tried every kind of style, every kind of "ladies' column," every subject she could think of, and yet for years had failed to make a name of any kind. How she had occasionally "got in" an article here and there, yet had never managed to gain a really solid footing on any magazine or journal. How some magazines had cut down their prices for her benefit—just because she needed the money so badly-and how some had failed to pay her at all. how at last, one day last June, a sympathetic and "up-to-date" publisher, touched by her sad looks, and struck by some promise in her style, had suggested that she should write a realistic and advanced novel. "It's the only sort that pays nowadays," he said; adding kindly, "and I'm sure you would do it nicely."

Alice had not altogether liked the commission, but she felt that "beggars must not be choosers," and had therefore resolved to do her best. So she had carefully studied the "tone" of modern fiction before beginning a task that was so contrary to her natural bent; for Alice, by the way, was a retiring and modest little woman. But she wanted to do her work well, she wanted to please her friend the publisher, and, above all, she wanted the money; and so the "advanced" novel was written. The little type-writing girl whom Alice employed by the day whenever she herself got work, opened her blue eyes to their widest while typing the story, and Alice herself, pacing up and down her little room, dictating slowly to the accompaniment of the "click" of the Remington, felt the bare walls of her poor garret almost blush to hear her. It seemed to her like a kind of degradation of her tal-

NEW SERIES. - VOL. LXIV., No. 2.

ents; she was, however, enough of an artist to do the thing well notwithstanding. So the novel had been finished, and sent in last week, and now it was accepted! In the distance she saw fame, happiness, and golden guineas sparkling.

Alice was recalled from her daydream by a sudden crash, caused by the falling embers in the grate. She roused herself, and looked at the clock. Why! it was late, already long past tea-time. Some one knocked at the door, and Alice, with a sudden and curious instinct of concealment, crushed up the precious letter in her hand. In that moment the thought came to her that never, never would she wish the outside world to know that she had written that novel. But it was only a young girl, fair and blue-eyed, who came in.

"Oh! It's you, Minnie," Alice cried gayly to the little typist. "Come in. I'd quite forgotten about tea. You must have been impatient."

Alice rented only one room, with a tiny cupboard-like annex containing a bed, on the top floor of a "model lodging-house," It was a decent-sized room, and she paid for it only 4s. a week; opposite, across the dirty stone landing, where the noisy workmen's children played and shouted after school, lived the typewriting girl, equally poor and friendless. The two were great friends, and generally, for cheapness, had their meals in common.

The typewriting girl smiled at Alice's remark. "Oh! I didn't notice the time," she said. "I've been out to the draper's, and I met young Smith."

"You do encourage that young Smith," said Alice, half reproachfully, but smiling as we smile at the foibles of our friends.

"Well, it's only because he likes it," returned Minnie, tossing her curly fringe. She was a pretty, rather weak-looking girl, pale faced and slight, with a tiny waist, and shabby clothes carefully made the most of. She had been a "dressmaker's trotter" in her early teens, before she took to typewriting, and a slight taint of the cockney shopgirl still clung to her—though she had now lived two years in almost constant companionship with Alice. Many were

11

the kindnesses the elder woman had bestowed on the younger. Alice, with so little to love, loved this friendless girl of twenty, and had not only helped her by giving her work, but had nursed her like a mother in frequent quinsies and small ailments.

"Here's a letter for you, Miss Tremaine," Minnie said; "I met the postman just outside, in the street."

A letter-and in Noel's handwriting! Alice glowed with pleasure. And then, for the first time that day, she suddenly remembered, with a cold chill. what would he think of her novel? He, so good, so conventional, so-no, Alice would not let herself call him narrow. Well, perhaps he would never know; she must keep it a secret from him.

"Dearest Alice," the letter ran, "I have got some news which will surprise you. I am coming up to town next week to take T. R.'s place, who is ordered abroad for a long holiday. vicar manages to get along without me But in all probability I shall for a bit. not return here. Many things are 'in the air'; and, my love, who knows but that at last our patient waiting may be rewarded?"

Alice looked up with shining eyes. "He's coming?" asked the little typist, "" I knew it!" delightedly.

Now, the little typist had never seen Noel—she had always chanced to be away during his rare and brief visits; but she took, like all women, a deep interest in a love affair.

Alice closed with the publisher's offer (thirty pounds down, and unlimited possible "royalties"), and Noel arrived the following Saturday. Faultlessly neat, in a well-worn long black coat, and with a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, he found his way up the stone stairs and past the noisy groups of children to Alice's "sky-parlor," where tea was set out. What a happy meeting it was! Alice felt as though treading on air; and if Noel were not now violently in love with Alice, yet he loved her with the habit of years—for it was eight years now since they had become engaged. The engagement must have been clearly a case of propinquity, for the two were remarkably unlike—Alice enthusiastic, impulsive, nervous; Noel calm, and rather phleg-

matic. Noel, as we said, had never altogether liked Alice's taking to literature, for he was more or less conventional in his views, and disliked all suggestion of the "New Woman." He was a young man of about the same age as his betrothed, tall, handsome, and clean shaven, with a slightly reserved manner, which might even seem cold to those who did not know him well. But in Alice's opinion he could hardly have been more perfect. And the little typist, who came in presently to make tea, and whose share of curiosity was large, was apparently appreciative also; at any rate, she took him in with all her eyes. After tea Noel and Alice went off to walk in Regent's Park, and talked of many things. The vicarage was now, said Noel, as good as settled; they would soon be able to marry. Could Alice manage on, say, £200 a year, in a snug little house down in Hampshire?

"Could Alice manage?" What a question! Why, had not eight shillings a week amply sufficed for her "board" up to now? How happy they were, and what plans they made!

"You're not looking so well, my love," said Noel tenderly, as they sat down in the April sunlight, beside the fountain in the park. "Have you been tiring yourself?"

Alice flushed. She wondered whether Noel thought her looking older. Alas! she realized that the only reason she clung to youth was for his sake. She had felt tired and old lately—it must have been the writing of that novel that had so ploughed into her. And, with a sudden impulse, she resolved to tell him about the novel.

"Noel," she said, and lifted up an appealing face to her companion, " supposing you wanted dreadfully to earn some money, and supposing you could do it by writing—well, in a way that you did not altogether like or approve of-would you write in that way?"

Noel smiled. "What an absurd question! And you really expect me to answer it seriously? How long have you taken to evolve such a problem?"

"No, don't laugh, Noel, but tell

me," Alice pleaded.
"Well, then, I wouldn't write-in that way," said Noel. "It's self-evident, I should have thought. Look here, Alice, we've never fixed about whether we shall be able to afford to buy that lawn-mower for the garden—and how about the kitchener?"

So they went back to their happy discussions, and Alice put the novel

out of her mind.

"Well, did you like him, Minnie?" Alice asked her friend, after Noel had taken leave of her at the door.

The little typist blushed, and her face spoke her admiration. "How beautifully shiny his boots and his hat were!" she said. "He might have come out

of a bandbox!"

After this Noel came often to see Alice, and to take her out for walks when writing hours were over-and often, too, Alice would insist on Minnie's accompanying them—for Minnie, she said, was not strong, and needed plenty of fresh air. Minnie was not at all loath to come. She admired Alice's betrothed hugely, and felt quite proud to share him as an escort. Poor Mr. Smith, the tax-collector, her quondam admirer, was quite out of it, and green-eyed jealousy consumed him. Meanwhile "The New Eve" (this was the name that had been fixed on for Alice's novel) progressed rapidly, and the proof-sheets were soon in her hands. The first sight of these gave her a pang. The story seemed to her even more "advanced" and brazen in print than it had seemed in manuscript. Poor Alice did herself injustice: her story was not really a harmful one in any way—except in so far as she had followed out her friend the publisher's suggestions—but its authoress was morbidly sensitive and shrinking.

"I will show the proofs to Noel," she resolved more than once during her nightly terrors; and then when day came she changed her mind. But at last she resolved on a compromise. "See, Noel," she said one day, "a friend has written this story and sent it to me to read in proof. Tell me

what you think of it.'

Noel unsuspiciously took it home, and in a day or two brought it back. "My dear Alice," he said carelessly, "I've only just glanced at this. But I've seen enough to know what it's like. If the author is a great friend of yours,

I should see as little of her as possible in future. I can't stand that sort of book. It is of the worst type of the bad literature of the present don't.

ture of the present day."

If it had been yet possible at this date to recall the novel, Alice would have done so. A sudden mist rose before her. This was really Noel's opinion! What was she to do? Would he ever forgive her when he came to know? She acknowledged to herself that she could not confess to him. Therefore he must never know. She felt strangely shy with Noel all the rest of the afternoon; and they had but a dull walk. In the evening she wrote to the publisher: "Please on no account allow my name to appear in connection with the novel, 'The New Eve.'" And then she bound Minnie too to secrecy. "Do not mention my book to Mr. Crichton," she said to her, as they parted that night, "I want to surprise him with it."

Was it the consciousness of deceit, or what, that made from this day an estrangement between Alice and her lover? Alice never knew. But from that time it seemed as if their happy love-making was at an end. No more did they talk blissfully of possible lawnmowers and kitcheners; no longer did they discuss that snug future vicarage. Noel seemed strange and cold, Alice unhappy and conscience-stricken. She loved him as much and more than ever, but she began to dread the sound of his step on the stair. She often made pretexts to go out shopping, or on business, and left him alone with Minnie, out of mere dread of what she might inadvertently say. It was doubtless a kind of nervous "possession," for Alice had been overworked. But the shadow had silently crept between them, and every day it grew.

A fortnight from the day Alice had written to the publisher, this advertisement appeared in the papers:

Now Ready.
THE NEW EVE:
A STORY OF THE AGE.
By
ALICE TREMAINE.

Alice's instructions had come too late, they told her on inquiry. On such slight things may a life's happiness depend.

In a day or two the book was "out," with the name of its author flaunting gayly on the title-page, and on Saturday evening Noel came by appointment to take Alice to a concert. Alice made sure that he had seen it. He was moody and silent, and Alice's feelings were such that if there had not been luckily an extra ticket for Minnie, she did not know how she should have got through the evening. She hardly dared begin any subject for fear of leading up to the unfortunate novel, which indeed she began to hate as if it had been a sentient, responsible thing.

Alice was, as we have said, very sensitive; it was partly, no doubt, the result of living so much alone. She now got the idea firmly fixed in her head that Noel had seen the novel and the author's name, and that this accounted for his silence and altered looks. In reality the silence and altered looks were more or less the result of Alice's own changed conduct. She no longer seemed glad to see him; no longer did her face glow when he suggested a country walk, or an hour's shop-gazing in Oxford Street; she no longer liked to talk of the pretty vicarage that should be theirs. What she saw in Noel's face was mainly the reflection of her own mood.

The subject of their approaching marriage was somehow dropped; but Noel was no less frequent in his visits; he still remained at his London curacy; and now the autumn drew on. On one of the dark November days, Alice was retuining from the British Museumwhere she had been looking up references all the morning—to tea. On the threshold of her little parlor she heard voices—the voices of Noel and Minnie. What could they be discussing so earnestly? Alice opened the door and went in. Minnie was leaning on the Remington typewriter, with her head buried in her hands, and Noel was bending over her. Both started as Alice came in; Noel was very pale.

"I came to see if you would go out," he said, "and I found Miss Minnie with a bad headache; I've been advising her to take some antipyrine."

The little typist raised her head, and Alice noticed that her eyes were red and heavy. "Go and lie down, Min-

nie," she said kindly. "I know how to treat her headaches," she added, turning to Noel; "she has them often."

Minnie went, and Alice, after enjoining rest, returned to the parlor. Somehow on this particular afternoon she yearned more than ever to talk to Noel. "Oh! if he would only be as he was before," she sighed to herself. She loved him more than ever, but more than ever she felt an invisible barrier between them. Her heart cried out to him, but she could not speak of what was in her heart. Some people are made so. And Noel made a few trivial remarks, and went.

After this Alice got a bad feverish The doctor had to be called in; he said she was "below par," and ordered nerve tonics. But it was surprising how she failed to get her strength back. She lay day after day, weak and feverish—the doctor, a kind old man, got quite anxious about her. Noel called often, and Minnie, who stayed at home to nurse the invalid, had to see him, and take him out daily bulletins. Minnie had often red eyes, and Alice noticed this gratefully, but with compunction-it was so kind of a little typewriting girl to cry for sympathy, and have red eyes for her sake! What a bother she was to herself and to everybody. And all the time Alice was ill she seemed to see written up in large fiery letters on the wall, like nightmare posters, "'The New Eve,' by Alice Tremaine."

And "The New Eve" was all this time selling like wildfire, and was now in its sixth edition!

When Alice at last got better, and could leave her room, she was surprised one day to find the little typist sitting by the fire, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is it, Minnie, dear?" she asked sympathetically. "Is it Mr. Smith?" (for Mr. Smith, Minnie's exlover, although cashiered some time ago, had since been occasionally importunate).

"No, it's not him, Miss Tremaine"— Minnie sobbed, with averted face. "It's that—that—I'm not happy"— (sob)—"I must go—o—o" (sobs).

And as it turned out, Minnie did go.

She declared that nothing should ever have induced her to quit her dear Miss Tremaine, if her old grandmother, who lived in Essex, hadn't written begging her to come and soothe her declining years. So Minnie, with many tears and sobs, packed up her Remington typewriter, and said farewell to her friend one March day on the platform of Liverpool Street Station, and Alice went back to her lonely lodging—lonelier now than before—and with the necessity before her of finding another typewriting girl.

Noel had not called within the last week or so, but about this time Alice made up her mind to write to him fully about "The New Eve," and to put things back on their old, happy footing. Of course he would know long ago about it, but at any rate she would relieve his mind by a full confession. So she wrote a long letter to Noel, and posted it herself with a beating heart.

"My Noel will come back to me now," she said to herself, and her eyes

brimmed with happy tears.

Next evening, coming back from one of her editors, she noticed a bulky post-parcel awaiting her on the table of her little room. "Oh, press-cuttings!" she thought carelessly, for many of these had showered in upon her of late. Beside the parcel lay a letter. This was from her friend the publisher, enclosing an account, and a check. The check fairly took away her breath. It was for no less a sum than £200.

"Oh, Noel, Noel!" she cried out involuntarily. Here were riches at

last.

Then she opened the parcel that she had supposed to contain press cuttings, and started in amazement, for out of it rolled a packet of letters—her own letters—those she had written to Noel, with such love and tenderness, during her last year in London. A note from him lay at the top. She opened it:

"My dear Alice,—I have never seen 'The New Eve,' nor do I remember ever to have heard of it; but I am very glad indeed that you have written a successful novel. I have not the least idea why you seem to think I should

object to your doing so. . . . But I have something vastly more important to say. To my grief, I have found that we have both made a great mistake, and that it is better to realize the fact before it is too late. My sole consolation is that I imagine, from your manner of late, that you have found it to be a mistake also. We are not suited to each other; and, for I must confess all, I love another, and have, indeed, loved her for long. My only prayer is that you may soon forget one who was never worthy of you.

"Noel Crichton.
"Under the circumstances I return

all such of your letters as I have here."
She seemed not to see the letter; she was not even conscious that it was in Noel's handwriting. She felt, as the clairvoyants are said to feel, through and beyond it, seeing not the letter at all, but only a little typewriting girl, with red eyes and curly hair. But why with red eyes? Ah! yes, she saw it all now!

The patches of light suddenly faded from the floor, as the sun sank behind the opposite house-roofs. Through the wall the next lodger was clinking the teacups preparatory to getting tea, while from the pavement far below came the newsboy's cry, "Extra spesh—ul! Extra speshul—Scandal in 'Igh Life!" Alice took no notice; she sat for some time oblivious to sight and sound. Then she did a curious thing. She rose mechanically, and, going over to the mirror, scrutinized her face care-It was thin and wan, with incipient crows' feet at the eyes, and hair already turning gray at the temples.

"Ah!" she murmured, half unconsciously, "what should we hope for when we are plain and old? Youth is

all that men care for in us."

And she sat down again aimlessly, her hands dropping at her sides.

This was the hour of her success, yet still she sat into the growing gloom, the publisher's cheque lying untouched in her lap, a lonely and miserable woman.

And this was Alice Tremaine's stroke of luck.—Gentleman's Magazine.

August,

### ART AND LIFE.

#### BY VERNON LEE.

II.

I AM desirous of beginning this second chapter, in which I propose to show how a genuine æsthetic development tends to render the individual more useful, or at least less harmful, to his fellow-men—I am also desirous of beginning this chapter also with a symbol, such as may sum up my meaning, and point it out in the process of my expounding it. The symbol is contained in the saying of the Abbot Joachim of Flora, one of the great precursors of St. Francis, to wit: "He that is a true monk considers nothing as belonging to him except a lyrenihil reputit esse suum nisi citharam." Yes; nothing except a lyre.

But that lyre, our only real possession, is our soul. It must be shaped, and strung, and carefully kept in tune, no easy matter in surroundings little suited to delicate instruments and delicate music. Possessing it, we possess, in the only true sense of possession, the whole world. For going along our way, whether rough or even, there are formed within us, singing the beauty and wonder of the world, mysterious sequences and harmonies of notes, new every time, answering to the primæval everlasting affinities between ourselves and all things; our souls becoming musical under the touch of the universe.

Let us bear this in mind, this symbol of the lyre which Abbot Joachim allowed as sole property to the man of spiritual life; and let us remember that, as I tried to show in my previous chapter, the true lover of the Beautiful, active, self-restrained, and indifferent to lower pleasures and interests, is your man of true spiritual life in one For the symbol of Abbot Joachim's lyre will make it easier to follow my meaning, and easier to forestall it, while I try to convince you that art, and all æsthetic activity, is important as a type of the only kind of pleasure which reasonable beings should admit of, the kind of pleasure which tends not to diminish by wastefulness and exclusive appropriation, but to increase by sympathy the possible pleasures of other persons.

Now, it so happens that many of the pleasures which we allow ourselves pleasures which all the world admits our right to—are pleasures which waste wealth and time, make light of the advantage of others, and light of the good of our souls. This fact does not imply either original sinfulness or degeneracy -religious and scientific terms for the same thing—in poor mankind. merely means that we are all of us as yet very undeveloped creatures; the majority, moreover, less developed than the minority, and the bulk of each individual's nature very much in the rear of his own aspirations and definitions. Mankind, in the process of adapting itself to external circumstances, has perforce evolved a certain amount of intellectual and moral quality; but that intellectual and moral quality is, so far, merely a means for rendering material existence endurable; it will have to become itself the origin and aim of what we must call a spiritual side of life. In the meanwhile, human beings do not get any large proportion of their enjoyment from what they admit to be their nobler side.

Hence it is that even when you have got rid of the mere struggle for existence—fed, clothed, and housed your civilized savage, and secured food, clothes, and shelter for his brood, you have by no means provided against his destructive, pain-giving activities. has spare time and energy; and these he will devote, ten to one, to recreations involving, at the best, the slaughter of harmless creatures; at the worst, to the wasting of valuable substance, of what might be other people's food; or else to the hurting of other people's feelings in various games of chance or skill, particularly in the great skilled game of brag called social life.

Our gentlemanly ancestors, indeed, could not amuse themselves without

emptying a certain number of bottles and passing some hours under the table; while our nimble-witted French neighbors, we are told, included in their expenditure on convivial amusements a curious item called la casse, to wit, the smashing of plates and glasses. The Spaniards, on the other hand, have bull-lights, most shocking spectacles as we know, for we make it a point to witness them when we are over there.

Undoubtedly we have immensely improved on all this, but we are susceptible of a great deal of further improve-Most people are safe only when at work, and become mischievous when they begin to play. They do not know how to kill time (for that is the way in which we poor mortals regard life) without incidentally killing something else: proximately themselves, birds and beast, and their neighbors' good fame; more remotely, but as surely, the constitution of their descendants, and the possible wages of the working It is quite marvellous how litclasses. tle aptness there is in the existing human being for taking pleasure either in what already exists ready to hand, or in the making of something which had better be there; in what can be enjoyed without diminishing the enjoyment of others, as nature, books, art, thought, and the better qualities of one's neigh-In fact, one reason why there is something so morally pleasant in cricket and football and rowing and riding and dancing, is surely that they furnish on the physical plane the counterpart of what is so sadly lacking on the spiritual -amusements which do good to the individual and no harm to his fellows. Of course, in our state neither of original sinfulness nor of degeneracy, but of very imperfect development, it is still useless and absurd to tell people to make use of intellectual and moral resources which they have not yet got. It is as vain to preach to the majority of the well to-do the duty of abstinence from wastefulness, rivalry, and ostentation as it is vain to preach to the majority of the badly off abstinence from alcohol; without such pleasures their life would be unendurably insipid. But inevitable as is such evil in the present, it inevitably brings its contingent of wretchedness; and it is therefore the business of all such as could become the forerunners of a better state of things to refuse to follow the lead of their inferiors. Exactly because the majority is still so hopelessly wasteful and mischievous, does it behoove the minority not merely to work to some profit, but to play without damage. To do this should become the mark of Nature's aristocracy, a sign of liberality of spiritual birth and breeding, a ques-

tion of noblesse oblige.

And here comes in the immense importance of art-and by art I mean æsthetic appreciation even more than esthetic creation; I mean the extracting and combining of beauty in the mind of the obscure layman quite as much as the embodiment of such extracted and combined beauty in the visible or audible work of the great artist—and here comes in the immense importance of art as a type of pleasure. For experience of true æsthetic activity must teach us, in proportion as it is genuine and ample, that the enjoyment of the Beautiful is not merely independent of, but actually incompatible with, that tendency to buy our satisfaction at the expense of others which remains more or less in all of us as a survival from savagery. The reasons why this mischievous tendency is combated by true æstheticism are both negative and positive, and may be roughly divided into three headings. Only one of them is generally admitted to exist, and of it, therefore, I shall speak very briefly: I mean the fact that the enjoyment of beautiful things is originally and intrinsically one of those which are heightened by sharing: we know it instinctively when, as children, we drag our comrades and elders to the window when a regiment passes or a circus parades by; we learn it more and more as we advance in life, and find that we must get other people to see the pictures, to hear the music, to read the books which we admire. It is a case of what psychologists call the contagion of emotion, by which the. feeling of one individual is strengthened by the expression of similar feeling in his neighbor, and is explicable, most likely, by the fact that the greatest effort is always required to overcome original inertness, and that two efforts,

like two horses starting a carriage instead of one, combined give more than the value of each taken separately. The fact is so obvious that we need not discuss it any further, but merely hold it over to add, at last, to the result of the two other reasons, negative and positive, which tend to make æsthetic enjoyment the type of unselfish, nay, even of altruistic pleasure.

The first of these reasons, the negative one, is that æsthetic pleasure is not in the least dependent upon the fact of personal ownership, and that it therefore affords an opportunity of leaving inactive, of condemning to atrophy by inactivity, the passion for exclusive possession, for individual advantage, which is at the bottom of all bad luxury, of all ostentation, and of nearly all rapacity. And here I would beg my reader to call to mind that curious saying of Abbot Joachim's, and to consider that I wish to prove that, like his true monk, the true æsthete, who nowadays loves and praises creation much as the true monk did in former centuries, can really possess as sole personal possession only a musical instrument to wit, his own well-strung and resonant soul. And now, as to luxury, by which I mean the possession of such things as minister only to weakness and vanity, the possession of such things as we cannot reasonably hope that all men may some day equally possess.

When we are young—and most of us remain mere withered children, never attaining maturity in such matters we are usually attracted by luxury and luxurious living. We are possessed by that youthful instinct of union, fusion, marriage, so to speak, with what our soul desires; we hanker after close contact and complete possession; and we fancy, in our inexperience, that luxury, the accumulation of valuables, the appropriation of opportunities, the fact of rejecting from our life all that is not costly, brilliant, and dainty, implies such fusion of our soul with beauty.

But, as we reach maturity, we discover that this is all delusion. learn, from the experience of the occasions when our souls have truly possessed the Beautiful, or been possessed by it, that if such union with the harmony of outer things is rare, perhaps

impossible, among squalor and weariness, it is difficult and anomalous in the condition which we entitle luxury. We learn that our assimilation of beauty, and that momentary renewal of our soul which it effects, rarely takes place in connection with our own ownership, but comes, taking us by surprise, in presence of hills, streams, memories of pictures, poets' words, and strains of music, which are not, and cannot be, our property. The essential character of beauty is its being, so to speak, a relation between ourselves and certain objects. The emotion to which we attach its name is produced, motived by something outside us, pictures. music, landscape, or whatever it may be; but the emotion resides in us, and it is the emotion, and not merely its object, which we desire. Hence material possession has no æsthetic mean-We possess a beautiful object with our soul; the possession thereof with our hands or our legal rights brings us no whit nearer the beauty. Ownership, in this sense, may empower us to smush the object and thus cheat others of the possession of its beauty, but does not help us to possess that beauty. It is with beauty as with that singer who answered Catherine II., "Your Majesty's policemen can make me scream, but they cannot make me sing;" and she might have added, for my parallel, "Your policemen, great Empress, even could they make me sing, would not be able to make you hear.

Hence all strong æsthetic feeling will always prefer ownership of the mental image to ownership of the tangible object; and any desire for material appropriation or exclusive enjoyment will be merely so much weakening and adulteration of the æsthetic sentiment. Since the mental image, the only thing esthetically possessed, is in no way diminished or damaged by sharing; nay, by one of the most gracious coincidences between beauty and kindliness. the æsthetic emotion is even intensified by the knowledge of its co-existence in others; the delight in each person communicating itself, like a musical third, fifth, or octave, to the similar yet different delight in his neighbor, harmonic enriching harmonic by stimulat-

ing vibration.

If, then, we wish to possess casts, copies, or photographs of certain works of art, this is æsthetically considered exactly as we wish to have the meansrailway tickets, permissions for galleries, and so forth—of seeing certain pictures or statues as often as we wish. For we feel that the images in our mind may require renewing, or that, in combination with other more recently acquired images, they will, if renewed, yield a new kind of delight. But this is quite another matter from wishing to own the material object, the thing we call work of art itself, forgetting that it is a work of art only for the soul capable of instating it as such.

Thus, in every person who truly cares for beauty, there is a necessary tendency to replace the legal illusory act of owning by the real spiritual act of appreciation. Charles Lamb already expressed this delightfully in the essay on the old manor-house; compared with his possession of its beauties, its walks, tapestried walls and family portraits, nay, even of the ghosts of former proprietors, the possession by the legal owner was utterly nugatory, unreal:

"Mine too, Blakesmoor, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Cæsars; . . . mine, too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority. . . Mine, too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden . . . thy ampler pleasure-garden . . . thy firry wilderness . . . I was the true descendant of those old W——'s, and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places."

How often have not some of us felt like that; and how much might not those of us who never have, learn, could they learn, from those words of Elia!

I have spoken of material, actual possession. But if we look closer at it we shall see that, save with regard to the things which are actually consumed, destroyed, disintegrated, changed to something else in their enjoyment, the notion of ordinary possession is a mere It is obtainable only by a constant obtrusion of a mere idea, the idea of self, and of such unsatisfactory ideas as one's right, for instance, to ex-'Tis like the tension of clude others. a muscle, the constant keeping the consciousness aware by repeating "Mine -mine-mine and not theirs; not theirs, but mine." And this wearisome act of self-assertion leaves little power for appreciation, for the appreciation which others can have quite equally, and without which there is no reality at all in ownership.

Hence, the deeper our enjoyment of beauty, the freer shall we become of the dreadful delusion of exclusive appropriation, despising such unreal possession in proportion as we have tasted the real one. We shall know the two kinds of ownership too well apart to let ourselves be cozened into cumbering our lives with material properties and their responsibilities. We shall save up our vigor, not for obtaining and keeping (think of the thousand efforts and cares of ownership, even the most negative) the things which yield happy impressions, but for receiving and storing up and making capital of those im-We shall seek to furnish our pressions. mind with beautiful thoughts, not our houses with pretty things.

I hope I have made it clear enough that æsthetic enjoyment is hostile to the unkind and wasteful pleasures of selfish indulgence and selfish appropriation, because the true possession of the beautiful things of Nature, of art, and of thought is spiritual, and neither damages, nor diminishes, nor hoards them, because the lover of the Beautiful seeks for beautiful impressions and remembrances, which are vested in his soul, and not in material objects. That is the negative benefit of the love of the Beautiful. Let us now proceed to the positive and active assistance which it renders, when genuine and thoroughpaced, to such thought as we give to the happiness and dignity of others.

I have said that our pleasure in the Beautiful is essentially a spiritual phenomenon, one, I mean, which takes place in our own sensations and emotions, altering the contents of our mind, while leaving the beautiful object itself intact and unaltered. This being the case, it is easy to understand that our esthetic pleasure will be complete and extensive in proportion to the amount of activity of our soul; for, remember, all pleasure is proportionate to activity, and, as I said in my first chapter, great beauty does not merely take us, but we must give ourselves to it. Hence, an increase in the capacity for esthetic

pleasure will mean, cæteris paribus, an increase in a portion of our spiritual activity, a greater readiness to perceive small hints, to connect different items, to reject the lesser good for the greater. Moreover, a great, perhaps the greater, part of our æsthetic pleasure is due, as I also told you before, to the storing of impressions in our mind, and to the combining of them there with other impressions. Indeed, it is for this reason that I have made no difference, save in amount, between æsthetic creation, so called, and æsthetic appreciation, insisting, on the contrary, that the artistic layman creates, produces something new and personal, only in a less degree than the professed artist. the æsthetic life does not consist merely in the perception of the beautiful object, not merely in the emotion of that spiritual contact between the work of art or of Nature and the soul of the appreciator: it is continued in the emotions and images and thoughts which are awakened by that perception; and the esthetic life is life, is something continuous and organic, just because new forms, however obscure and evanescent, are continually born, in their turn continually to give birth, of that marriage between the beautiful thing outside and the beautiful soul within. Hence, the full æsthetic life consists in the creating and extending of ever new harmonies in the mind of the unconscious artist who merely enjoys, as a result of the creating and extending of new harmonies, not merely in the invisible mind, but in the visible work, of the conscious artist who creates. This being the case, the true æsthete is forever seeking to reduce his impressions and thoughts to harmony, and forever, accordingly, being pleased with some of them, and disgusted with others.

The desire for beauty and harmony, in proportion as it becomes active and sensitive, explores into every detail, establishes comparisons between everything, judges, approves, and disapproves, and makes terrible and wholesome havoc not merely in our surroundings, but in our habits and in our lives. And very soon the mere thought of something ugly becomes enough to outweigh the actual presence of something

beautiful. I was told last winter at San Remo that the scent of the Parma violet can be distilled only by the oil of the flower being passed through a layer of pork fat; and I confess that since that revelation violet essence has lost much of the charm it possessed for my mind: the thought of the suet counterbalanced the reality of the perfume.

Now this violet essence thus obtained is symbolic of many of the apparently refined enjoyments of our life. shall find that luxury and pomp, delightful sometimes in themselves, are distilled through a layer of coarse and repulsive labor; and the thought of the pork suet will spoil the smell of the For the more dishes we have for dinner, the greater number of cooking-pots will have to be cleaned; the more carriages and horses we use, the more washing and grooming will result; the more crowded our rooms with furniture and knickknacks, the more dust will have to be removed; the more numerous and delicate our clothes, the more brushing and folding there will be; and the more purely ornamental our own existence, the less ornamental There is a penwill be that of others. sée of Pascal's to the effect that a for carries on his person the evidence of the existence of so many people devotto his service. This thought is doubtless delightful to a fop; but it is not pleasant to an æsthete: for vanity takes pleasure in lack of harmony between one's self and one's neighbor, while asthetic feeling takes pleasure only in harmonious relations. the thought of the servile lives devoted to make our life more beautiful counterbalances the pleasure of the beauty; 'tis the eternal question of the violet essence and the pork suet. But the habit of beauty, the æsthetic sense, becomes, as I said, more and more sensitive and vivacious; and the more wide awake it becomes, the more difficult it is to seclude it from the knowledge of every sort of detail, to prevent its noticing the ugly side, the ugly lining of certain pretty things. 'Tis a but weak and sleepy kind of æstheticism which '' blinks and shuts its apprehension up'' at your bidding, which looks another way discreetly, and discreetly refrains from all comparisons. The real æsthetic

activity is an activity; it is one of the strongest and mo: t imperious powers of human nature, it does not take orders, it only gives them. It is, when full grown, a kind of conscience of beautiful and ugly, analogous to the other conscience of right and wrong. and it is equally difficult to silence. If you can silence your æsthetic faculty and bid it be satisfied with the lesser beauty, the lesser harmony, instead of the greater, be sure that it is a very rudimentary kind of instinct, and that you are no more thoroughly æsthetic than you could be thoroughly moral, if you could make your sense of right and wrong be blind and dumb at your convenience. Hence, the more æsthetic we become, the less we shall tolerate such modes of living as involve dull and dirty work for others, as involve the exclusion of others from the sort of life which we consider æsthetically tolerable. We shall require such houses and such habits as can be seen, and, what is inevitable in all æsthetical development, as can also be thought of, in all their details; we shall require a homogeneous impression of decorum and fitness from the lives of others as well as from our own, from what we actually see and from what we merely know; for the imperious demand for beauty, for harmony will be applied no longer to our mere material properties, but to that other possession which is always with us and can never be taken from us, the images and feelings within our soul. Now, that other human beings should be drudging sordidly in order that we may be idle and showy is a thought, a vision, an emotion which does not get on in our mind in company with the sight of sunset and sea, the taste of mountain air and woodland freshness, the faces and forms of Florentine saints and antique gods, the serene poignancy of grand phrases of

This feeling is increasing daily. Our deepest æsthetic emotions are, we are beginning to recognize, connected with things which we do not, cannot, possess in the vulgar sense. Nay, these deepest æsthetic emotions depend, to an appreciable degree, on the very knowledge that these things are either not such as money can purchase, or that they are within the purchasing power of all. The sense of being shareable by others, of being even shareable, so to speak, by other kinds of utility, adds a very keen attraction to all beautiful things and beautiful actions, and, of course, vice versa. And things which are beautiful, but connected with luxury and exclusive possession, come to affect one as, so to speak, lacking harmonics, lacking those additional vibrations of pleasure which enrich impressions of beauty by impressions of utility and kindliness.

Thus, after enjoying the extraordinarily lovely tints—oleander pink, cinder gray, and most delicate citron-of the plaster which covers the commonest cottages, the humblest chapels, all round Genoa, there is something short and acid in the pleasure one derives from equally charming colors in expensive dresses; similarly, in Italy, much of the charm of marble, of the sea-cave shimmer, of certain palace-yards and churches, is due to the knowledge that this lovely, noble substance is easy to cut and quarried in vast quantities hard by; no wretched rarity like sapphires and rubies, which diminish by the worth of a family's yearly keep if only the cutter cuts one hairbreadth wrong!

Again, is it not one reason why antique sclupture awakens a state of mind where stoicism, humanness, simplicity, seem nearer possibilities—is it not one reason that it shows us the creature in its nakedness, in such beauty and dignity as it can get through the grace of God only? There is no need among the gods for garments from silken Samarkand, for farthingales of brocade and veils of Mechlin lace like those of the wooden Madonnas of Spanish churches; no need for the ruffles and plumes of Pascal's young beau, showing thereby the number of his valets. The same holds good of trees, water, mountains, and their representation in poetry and painting; their dignity takes no account of poverty or riches. Even the lilies of the field please us, not because they toil not neither do they spin, but because they do not require, while Solomon does, that other folk should toil and spin to make them glorious.

Again, do we not prefer the books

which deal with habits simpler than our own? Do we not love the Odyssey partly because of Calypso weaving in her cave, and Nausicaa washing the clothes with her maidens? Is it not an additional touch of divinity that Christianity should have arisen among peasants and handicraftsmen?

Nay more, do we not love certain objects largely because they are usefulboats, nets, farm carts, ploughs—discovering therein a grace which actually exists, but which might else have remained unsuspected? And do we not feel in ourselves a certain lack of significance and harmony, of fulness of æsthetic quality, when we pass in our idleness among people working in the fields, masons building, or fishermen cleaning their boats and nets? Is there not in this case a tare, a diminution of æsthetic value to our detriment, due to the sense of our futility, an increase of æsthetic value to their account due to what beauty there is about them being connected with ordinary and useful things?

And in this manner does not our esthetic instinct strain vaguely after a double change: not merely giving affluence and leisure to others, but giving simplicity and utility to ourselves?

And, even apart from this, does not all true æstheticism tend to diminish labor while increasing enjoyment, because it makes the already existing more sufficient, because it furthers the joys of the spirit, which multiply by sharing, as distinguished from the pleasures of vanity and greediness, which only diminish?

One may at first feel inclined to poohpooh the notion that mere æstheticism can help to bring about a better distribution of the world's riches; and reasonably object that we do not feed people on images and impressions which multiply by sharing; they live on bread, and not on the *idea* of bread.

But after all, the amount of material bread—even if we extend the word to everything which is consumed for bodily necessity and comfort—which any individual can consume is really very small; the bad distribution, the shocking waste of this material bread arises from its being, so to speak, used sym-

bolically, used as spiritual bread, as representing those *ideas* for which men hunger: superiority over other folk, power of having dependants, social position, ownership, and privilege of all kinds? For what are the bulk of worldly possessions to their owners: houses, parks, plate, jewels, superfluous expenditure of all kinds, and armies and navies when we come to national wastefulness? What are all these ill-distributed riches save *ideas*, ideas futile and ungenerous, food for the soul, but food upon which the soul grows sick and corrupt?

Would it not therefore be useful to reorganize this diet of ideas—to reorganize that part of life which is independent of bodily sustenance and health, which lives on spiritual commodities—the part of life including ambition, ideal, sympathy, and all that I have called ideas? Would it not be worth while to find such ideas as all people can live upon without diminishing each other's shares, instead of the ideas which each must refuse to his neighbor, and about which, therefore, all of us are bound to fight like hungry animals? Now, as I have tried to show, ideas of beauty are foremost among those which, like the miraculous loaves of the Apostles, feed thousands and leave basketfuls for next day.

But such ideas, such impressions and preferences are, after all, one may again object, very rare—themselves an exotic, almost a luxury.

Quite true. Indeed, I have already remarked that they are not to be expected either from the poor in material comfort, nor from the poor in soul, since both of these are condemned, the first by physical wretchedness, the second by spiritual inactivity, to fight only for larger shares of material bread; with the difference that this material bread is eaten by the poor, and made into very ugly symbols of glory by the But, among those of us who are neither hungry nor vacuous, there is not, generally speaking, much attempt to make the best of our spiritual privi-We teach our children, as we were taught ourselves, to give importance only to the fact of privilege, expense, rareness, already necessarily obtruded far too much by our struggling,

imperfect civilization. We are angry with little boys and girls if they inquire too audibly whether certain people are rich or certain things cost much money, as little boys and girls are apt to do in their very far from innocence; but we teach them by our example to think about such things every time we stretch a point in order to appear richer or smarter than we are; while, on the contrary, we rarely insist upon the intrinsic qualities for which things are really valuable, but for which no trouble or money would be spent on them, but for which the difficulty of obtaining them would, as in the case of Dr. Johnson's musical performance, become identical with impossibility. I wonder how many people ever point out to a child that the water in a tank may be more wonderful and beautiful in its beryls and sapphires and agates than all the contents of all the jewellers' shops in Bond Street. Moreover, we rarely struggle against the standards of fashion in our habits and arrangements; which standards, in many cases, are those of our ladies'-maids and butlers, or tradesfolk, and in most cases the standards of our less intelligent neighbors. Nay, more, we sometimes actually cultivate in ourselves, we superfine and æsthetic creatures, a preference for such kinds of enjoyment as are exclusive and costly; we allow ourselves to be talked into the notion that solitary egoism, laborious self-assertion of ownership (as in the poor mad Ludwig of Bavaria) is a badge of intellectual distinction. We cherish a desire for the new-fangled and farfetched, the something no other has had before; little suspecting, or forgetting, that to extract more pleasure, not less, to enjoy the same things longer, and to be able to extract more enjoyment out of more things, is the sign of æsthetic vigor.

Still, on the whole, such as can care

for beautiful things and beautiful thoughts are beginning to care for them more fully, and are growing, undoubtedly, in a certain moral sensitiveness which, as I have said, is coincident with æsthetic development. This strikes me every time that I see or think about a certain priest's house on a hillside by the Mediterranean—a little house built up against the village church, and painted and roofed, like the church, a most delicate gray, against which the yellow of the 'spaliered lemons sings out in exquisite intensity. Alongside, a wall with flower-pots, and dainty muslin curtains to the windows. Such a house and the life possible in it are beginning, for many of us, to become the ideal, by whose side all luxury and worldly grandeur becomes insipid or vulgar. For such a house as this embodies the possibility of living with grace and decorum throughout by dint of loving carefulness and self-restraining simplicity. I say with grace and decorum throughout, because all things which might beget ugliness in the life of others, or ugliness in our own attitude toward others, would be eliminated, thrown away like the fossil which Thoreau threw away because it collected dust. Moreover, such a life as this is such as all may reasonably hope to have, may, in some more prosperous age, obtain; since it involves no hoarding of advantage for self or excluding therefrom of others. such a life we ourselves may attain at least in the spirit, if we become strenuous and faithful lovers of the beautiful, æsthetes who recognize that their greatest pleasure, their only true possessions are in themselves; knowing the supreme value of their own soul, even as was foreshadowed by the Abbot Joachim of Flora, when he said that the true monk can hold no property except his lyre.—Contemporary Re-

## KAFFIR FINANCE.

BY W. R. LAWSON.

THERE are far-sighted men in the City, but not one of them claims to have foreseen the development of that strange and fascinating phenomenon known as the "Kaffir Market." As a centre of speculation it has had no equal in the history of finance. Never before has such a maelstrom drawn together gamblers of all nations and kindreds and tongues. It seems incredible that the monstrous growth should be little more than ten years old. Johannesburg, of course, existed before then, and a number of Rand mines had even been introduced in London, but they had not got beyond a select circle whose headquarters were at Hatton There is a tradition in the American Railway market that it had the first offer of Katfir business inside the House, but declined it rather disrespectfully. A Jewish firm of jobbers tried to run Kashrs and Americans together; local sentiment, however, was dead against the combination. innovators had at last to choose between the old and the new, and they decided—very wisely as it proved—to throw up Americans. They moved to the Broad Street end of the House, and started in a very modest way a novel market which has grown with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd, and now overshadows all its seniors. It covers more space than any three other markets in the House, and the pioneer firm which gave up Americans in its favor turned over last year more shares perhaps than all the American jobbers put together.

The "Kaffir Circus," which ten years ago was almost boycotted, is now the main centre of interest and attraction. Its Circean revels have proved irresistible. The most conservative of members had to yield to them in the long run, and streams of secessions from other markets continue even yet to swell the Kaffir crowd. Fortunes were made in it last year, some of which have been taken away and safely invested. The others will probably be scattered as suddenly as they were gathered. To get into a moderate con-

nection as a Kaffir jobber was to earn two or three hundred pounds a day, with no risk and very little trouble, save having to bear the horrible din of a howling pandemonium. To be able to shout higher than anybody else was the chief, and almost the only qualification for success. Intelligence and experience were superfluities. Where nearly all were ignorant alike about what they were dealing in, fools could "make prices" just as freely as wise men, and more so. Simply to "make prices" was to make money hand over fist, and Kaffir jobbers blossomed into plutocrats, set up their private hansoms, were welcomed into West End clubs, and flung about thousand-pound checks as lightly as half-crown cigars. When they rose to the dignity of underwriting or syndicating new issues a single company might bring them in ten or twenty thousand pounds. In one memorable case thirty thousand shares were said to have been booked within an hour by an active firm, whose "turns" or profits must have averaged two pounds per share.

Throughout the early part of 1895 the public were ravenous for gold shares. They would snap at anything in the shape of a mine-American, Australian, and especially South African. At the outset there were only seventy or eighty Rand shares available, to choose from, and the run on them was so keen that it added fully five millions sterling per month to their market value. Between the end of March and the end of June, the hottest period of the boom, they appreciated from little more than seventy millions to nearly ninety millions ster-These were, for the most part, bona fide mines, and included all the dividend-earning properties on the Rand. If the speculative mania had stopped at them not much harm might have been done, but once started it soon broke all bounds. Fresh creations had to be made at the rate of three or four companies per day in order to satisfy the demand for gambling counters. In course of the year nearly one thousand new mining companies were registered, the nominal capital of which exceeded one hundred and seven millions sterling. One third of them were connected with South Africa, namely, 338 companies, with an aggregate nominal capital of forty-six millions sterling. Western Australia was favored with as many more—342 companies—but their aggregate nominal capital was below the Kaffir level, being only about thirty-five millions sterling.

Nine tenths of these new creations were, on the face of them, gambles. Scores of them were smuggled into the Stock Exchange by side doors, and could only be dealt in unofficially. Out of 960 companies, only 229 ventured to submit themselves to public criticism by advertising their prospectuses and otherwise complying with the regulations of the Stock Exchange. Of the hundred and seven millions sterling of new mining capital registered, the amount publicly advertised and subjected to Stock Exchange rules was less than a third, namely, thirty-four millions. The amateur speculator often thinks little of that distinction, but one day he may learn (to his cost) its importance. Shares fully recognized by the Stock Exchange may be good or bad, but they have at least to be honestly dealt in. Shares not so recognized have more chance to be bad, and they may be manipulated without any check or control whatever. But somehow the so-called innocent public seem to have a fatal partiality for the shadiest cards in the pack. Brokers receive from remote corners of the Kingdom, where it might be supposed that no speculative mania could ever penetrate, orders to buy the most out-of-the-way shares which they have never before heard of themselves. The would-be purchasers cannot possibly know anything about them, but the names have struck their fancy, and one mine is as good as another to them.

Speaking from last year's experience it may be affirmed that two-thirds of the companies floated during a mining boom stand a poor chance of ever raising capital enough to break ground with. And even the other third, which

give some prima facie evidence of good faith, begin in a very improvident way. The above-named two hundred and twenty-nine companies advertised last year confessed to a very watery capital. Fully one half of their thirtyfour million sterling nominal was reserved as vendors' shares. The smaller half, amounting to £16,798,000, was offered for public subscription, but a large portion of it (£7,338,000) had also to go to the vendors. The balance left for working capital would, in the most favorable event, have been less than nine and a half millions sterling, or not much more than one fourth of the whole capital on which dividends would have to be earned and paid if the company were to be a success. That is a fair statement of the financial basis on which the better class of mining companies are organized, and it may be imagined what sort of a financial basis the rotten ones have.

For every pound actually put into a joint-stock mine dividends have generally to be earned on three or four pounds, the nominal capital being invariably three or four to one of the working capital. Put this three or four pounds through a process of booming till you have it further loaded with premiums of 300 or 400 per cent., and every pound actually spent on the mine may have to earn dividends on ten or twelve pounds. That, however, is simple booming. It is not good enough for the Kaffir circus, which has invented an ingenious system of compound booming. A parent company breeds a number of baoies and booms them in turn, sells their shares on the top of the boom, divides the spoil among its shareholders, and finishes with a big flare up in its own shares. Typical examples of this might be selected by the dozen from last year's registration list, but one may suffice. Early in the year the parent company A was floated with a capital of £60,000. During the spring it transferred part of its property to company B, which it floated with a capital of £140,000. In the following summer B's share was further subdivided, and a slice of it conveyed to a grandchild, C. In the interval speculative values had risen so much that this second slice was capitalized at £165,000 - just four times the original valuation of the entire property.

After this preliminary glance at the philosophy of mining booms, we may now proceed to the special characteristics of the Kaffir boom. Various circumstances in the early history of the Katfir market have impressed on it peculiarities of character it is never likely to lose. Its original association with the diamond trade infused into it a preponderating mixture of Jewish shrewdness and financial versatility. The Rand was an offshoot of Kimberley, and the diamond merchants of Hatton Garden had a considerable voice in the destiny of them both. The diamond mines were the first to draw attention to the mineral wealth of South Africa, and they furnished the means for thoroughly prospecting the Transvaal. They raised the Cape Colony from mutton and mealies to luxury and political power. Cape politicians found an entry through them into the good graces of New Court and the favor of the Colonial Office. They gave rise to the alliance between Mr. Rhodes and the Rothschilds which produced the Chartered Company, the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, and a long series of history-making combinations.

These stood out from all previous financial ventures in the wide range of their ambition, the boldness and energy of their management and the universal interest they excited. The City and the Court were alike dazzled by them. They appealed to the popular imagination in all its wildest moods, offering a magnificent gamble combined with an imperial programme. The glamour of the new El Dorado spread to the Continent, and the Kaffir market became international. It penetrated into Cabinets and shaped a new policy for at least one European State. Who supposes that the African fever would ever have seized Germany so badly but for the diamonds of Kimberley and the gold of the Rand? Had these remained undiscovered there would probably have been no German colony in Namaqualand, no Zanzibar convention, no Transvaal crisis. If they were to disappear to-morrow, or-to keep within the limits of the conceivable—if the Bank of England were to cease monetizing

gold and adding indefinitely to an already threatened glut of gold money, where would the Rand mines be? What would then become of the much coveted and courted Transvaal? How long would it take President Kruger and his valiant Boers to shrink back into their original nonentity? And when they had got there, what would be left of German ardor and enthusi-

asm on their behalf?

If we go straight to the heart of this Transvaal problem it will show itself the most sordid and absurd cause of quarrel that ever arose between two great Powers. Gold gambling is bad enough as a periodic aberration of finance, but as an international feud on which millions of money are to be wasted and to which thousands of lives may be sacrificed, it is surely the climax of human infatuation. Whoever will soberly ask himself what is the real value to the world of the Rand or any other gold-field, will soon see how easily we may pay too high a price for it—not in cash only, but in human suffering and demoralization.

Let us do justice, however, to the stupendous energy which this singular movement has behind it. The Kaffir boom has eclipsed everything else of its kind, not only in magnitude, but in duration and intensity. Three reasons for that have already been incidentally mentioned—the high social and political prestige under which it was launched, the strong financial backing it enjoyed from the outset, and the widespread fascination which it exercised among all classes. Ever since there was a Stock Exchange mining booms have been of periodical occurrence. They have followed each other at intervals, and every new gold-field has had its little day, afterward dying out or settling down into an organized in-We had the Mysore boom in dustry. 1884 and the Queensland boom in 1887, but their frenzy was comparatively After a year or two of short-lived. wild speculation the gold mines separated themselves from the bubbles, and their shares passed into the hands of investors, while the bubbles drifted down the stream into liquidation. If the Rand had been an ordinary goldfield, under the control of ordinary

financiers, it might have had the usual fate. But it was in many respects ex-Not only was it financed ceptional. with unprecedented skill and success, but it had physical advantages alto-

gether unique.

The Rand has, as a matter of fact, had two distinct booms. The first and smaller one lasted from 1886 to about 1889, and embraced only a limited number of "outcrop" companies, that is companies whose claims were all on the outcrop or external crown of the reef. It produced a few very rich mines, such as the Robiuson, Ferreira, and Langlaagte, which earn their dividends as regularly as a bank or a brewery; also many second-rate mines which having discounted their prospects too rashly overreached themselves and had to begin afresh on a new basis. frauds and the fiascos, a large majority of the whole, dried up, as their fate generally is in mining booms. the Rand, like so many of the older gold fields, remained in this first stage, it might have had fifteen or twenty years of a humdrum existence, after the fashion of Ballarat or Gympie. During that period it would have produced so many thousand ounces per month and have yielded handsome returns to a select circle of professional operators, and beyond that the world might have heard little more of it. The Rand, however, had a higher destiny, and its first boom was a mere prelude to a much larger development.

About 1891 the so called "deep level" movement began. When the older mines on the outcrop were coming within measurable distance of exhaustion, the idea occurred to mining engineers of sinking a second row of shafts to cut the reefs at lower depths. Thousands of claims were taken up on this second line, and a new group of companies was formed to work them. As the initial cost was to be heavy, large capitals were needed, and fine scope offered itself for wholesale financing. The deep level companies became favorite booming counters, and their shares were run up to fabulous premiums. One pound shares of the Rand Mines, for instance, were, at the height of the craze in September last, largely dealt in at £46. Premiums of 1000 to 1500

per cent. were thought little of. It was taken for granted that the deep levels would more than double the mineral resources of the Rand, and before one of them had been adequately tested they were valued in the market at a higher rate than many of the proved claims on the outcrop. They certainly furnished far greater facilities for speculation. South Africa had always been a country of magnificent distances, now it was also to be a country of magnificent depths. Forty, fifty, and even sixty years was to be the probable life of the new mines. The milling and cyaniding plants were to be on a par with the five thousand feet shafts. Everything was to be on a gigantic scale, and the dividends, though remote, when they did begin were to be princely.

But the promoters of the deep levels did not need to wait till they were in operation to make money out of them. That came to their hands very easily. They had only to mark off blocks of eighty or ninety claims from the many hundreds under their control and float them as sub-companies. In the rage for deep levels the new shares went off like hot cakes, and without moving a finger the parent company could rake in profits of five or six hundred per The deep level companies do not pretend to have been superior to temptation. Most of them made hay while the sun shone—made it twice over in fact, for the fancy profits they realized out of the sub-companies enabled them to pay brilliant dividends on their own shares which the market promptly capitalized in a duplicate set of premiums. The deep level mines will do very well indeed if they earn in the next five years half as much as was made last year by manufacturing shares and trading in them. One of the many promoting and speculating trusts acknowledged lately that it had cleared over three hundred thousand pounds on a portion of its holding in a single sub-company, and that it had still a large number of shares left.

Baby companies are the trump card of Kalfir finance. They are the great industry out of which Kaffir fortunes have been made as well as the chief source of the cent. per cent. dividends

paid by the Consolidated Gold Fields, Barnato's Consolidated Mines, and other Kaffir trusts. The latter would be sorry to exchange their baby-farming profits for all the dividends earned on the Rand. Last year the total output of gold reported by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines was 2,277,455 ounces, and its value in round numbers was eight millions sterling. The profit realized, as represented by the dividends distributed, was only £3,241,-000. But one finance company, the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, claims to have made in the year ended 30th June, 1895, a profit of over two and a half millions sterling (£2,-605,622). Had it come from bond fide mining it would have absorbed nearly five sixths of the entire profits earned on the Rand. But the company make no pretence of having earned it in that way. Of the £2,605,622 gross profit, only £61,611 is said to have been derived from dividends on working mines! £2,540,918 is set down as "profits realized by sale of investments less losses written of," and £3092 is credited to transfer fees. About 2 per cent. of the company's income was earned in South Africa, and 98 per cent. on the London Stock Exchange! In the first quarter of the current year the relative proportions were still more remarkable. the prices of October 16th, 1895, the company's investments showed, according to the report, "a further unrealized profit exceeding £9,000,000." The dividends, estimated at the same rate as in 1894-95, had probably amounted to £16,000—only a small fraction of 1 per cent. as compared with the stockjobbing revenue of the same period.

With such spoils dangling before his eyes, little wonder if the promoter's net was cast early and often. As the result of his activity, nine hundred and fifty new companies appear in the latest edition of Burdett's Official Intelligence. A large proportion of them have no registration in this country. The Stock Exchange committee declines to recognize them further than to grant them a special settlement under a new rule framed for the occasion, and Mr. Burnett mentions as a significant fact that out of 181 mining companies which settled under the new rule, "sixty-one

had published no prospectus of any kind." Under these circumstances it has been hard enough for him to obtain information even about companies registered in England. "Unfortunately," he adds, "in the case of companies registered under the Transvaal laws the information available at the London offices has often been so meagre as to be practically useless. In one instance, when the London secretary's attention was drawn to a discrepancy in the company's report which he was unable to clear up, that gentleman explained that he knew practically nothing about the company's property, and so long as the public were content to buy its shares at a premium without knowing or caring to know anything about the company itself, he imagined that he and the other London secretaries would not be supplied with fuller information than they at present possessed." To this frank display of candor it need only be added that the Transvaal companies which keep themselves so carefully masked are not as a rule insignificant one-horse concerns. They include some of the most brilliant successes of Kaffir finance; companies which count their shareholders by the thousand and their capital by millions.

The severest critic of Kaffir finance cannot deny to it one notable quality, that of being up-to-date. There is nothing new or original in end-of-thecentury methods which it has failed to turn to account. Fortune has favored it in every conceivable way. When it was in low water chemistry came to its aid with the cyanide process which made mines pay that had never paid before, while paying mines paid all the Politics favored it in the irresistible personality of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The bimetallists very foolishly and unintentionally, did it a good turn by raising an alarm about an imaginary dearth of gold. The stock market was only too willing to play into the Kaffir financier's hands. Since the Baring crisis of 1890 it had been slowly dying of inanition and dry rot. Anything that promised to infuse a little new blood into it was welcome. So the boom of 1895 started off under the most brilliant auspices. What with strong leadership, vigorous touting,

and a boundless substratum of popular credulity, it made quite an unprece-

dented splash.

Great is the Rand, but greater still are, or were, its prophets! Robinson, Rudd, Eckstein, Barnato, Beit and Company have been unquestionably the strongest combination ever formed to exploit the Stock Exchange. Previous to their time the Winchester House group had taken the palm for skill and ingenuity in the arts of the financial spider, but their short existence had ended in a cloud of bailiffs and receiving orders. On the surface nothing could have seemed more unlike than the cobweb creations of the Jabez Balfour brotherhood and the solid millions per month which were being coined on the Rand. "Banket" running fifteen pennyweights to the ton is, after all, a better material to boom than bubble trusts and American breweries; but a company-mongering craze, however or wherever it may begin, invariably degenerates into the same old game in the end. It has its regular stages to pass through and its familiar manœuvres to play off on a greedy and by no means guileless public.

First, we have fairly honest properties presented to us which might do well enough if left to their natural development. Next we have second rate properties, manipulated by second rate financiers. Then come shady properties, the offspring of shady promoters, which increase in shadiness as their market widens. As the speculative fever spreads, rich reefs cannot be offered fast enough. Nature has limits even in South Africa, but the Kaffir financier has none. When raw material grows scarce he can create fresh supplies out of his own fertile brain. He can amalgamate, consolidate, reorganize; or enlarge existing companies; getting a fresh squeeze out of them every time. Even that does not exhaust his ingenuity. He may also aspire to do his own stock-jobbing, by means of specially created finance companies, trusts, and investment agencies. His crowning ambition is to set up a bank—a full-blown Kaffir bank—the objects and assets of which are to be disclosed hereafter. All that the public need know at the outset is the

amount of premium on the shares and the number of millions made by the promoters on the morning of issue. Whether the bank has been registered under British or Boer law, who are to be its directors, what class of banking business it is to do, and what liability the shares are to carry—these are all insignificant details to be ascertained after the premium hunt is over.

The climax of Kaffir bluff was the invention of these so-called banks, and in strict accordance with poetic justice, the launching of them proved to be the turning-point of the craze. From the morning when "Barney's Banks" (£1 paid) were madly run up to 41 the pace slackened, and a few days later a sharp reaction had set in. Like the Dutch bubbles of the South Sea mania. "Barney's Banks" opened the eyes of the gamblers to a dim sense of their The maddest of them saw that the mania was going too far and would soon have them over the precipice. Gold mining is a risky enough business at the best, but when it must have banks and financial agencies and trust companies specially created for it, the only inference to be drawn is that it is preparing for the biggest smash possible to be conceived. Legitimate mining speculation requires no such adventitious aids any more than it requires its own bishops and aldermen. Banking is utterly and absolutely distinct from mining finance. The two cannot safely be combined, and what is more, the attempt to combine them can never be honestly made in the publie interest. Prima facie, it has ulterior motives, which can only be to convert bad mining shares into equally bad, if not worse, bank shares.

The discoverer of a gold-mine is a lucky man, and if he works it properly he may be a useful man. If he offers an interest in it to the public on a fair basis he gives them a chance of sharing his luck. It may turn out a prize, in which case his fellow-shareholders should be grateful to him. But if it should prove a blank they will have no cause to complain. They paid for an unknown chance, and they have got all there was in it. So long as a mine is worked in its own proper character, simply as a mine, speculation in it

may be as honest and legitimate as speculation in railway stocks or industrial shares. But when it becomes a mere decoy for stock-jobbing, company promoting, and the least scrupulous sorts of high finance, how can it end but badly? The British public will submit only to a certain amount of fooling, no matter how cleverly it may be done. Last autumn the limit of their endurance was reached in the Kaffir market, and collapse followed as a matter of course. It was the only possible end to a twelve months' orgy of speculation. The immediate cause of the breakdown may have been the crisis at Constantinople, or it may have been anything else. When a house of cards is ready to topple over it matters little who gives it the final push.

A few years hence it may seem incredible that credulity and blind infatuation could be carried so far as they were during the past year. Without circumstantial details well authenticated it will hardly be accepted as a possibility. Nor is historical truth alone at There are large practical interests involved in a thorough understanding of the craze. Previous booms were comparatively simple affairs, and the circle of their victims comparatively small. Mines were invariably capitalized in pound shares, so that in case of failure the total loss could be estimated at a glance. Each mine stood by itself, and had its own set of riggers whose rigging was quite obvious. The shares might be run up during a boom to two or three thousand per cent. premium, and in the reaction they might fall to seventy or eighty per cent. dis-No change was made, howcount. ever, in their form. As they started so they continued, and when, as frequently happened, they came to a judicial end, no wheels within wheels had to be picked to pieces.

It would be fortunate for Kaffir shareholders if a similar simplicity still prevailed, but Kaffir finance has not been all these years in the hands of international experts for nothing. Consolidations, reconstructions, and reshufflings have produced many editions of the original share. A fully developed group can masquerade in at least half-a-dozen different disguises. Their

order of evolution is generally as fol-

First, the proprietary or development company, which acts as god-parent to the group.

Second, the mining companies proper, each having so many claims assigned to it and separately capitalized.

Third, the finance company, which wet nurses new issues and "makes a market" in them.

Fourth, the trust company, too often used as a dust-bin for unmarketable as-

Fifth, the "guarantee syndicate," an inner ring that pays itself high premiums for assuring imaginary risks.

Sixth, the Kaffir bank, the latest and coolest device for drawing money into Kaffir speculation on false pretences.

Six thimbles and two peas in the hands of a ring of skilled professionals do not leave much chance for outsiders, however smart and wide awake they may think themselves. Not only do the insiders have the concoction of the various companies and the fixing of their original capitalization, which practically determines their future value, but they have the entire man-They can decide agement of them. which of the half-dozen is to pay the big dividends, and which are to draw blanks. They have all the initiative, do all the manipulating, and can arrange every new scheme to suit them-They might even strip a company of its assets and reduce it to an empty husk before the shareholders could interfere to prevent them. The proprietary or parent company is in that respect most at their mercy. Say that it starts with so many claims to develop—a thousand it may be—and that it divides them up among four or five working companies. The usual course is to receive in payment of the claims an agreed number of the subcompany's shares. These pass into the treasury of the parent company, but there is no obligation on the directors to keep them longer than they please, and no guarantee to the shareholders that they will be kept. They may be sold, pawned, exchanged, or put in trust at the pleasure of the directors, who have invariably proxies enough to give them complete control.

With five or six sub-companies operating on the same property, endless opportunities offer themselves for favoring one at the expense of the other. The best claims may be assigned to one and the poorest to another. Working expenses and costs of management may be unequally distributed among the several mines. The shares of one may be bulled and those of another may be beared by the inner ring. Good assets may be put into one trust, while the rubbish is shot into another. The bank may be favored at the expense of the investment company, or vice versa. No one but the insiders themselves can ever be sure where the pea is. play against the public with every trump card up their sleeves. If bookmakers had as free a hand as Kuffir financiers, a Derby Day would be worth millions to them. They could not possibly lose, and there would be no limit to their winnings.

The only real danger to the Kaffir bosses is that the public may get tired of so profitless a game, and give it up altogether as they have given up American railways. There is, however, not much sign of that yet. The market languishes under prolonged suspense as

to the future of Johannesburg, but full confidence is still felt in a revival. Should speculators grow tired of waiting for it, they may transfer their affections from the Rand to Coolgardie or Kootenay, but that would make little difference to the wire-pullers, who probably would rather welcome the change, the English section of them in particular. The maxim at present is to put British capital in British soil, and a Kootenay or Coolgardie boom is one of the probabilities of the current year. But it is to be feared that change of location will produce little change of The Kaffir system of finance method. has taken such a strong hold of the mining market that it no longer knows geographical distinctions. It will flourish as vigorously in one mining camp as in another. Neither law nor logic can do much against it until the speculative public find it out for themselves, which they can hardly do, so long as they think more of their chance of sharing the spoil than of the risk of When it comes to a being despoiled. question of honest intention there is, we fear, seldom much to choose hetween the winners and the losers in the Kuffir circus.—National Review.

# NATURAL REQUITAL.

#### BY NORMAN PEARSON.

What do we mean by Moral Responsibility? The common usage of the expression is inadequate, and to a certain extent incorrect. When we say that a man is morally responsible for something (usually something in the nature of an offence or injury), we generally mean that, judged by some standard of ideal justice, the man would be regarded as the true cause of this something having taken place. This is sound so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It fixes the man with imputability (as Mr. F. H. Bradley calls it) rather than with responsi-Indeed, in the case of an offence the implication rather is that, though the man ought to be punished, he yet will not be punished; that a moral tribunal armed with adequate penal powers would undoubtedly punish him, but that in the absence of such a tribunal he will escape. In fact, we ascribe to him moral imputability, rather than actual responsibility.

Responsibility in its proper sense must mean that a man is actually liable to answer for his conduct—in the case of legal responsibility, here; in the case of moral responsibility, here or hereafter. Where a man has become responsible to human law, the tribunal which administers this law takes care, and obviously must take care, to make him actually answer for his conduct, and enforces its judgment by penalty. Without this liability to punishment, responsibility is an empty name. A law which cannot be enforced by penalty, or, in technical language, a law

which has no sanction, is in fact no law at all; and therefore responsibility, as well to a moral as to a legal tribunal, must carry with it this notion of liability to enforcement, or it is in truth

no responsibility at all.

Moral responsibility, then, seems to require—(1) the notion of some intelligent tribunal or power by which we shall actually be judged, and by which what I will call an external penalty may be imposed; (2) the notion of some moral standard of right and wrong by which the judgments of this tribunal will be guided. And the question now arises, How far do the current ideas of moral responsibility fulfil these requirements?

To this question orthodoxy has a complete answer: the belief in a day of final judgment, when every man will be called upon to give an account of his works, and, according to the sentence pronounced upon these, will win eternal happiness or be doomed to eternal perdition. This belief amply fulfils all the conditions of true responsibility. There is an actual enforcement of penalty, and this penalty is of an external kind—i.e. it is imposed ab extra by an intelligent God as an act of His own free will; it is not a natural or caused result, in the scientific sense, of the man's works themselves. And, finally, the moral worth of the man's works will be tested on that occasion by a standard of right and wrong generically akin to our own standard here.

But when we turn from orthodoxy to the views of those who are wholly or partly unable to accept its doctrines, we find a similar belief in moral responsibility; but we do not find it adequately accounted for. So long as we retain our belief in the orthodox doctrines of reward and punishment, the doctrine of moral responsibility is feasible enough. But the moment these beliefs are discarded, moral responsibility becomes unintelligible. possible tribunal is there before which we can be summoned, and by which we can be sentenced? What is the penalty to be, and how is it to be enforced? It is clear, I think, that if the orthodox eschatology be rejected, there is no means whereby moral responsibility can be enforced in the

hereafter. Can it, then, be adequately enforced here? I think not. Society, as distinct from the law, may and does visit certain kinds of immoral conduct with social penalties; but these are obviously insufficient for the purpose of moral responsibility. As penalties they are usually inadequate, and not seldom unjust. The judgments of the society which imposes them are always liable to error, because society cannot have access to the intention of the offender, an access which is essential to a proper estimate of the moral quality of the agent, if not always of the act. Moreover, in order to render social censure effective, it is necessary that the person against whom it is directed should be one to whom social estimation is a matter of concern; for in the case of a person to whom social estimation is indifferent social censure will be powerless.

Moral responsibility, as Newman says,\* implies the notion of some one to whom we are responsible. And it further implies, as I contend, the belief that such some one will enforce this responsibility by penalty. Outside the doctrines of the Church we may seek, but we shall seek in vain, for any such person or any such system of penalty. And, therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that, without the belief in Christian or some quasi Christian eschatology, moral responsibility has

little meaning and less force.

Now, there is a peculiarity about the notion of moral responsibility to which I have already alluded, and which is very significant. As a rule, it only comes to the front when actual responsibility, with its attendant penalties, fails or seems likely to fail. We rarely seek to fix a man with moral responsibility for an act for which he becomes fully amenable to the law of the land. We do not usually pronounce the thief or the murderer morally responsible for his crime, because the law has provided actual present penalties for it. fact, where legal responsibility can be adequately enforced, moral responsibility is (perhaps unconsciously) treated. as superfluous. But whenever there is seen to be no adequate temporal pun-

<sup>\*</sup> Grammar of Assent, p. 110, fifth edition.



ishment, we turn at once to the thought of moral responsibility. When all England was ringing with the fall of Khartoum, nine men out of ten regarded Mr. Gladstone as being morally responsible for Gordon's murder. With the propriety or otherwise of this opinion I am not concerned. take it simply as a familiar illustration. Now, though the feeling throughout the country was intense, for all its intensity it was, in most cases, very vague. What did the feeling really amount to? A strong sense that guilt had been committed, and ought to be punished. But beyond this it mostly fuded into formlessness. Pressure might in some cases have extracted an expression of belief that the torments of Gehenna would be the penalty of Mr. Gladstone's misdeeds. But most even of those who denounced him most vehemently shrank from formulating their views into this ferocious definiteness; and the assertions of his moral responsibility, if closely tested, resolved themselves into a hope that he might be, rather than into an affirmation that he would be, made somehow responsible.

This is the undertone which rings through the common doctrine of moral responsibility, the so-called belief in which is little more than an aspiration after a perfect system under which all moral misdeeds would be punished, in the presence of a confessedly imperfect system under which many such misdeeds escape. Our idea of moral responsibility may include some more or less vague ideas of penalties in a hereafter beyond the grave; but, at the same time, it practically implies the belief that the misdeeds for which we can be made morally responsible only, will meet with no adequate penalties here. In short, the doctrine of moral responsibility, as commonly held, is rather the sigh of despairing righteousness than the enunciation of a vigorous moral faith.

If, then, apart from the orthodox eschatology, moral responsibility is but a broken reed, is there anything which can adequately take its place as a moral sanction? In answer to this question I suggest that there is something; and this something I call Natural Requital.

To those who believe that our con-

scious existence ends with death, I readily admit that the idea of natural requital will appeal but imperfectly, or will not appeal at all. But for the great majority who do believe, in one form or another, in some hereafter for man, natural requital should prove, I think, an amply sufficient substitute for moral responsibility.

Unless the conclusions of science are radically wrong, the belief in natural requital, so far from presenting any difficulty, seems absolutely forced upon Indeed, it is nothing but a special instance of the familiar law of natural causation. If it be true that every event produces an inevitable effect, and that the force manifested in both cause and effect is imperishable and eternal, we must regard all the phenomena of the universe as force manifestations inseparably united to each other in a system of perfect and all-pervading causa-The most trifling physical motion is rooted in the past, and will stretch its branches into an eternal fu-Nothing happens by accident; The flicknothing fails by mischance. er of an eyelash, or the fall of a leaf, is as rigidly determined in the operations of the universe, as the stupendous processions of its suns.

So far as regards physical nature, this doctrine of natural causation commands the universal assent of scientists and philosophers, and is but feebly disputed, if at all, by the more intelligent theologians.

But when we turn from the realm of matter to that of mind, this unanimity disappears. Indeterminist philosophers join with theologians in insisting that the human will can, and does, act independently of the law of causation, which is observed to prevail throughout the rest of Nature. This belief, in its original crude form, is now, I think, generally discredited. Modern indeterminism does not usually deny that human action is always determined by the strongest motive, but directs its arguments rather to the question as to how this strongest motive is constituted.

But without discussing in detail the various indeterminist arguments which are urged in support of the freedom of the will, from somewhat various points of view, I think that their general position may be correctly described thus:

The will has an inherent power of determining action, either by selection from among motives presented to it, irrespectively of their various original strengths, or by strengthening any selected motive by concentrated attention on it, so as to make it the strongest, or by supplying itself from within with its own motive, and thereby overpowering the motives which bear upon it from without. In short, as it has been expressed, the will is neither strictly determined nor wholly undetermined, but rather self-determined.

I have referred thus expressly to the doctrine of free will, because it is closely connected with the belief in moral responsibility. Indeed, it is obviously essential to the possibility of such a be-If a man is to be held morally responsible for his actions, he must be a free agent when he acts; for it is evidently a monstrous injustice to pass a moral condemnation on a man for an act which in reality he cannot help doing. Consequently, if, as strict determinism maintains, a man's actions are the necessary result of motives which he cannot control, operating upon a character which he did not form and cannot alter, it is impossible to hold that he can be morally responsible for them.

There is little doubt, I think, that the necessity of free will to moral responsibility operates strongly against a more general acceptance of determin-It is seen that moral responsibility is impossible without free-will; and it is assumed (perhaps unconsciously but most incorrectly) that morality is impossible without moral responsi-Hence there arises a pardonable reluctance to adopt the doctrine of determinism, which by striking at freewill seems also to strike at morality. But though determinism may bring the bane, it also brings the antidote. It must, if it be consistent, deny moral responsibility; but this is more than replaced by the belief in natural requital, which I claim to be its logical outcome.

Now, in the first place I would point out that the blow dealt by determinism at moral responsibility is not nearly so

important a matter as it may seem at first sight. As I have already attempted to show, the doctrine of moral responsibility, though quite intelligible for believers or quasi-believers in the orthodox eschatology, is practically meaningless for others. And in the case of those who cling to the doctrine, while rejecting the eschatology which alone makes it possible, overt criticism only gives the last touch to a structure which was already tottering to the base. I, therefore, claim this much at least for natural requital, that it substitutes a belief which is conceivable for one which can barely be stated without falling to pieces.

But natural requital has no need to seek its justification merely in the weakness of the opposing doctrine. On the contrary, it relies on a probability of immense strength, which is supported by all we know of the rest of Natural requital, as I have Nature. said, must be regarded as a branch of natural law—i.c. the law of causation, with its correlative, the law of the persistence of force. Consequently, if causation be, like force, universal, and, like force, unending, to deny that human conduct -- in its widest sense, including thoughts and desires not necessarily externalized in action—is not followed by natural and inevitable results of some kind, is in effect to exclude causation from one realm of Na-

But here it may fairly be objected that this only goes to show that human conduct produces natural effects of some sort—a conclusion which no one would seriously deny; it does not prove that these effects are in the nature of requitals. The hidden murder, the secret theft, and so forth, undoubtedly produce their effects; but, assuming the criminal to escape legal punishment, in what way can these effects operate as requitals?

The objection is serious, and to some extent it is true. It is true that the natural requital of which I am speaking must be sought in the internal effects of the act upon the agent, not in the consequences which its immediate external effects may entail upon him. It is true, too, that these internal effects, so far as we can observe

them, are altogether insufficient as requitals either for good or evil. wicked are often seen to flourish like a green bay tree, while virtue has to submit to suffering or neglect. And it is further true that our present knowledge of the laws of the universe does not reveal to us, as a positive fact, how such requitals can be furnished simply by the orderly operation of these laws. But in such a case we are not bound to confine ourselves to actual observation. to the exclusion of legitimate inference from the facts observed. If we say that the internal effects of an act upon the agent cannot constitute an adequate requital, because, as a matter of present observation, they do not necessarily constitute such a requital in our present stage of existence, we commit the error of declaring that the operation of natural law is coextensive with, and limited by, our experiences of it here. On the contrary, as I have endeavored to show, science requires us to believe that force and law will endure in the future as they have in the past.

Of course, to make natural requital an effective penalty, it must be assumed that the human "ego" does, in some form or another, survive the death of the human person on earth. I need not discuss here what this form may be, nor what the conditions of this future existence. I have dealt with these questions at some length on previous occasions; but for my present purpose I only assume the survival of what may be called "the soul," as a conscious personality, without attempting to de-

fine it more minutely. Granted, therefore, that man's soul survives his earthly life, it is highly reasonable to believe that, in some stage or stages of this future existence, his earthly acts will meet with what may be truly described as their natural requital. It is as certain as anything of the sort can be that every conscious act or thought produces an inevitable effect upon the character; and this effect is none the less real because it may, and indeed usually must, escape notice. In the organ of consciousness, the brain, the force discharge which accompanies every such act or thought, produces an inevitable physical effect, either by

wearing down some old channel of dis-

charge or by opening a new one. Again, physiologists tell us that every sensation of which we are conscious is built up out of a vast number of sensations which do not reach the level of consciousness; in other words, every perceived sensation is composed of a number of unperceived sensations.

It seems to me, therefore, that we are entitled to conclude that no conscious act, thought, or mental operation whatever takes place without leaving its mark on the character that gave it birth. But the "character" is in reality the "ego," or the "soul," in a more familiar garb, as becomes evident the moment we try to conceive of the mental man apart from his character. It will be seen at once that the "ego" without the character is a mere nothingness, an empty name, an inconceivable figment of metaphysics, without any intelligible contents whatever. short, it is quite plain that the character is the self, and is identical with, or at any rate inseparable from, the soul, or the "ego," or whatever we choose to call that part of the human individual for which we reserve an existence after death. For convenience, therefore, I will speak of this part as the "soul;" though indeed it matters little what view be taken of the nature of the soul, so long as we recognize the inevitable effect upon it of all the conscious conduct of the individual. Whether the soul be material, or whether it be an inconceivable something which we choose to label "spirit," is of no importance to us here. All that we need take note of is, that in the realm of mind the character, and hence the soul, is modified by conscious action and thought-i.e. mental manifestations of force, just as in the realm of matter the body is modified by physical manifestations of force.

And now we may be able to see how natural requital will operate. The soul at death leaves the body with all the impressions (to use a physical term) produced by the individual's conduct in life still in it; and these impressions will represent or correlate to corresponding tendencies or habits of conduct. This being so, the happiness or unhappiness of each soul will vary with the degree in which these habits and

tendencies are suited to the new environment into which the soul will enter. If the habits, tastes, and aversions of the soul are in substantial harmony with or are easily adaptable to this new environment, such a soul will be happy; if they are not, the soul will be unhappy to an extent varying accurately with the degree of discordance.

But, it may be said, how can we tell that virtue and virtuous habits will be more in harmony with the conditions of future stages of existence than vice and vicious habits? It is, at any rate, conceivable that the conditions of the hereafter may be quite unsuitable to what we here regard as virtuous conduct. And if this be the case, the idea of natural requital as a moral agency falls to the ground. Admitting that positive knowledge on the subject is beyond our reach, we must also admit the possibility of a hereafter consecrated to vice. But having admitted this as a bare possibility, the smallest reflection shows that the probabilities are enormously against it. Though positive knowledge is denied to us, we have ample grounds for inference, and there is little doubt in which direction sound inference will point. The whole history of the past shows that, in general, material and moral progress advance together; and by progress I mean, not mere movement, but movement toward something better-movement, in fact, that is also improvement. It may be urged perhaps that, as our knowledge is relative and limited, we have no guarantee that our ideas of improvement are absolutely correct; that these ideas, proceeding exclusively from a human standpoint, may indicate truly what is good for us, but do not necessarily indicate what is good absolutely. Pleasure and pain, as we understand them, clearly exist only in relation to human consciousness. Alter the conditions of this consciousness, and pleasure and pain will undergo a corresponding variation. And if it be true that pleasure and pain—i.e. physical good and evil-have only a relative existence, must it not also follow that the moral notions which rest on them, and which embody our views of moral good and evil, are relative also? Can Mr.

Spencer's correctness be doubted when he says:\*

Suppose that gashes and bruises caused agreeable sensations, and brought in their train increased power of doing work and receiving enjoyment, should we regard assault in the same manner as at present? . . . Or again, suppose that picking a man's pocket excited in him joyful emotions, by brightening his prospects, would theft be counted among crimes? Conversely: Imagine that ministering to a sick person always increased the pains of illness. . . . Imagine that liquidating another man's pecuniary claims on you redounded to his disadvantage. Imagine that crediting a man with noble behavior hindered his social welfare, and consequent gratification. What should we say to these acts which now fall into the class we call praiseworthy? Should we not, contrariwise, class them as blameworthy?

How, therefore, can we be sure that what we call moral progress has any truer reality than the pleasure and pain upon which our doctrines of morality are based? Moral progress has a meaning for us, as at present constituted, but we cannot say for certain that it is more than a mere human delusion; and, for aught we can tell, evolution may be simply a blind movement onward, or even a descensus Averni.

I have stated this objection as strongly as I can, because I wish to avoid the charge of overlooking or minimizing it when I say that, to my mind, except as a barren problem of controversial philosophy, it has little interest and less practical importance. It may be quite true that human intellect is an imperfect faculty, but the fact remains that it is the best which we have got; and, unless we are to quench our mental functions altogether, we must, as in fact we always do, rely on intellect to help us. If we look back on the past of the human race, we see that its history is a tale of development from lower to higher, from worse to better. see that civilization in its widest sense has immensely increased the welfare of the civilized man; and we see written in the boldest characters that moral development is not only a concomitant but a factor of this increased welfare. We see that the very existence of any high degree of happiness depends on the recognition of moral obligations; and in the course of the centuries we

<sup>\*</sup> Data of Ethics, p. 31.



may even see how the neglect of moral obligation has brought its own natural requital on the nations who have neglected it.

Nor is the truth of this conclusion at all invalidated by the fact that in different ages different or even conflicting views of morality have prevailed. rality being a code of conduct, it is obvious that any important variation of social conditions will require a corresponding variation in the moral code of the community affected. And this fact in no way weakens either the value of morality or the reality of moral principle. It is clearly a mistake to suppose that all morality must be of one type. There are the heroic as well as the gentle virtues; and, as Mr. Spencer points out, the religion of enmity, even in the present day, is well-nigh as powerful as the religion of amity. Each is valuable in its own sphere, but neither is readily interchangeable with the other, for the simple reason that the conditions under which they severally arise are different. Even the wide toleration of modern opinion would unanimously condemn the brutality, though it might appreciate the heroic merits of a Crusader knight; and, on the other hand, a community modelled on the type of Jesus of Nazareth would be exterminated in a week if confronted with a community of Zulus. Similarly, it is quite possible that some of our present notions of morality may prove hereafter to be *naturally* immoral or nonmoral—that is to say, they may prove either injurious or of no assistance to the course of our natural development in future stages of existence. But this would only show that in moral, as in physical development, there are difficulties to be overcome, mistakes to be rectified, losses to be repaired. It need not for a moment shake our convictions that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," or that, in spite of errors and obstacles, the moral tendency of the ages mounts upward. is any continuity of existence for us at all, it is a violent improbability to suppose that our course of progress will be On the contrary, reversed after death. it is far more reasonable to believe that man's progress toward the goal of his

destiny, whatever and wherever that goal may be, will be accompanied by a gradually widening view of moral obligation, enforced by a system of appropriate natural requitals, till a state be reached in which morality will disappear, because immorality will have become impossible. And if, or so long as, individuality be preserved in that distant stage, we shall see the realization of Tennyson's noble lines, in seeing

The full-grown will, Circled thro' all experiences, pure law, Commeasure perfect freedom.

As to ethics, I think that, so far from destroying them by denying moral responsibility, we shall place them on a sounder because on a truer basis. Ethics being in fact the science of conduct, the ethical value of the belief in moral responsibility depends strictly on its value as a sanction of moral conduct. Now, so long as the sphere of moral conduct be limited to this our present stage of existence, it must be admitted that there are not here any sufficient penalties which necessarily attend immorality; and, consequently, the idea that man will become hereafter responsible for his misdeeds in the flesh to a moral judge with unlimited penal powers constitutes a moral sanction of enormous weight. But as soon as it is perceived that the sphere of conduct may possibly reach backward into the past,\* and must, in all probability, reach forward into the future, the sphere of the natural penalties of immorality becomes at the same time proportionably extended, and the importance of moral responsibility as a sanction becomes attenuated to the vanishing point. On the other hand, the importance and value of ethics become correspondingly enhanced with the recognition that man's morality is concerned not merely with the threescore years and ten of terrestrial human life, but with the sum total of the ex-

<sup>\*</sup> It is necessary for me to state that I do not myself believe in the pre-existence of the "ego" as such. But I have thought it desirable to allude here to the possibility of such a pre-existence, and I distinctly hold the pre-existence of the materials of the "ego" in forms of lower mental complexity.

istence of the human "ego;" and that the moral value of conduct is determined not by its conformity to any special religious or theological dogmas, but by its relation to the due evolution of this "ego" as part and parcel of the universe. And then morality is seen to be built on a rock, where it needs none of the fictitious support of the moral responsibility of popular belief, for the place of this is taken by the real responsibility of Nature, which is enforced by an inexorable system of natural requital.

Moral responsibility, as I have attempted to show, involves the belief in a Divine personal judge, by whom this responsibility will be enforced. there is a further belief which, though not arising directly out of the belief in moral responsibility, is, as a matter of fact, commonly attached to the belief in a Divine personal judge. This is the belief that such a judge may, and on occasion will, temper justice with mercy, and remit the penalties which the offender would otherwise incur. This doctrine is at once the strength and the weakness of the moral system of the orthodox. It appeals strongly to sinners by the hope which it offers them of their sins being condoned in consideration of a due repentance. it also seriously weakens the sanctioning penalties of its moral code by teaching that repentance can avert or mitigate them. In Nature, on the other hand, there is no such thing as the forgiveness of sins, nor, it may be added, the forgiveness of mistakes. If there were, the moral order of the universo would become chaos. Every act produces its own inevitable effects, which neither prayer nor repentance can alter or avert. But though the religion of science must insist upon this, it does not, therefore, overlook the value of repentance, nor does it fail to recognize that similar misdeeds may bring different degrees of punishment on different offenders. With regard to repentance, seeing that the chief source of natural requital lies in the individual, it is obvious that anything which modifies the character must modify also the requitals which will spring from it. Regarded in this light, repentance is seen to be an influence of immense importance.

The power of strong emotion to work rapid and seemingly miraculous bodily effects is well known. And just as (to take a single instance) a sudden fit of anger may cure an attack of gout, so the deep emotion of repentance may work in a day changes of character which years of exhortation have failed to effect. Nevertheless, repentance as strictly a matter of causation, and as rigidly determined as any other event. It cannot be summoned or banished by any spontaneous effort of will; it will occur in the ordinary course of events, or it will not occur at all.

There is another point to be noticed in this connection, which I think is unduly ignored by ecclesiastical teach-I have said that there is no forgiveness of mistakes in Nature; and I think it is necessary to insist upon this, because ecclesiastics are accustomed to magnify the value of piety to the practical exclusion of intelligence. hardly possible to suppose that mere piety, as at present understood, can be the only or even the chief condition of our future development. In the Pilgrim's Progress Ignorance is made to go by a byway into hell; and the lesson of the old allegory may in this sense be profoundly true, that the hereafter will demand of us intellectual fully as much as religious progress. Indeed, in strictness the two cannot really be severed. Granted a certain intellectual advance, and religion must follow willy-nilly in its train, under penalty of being excluded from the sphere of human interests altogether.

It follows also from this view of natural requital that the penalty of a particular misdeed may vary with the particular offender, because similar misdeeds may produce different effects on different characters.

And it further follows that the test of morality under natural requital will differ from that expressed or implied by the doctrine of moral responsibility. Under any form of moral responsibility the chief test of conduct is the intention of the agent, and it is this feature which forms one of its greatest attractions. Human law, which concerns itself mainly with the quality of the act, can only bestow at best an imperfect recognition on the quality of

the agent. And hence there is felt the necessity for some moral tribunal which will redress the injuries inflicted by legal or social censure on conduct which has been misguided or misunderstood. Under natural requital, on the other hand, the test of morality in its ultimate form will be whether the particular conduct furthers or impedes the evolutional development of the uni-And this test, while it is not confined either to the quality of the act or the quality of the agent, embraces them both. There can be no tampering with the orderly progress of Nature, and therefore no conduct which is an offence against that progress can escape its natural requital. But inasmuch as the source of this requital is in the offender's own being, the intention of his conduct will have its full weight in modifying or determining

the character of the penalty.

It is clear, I think, that under such a view as this morality acquires a far higher sanctity, while immorality assumes a deeper guilt. When morality is seen 'to be inseparably interwoven into the evolution of Nature, sin becomes not merely a pardonable offence against an anthropomorphic God, but an unpardonable wrong to the universe, and to the Deity made manifest there-The belief in moral responsibility naturally attracts men by its promise to redress the inequalities of the present, either by future rewards for unrecognized virtue or future penalties for unpunished guilt. But, as I have attempted to show, both these functions will be rigorously performed, though in a different manner, by natural requital, which, moreover, is a moral sanction of far greater power. So far as the conscious anticipation of penalty is an active impulse to moral conduct, there can be no question but that a system of inevitable and accurately graduated penalties, such as natural requital threatens, must, when once recognized, have a vastly greater effect on conduct than the empty menaces of the moral responsibility of philosophers or the fears of a hell which may always be escaped by a timely repentance. So far, again, as morality springs from obedience to principles, which, though ultimately evolved from experiences of

pleasure and pain, have now become, by heredity or otherwise, practically intuitive, the doctrine of natural requital adds to morality a new dignity, by regarding it as an inherent part of the order of Nature, not as a code imposed from without. If moral responsibility is a more attractive name than natural requital, that is only because we have hardly learned to recognize that the operations of Nature are in themselves in the truest sense moral. though Nature's morality and its sanctions differ in some respects from morality as popularly conceived of. "Red in tooth and claw with ravin," Nature truly enough "shrieks against the creed," that misery, pain, and evil are the works, actual or permissive, of a benevolent and omnipotent God. But in her inexorable sacrifice of the unfit she is in reality hewing out the shortest as well as the most merciful path of progress possible. This is the only explanation of the existence of evil which is at all compatible with the belief that the universe is governed by a Divine benevolence; and though from this standpoint Nature may appear a profound mystery, the mystery is not darkened by the necessity of ascribing to the God of Nature qualities and actions which might make a murderer shud-Moreover, though natural reder. quital implies inevitable penalty, it also implies inevitable reward. If Nature holds out no hope of any remission of sins, she threatens us with no prison house of eternal torture, and through her gates of death we see the bright beams of morning instead of the lurid glare of hell.

In like manner, by showing the true sanction of morality to be something inside not outside of Nature, natural requital gives morality its true position in the order of things, while it extends its scope from the narrow realm of earthly life to the whole course of the soul's development. Sacerdotalism has done much to sever religion from morals by its persistent tendency to exalt the value of correct theological belief at the expense of practical morality. In the religion of science such a severance is impossible. The morally right being that which accords with the broad course of the evolution of Nature, and the morally wrong that which conflicts with it, any conduct (in the widest sense of the term) which impedes the soul's development stands proclaimed as an offence against the morality of the universe. But when this universe

itself is regarded as a Divine manifestation, an offence against natural morality is seen at once to be an offence also against natural religion.—Nineteenth Century.

### LETTERS ON TURKEY.

#### BY GEORGINA MAX MULLER.

1V.

# HASAN AND HUSAIN.

THERE are certain things which seem even more incredible after one has seen them than before. That religious fanaticism may become a kind of raving madness, we know not only from mythology but from history also; and there are trustworthy accounts from eye-witnesses who describe the horrible tortures and mutilations which people will inflict on themselves, and the cruelties which they will perpetrate on others, while in a state of religious frenzy. We accept these accounts without always fully realizing them. make allowance for innate savagery, or, among more civilized races, for the influence of intoxicating liquor. But no one would call the present inhabitants of Constantinople savages, and the use of intoxicating liquor is less frequent there than among ourselves. And yet what we saw there on the feast of Hasan and Husain, and what may be seen there every year during the first ten days of the Moharran, seems so difficult to believe that one is almost afraid to describe it. The Turks themselves, it must be said to their honor, have little to do with these exhibitions. disapprove of them, but the Sultan, it is said, is unwilling to stop them for fear of being considered intolerant. The performance is chiefly Persian. The Persians resident in Constantinople form a kind of regnum in regno, and insist on their privilege of witnessing these religious atrocities every year. We were invited by the Persian Ambassador to witness this performance, and found our way toward the evening to a large square, a khân, surrounded by houses and shops, planted with trees,

and crowded with people. When it grew dark the houses were illuminated, and large bonfires were lighted, mostly with petroleum. The mixture of smells, petroleum, escaped gas, sewers, and humanity, was terrible, even in the open air. After waiting for some time, music could be heard, and the people made room for a large procession that marched in, consisting of more than a thousand men and boys, and preceded by children dressed in white, some riding on horseback with grown-up men at their sides, gesticulating, reciting, and crying. Then followed three companies, all in white shirts, some carrying swords, others heavy iron chains, and all shouting rhythmically, "Vah Hasan! Vah Husain!" The first set struck their bare chests first with their right hand, then with the left. The next company passed by swinging their chains from side to side with a graceful dancing motion. The third and last lot passed along sideways in two long lines facing each other, each man holding his neighbor's girdle with the left hand, while they swung their swords in unison with the right. Between these rows marched men reciting the story of Hasan and The whole procession passed Husain. on thus slowly round the khân, and left by the gate at which they entered. We wondered why we had been told that only people of strong nerves should attend this celebration. While the procession was visiting another khan we were refreshed with the most delicious After a time we again heard the strains of music, this time louder and wilder, and the people all round us began to show signs of great and increasing excitement and agitation as the procession, lighted by the larid

glare of the petroleum bonfires, re-entered the khan. The children passed by as before, followed by a white horse, on which sat two white doves, emblematic of the souls of Hasan and The cries of "Vah! vah! Husain. Hasan! Husain!" grew louder and louder, many of the spectators joining in, while the first company passed beating their bare breasts with such violence and regularity that it sounded like sledge hammers coming down on blocks of granite. The second company passed swinging their chains over their heads, and bringing them down on their now bare backs till the flesh was lacerated and streaming with blood. Then, last and worst of all, came the men with the swords, cutting themselves, particularly their heads, in good earnest, so that one had to stand back to avoid the blood which spurted forth in all directions. Soon their white shirts were crimson with blood, their heads looked as if covered with a red fez, and the pavement was running with blood; and yet these people Very few marched on as if on parade. indeed fell out. One man fell down dead before our eyes; and at last a kind of police came forward, holding their sticks over the people so as to prevent their hacking themselves to death in their frenzy. There was little violence, and there was no trace of The people, though drunkenness. densely crowded, were perfectly orderly, and one saw old rough men crying and shedding bitter tears, and with many sobs uttering the names Hasan and Husain. They were all men of the lower and lowest classes as far as one could judge from their outward appearance, and if you had asked one of them why they cried so bitterly, they would probably have had nothing to answer but "Oh, Hasan and Husain!" It is true there were some men who recited the history of Hasan and Husain, but no one seemed to listen to them; nav. their voices were completely drowned by the regular shouts of "Hasan and

We stayed as long as we could, till the heat and the various exhalations became intolerable. We were afraid it would be impossible to get through the compact surging mass of human beings,

all gesticulating wildly and looking fierce and uncanny. The passages were narrow, and we had a number of ladies in our party. But, as soon as the people saw the Imperial aide-de-camp who was with us, they made room for us. No number of policemen in London could have cleared a passage so quickly as our aide-de-camp and a few kavasses. When I expressed my admiration of this orderly crowd to a Turkish friend, he smiled and said, "Ah, we have no women in our crowds." The presence of women accounts evidently to an Eastern mind for most of our troubles in the West, and they express their conviction that we shall never get on un-

less we shut them up again.

Now if we ask why these hundreds and thousands of men were shedding tears and crying "Hasan and Husain!" history tells us little more than that Hasan, the fifth Khalif, the son of Fâtimah and of Ali, the fourth Khalif, reigned only half a year and was probably poisoned by his wife, while Husain was slain in the battle of Kerbelah, 680 A.D., fighting against the Syrian army Many princes have of Ohaidallah. fallen under similar circumstances, but their very names are now forgotten, and no one sheds a tear about The real reason of these tears them. for Hasan and Husain lies much deep-It is first of all religious. hammed, in spite of all his remonstrances and his protestations that he was a man, and a man only, was soon represented as having been created by Allah in the beginning of all things, and before there was as yet either heaven or earth, darkness, light, sun, moon, paradise, or hell. The only surviving child of Mohammed was Fâtimah, the wife of Ali, and the mother of Hasan and Husain. These four were soon made to share in the same miraculous birthright as the Prophet, and opposition to them or the killing of any of them was therefore looked upon as a kind of sacrilege. They were of the blood of Mohammed, and the shedding of that sacred blood was the highest crime that could be committed. Hence the religious feeling for Hasan and Husain, both murdered, though they were in a very special sense of the blood of Mohammed,

if not the direct descendants of Allah. There is besides a purely sentimental feeling for Hasan and Husain, because they were murdered young, and because national poetry has endowed them with many virtues. In Persia there are real miracle-plays (some of them translated by the late Sir Lewis Pelly), very different from the wild shoutings of the crowds at Constantinople, and in them Hasan, and particularly Husain, are represented as heroes and martyrs, and endowed with every virtue under the sun. The very day before the final battle in which he fell Husain was asked to surrender, but he declined. His sister came to him in the night, crying, "Alas for the deso-lation of my family! My mother Fatimah is dead, and my father Ali and my brother Hasan. Alas for the destruction that is past! and alas for the destruction that is to come!" Then Husain replied, " Sister, put your trust in God, and know that man is born to die and that the heavens shall not remain; everything shall pass away but the presence of God, who created all things by His power, and shall make them by His power to pass away, and they shall return to Him alone. father was better than I, my mother was better than I, and my brother was better than I, and they and we and all Muslims have an example in the Apostle of God." Then he told his soldiers to march away and leave him alone because he alone was wanted; but they all refused, and determined to fight. Then Husain mounted his horse and set the Korán before him, crying, "O God, Thou art my confidence in any trouble and my hope in every calamity." His sister and daughter began to weep, but Husain remained firm. At that very moment some of the enemy's cavalry went over to him. But the enemy was too strong for Husain's army. Husain himself was struck on the head, and had to retire to his tent, streaming with blood. sat down and took his little son on his lap, who was immediately killed by an The father placed the little corpse on the ground and cried, "We come from God and we return to Him. O God, give me strength to bear these misfortunes." He then ran toward

the Euphrates to get some water to drink, and there was struck by an arrow in his mouth. While he stood and prayed, his little nephew ran up to kiss him, and had his hand cut off with a sword. Husain wept, and said, "Thy reward, dear child, is with thy forefathers in the realms of bliss." Though wounded and faint, Husain charged the enemy bravely and was soon killed, his corpse being trampled into the ground by the enemy's horsemen.

Whether all this be historically true or not, when presented on a stage we can quite imagine that it might draw tears from the spectators' eyes. But that, without any appeal to the eyes, hundreds of rough, nay ruffianly looking men, should gash and lacerate themselves almost unto death, while others stand about shedding bitter tears, is more difficult to explain. Still so it was, and there were the members of most of the foreign Embassies and Legations present to witness it, few going home without having their dresses

spattered with blood. There is, however, besides the religious and sentimental, another source, if not of the tears, at least of the excitement, and that source is political, if not ethnological. It is political in so far that of the two great divisions of the Mohammedans, the Shiites and Sunnites, the former never recognized any true Khalifs except the direct descendants of Mohammed, namely, Ali, the husband of Fâtimah, and their sons, Hasan and Husain. Abubekr, Omar, and Osman were in their eyes usurpers. Still more so were the Omayades, the successors of Mu'awiyah, who in 661 A.D. took the Khalifate from Hasan. This feeling of hostility between the Shirtes and Sunnites continues to the present day, and may still become not only the excuse for street rows, but the cause of serious political troubles.

There may even be an ethnological element at the bottom of this political division, for the Shiîtes are mostly Persian, that is, Aryan; the Sunnites are Arab, that is, Semitic. The Arab character is stiff, formal, and legal; the Persian character is free, poetical, and philosophical. The Persians, though conquered by the Arabs, were for a long time intellectually the masters and

teachers of their conquerors. At Constantinople they live side by side, apparently in peace, but the Persians must not be offended, and to deprive them of their national festival would be an offence in their eyes, though in the eyes of the world it would be a wholesome removal of an offensive anachronism. When one sees the state of frenzy into which thousands of people can work themselves up by merely shouting for hours "Hasan and Husain!" one understands the danger that might arise if ever more articulate utterance should be given to their shouts. One clever leader might carry away these people to a general massacre, and they would probably be as ready to die as they are to lie bleeding in the street, shouting "Hasan and Husain!" to the very end, and looking forward with delight to the black-eyed girls, and to Hasan and Husain, waiting for them in Paradise.

v.

## TURKISH LADIES.

No one who visits Turkey can know anything of the real life of the people unless he has seen some of the harems, for it is a mistake to imagine that because they are invisible to the outer world the Turkish women have no influence. On the contrary, unable to spend their time in going about and in visiting or receiving general visitors, they have all the more leisure for intrigue and scheming, and it must be remembered that all marriages are arranged exclusively by the female relations on both sides.

Though the present sultan's own wives and slaves are said to be mere frivolous dolls, spending their energies on dress and eating sweetmeats, many of the pashas' wives are women of keen intelligence, able to manage their husbands' properties, and it is well known that the valideh sultans, or mothers of the sultans, have often exercised immense influence in State affairs. young girls now in Turkey are all being educated, the sultan having established excellent schools, where the girls go till the age of twelve or so, when they "put on the yashmak" and disappear. Up to that age they may be seen sitting

NEW SERIES,-Vol. LXIV., No. 3.

with their fathers in the public gardens of an afternoon, and going to and from school of a morning, attended, if of the higher classes, by the usual hideous black attendant. I was not invited to the royal harem, but I had the opportunity of seeing several Turkish homes during our stay at Constantino-My first visit was to the wife of ple. one of the great ministers. The wife of one of the foreign pashas in the The wife Turkish service arranged the visit, and kindly accompanied me. We drove to a part of Pera beyond the Grande Rue, and almost opposite the palace of Yildiz, though separated from it by a deep I had often observed when valley. driving the high white walls in this locality, but had never realized that they concealed the harems of many of the ministers and highest nobility. passed the minister's own house, his selamlik, and across the road stopped at a high gate in the high wall, where we prepared to leave the carriage; but the gates were opened for us, and we were desired to drive in, as the gardeners were still at work, so that the ladies could not be in the garden. We drew up at the door of a large square white house, the entrance up high steps round us rose the harem walls, not covered with creepers as at Yildiz, but bare and white, and so high that even from the top windows of the house nothing could be seen. In spite of the beautiful turf and brilliant flower-beds and shrubs, it looked and felt like a prison. The door was opened by a slave, and we found ourselves in a long and very narrow passage, which led into a large and lofty central hall full of palms, with a fountain playing in the middle, and all round stood the slaves—the women, black and white, in bright-colored cotton dresses and white turbans, the black eunuchs in frock coat and fez.

We were shown into a large handsomely furnished room, with a splendid yellow carpet, but without a book, or work, or any sign of life and occupation. The little wife soon appeared, dressed in European dress; in fact, it is only in the Royal Harem that the native costume is kept up. She was accompanied by her sister-in-law, the wife of the minister's brother. The

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latter spoke Turkish only, so my friend devoted herself to her, while I had a lively talk in French with the minister's wife. She was small and nicelooking, with brilliant eyes. She told me that she drove out once, at the utmost twice a year, in a shut carriage, the only time she passed outside those terrible walls. She was fond of her garden and her pets, cats and birds, but she had no children, and, I was told, lived in constant dread that her husband would, in consequence, divorce her, for very few Turks now have two wives. Her idea of European life was founded on French novels, which she read incessantly, and she said to me: "Well, we are happier than you, for our husbands may fancy one of our slaves whom we know, but your husbands go about with French actiesses whom you don't know!" Sweetmeats were brought in by slaves, and then cigarettes, but I had to confess my ignorance of smoking, and, lastly, the delicious Turkish coffee in golden cup The minister's wife is a good musician, and her sister-in-law draws and paints, taught by the minister, who is quite a good artist; but in spite of music and painting, and French novels, and lovely garden, I had a sad feeling that she was like a bird beating her wings against her gilded cage. She had read too much to be content. the time of our visit the doors stood open, and the slaves passed and repassed, as if keeping up a constant espionage. We were just going into the garden, a slave reporting the departure of the gardeners, when the minister and his brother came in, having hurried back from the Palace to see From the moment of their arrival the two little wives were absolutely silent, and though I tried to include his wife in my interesting talk with the minister, I failed utterly; but, as I reflected afterward, we were talking of the mosques and buildings, of the sarcophagi in the Museum, and the treasures of the Seraglio, which she had never seen, and never could see, so our conversation must have been unintelligible to her. I came away with a feeling of the deepest pity for these two women, who seemed to me restless and unsatisfied, indulged as they evidently

were by their husbands and surrounded by all that wealth could give them.

During our stay at Therapia the Austrian ambassadress took me to call on the wife of Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies. Their house at Yeni Keui is on the Bosphorus (the walls washed by the water), and I had already visited Munir Pasha in his selam. lik, separated from the harem by a beautiful garden, full of hundreds of roses of different sorts. Here, as there was no harem wall, the windows were all carefully latticed, but the inmates can see out through the lattice, though no one can see them. We were in one of the Austrian caïques, and were received on landing by two or three blackies, one of whom, a singularly tall figure, I had noticed more than once on the steamer in attendance on the young daughter on her way to and from school. We found our hostess in a large room on the ground floor, and as she only spoke Turkish, her nephew, a palace aide-de-camp, was there to interpret. Munir Pasha's wife is a very capable, clever woman, probably not what we should call highly educated, but able to conduct all her husband's affairs and manage his estate, as nearly his whole time must be spent at the Though everything had to be said through the nephew, we speaking French, the conversation never flagged for a moment. This was the only harem I visited where no refreshments were offered us. Our hostess, who was a woman of between forty and fifty, and, like most Turkish ladies, decidedly stout, was dressed in mauve-colored muslin, with a chain of very large amethysts round her neck; her hair was dark and dressed in the French The house was fashion of the day. built like most of the houses I saw, the front door opening at once into a central hall with rooms on each side, the end opposite the door filled by a wide handsome staircase. Munir's wife gave me the idea of a happy busy woman. She told us she went out in her carque constantly, of course veiled and in the ferejeh, the shapeless cloak worn by Turkish ladies, old and young, which entirely conceals the figure, and the ugliness of which is not even redeemed by the splendid materials and brilliant colors usually employed. Our hostess parted with us at the door of the room, for fear any man might be in sight through the open door of the hall.

Not long after this, my husband and I and our son, who is a Secretary of Embassy, were invited to luncheon by Hamdy Bey, the head of the Museum of Antiquities and discoverer of the Sidon Sarcophagi, which are the glory of the museum. His house is on the Bosphorus, but a public road runs between it and the water. We were shown upstairs, where, in a room full of art treasures, wonderful specimens of farence tiles and Oriental hangings, we found our host and his wife. She is of French origin, though brought up as a Turkish lady, but she sees her husband's friends and presides at his table. The whole house is furnished in European style, and, but for the view over the Bosphorus and the carques and, strange boats passing every minute, one might fancy one's self in any country but Turkey. After luncheon, during which his wife bore her part in the animated French conversation, she took me back to her drawing-room, while the gentlemen went to the men's side of the house to smoke. My hostess said what a delight it must be to me to travel, on which I asked whether she never accompanied her husband. was genuinely shocked, and told me that was an impossibility, adding: "I never cross the road behind the house to my hill garden except in yashmak."

We had seen so much of Sadik Bey, the delightful Palace Aide-de-camp who attended us everywhere at the Sultan's desire, that I felt a great wish to see his home, though he had, of course, never talked of it to us and I did not know how many children he had. is an Arab, and had once incidental. ly mentioned that his wife was Arab He seemed very much pleased at my wish, and it was settled that I should go down from Therapia to Pera to call on "Mrs. Sadik." His house was small, but loftier than most Turkish houses, and built on the very edge of the steep hill opposite Yildiz Palace. Here, again, a narrow passage shut off all view of the entrance door from the interior of the house. I was shown into what was evidently his sitting-

room on the ground floor, for there was no lattice. The room was plainly furnished, but there was a bookcase full of French and German books, for Sadik Bey had been some time in Berlin, and French he had learned in Pera; he did not understand English. He soon appeared and took At the top of the me upstairs. staircase stood his very pretty wife, small, with fine eyes, and masses of dark hair, in which she wore a natural She was dressed in white muslin, with white satin shoes, the dress trimmed with pink ribbons and a scarlet sash, while the rose was deep crimson. She wore very fine diamonds, and was evidently got up in her very best, and in her eyes my black brocade must have seemed very dingy. room into which we went was small and tightly latticed. She seemed bright and happy, and cast looks of adoring affection on her lord and master, who sat opposite her, and opened the conversation by asking: "What do you think of her?" I could truly say she was the prettiest woman I had seen in It was a very hot day, and Sadik Bey took down the lattice, and the whole beautiful view burst on me of the green hill opposite, crowned by the white kiosks of Yildiz Palace, and the Mosque where the Sultan goes for Selamlik, and to the right the waters of the Bosphorus, sparkling over the brown roofs of the houses in the Beshiktash quarter. From this moment his wife moved back, and sat where she could not see anything out of window but the sky. The children were then brought in—a little girl of about eight, the most fantastic figure, whose dress and hat would have suited Madge Wild-She went to school every morning, and of an afternoon learned music and needlework from her mother, who is particularly skilful with her needle. Like her mother, the child only speaks Turkish and Arabic, and her father told me was never to learn any European language. "What is the good? It only makes them unhappy;" and I felt he was right. The baby boy of eighteen months, a very fine child, was carried in by his mother; and lastly her mother, a dear old lady, with a white linen covering over her head and

a shapeless gown of some soft dark material, came in, bringing me the most delicious iced-almond drink, rather like the almond sherbet one gets in Sweden. I should like to have seen more of the little house, but felt shy about asking to go into other rooms, as I did not know how far it might be liked; but I left them feeling that they were a really happy family, and there could be no doubt of the affection between husband and wife, and the perfect content of the wife in her round of home duties. And yet I heard Sadik Bey say later on, when he had taken his family into the country not far from Therapia, that there was nothing to do, for "one can't sit with the women"—as if they were far his inferiors.

My last experience was in the house of a very liberal minded Turkish lady, a distant connection of the Sultan, who had allowed her lovely daughters to visit freely at the various embassies till they were above fifteen, when the Sultan interfered and ordered them to assume the yashmak. They are said when in Egypt or on the Princes' Islands in the Marmora to be very emancipated. They had a fine house on the Bosphorus, with a large balcony, almost covered by Virginian creeper, and here, going by in the steamer, I had often caught a glimpse of their heads as they sat on the balcony at work or afternoon tea. The mother was out the day I called. I found the daughters most attractive and strikingly handsome. They spoke English well, and had read a good deal. One was a fine musician, the other a clever artist, and many of her studies and sketches in oils hung about the rooms. They showed me their own boudoir, which was like any girl's sitting-room in England, only larger and more hand-somely furnished. The panels of the doors were fitted with their own sketches from Cairo, and the tables were covered with photographs. It was evident that they tried to make the best of their circumscribed lives, but they were not happy. The youngest was engaged to a man of very bad character, whom she has since divorced, and it was evident from things she said that she hated the idea of her marriage and was postponing it as long as possible. We had five o'clock tea on the balcony, where they could see and not be distinctly seen. They went out every evening in their caïque, and not so thickly veiled but that I often recognized them afterward. They filled me with the deepest pity, as I thought of the unsatisfied lives that stretched before them.

We can hardly realize the full monotony of a Turkish lady's life. Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard to her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must. be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change, and that as the men have dropped their Oriental garb the women will in time part with the yashmak and ferejeh, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs. On the Bosphorus their carques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters, occasionally accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up -the police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this is de rigueur when any member of the Imperial harem passes. We were drinking coffee one day at the Sweet Waters, at the part which flows by the gardens

of a country palace of the sultan. All at once Sadik Bey jumped up and ran behind a tree, with his back to the Sweet Waters. Two or three closed carriages of the Imperial harem were passing along the road in the gardens on the other side of the river, the blinds so far drawn down that it was impossible to see if any one was inside. and yet all along our side we saw the Turks, whether officers or civilians, going through the same absurd ceremony, and only when the carriages were out of sight did they return to their Formerly a man never saw the face of his intended till after the marriage ceremony, when they withdrew into a room and the veil was lifted for the first time. Now it is generally contrived that the bridegroom elect shall see his future wife for a moment

unveiled. This seclusion of the wives prevents hospitality in our sense of the word. The pashas entertain each other, and a few of them invite European gentlemen to their houses; but no ladies, of course, can ever be received where there is no hostess to entertain them. Hamdy Bey is the one exception I know of, but his wife is French by birth. Till the happier days dawn when Turkish women can share the lives of their fathers and husbands, it seems to me that their better education only makes them restless and unhappy, and that those women are the best off who, like the women of the sultan's harem, have little interest beyond dress and sweetments, and remain children and spoiled children—all their lives.— Longman's Magazine.

### LI HUNG CHANG.

#### BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

"THERE are three parties at Pekin:
1. Li Hung Chang. 2. The Court.
3. The literary class. Li Hung Chang is a noble fellow, and worth giving one's life for." These sentences are taken from an unpublished letter of General Gordon, written in July, 1880, when on his way to the Chinese capital. I have permission to quote them, and they provide an appropriate introduction for the remarkable statesman who is about to arrive in this country, as well as for the serious political questions suggested by the present condition of the Empire he represents.

I do not propose to describe in any detail here the varied and brilliant services which have made the name of Li Hung Chang as well known in foreign lands as in his own. The main incidents of his career since he co-operated with Gordon, over thirty years ago, in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion are probably familiar by this time to the majority of readers, and no one has ever impugned the sincerity of his desire to improve the administration of his State, to introduce industrial reforms, and to maintain peace. If the progress has not been rapid, if the part

of reformer has not been as popular or as successful as it deserved to be, no one has blamed Li Hung Chang for the smallness of the result, while every one has admired the skill, courage, and determination with which he has forced his way against the most powerful enemies, and the prejudices of the lettered and official classes, to a summit of power such as no other Chinese subject ever attained during the countless centuries of her past history. And now, in the evening of his life, the Grand Old Man of China has undertaken a tour round the capitals of the world, in order to see with his own eyes those foreign countries with which the fate of his own must be closely mixed up, and to study their systems of efficient administration for purposes of peace and war, especially the latter, to which China must by her own effort, or by external compulsion, and with as little delay as possible, provide the best approximation that she can. There is a serious side as well as an ornamental to the showy embassy that the Imperial Chancellor has conducted to the Courts of Europe. The ornamental part began and terminated at Moscow. The serious part, although not restricted to London, must be chiefly transacted in the capital of the Empire which has the largest stake in the trade and future of the Far East, and whose statesmen stand resolute to the purpose that that stake shall not be diminished, much less filched away.

Li Hung Chang comes to form his own opinion about us, but it is also desirable to state that we have to form our opinion about him; not as to his undoubted ability, or the tact and dignity with which he will hold his own in any assembly, but as to his power and capacity to effect that improvement in the administration which will practically amount to a regeneration of China. It is something to be assured, on the most unimpeachable authority, that this serious task was the principal object he set before himself on undertaking a mission from which his age and his inexperience as a traveller would have justified his asking to be excused. But, as the people most closely concerned in the result after the Chinese themselves, we are bound to measure his chances of success with the nearest approach to accuracy we can attain, and it would be paying our guest a very poor compliment to minimize the difficulties of his task or to declare that he is sure to accomplish it. With the fullest admission as to the great ability and unfailing shrewdness of Li Hung Chang, there is more reason to anticipate that the powerful forces arrayed against him, the two of the three parties into which General Gordon divided the repositories of supreme power in China, will prove triumphant, to the inevitable ruin of their country, than that he, at his age, will carry out those drastic measures which can alone render China competent to preserve her independence.

There is one great reason for believing that Li Hung Chang may be not only in earnest as to his own mission, but also successful in impressing on his countrymen the imperative necessity of bestirring and qualifying themselves to take their part in the international conflicts of the future. The rude lesson they received at the hands of the Japanese must have opened the eyes of at least the ruling powers at Pekin. It

was not merely the material loss they suffered by the destruction of a costly fleet and the imposition of an indemnity which will permanently absorb their maritime customs at their present total; but the blow to their selfesteem and reputation must have hurt far more deeply, and can only be deemed healed when China, Phoenixlike, has risen from the ashes of her own degradation. China entered on that war with a high reputation and such superior resources as seemed at least to justify the opinion that the struggle would prove arduous and, at the worst, inconclusive. A single campaign sufficed to shatter that reputation, to destroy the new military organization she was supposed to have created, and to cripple her in the future with a heavy legacy of debt. Worst of all, this terrible blow was inflicted by a race of Asiatics traditionally considered inferior, who had imitated admirably one branch of European progress, the art of égorger vos prochains, while China, wrapped in her pride, had been standing still, or wasting her resources on a sham.

In this experience was provided motive enough for that "awakening of China," which the late Marquis Tseng promised us ten years ago, but which the result has shown us we must still expect. As a stimulant it certainly should prove sufficient, although it must be frankly admitted that the only sign China has yet given of realizing her damaged and dangerous position is this very tour of her one statesman, and considerably over a year has elapsed since the treaty of Shimonoseki secured for her the breathing space necessary to repair what has been destroyed. can well be believed that Li Hung Chang sees these facts as clearly as we do; but with a more complete knowledge than we have of the Chinese system and greater tolerance for national prejudices than we need pretend to, he may hesitate as to where or how the desirable reforms can be commenced. That hesitation will not be diminished by the fact that while the Japanese war was a terrible lesson for the members of the central Government, it did not affect nine-tenths of the Chinese people, who are still lulled in a sleep of fancied superiority and security. Ιf the Chinese people at large were really awake to the military helplessness of their country and to the imperative necessity of making every sacrifice to recover that capacity of defence which in nations is the only sound basis of self-respect, then the task of Li Hung Chang would be both easier and more likely to succeed. Unfortunately, the only persons in China thoroughly aroused to the perils of the situation are Li Hung Chang himself and a few high personages at Pekin, among whom may undoubtedly be placed the Empress Dowager and the reigning Emperor. Against them are arrayed all the powerful forces of the Censors, the literary class, and those resolute opponents of all change, nowhere stronger than in China. They have numbers, they fill every post, and block every channel of improved knowledge and a healthier spirit, and they will even argue that as ironclads and rifles failed in 1894-5 to give them the victory over Japan it would be folly to throw away any further sums on such useless pur-

When it is stated that Li Hung Chang has come on a mission for the purpose of inaugurating a system of reforms it is necessary to consider both the state of opinion in China and the amount of opposition he is likely to encounter from interested parties. That opposition can only be diminished and overcome by the growth of a strong national opinion that reforms are necessary, and that the one way to preserve the independence of China is by carrying out some of those radical changes in the normal Asiatic practice which Japan has done with such complete thoroughness and beneficial result. If in the first place Li Hung Chang can arouse his countrymen to a correct sense of their deficiencies and to the resolution to shake off their self conceit and adapt themselves to facts like other nations, he will have laid a sound basis for reform and future progress, and accomplished a far more practical and useful work than by drawing upon paper model systems for a fresh consti-Recent events have not given outsiders a very high opinion of the patriotism of the Chinese, but their pride is undoubted, and if it can be turned into the proper direction it may yet supply the lever which will enable a Chinese statesman to regenerate his country. If commercial and political rivalry with the Japanese, a race always regarded as very inferior to themselves, does not supply the Chinese with an adequate stimulant to excel, it is hard to imagine what will suffice, and the regeneration of China by her own effort will be handed down to the Greek Kalends.

The systems of administration in vogue in Europe and America will teach Li Hung Chang nothing, for as a system the administration of China is a very good one, and suits the country as well as any other that could be devised. What is wrong and rotten in the state of China is the manner in which that system is worked; and it is here that sweeping changes are required, which will tax the strength and the courage of even such a powerful Minister as Li Hung Chang. In the first place, no real progress can take place in China so long as the Censors retain the power to judge every proceeding of the Government by the light of Confucian ethics and to veto every reform because it is opposed to the apothegms of classical writers of the fossil age of China's existence. Will Li Hung Chang or his Imperial master have the daring to abolish by a decree of the Vermilion Pencil the Board of Censors and put an end forever to their absurdly antiquated but none the less fatal strictures on every suggestion of practical reform? I ask the question because, while the measure is radical and drastic, it is well within the compass of Imperial authority, and would not entail that serious interference with the elaborate Civil Service system of China that must follow any sweeping attempt to provide her with a new form of administration. Yet it is absolutely necessary for the success of any remedial measures in China that, on the threshold of their being undertaken, a strong and, if possible, a fatal blow should be dealt that literary class which has been supreme in China, and which has used its influence and position to prevent progress and to exclude all useful knowledge. It can only be

reached in the first place through the Board of Censors, and no reforms will have any chance of success, nor can we feel any faith in the good intentions of the Chinese Government itself, as long as that conclave of unpractical and bigoted pedants is able to obstruct every act of the administration, and to pervert when it does not prevent every beneficial measure.

The fate of the Censors will provide a sure test of the sincerity of the intentions of those who take up a policy of reform in China. With regard to Li Hung Chang's feelings in the matter, there is no doubt that he regards them with unequivocal dislike and hostility. They have always been his bitter foes, and if they had had their way he would long ago have been shorter by a head. But we do not know whether he attaches that importance to their summary effacement which to the Western mind seems the kernel of the whole difficulty. Yet he must see that the day of classical criticism has gone by, that China stands in need of acts, not words, and that even if the Censors are eventually beaten on every point, instead of being, as they nearly always were, victorious, they retain with their existence a power of delaying measures that must seriously diminish their Moreover, China cannot spare the time for such wasted efforts. Formerly a few years, or even a whole cycle, mattered nothing for the solution of a trifle, but now China can only count on a very brief period to set her whole house in order.

The next measure in any project of reorganization should be the curtailment of the powers possessed by the viceroys; and it would be still better if that highest grade were altogether abolished, and each province assigned to a futai, or governor of the second grade. The former have always striven to make themselves more or less independent of the central authorities, and under the existing system the Pekin Government, which bears all the responsibility, can only count on a very partial control of the resources of the provinces, and may find itself exhausted and beaten long before the various parts of the empire are able and willing to come to its assistance. By reducing the grade of

these provincial rulers the Chinese executive may look for a prompter obedience to its orders, and a more cordial co-operation in the task of combining all the resources of the State for purposes of defence than would be rendered by the great satraps of the existing system, who think mostly of their own interest and personal position. Neither implicit obedience nor the efficient utilization of China's immense latent strength will be attained until the means of internal communication have been improved, and the outlying provinces, like Szechuen, and the densely peopled centre of China have been brought into railway communication with the capital and the centre of government. But that railway development will have to be preceded by an administrative reorganization.

Several railway projects have already been put forward in a more or less tentative manner, and one of them, that from Pekin to Hankow, the important city on the Yangtsekiang, which is the true heart of China, would unquestionably strengthen the position of the Imperial Government, and might prove self-supporting. But it must be hoped that no English capitalists will provide China with the means of building any railways north of the Great River until it has been made clear that she has both the capacity and the resolution to withhold from Russia those large concessions which, when the day of settlement comes, that Power will demand. Still, railways must affect more largely than any other s ngle circumstance the future position of the Pekin Government, and to their influence more than to anything else might we look for that awakening of the Chinese people which is absolutely necessary if the efforts of reformers like Li Hung Chang are to be crowned with success. Yet it would be folly to ignore the fact that popular feeling and prejudice will be strongly against their introduction, and if the Censors are left in their present omnipotent position to express the lowest and most ignorant views of the people, there is little doubt that they can retard the commencement of railway construction until the real control has passed out of the hands of any Chinese Government. We must recollect that

China has become, from its antiquity and dense population, a vast burial ground, and that religion, as well as superstition, forbids the least attempt being made to disturb the spirits of the ancestors who haunt these scenes. There are ways of propitiating and disarming this popular feeling, but they will certainly not be given a fair trial as long as there are Censors to give it pointed expression, and possessing the privilege of reading their anathemas to

the Emperor in person.

As intimately connected with the railway question as the Censors' privileges and popular prejudices is the practical point of the site of the Chinese capital. Pekin was chosen as the seat of government because the existing dynasty is of northern race, and its founders wished not merely to dwell in a congenial climate, but also to be as near as possible to the base of their military power in Manchuria. same reason had influenced the Mongols and before them the Tartars in fixing their capitals somewhere near the present Chinese mctropolis. But events have deprived this view of its original force, even from a dynastic standpoint. The Manchu dynasty as a separate institution from the Chinese Empire has no chance of preserving its existence, and the late war demonstrated beyond dispute that its Tartar forces were, if anything, less efficient and courageous than the native Chinese. The causes that made Pekin the capital have therefore no longer any force, while the change in the position has made it especially dangerous that the capital should lie at the mercy of an enterprising and expeditious adversary. That it does occupy such an exposed position can-The small Anglonot be disputed. French expedition, with none of those improved weapons which have made. modern armies so formidable, had no difficulty in advancing upon and practically seizing Pekin in 1860, and there can be no doubt that the Japanese last year would have been equally successful if the war had continued. But the danger from the sea coast will be far less than that presented when Russia has a railway to Vladivostock, and can at any moment march an army through Manchuria. The fragment of a will left the existing Chinese administration by Count Cassini's astute diplomacy, and the vigorous support of his Government will depart when to threatening despatches on the table of the Tsungli Yamen can be added the menace of an army crossing the Usuri by the high road to Moukden and Pekin. If the sting has to be taken from that threat the capital must be moved from Pekin, and that with all possible departed.

spatch.

General Gordon, when summoned to China in 1880 to advise its Government in reference to the crisis with Russia, most strongly urged this point on the attention of Li Hung Chang, and recommended the immediate transfer of the capital to Nankin. Nankin itself is not in a sufficiently secure position, and the site of China's capital should be at a greater distance from the sea. If Hankow were selected there would be all the advantages of remoteness from the nearest points of any hostile Power, at the same time that the existence of a water way from the sea to its very gates would leave the administration open to those external influences to which China has hitherto been so opposed. At the same time, a railway across the great provinces of Hupeh and Hunan from Hankow to Canton would open up an unknown but thickly peopled and highly productive region, and add immensely to the security and well-being of the Govern-By these three practical measures—the abolition of the Censors, the reduction of the Viceroys for the concentration of power in the hands of the central Government, and the transfer of the capital to the interior—an immense stride toward the true regeneration of China would be effected. have reason to think that one and all of these schemes have been passed in review by Li Hung Chang, but whether he feels either able or willing to carry them out must be left to time to show. It may be confidently said that without some of them no measure of reform will be successful or will endure.

There are other matters which the enlightened statesman, whose name is almost a convertible term for that of China, will consider in the interests of his country. They may perhaps form

a larger part of his programme than even the study of political systems that are altogether unsuited to China and her people. His country is now stricken down under the shalow of great naval and military disasters. The fleet which certainly cost China a great deal of money, and on paper made a very fair show, is either at the bottom of the sea or in Japanese harbors. Of the two principal naval stations, one has been dismantled and the other remains a hostage in the hands of Japan for a period of years. Yet China has not given up her dream of maritime power. She has bought one or two fresh ironclads since the war, and is expected to give large orders in English and German shipyards. It may seem presumptuous, but the advice is certainly based on good feeling and close study of her position, to urge her to do nothing of the kind. She is only wasting her resources and providing spoil for her enemies, as no fleet that she can create within the next ten years, the extreme limit within which it will be possible to maintain peace in the Far East, would have any chance of success against even the weakest of her possible opponents. Moreover, the dangers she has to cope with are on land, and not at sea. Expenditure on torpedoes and other means of coast defence is both prudent and necessary, but to spend millions on battleships and cruisers is only to invite a repetition of the Yalu and Wei Hai Wei.

The more strongly this conviction is held the more incumbent does it become for those who are responsible for the security of China to make a strenuous and sustained effort to give that country an army and a military organization sufficient to enable it to maintain its rights against all aggressors. So clear-headed a man as Li Hung Chang must see that if his country was able to make but a poor defence against Japan it would have no chance at all in a contest under existing conditions with either Russia or England. put the matter brutally but unmistakably, China is helpless, and so long as she remains so will have to submit to any indignity that may be offered her. She can, of course, procure the protection of Russia, followed for a time by the other members of that strange Slav-Teuton-Gallic Triple Alliance, but while the efficacy of that protection might in certain eventualities prove doubtful, there can be no question as The Russian ruler would to its cost. always find the policy congenial which assigned the position of a dependant to the occupant of the Dragon Throne, but it would be an undeserved reflection on Li Hung Chang's astuteness to suggest that he does not see that the protection of Russia is as humiliating and far more perilous for his country than the loss of a campaign with an undisguised antagonist like Japan.

Just as the policy of Russia is to keep China in leading strings, to destroy her nerve and self-reliance, and to make her think that she is safe because the great White Czar extends over her his protecting arm, so is it the bounden duty of any Chinese statesman desirous of maintaining his country's liberty and the majesty of his Emperor to struggle against and combat that influence, and to resist the insidious counsels by which it would be extended. China has nothing to fear in the way of unprovoked aggression from England, the only Power whose hostility would justify her in accepting the support of Russia at all cost, nor is there any likelihood of Japan resorting to any fresh measures until she has made sure of the future instalments of the war indemnity, and that will not be under five years. Even when Japan decides to move again it will more probably be in the direction of Corea—the derelict vessel of Asian politics—where her plans are suspended not abandoned, than against China herself. These considerations ought to show a Chinese statesman that there is no desperate need to rely exclusively on Russia's protection, or to follow blindly her advice, while the safer and more dignified course is obviously to reform the military organization of his country and to show the world that her great resources in men and money can be employed for the purposes of adequate national defence.

The administrative reforms of which China stands in need might have been discovered and enforced without Li Hung Chang leaving his own country; but his European experiences cannot fail to impress on him the fact that if China is to hold her own she must do as other nations, and maintain a large and well-equipped army. The advice given by General Gordon in 1880, that China was not to think of a regular army but to wage all her wars in an irregular fashion, good as it was at the time, is now obsolete. If China is to exist as an independent empire, she must have a large and a well-trained army, and she must give up her antiquated notion that war can be conducted by ignorant generals and untrained officers. Her last attempt to reconcile the exploded theories of a very primitive age with the hard and uncompromising facts of modern warfare cost her dear; any attempt to repeat the experiment would be nothing short of fatal to the Chinese Empire. Li Hung Chang will have been afforded every opportunity of seeing the immense armies maintained by the most peaceful of peoples, and the magnitude of Russia's forces will not impress him more than the readiness of the English army to proceed anywhere, whether it be to carry out an expedition to the Equator or the interior of China itself. China does not want parliaments, but she does want an army.

If this want is essential for any real progress in other directions, it is also clear that China will never succeed in supplying it on her own initiation. She has not the experience nor the right man. Throughout her existence she has slighted the military profession, and pronounced it derogatory to be a soldier, with the result that when a great national peril presented itself she did not possess efficient and trustworthy defenders. China has the raw material for an army in excellent quality and unlimited quantity, but she does not possess the officers and leaders who are essential for the conversion of that raw material into a formidable army. If she attempts to carry out her own reorganization, centuries must elapse before any real progress could be made, and long before that day arrived her fate would have been sealed by those whose designs on China are part of the inevitable progress of mankind. We must hope that in this matter Li

Hung Chang has fully taken to heart the lesson supplied by the removal of Captain Lang from the command of the Chinese fleet, and the putting of a Chinese officer in his place shortly before the outbreak of the Japanese war. I am quite aware that General Gordon, in his memorandum of July, 1880, advised the Chinese not to employ Europeans, and to do everything for themselves, but at that moment it not only looked as if China would not suffer from being slow and sure in her movements, but the uppermost thought in Gordon's mind was not so much to provide China with an efficient army, as to avert a change in her government. Moreover, as Li Hung Chang will remember, Gordon's Ever Victorious Army of Chinese was led into action by a strong cadre of European officers. Everything that has happened since has increased the necessity for placing Chinese troops under foreign tutelage War has been for several generations. made more scientific and dangerous, with the result that the consequences of defeat for the unprepared and unqualified have been rendered more serious and costly. If another argument were needed to convince the Chinese of these facts it might be found in the representation that the enemies against whom they will have to hold their own will be far more formidable than the Taepings, or even than the Japanese.

While it is comparatively easy to decide what China should do in the direction of military reorganization, it is not so obvious what the best working plan for her would be. Up to the present time there has been no definite The Viceroys at Canton and Nankin have employed officers, chiefly Germans, in drilling some troops, but their treatment has been capricious, and the gain to China has been nil. If any good is to result, the control of all arrangements with foreign officers must be withdrawn from the provincial authorities and retained exclusively in the hands of the central Government. This arrangement would still leave it necessary for the executive to form a definite plan of action, to which they would consistently adhere, and by which the Europeans they employed should be guided. Without entering

into details, it might be said that the main idea would be the formation of several corps, specially trained and officered, with permanent camps at Pekin, Tientsin, Shanghai, Nankin, and Can-Five corps of 25,000 men each would suffice as a commencement, and would provide China with the nucleus of an army. Up to the present absolutely nothing has been done in this direction. The breach with the German officers at Nankin and the summary conclusion of their engagement, ends one attempt, while the project of attaching a couple of hundred Chinese officers to Russian regiments has not yet been carried out. If Gordon were alive, it may be assumed that the recollection of his exceptional services, and the confidence his extraordinary spirit of self-sacrifice inspired, would have led the Chinese Government to entrust the supreme direction of military reform to him. But there is no one else in whom the Chinese would repose faith, and, unless they cordially support their nominee, the ablest administrator in the world will not meet with any suc-

These considerations show how difficult the task of military reform will be in China. From Russia she is not likely to obtain any hearty assistance. strong China would be a permanent obstacle in the path of that Empire's further expansion. If, as now seems probable, Russian diplomacy and reputation prove successful in acquiring the direction and control of China's military system, it is morally certain that that system will never be very formid-It is not Russia's game to make China powerful and independent of her protection. Nor will any fitful projects of employing a few German officers and drill-sergeants in this town, and some American or other instructors in another place, produce any beneficial or adequate results. Nothing will be worth the money China will have to expend on army reform, unless the organization is complete and the plan systematic. English officers and advice would furnish the Chinese executive with the best means of organizing an army, and an adequate return for their money; and on political grounds it is obvious that England has as much

cause to wish China to be strong as Russia has to keep her weak. But unfortunately England and everything English is under a cloud in China, and nothing but the most skilful diplomatic action, supported by the common sense and patriotism of Li Hung Chang, will remove the suspicion and distrust with which the advice and attitude of this country are regarded by the Chinese Covernment and recoles

Government and people.

Enough has been said to show the necessity of administrative and military reforms in China, and the directions in which Li Hung Chang may be expected to move for the accomplishment of some or all of them. There can be no difference of opinion on the point that they bristle with difficulties, and all Li Hung Chang's ability, courage, and exceptional position will have to be exerted even to obtain a start for the essential alterations that can alone avert the most serious calamities for China. But a start in China for any reform will mean a great deal more than in ordinary countries. If he only succeeds in smashing the literary class, he will have secured a fair chance for the success of measures of a practical charac-If he can engage the services of even 500 officers of character, and secure for them a fair and unfettered field, China in a few years' time will find herself in the possession of an army that will at least suffice to make any other Power hesitate to attack her. Lastly, if he can induce the Emperor and Court to abandon Pekin for some place of greater security in the interior, he will remove that sensation of imminent peril which is destructive of calm judgment and soon degenerates into active panic. Other reforms can wait, but these three are urgent. Without them the most admirable schemes of government must prove a failure. China has to show that she realizes the difficulties of her position, and that she is resolved to ovecome them. Li Hung Chang, in the first 'place, rests the immense task of proving that there is the will to do this; and the confidence his past career has inspired justifies the expectation that, so far as it is possible to succeed in his mission, he will attain some measure of durable success. China has often before found

safety through the genius of Li Hung Chang. We must hope that she will obtain by his efforts the remedies of which she stands in such extreme need, and for the application of which there only remains the brief lull until the Far Eastern Question reaches its second stage.—Contemporary Review.

## HOW SUMMER CAME TO CAITHNESS.

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### BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

HAIL! sunny Whitsuntide! Hurrah for flannel shirts and hobnailed shoon! welcome homespun suits and supremely shabby headgear—the livery of ten days' respite from the tyranny of town garb! In this free and far off land one may wear what he lists, for never a "lum" hat cometh here, save at funerals, and those affected by members of that archaic and strangely ceremonial class—the craft of postboys. Crisp heather and flowery turf instead of wood pavement and wall-posterslong gloamings on hyperborean shores in place of glare of gas and electric light—no sorry exchange, pardie!

Sure there is no more restless creature on earth than a salmon-fisher during a prolonged drought. All the readable fiction in the lodge, as well as a great deal which, under happier auspices, would have been pronounced unreadable, has been exhausted. back numbers of the "Field" have been conned, even to the advertisements (not the least suggestive matter in its columns); impatient knuckles positively ache from repeated rappings of the barometer, and it is within actual knowledge that a scorched-out angler has derived jejune solace from the perusal of 1 Kings xviii. The record in that chapter of the breaking of a long drought is so faithful and vivid that it filled him with envy of the prophetic gift which enabled Elijah, while the farmers and shepherds of Israel were still plunged in despair, to detect in the brazen firmament "the sound of abundance of rain."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass, at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the

sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not."

For more than a month our river had been at its lowest, for no rain had fallen since that which produced a small spate in the second week of April. This was all the more tantalizing, for this year 1896 has produced a heavier run of spring salmon in Scottish waters than has been known for many seasons, and our stream had drawn its full share. The loch had yielded a heavy score already, and still, as often as the north wind blew and passing clouds obscured the sun, here and there in the deep river "linns" ("dubs" they would call them on the Tweed), or in the loch, small grilse-flies prevailed to make an odd fish or two lay hold, out of the numbers which were perpetually rolling up to the surface. The bay, too, was full of summer fish, both salmon and grilse, waiting for a flood to give them escape from the seals, porpoises, and parasites which embitter marine life. Everything was languishing for rain, but, of all Scottish counties, rain falls most seldom in Caithness; snow is the staple from which these northern streams are brewed, and of that there was very little last win-

By the way, there scarcely could be a more thorough refutation of the kind of evidence which is often given, and too often listened to, before Royal Commissions and other inquiries, to the effect that overstocking is the cause of salmon disease, than the condition of the Thurso in a season such as this. Of water there has been a minimum, of heat a maximum; fish have been huddled together in shoals, both kelts and clean fish, for many weeks, yet the dread Saprolegnia has not made its ap-

pearance: nor has any instance of it been recorded during the last forty years. On the other hand, in the rivers of the Solway, of far greater volume than the Thurso-rivers which have been depleted to the utmost by netting -the scanty stock is periodically subject to fierce attacks of this fatal So in the Tweed, where, it scourge. is true, the autumn run of fish do occasionally present some appearance of great numbers, even in these lean times in which our lot is cast, it is alleged that the disease, to the presence of which that river is peculiarly liable, takes its rise among fish crowded in low water. Marry! could we but have one season on Tweedside such as our forefathers knew before the days of extravagant netting all along the coasts, we might then have some idea what a full complement of fish really means.

But my present business lies not in the waters of Abana or Pharpar, but in the little Jordan of the northern land, in which, by the elemency of a friend, it was my privilege to cast an angle in the month of May of this year. It was not his fault that the rain tarried, and that recourse had to be made to other subjects of interest than the taking of fish. It was not difficult to find them. Angling apart, but for the fisherman's constitutional unrest, there was store of matter to occupy eyes, ears, and thought agreeably.

It was a very early spring, nearly a month in advance of last year. Ripe cherries in the open air near Dingwall and the hawthorn bloom past its best before the end of May, young grouse actually on the wing on the 24th—these are incidents without precedent in anybody's memory of the northern counties. "On the 4th of May," wrote Robert Dick to his friend Peach nearly forty years ago, "the buds are only swelling. There is no May blossom in Caithness. Even at the end of May the few hedges are not in full leaf."

Everybody who knows the Highlands at this season, knows also the splendor of Highland broom—the badge of clan Sinclair—which, in the north, largely takes the place of the tenderer gorse. Well, the banks of the Beauly are worth a special visit in May, by reason of an unusual floral display on the green links

near its mouth. They will be found ablaze with broom, but mingled with it, and greatly enriching it, are masses of a bonny purple-and-white lupin, an escape, no doubt, from some neighboring garden, which has established itself profusely on the light soil. Seaside landowners please copy.

The Scots fir is one of the few green things that seem to go rusty at this season of ebullient growth and life. strikes an autumnal key among the vivid verdure of oak, birch, and sycamore; but it is not really sluggish: the rusty look is caused by the profusion of vigorous young shoots, russet brown in hue, which are pushing from the end of every spray. On some of the well clothed hills near Bonar Bridge this peculiarity is clearly to be seen, the braes planted with Scots fir seeming lifeless and wintry, while those bearing larch woods are veiled in a mist of ado: able green. Farther north, however, on the windy wastes of penultima Thule, there is no opportunity for comparative notes on woodland, for the same reason that cherubs can't sit down -parceque il n'y a pas de quoi. the train has climbed the birch-clad valley of Helmsdale, and entered upon the appalling desolation of Forsinard, trees become a memory—nothing more. When first I made the acquaintance of the river of Thor some years ago, I was puzzled by the name attached to a salmon-cast on that stream. It was called the Hazel Pool: nor was the reason apparent, till there was pointed out to me, half way up a frowning cliff on the far side of the river, a stunted, gnarled hazel-bush—quite enough to confer a title on the pool, for it seemed to be the only herb of appreciable stature in the whole vast parish of Halkirk. Yet there was forest once on these bleak plains, as attested by the presence of roots and stems of pine and birch in the numerous mosses.

Nevertheless, bare and cheerless as this country strikes the traveller, I found here the same blithe business of love-making and nest-building in progress that I had left the previous week in full swing beside a Hampshire chalk-stream. In a blazing springtide such as this, the lot of a pair of reed-buntings, with all their hopes and cares cen-

tred in a nest on the heather not fifty yards from the front door of our lodge, seems greatly more desirable than that of another pair of these birds which I left honeymooning beside the tepid Itchen. A coat of feathers must be terribly stuffy wear in that steaming valley. The two districts, so diverse in aspect and atmosphere, have many fowl in common, but many a winged thing breeds among these lochs which is unknown in southern counties. The ubiquitous mallard, the cosmopolitan teal, the worldly-wise sandpiper, are here in numbers, of course; but there are besides many aquatic couples of greater distinction. One day in fishing I came suddenly on a newly-launched brood of widgeon in the sedges by the river. Delicious little bundles of golden brown velvet, they were as greatly terrified as I was delighted, for I had never been before in the breeding haunt of this choice duck in nesting-

'Mergansers, goosanders, black scoters, black-throated divers, red-shanks, and plovers of various kinds, denote the high latitude by their presence. These are common enough; but on a small loch four miles across the moor -a loch that shall be nameless by reason of the avidity of collectors—there is an island remarkable for possessing a small thicket of saugh-bushes. is one of the very few places on the mainland where the gray lag goose breeds regularly. Ah, these accursed collectors! how senseless is the craze for "British-laid" eggs to which they minister !- a craze which has raised the price of a gray lag's egg from Sutherland to fivefold that of one from Ice-Last year Mother Goose had brought a fine nide of eggs near to hatching on this island. The keeper was watching them to secure a pair of goslings for me: beshrew me! if one of these scamps did not rifle the whole lot under the brief cloud of a night in June.

On goosanders and mergansers, showy and aristocratic as they are in plumage and carriage, the salmon fisher is forced to look with no friendly feelings. About four o'clock one sunny morning lately a pair of mergansers might have been seen taking breakfast in the pool

immediately under our windows. not often that one gets such a near view of their operations. Swift and fishlike they darted under water, propelled by powerful wings, making the spray fly over their backs in the shallows, too often emerging with a salmon-smolt between the sharp serrated mandibles that give them their popular name of sawbills. It was a mistaken clemency to bring these greedy marauders under the scope of the Wild Birds Protection Act, and make the shooting of them penal precisely at the season when they do most mischief—when the smolts are descending to the sea. They are all out as hurtful as cormorants, and though one would be sorry to see them extinguished altogether, their numbers certainly should be kept in strict check.

Yonder, however, are a pair of pirates of noble mien, but of such murderous repute that the law has shown no tenderness for them. The greater black-backed gull is one of the handsomest of British birds, measuring fully six feet from tip to tip of the wings. His massive snowy throat, powerful lemon yellow beak, and sable back and wing coverts, compose a livery so distinct that one cannot but enjoy his But justly he has been outpresence. lawed, for he is the enemy of all lesser fowls and of many small quadrupeds. These two black-backs are quartering the moor in diligent search for young peewits and golden plover, and great is the anguish of the parent birds. But the two species, so nearly allied in race, manifest their concern in very differ-The golden plover, which ent ways. have exchanged their white winter waistcoats for black summer wear, flit disconsolately from knoll to knoll, piping with indescribable despondency, mourning their bereavement in ad-Far otherwise the gallant lap-They swoop, dart, and tumble round the tyrants, uttering agonizing shrieks, and actually succeed in driving the great gulls off the ground. gamekeepers had spared the ospreys and kestrels, and dealt more severely with black-backs and mergansers, they would have served the cause of grouseshooting and salmon-fishing to better purpose.

A word in season for the lapwings. The farmers of Great Britain have no more indefatigable ally among birds. The food of the lapwing consists exclusively of worms, insects, mollusks, and crawlywigs of all sorts: the diligence with which these pretty birds search every inch of the fields over and over again ought to earn for them more tender consideration than they receive. We actually treat them worse than any other wild bird, for it is the only species of which both the bodies and the eggs are made regular articles of commerce. It is nothing short of disgusting to see, as one may do any spring in London, strings of these birds hanging in poulterers' shops at the same time that their eggs are displayed for sale. There is no reason to deprecate the traffic in the eggs; they are a delicate and rightly prized article of food; their collection brings a little harvest to a very needy class of persons each year; and a very large proportion of the eggs that find their way to market would never be hatched, even if left alone, because most of them are laid on ploughed and fallow fields, where they would be destroyed in the operations of sowing, harrowing, and rolling. But the lapwing itself is far from being a delicacy, and our county councils, who have the matter in their own hands now, ought to prohibit rigorously the destruction of the old birds after, say, February 1. Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey has described how they are taken in great numbers by spring and fall nets. "We have known the fowler," he says, "take in one fall of the net over a hundred plover, both green and golden, and as many as a thousand during a week." \* As for the ordinary sportsman, surely it does not require much self-restraint to enable him to spare the pretty peewit, for it is the most confiding of all plovers, and offers such easy shots as to tempt, one would think, none but the veriest duffer.

The peewit is almost unknown in Caithness during the winter months, though the golden plover abounds at that season, and is a harbinger of spring almost as unerring as the swallow. It was quite an event when,

owing to the exceeding mildness of last winter, flights of lapwing began to arrive in February.

When Charles St. John published his charming "Tour in Sutherland" in 1849, he was able to record the finding, and—what had better not have been—the robbing, of several eyries of osprey. Now the whole county might be searched in vain for one, though no doubt passing birds may be seen at times on the coast or fishing in one of the innumerable lochs. In the whole British Isles there are only two places known where the osprey rears its young. It is not likely that I am going to betray these; but I have this piece of good news for those who delight in our nobler fauna, that at one of these stations, where there has been a single eyrie each year for more than a generation, this spring there were two, and two broods were safely hatched out. The keenest angler would willingly spare a few fish for the pleasure of seeing the splendid dash and skill of these fine fowl in taking their prey. Last November a pair of them frequented the middle waters of the Tweed, where they were once regular natives, but their visits to that river have become so infrequent of late years that none of the boatmen were able to say what they

It is a strange thing, and one for which it is difficult to suggest a reason, that the grouse of these counties, like those of the western islands, never become so wild as those farther south. It is not that they have less reason to fear the approach of man, for the wide moors are shot just as diligently and regularly as those elsewhere; nor is it owing to the character of the ground, which differs little apparently from The far-stretchsouthern moorland. ing wastes of undulating moor seem to provide a perfect theatre for the practice of driving, but it has never proved a success, because the birds refuse to be driven—they never become wild enough. This is all the more remarkable because the partridges on the arable lands of Caithness, though not so nervous as those of Norfolk and Lincoln, take quite as much care of themselves in winter as those of Galloway or the Lothians. If the progress of edu-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Fowler in Ireland."

cation ultimately teaches these northern grouse to take timely flight before the line of flags, the stock will probably show the same proportionate increase as has followed on the institution of driving elsewhere—at Moy, in Inverness shire, for instance, and on the Yorkshire moors. If that come to pass, the returns from Caithness ought to be prodigious, for there are few counties which possess such unbroken stretches of good heather.

These, and others of like nature. were the problems and objects which kept busy our wits, notebooks, and field-glasses during the water famine; but if watching beast and bird were not enough to relieve his tedium withal, the salmon-fisher might turn his attention to the trout, with which every loch and stream abounds. Of these he may catch as many as he cares for, but in one important respect they are disappointing so early in the season. Caithness trout are very backward in coming into condition—far behind those of the waters of Sutherland in this respect. Very few, indeed, are so well made up as to give the fastidious sportsman much gratification in contemplating them when landed. But their numbers seem inexhaustible; their size is far from despicable—fish of a pound weight being far from uncommon; and the only detriment to the sport they afford later on, in the summer months, consists in their exceeding boldness and the small exertion of skill necessary for their capture.

The idler in this country will do well to let his thoughts wander in the records of the past. Not the least interesting associations of Caithness are those of the ancient Norse dominion, of which many signs may still be traced in the ruins, whether of masonry or of language, with which the district abounds. It would be strange, indeed, had they all disappeared, for it is only seven centuries-next year will be precisely the seven hundredth anniversary -since the earldom of Caithness was forcibly annexed to the new-born kingdom of Scotia. Dazzled by the intrepidity of the outlaw Wallace and the masterly enterprise of the Norman knight Robert de Brus, people are apt to forget how slender and recent was

NEW SERIES.—Vol LXIV., No. 2.

the tie which held together the kingdom which, between them, they rendered independent. The realm which the award of Edward I. assigned to John de Balliol included Orkney and Caithness indeed, but they had been so included for less than a century previous. Therefore, while the people of these counties are among the most loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, and as proud as any of their standing as Scotsmen, they do well not to forget that their forefathers were lieges of Thorfinn the Skull-cleaver and Earl Harold.

Somehow the infusion of Scandinavian blood into the native population seems to have had less effect in dulling the mercurial temperament of the Gael than the heavy Anglo-Saxon has done in other parts of Scotland. One meets with flashes of occasional humor recalling the divine gift of repartie enjoyed by the Irish. "Oh, go to hell, will you!" exclaimed an angry sportsman to his gillie, who had made some provoking blunder. "Certainly, sir," was the reply, "and when would you be wishing me to start?"

It was in 1197 that Caithness was first reduced to full subjection to the Scottish Crown. In that year William the Lion invaded Moray, and after vanquishing Roderic and Thorfinn (not the Skull-cleaver this, but a son of Earl Harold), advanced to Thurso, where he destroyed the castle and sent Harold a prisoner to Roxburgh.

Such a checkered history—the contest of people of different races for a land—always leaves an indelible record in the place-names. In Orkney, indeed, the ancient Pictish nomenclature was completely obliterated during the four or five centuries of Norse dominion; nor did the Gaelic language ever cross the sea again to these islands; so that it has come to pass that not a single Gaelic name appears in the topography of those islands, saving only the first syllable of Orkney itself, which is supposed to be the Gaelic orc, a whale -the whale islands. But in Sutherland and Caithness it has happened differently; Gaelic, Norse, and Anglian names are spread all over the Sometimes the Norse original has not even a veil of disguise, as in Loch Watten, the largest lake of Caithness; of which the meaning is the somewhat childish one of Lake Lake—vatn being the common Norse equivalent to "lake" at this day. At other times the Scandinavian name has received a gloss suggested by local characteristics. Cape Wrath is a very appropriate designation on the lips of Englishmen for the northernmost point of Sutherland, for nowhere round the whole ragged coast of Scotland do the winds roar more constantly or the surges chafe with greater fury. But the Vikings laughed at the storm—if the sea ran too high, they could pull ashore their black kyuls in any sheltered creek and wait for fine weather; so they named the cape Hvarf, the turning-point, for it was there they pushed their helms a-starboard, to run down to their possessions in the Sudrey, the southern islands—Hebrides, as we now call them.\*

Not seldom it has happened that the people of Caithness, having forgotten their Norse speech, and not taken the trouble to learn Gaelic, have substituted a name in the English language (which they speak with remarkable purity), and then invented a story to account for it. Thus at Dirlot, about fourteen miles above the sea, the Thurso runs through a series of deep gorges, cut in the table-land of Strathmore. It is a scene of ineffable melancholy: you cannot see the river till you are close upon it, only a wide brown moor, with a little graveyard perched on the windiest ridge, enclosed in a high wall. No church, nor the ruin of one—just the dead-yard, with one tall, lean object showing above the enclosing wall. As you get nearer you find that this object is a human effigy, the figure of a young girl carved with considerable vigor and feeling in red sandstone. is a monument to the daughter of one in the neighborhood, and the handiwork of a local, self-taught artist, who, under more propitious auspices, would surely have made himself a name. This lone figure, standing thus high over everything near, midway between the stupendous cliffs of Hoy in Orkney to the north and the boding cone of Morven in the south, impresses the imagination as many more elaborate and costly memorials fail to do.

Having paused, as you are sure to do, before this tomb, and taken in the spirit of the place, you walk round the outside of the graveyard and find that it is perched on the precipitous verge of the gorge. Below you, if it is winter, Thurso thunders, lashed into tawny foam; if it is summer, as now, it steals with the voice of a harmless brook from one pool to another, deep, dark, impenetrable to the eye. An isolated cliff rises athwart the stream and thrusts it at right angles to its former course. At the base of the cliff is a pool—deepest, darkest, least penetrable of all: on its summit stands the ruined tower of Dirlot, the stronghold once of some petty Norse tyrant, passing afterward into possession of the Mackays.

It is a scene of intense savagery: you can imagine the traces of almost any imaginable crime having been committed to the profundity of that sombre pool, and you, being Saisneach, are not the least surprised to hear that it is called the Devil's Hole. Then you will be told an elaborate story to account for the name; and there is no harm in that, provided you don't be-I forget the details, but it is lieve it. something about a wicked lord of Dirlot named Sutherland, who robbed a church (nothing more likely); on the neighbors assembling to besiege him in his tower, and seeming about to prevail (which, having regard to the situation, is not so likely, unless they starved him out), this evil man thrust his illgotten valuables into a kettle or caldron, and flung it into the pool. as it touched the surface, a hand and arm emerged from the water and received it, said hand and arm belonging -as cannot be denied is what might be expected—to old Hokey. Yet, in spite of the inherent credibility of this tale, and the impossibility, in the absence of documentary evidence, of disproving it, did I not well, in view of the following fact, to warn you against believing it? The old Gaelic name for the pool, still preserved on the Ordnance Map, is pol a' choire—that is, the kettle or caldron pool, named, as so many similar pools have been in the

<sup>\*</sup>The name Sudrey is still retained in an English bishopric—Sodor and Man.

Highlands, because of its boiling, swirling eddies. The presence, therefore, of the kettle in the story is easily accounted for, though the natives have preferred to explain it in a less matter-of-fact way, and the convenient but homely utensil has been suppressed in favor of the romantic but inconvenient personage above-named.

Kettles, by the by, must have remained at a premium in this district as late as the seventeenth century—not articles to be lightly flung into rivers, if we are to believe Richard Franck, who travelled through this country

about the year 1650.

"From Dornoch," he writes in his "Northern Memoirs," "we travel into Caithness, and the country of Stranavar; where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell (almost as barbarous as Canibals), who when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and neat of his carcase; since few or none among them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating."

Sir Walter Scott, who re-edited this entertaining work in 1821, remarked in a note on this passage, that apparently the people of Strathnaver retained to this late period the rude cookery once proper to all Scotland. Randolph Moray and the gentle Douglas gave Edward III. the slip at Stanhope Park in Weardale in 1326, their troops left nothing behind them but three hundred caldrons made of raw On which Froissart comments as follows: "They have no occasion for pots or pans, for they dress the flesh of the cattle in the skins, after they have flayed them off." In which practice the curious reader may discern the true origin of the Scottish haggis.

When Richard Franck dabbles in ornithology he puts a greater strain on our confidence in him.

"More north in an angle of Caithness lives John a Groat, upon an isthmus of land that faceth the pleasant Isles of Orkney; where the inhabitants are blessed with the plenty of grass and grain, besides fish, flesh, and fowl in abundance. Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese) breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river or humitactive soil) by virtue of solar heat are destinated to live; but to all others so unfortunate

to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity."

Theophilus, Franck's companion, usually eager to accept any statement that his Mentor may choose to impose upon him, boggles a little over this startling explanation. "Can you credit your own report?" he ventures to say, "or do you impose these hyperboles ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?"

"No, certainly," replies the unblushing Franck; "and that there is such a fowl, I suppose none doubts it; but if any do, let him resort to Cambden, Speed, or Gerhard's herbal. . . . So that few ingenious and intelligible travellers doubt a truth in this matter; and the rather, because if sedulously examined, it discovers a want of faith to doubt what's confirmed by such credible authority. But if eyesight be evidenced against contradiction, and the sense of feeling argument good enough to refute fiction, then let me bring these two convincing arguments to maintain my assertion; for I have held a barnicle in my own hand, when as yet unfledg'd, and hanging by the beak, which as I then supposed of the fir-tree : for it grew from thence, as an excrescence grows on the members of an animal; and as all things have periods, and in time drop off, so does the barnicle by a natural progress separate itself from the member it's conjoined to. But further, to explicate the method and manner of this wooden goose more plainly. The first appearing parts are her rump and legs: next to them, her callous and unploom'd body; and last of all her beak.''

And so on. Ah, well! we smile at old Franck, his turgid periods and deliciously inconsequent syllogisms; but some of us retain a privy hankering after the arbitrary and marvellous, such, for example, as that the phases of the moon affect the weather, or that communications from departed spirits are conveyed by rappings on modern upholstery.

But if the character of the nameless lord of Dirlot is unblemished by the legend of the Devil's Pool, there are ugly stains on the history of this land not so easily effaced. The Sinclairs, Earls of Caithness, were unruly subjects of the Stuarts; but they were so powerful and so far distant that they generally got off cheap. Thus on December 23, 1556, George, Earl of Caithness, obtained a remission from Queen

Mary for

"the cruel Slaughter and Murder of Henry Leslye and his son, a youth, and other six persons, who were in a certain boat loaded with victual, opposite the place of Girnego; also for the cruel Slaughter of Hugh Neilsoune in Strathvlze [Helmsdale] . . . by way of Hamesuckin, in his own house. . . Item, for treasonable usurpation of the Queen's authority, by taking David Sinclare his [the earl's] brother and incarcerating him for a long space. . . Item, for the cruel Slaughter of William Auld in Scarmclet, committed on suddenty"—

besides a variety of other crimes of less magnitude, including violent seizure of the salmon-fishings of Thurso. The next Earl of Caithness, though a cultivated man and much at Court in his youth, became a terrible savage in later years. He was at hereditary feud with the Earl of Orkney; so in 1608, some of Orkney's men having been forced to land in Caithness by stress of weather—

"Ithe Earl of Catteynes maid them drunk; then, in a mocking iest, he caused sheave the one syd of their beards and one syd of their heads; last of all he constrayned them to tak their weshell, and to go to sea in that stormie tempest. The poor men, feareing his farther crueltie, did choyse rather to committ themselves to the mercie of the senseless elements and rageing waves of the sea, than abyd his furie. So they entered the stormie Seas of Pentlay Firth (a fearfull and dangerous arme of the Sea between Catteynes and Orknay), whence they escaped the furie thereof, by the providence and assistance of God, and landed safflie in Orknay."

This earl brought ruin upon his house, owing to want of success in his laudable design, pursued for many years, "to mak the Lord Forbes wearie of his lands in Catteynes." He was denounced rebel in 1621, and his own son, Lord Berriedale, applied for and obtained a commission to pursue him—all of which was no more than his due, were it only to punish him for the dastardly betrayal of his kinsman Lord Maxwell, who sought refuge with him after murdering the laird of Johnstone.

But among the records of these dark times, perhaps all connected with this district yield in horror before the proceedings in the trial of John Stewart, Master of Orkney, on the charges of "Witchcraft, Poysoning, and Murther-

\* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. i. part i. p. 394.

ing of his brother Patrik Erll of Orknay." The prisoner was acquitted, but what words can describe the torments by means of which evidence had been produced against him. Alison Barbour, the instrument supposed to have been employed by Stewart in murdering his brother, was kept for forty-eight hours under "vehement tortour of the caschielawis," \* but confessed nothing. The devilish ingenuity of the assize thereupon devised the additional stress of sympathetic tor-Alison's husband, eighty-one years of age, her eldest son, and her daughter, against none of whom had anything been alleged, were submitted to torture beside her. The old man was placed in the "lang Irnis" of fifty stone weight; the son received fiftyseven blows in the "boots," which reduced his legs to a mass of bloody pulp; the daughter—a child of seven vears—was submitted to the "pinnywinkis," whereby her fingers were pinched to shapelessness. Under the stress of these accumulated horrors, the miserable Alison, who had endured without flinching all that could be inflicted on her own body, was taken out of the cashielaws in a dead swoon, revived, and confessed all that the prosecution desired, upon which she was led forth and burned as a witch, not, however, before she had revoked absolutely all that she had confessed. Thomas Palpla, another witness, was kept in the cashielaws eleven days and nights, placed in the terrible "boots" twice a day for fourteen days, "he beand naikit in the meane tyme," and so savagely scourged with cords "that thay left nather flesch nor hyde vpoun him." All this, be it remembered, being part of a public prosecution, conducted by "Mr. William Hairt, Aduocat to our souerane Lord." But then "our souerane Lord" was none other than gentle King Jamie, thorough master of the whole matter of demonology and witch-Oh, the good old days!

Happily there is a ghost of later times that haunts us among the crags of Dirlot and on the upland of Strathmore—the gentle spirit of one who possessed

<sup>\*</sup> The exact nature of this abominable engine of torture is not known.



<sup>†</sup> Sir Bobert Gordon's "History of the Family of Sutherland."

this whole county in a different, yet far more real, sense from these blood-thirsty barons and ferocious advocates. Robert Dick—baker, botanist, and geologist of Thurso—was the first to bring Caithness into the realm of natural science, to make known its vast depth of flagstones and shales, crammed with the bituminous remains of myriads of fish, great and small, and to explain the unsuspected floral wealth of its silent hills and sounding shores.

Dick's story needs not to be retold here, but no traveller to this land should fail to read it in Dr. Smiles's book, for none can understand the pathos of the story till they have visited the scene of it. In worldly matters Dick was an honest failure; he ruined his business and himself by devotion to the pursuit of knowledge. Had he been a better baker, he had been forgotten long ago, and Thurso graveyard would be without its most imposing monument.

The following extract from a letter to his sister provides an example of the almost incredible exertions to which Dick's ardor was continually driving him:—

"On Tuesday last" (the letter was written on November 12) "I set out at two o'clock in the morning to go to the top of Morven. Morven... is by measurement on the map twenty eight miles as the crow flies. But taking into account the windings and turnings of the road—up hill, down hill, and along valleys—it is a good deal more: say thirty-two miles

from Thurso to Morven top.

"For the first eighteen miles I had a road: the rest of the way was round lochs, across burns, through mires and marshes, horrid bogs and hummocky heaths. . . When I had a marsh to wade, I had it level, but when I had heather I had an awful amount of jumping. . . My object in ascending the hill was to gather plants. . . I reached Morven top at eleven o'clock A.M., and left it at two P.M. . . The night became windy and stormy. Tremendous sheets of hailstones and rain impeded my progress. . . In spite of hail, rain, wind, and fire, I got home at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, having walked, with little halt, for about twenty-four hours. I went to bed, slept till seven o'clock, then rose, and went to my work as usual. . . . Oh, those plants, those weary plants!"

No human frame could wrestle so with the climate of this region without suffering for it. "The rain is killing me," Dick wrote in the last April of his life, yet still he fought on. A few weeks later, when laid on what was to prove his death-bed, he wrote to his brother-in-law:—

"I have sent you a Thurso paper full of holes—holes out of which I have cut words such as 'Thurso,' 'Caithness,' 'Dunnet,' etc., for my plants."

His collecting days were done, but he was still busy arranging his herbarium.

There must be many living (Dick died only in 1866) who remember the quaint, spare figure, the eager yet douce" countenance, flitting swiftly over the roads and dismal twilight None of his neighbors understood him, still less had any of them sympathy to spare for his darling pursuits. Some thought him uncanny or even crazed, but the chimney-pot hat and black tail-coat, which he wore through storm and shine, shielded him from the worst suspicion, and perhaps he himself felt less an outcast from the world of culture, as long as he could go clothed in the raiment of a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The rain came to us when it was least expected. There was a hard north wind on the morning of May 21, and never a cloud to veil the burning sun. But hope dies hard; we went up to the loch to try and delude one of its many inmates to take a fly. Changes are proverbially sudden in British climate, but the machinery of change seldom can be seen so plainly as under the broad sky of Caithness. The glass had given no warning, yet there came at mid-day the same sign that gladdened the eyes of Elijah's servant-" a little cloud out of the sea." At one o'clock "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." this moment appeared what, in the days of faith in augury or the flight of birds. would have been reckoned a portent. An Arctic skua came swinging freely athwart the gale, now dipping in the rising waves, then soaring under the Strangest of British birds in this, that, without respect of sex, it has two distinct schemes of plumage—one of uniform sooty brown, the other dark above with white underparts. We had not noticed this daring bird during the fine weather, but here was one of the white-breasted variety to herald the storm.

Suddenly the north wind slackened; in a few minutes it was nearly a dead calm; then puffs came from various quarters. My gillie, prone like all Celts to personify natural phenomena, affirmed that the wind was "looking about for some place to blow from" (it must always be blowing from somewhere in this country). Presently it found it, and by half past one a steady westerly breeze set in, with heavy persistent rain. The drought was broken; there would be a welcome spate, but it was hardly likely that the charm would act immediately on the fish. Not now with the huge flies, four inches long, which were necessary to stir salmon out of the chilly depths of snow water in February, but with the smallest doublehooked grilse-flies must the attempt be Cruising along the sandy shore, and trailing the flies just where the water suddenly becomes profound, there came to pass a mighty commution: a great form loomed out of the side of a wave, a broad tail swept round in the brown water, the line tightened bravely, the good greenheart bent in sympathy, and away went the salmon, buzzing off thirty vards of line at a stretch. The charm of these loch-fish lies in the splendid fight they show for liberty. Many a river-fish can be played under the point of the rod, and landed without running out more than half-a-dozen vards of line. But it is far different when there is plenty of sea-room, with no banks or shoals to cow the fish, and nothing to bar his powerful rush toward the deep water. It is this, and the splendid display a loch-fish generally makes on the rise, that compensates the fisherman for much weary, monotonous flogging of the surface. The bold rise is very characteristic of loch-sal-In streams where it is expedient to fish the fly deep, a fish in seizing it most often never breaks the surface; but in a loch the flies cannot easily be kept in motion if sunk; they must be drawn along near the top, and the salmon must dash to the surface to catch them, thereby imparting a peculiar charm to this kind of sport.

Well, our fish made a grand run, the gillie bent stoutly to his oars and followed it, the anchor was dropped in a few minutes, and the dispute soon ended in favor of the angler, who, peering at the index of the steelyard, complacently pronounced the verdict, "Eigh-

teen pounds, neat!"

The flood came that night, but it was small and dirty, and at noon next day the water was falling fast. Fish were seen passing up over the shallows opposite the lodge, but these were not fresh from the sea, but had been lying in the lower pools. A short flood such as this affords the best opportunity for reckoning the speed at which salmon travel up from the sea. The rate is much faster in summer than when the water is cold. From the sea to the loch is some five-and-twenty miles, following the river course; there was running water at the river-mouth-enough water, that is, to bring in fish from the sea-for twelve hours after noon on Friday. The first sea-fish were seen passing the lodge on Monday morning following, but it was not till Thursday that the first fish with sea-lice on him was killed in the loch, five or six days after leaving the salt-water. Doubtless, however, one would have come to hand sooner had the weather on the intervening days not been of the worst possible description for angling.

Warm as my attachment is to the barren north, and pardonably prone as all lovers are to prose about the objects of their reflections, it is time to release my reader's button-hole. I like to close my eyes and imagine that the roar of this city is the soughing of the great wind sweeping down from Dorery. But there are less frequent aspects of Caithness which the advent of summer brings to mind—the leagues of brown moor, with gleams of lake and stream, stretching away to where the linked cusps of Shurery and the Reay hills, with the great cone of Morven, spread a band of intense purple across the flaming west.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## HENRIETTE RENAN: THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE world has often been reminded of the debt\*that it owes to the mothers of great men. But the relationship between mother and son, all-important as it is, cannot, under ordinary circumstances, become an equal intellectual companionship, such as that which has often existed between a sister and a brother, both vowed to the intellectual life—between the two Herschels, for instance, or Dorothy and William Wordsworth. The relation between Henriette Renau and her celebrated brother seems to partake of both those characters. She was twelve years old when he was born, and her affection for him had always a great deal of the maternal protecting element about it. At the same time she was his most intimate and tender confidente, the sharer of his intellectual life, the colleague, modest but efficient, of his literary enterprises. Through her life a delicate and proud reserve kept her unknown and, save by a few, unvalued. Even after her death her brother feared to offend her memory by giving to the story of her noble life a publicity from which she shrank. It is only to-day, thirty-five years after her death, that the world learns what she was-une ame forte et belle, worthy in intellect of Renan's fellowship and more than worthy in soul.

She was born at Tréguier, in Brittany, "an old episcopal city, rich in poetic impressions." The ancient bishopric was suppresed at the Revolution, but since that date the religious houses have been reopened and an active ecclesiastical life has developed about the The stir of commerce is utterly absent from the place; the quiet streets are shut in on either hand by convent walls, or the well-fenced gardens of the canons' houses. Above the high-pitched Gothic roofs the slender spire of the cathedral shoots high into the upper air. The building is left open till late every evening, lighted by a single lamp. One can picture little Ernest, clinging to his sister's gown, as she went like the other pious girls of the city to say her evening prayers in the vast dimly-lighted nave, "full,"

to the childish mind, "of the terror of infinitude." The whole atmosphere of the old Breton city is one of legend and mystery. Everywhere one finds the Celtic glamour, "the light that never was on land or sea." Every village has its local saint, its miraculous well, its haunted ruin. Near Tréguier, on the high ground, stands the ruined church of St. Michael. Every year, on Holy Thursday, so the legend goes, the church bells of the city go to Rome to be blessed by the Pope, and, standing on the ruined tower of St. Michael, you may, if your faith be firm, be blessed with a sight of them as they pass through the air, trailing behind them the veils of lace with which they were decked on the day of their baptism.

In such an atmosphere of childlike and unreasoning credulity, the great champion of destructive criticism spent his early years, years to which, during the time of his highest reputation and success, he never ceased to look back with a tender and wistful regret. father had held a naval command under the Republic, and afterward took up the career of a merchant captain on his own account. He was an upright gentle soul, simple and unpractical as the typical sailor ashore, and prone to the dreamy melancholy that belongs to the Celtic race. Madame Renan had the elasticity of temper that he lacked: her wit, courage and good humor carried her through a sea of troubles. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, Henriette Renan inherited her father's disposition. She was a thoughtful, timid, strictly dutiful and conscientions child. Her early education was conducted by the nuns of Tréguier, and the great hope of her childish heart was that she might "enter religion" when she should be old enough. the circumstances of her life combined to give her that precocity of painful experience which, acting on a nature so solitary, serious and lofty, seemed to make of her a creature apart, vowed to high and painful duties, "never knowing other joys than those which spring from virtue and the affections of the heart."

She had a better education than usually falls to the lot of a bourgeoise girl in a small country town. A lady belonging to a noble family of Tréguier, which had been completely ruined by the Revolution, after some years spent in England, was taking pupils in her native town. For the training and example of this gentlewoman, accorded her at the most plastic period of her life, Mademoiselle Kenan never ceased to be grateful.

The fortunes of the family meanwhile had taken an ill turn. M. Renan the elder had allowed himself to be drawn into commercial speculations which his son thus describes:—

"Utterly unskilled in business matters, simple and incapable of calculation, forever hampered by that timidity which makes the sailor a mere child when dealing with the practical side of life, he saw the little fortune that had come to him by inheritance melting away in a gulf which he could not fathom. The events of 1815 brought on commercial crises which proved fatal to him. His sensitive and fee-ble nature could not make head against these trials; little by little he lost his hold on life. Hour by hour my sister witnessed the destructive effect of anxiety and misfortune on this gentle and amiable spirit, lost and bewildered in an uncongenial sphere. In these harsh experiences she gained a precocious maturity. At twelve years of age she was serious, care worn, oppressed with grave thoughts and sombre presentiments.

"On the return from one of his long voyages in our cold, gloomy seas, my father had one last gleam of joy. I was born in February, 1823. The arrival of this little brother was a great consolation for my sister. She attached herself to me with all that need of loving, so imperious in a timid and tender heart. I still remember the little tyrannies that I exercised over her, against which she never rebelled. When she went out dressed for a social gathering to meet other young ladies of her age, I used to cling to her dress and beg her to come back; then she would come in again, take off her best clothes, and stay with me. One day, in fun, she threat-ened to die if I were not good, and, in point of fact, pretended to be dead in an armchair. The horror caused by the feigned immobility is, perhaps, the strongest impression I ever experienced, Fate having willed that I should not be present during her last moments. In a paroxysm of fright I sprang on her and bit her terribly in the arm. She uttered a cry which I hear still. To all the reproofs which I received I could only answer one thing: 'Why were you dead? Will you die again?

In July, 1828, M. Renan's ship came home to Tréguier from St. Malo without him. The crew declared that they had not seen him for some days. For a whole month his wife sought for him in vain. At last she learned that a corpse had been found on the sea-shore near St. Brieux, which was identified as that of her husband. There was no evidence to show how he came by his death. It may have been caused by accident; it may be that he had cut short by his own deed a life of which he had long been weary. The sea, that stern foster-mother of his race, keeps his secret still.

In this tragic manner Henriette's life at Tréguier came to an end. Alain, her elder brother who was then nineteen, set off to Paris to seek his fortune. Madame Renan went to live at Lannion, where she had friends, taking with her her daughter and little Henriette was now seventeen: she still retained her childish faith in all its simplicity, and the great aim of her life was to enter the Convent of St. Anne at Lannion. In winter, when she went to church, she used to take Ernest with her, sheltered under her cloak. One day she noticed him sideling along in an awkward fashion and discovered that he was trying to hide a hole in his threadbare suit. The poor girl burst into tears: she could bear poverty and privation for herself, but not for her darling. It soon became clear to her that she must give up the idea of being a nun. She had resolved to pay her father's debts and to undertake the charge of Ernest's future, and to this task she addressed herself with heroic determination.

She was met at the outset by a strong temptation to relinquish her resolve. Without being beautiful, she possessed at this time, her brother tells us—and we can easily believe it—an unusual charm of appearance and manner. She was slight and delicately featured, with a singularly sweet and candid expression in her large dark eyes: an indescribable air of dignity and refinement

"Lived through her to the tips of her long hands And to her feet."

In spite of her unfavorable social position—for the petty gentility of Lannion looked down from the unassail-

able height of antiquated prejudice upon the educated woman condemned to earn her bread—a man of means and standing in the place had the good taste to appreciate her qualities and the courage to demand her hand. He was a man of character and intelligence, and if Henriette had had only her own self to consider there is little doubt what her answer would have been. intimated—and perhaps we can scarcely blame him—that he did not intend to marry Mdlle. Renan's relations as well as herself, or to take on his own shoulders the charge of an impoverished Henriette, on her part, declined without hesitation an offer which would have given her a life of luxury at the cost of abandoning her own people. She tried for some time to conduct a private school at Lannion, but she knew none of the arts of self-advertisement so necessary to success in this world. The very delicacy and distinction of her nature were against her in that vulgar little provincial milieu. Such pupils as she had did not pay her, and she realized by degrees that while she remained at home success in the task she had imposed on herself was impossible.

"She resolved then," says Renan in his memoir of her, "to drink the chalice to the dregs. A friend of our family, who went to Paris about that time, mentioned to her a situation as assistant-teacher in a small ladies' school, and Henriette accepted it. She set out at twenty four years of age, without protection or advice, for a world of which she knew nothing, and to which she was destined to serve a cruel apprenticeship. She suffered horribly during the first part of her stay in Paris. This world of shams, this desert where she had not a single friend, drove her nearly desperate. The profound attachment which we Bretons have to the soil, to old habits and to family life, awoke with agonizing keenness. Lost in an ocean where her modesty kept her unappreciated, hindered by her extreme reserve from forming those friendships which console and strengthen where they do not serve, she became a prey to a home-sickness which affected her health. The worst of all for the Breton in this first moment of transplantation is that he believes himself abandoned by God as by men. Heaven is veiled for him. His happy faith in the general morality of the universe, his tranquil optimism, is shaken. He believes himself to be cast out of Paradise into an Inferno of frozen indifference, the voice of the good and beautiful seems to have become toneless; he cries, ' How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

"Imagine a young girl, never having left her quiet little town, her mother, her friends, suddenly thrown into the frivolous life of a boarding-school, where all her serious ideas are wounded at every turn, and where she finds at the head of affairs nothing but light-mindedness, carelessness, and sondid calculation. This first experience made her a severe judge of girls' schools in Paris. Twenty times she was on the point of returning home; it tasked even her invincible courage to remain."

After some time her position ceased to be so painful. She found a more congenial sphere of employment and became known to a few friends who were able to appreciate her as she de-She spoke to one of these, a M. Descuret, about Ernest, who had passed with distinction through the seminary course at Tréguier. M. Descuret mentioned young Renan to the celebrated Monsignor Dupanloup, who was then the Principal of the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet in Paris. M. Dupanloup, not unwilling to secure so promising a pupil, offered a bursary to young Renan, who began his training for the priesthood in 1838, at the age of fifteen and a half.

Every week Henriette came to see He was still her special charge -still, as long as she lived, to be cared for and thought for like a child, though becoming more and more her intellectual companion and friend. Apart from that little oasis of family affection, her life was severe and studious. worked sixteen hours a day at teaching or private study. History had a special interest for her, and in this branch she had the knowledge of a specialist. With all this usual culture, she was free from any shadow of conceit or pre-"The culture of the intellect had in her eyes an intrinsic and absolute value: she never dreamed of drawing from it the satisfaction of personal vanity."

It is not strange that in her solitary life, adrift on a sea of books without a pilot, she should have come to question the faith of her early years. Too soon, and too sadly the "Heaven" of her childhood "veiled its face" for her. With her faith in the legends of her Breton birth-place went the whole structure of dogmatic belief. There is not often any half-way house for a Roman Catholic between complete ac-

ceptance of the Church's teaching, and complete rejection of what is called the supernatural. Yet in clinging to the idea of God and a future life, she strove to feel that she had retained all that is essential in Christianity. Her brother testified that it was her influence which kept him from definitely accepting the hypothesis of "an inconscient God and an ideal immortality." The true heart corrected, to some extent at least, the superficial logic of the head. During her brother's stay at the seminary, she carefully abstained from any attempt to influence his religious views or to withdraw him from the path which led to the priesthood. Yet there is no doubt that it was a relief to her when he decided to wait a year at least before pronouncing the irrevocable vows.

That was in 1845. Five years before, Mdlle. Renan had gone to Poland as governess in the family of Count Zamoyski. The hope of being able to fulfil the obligations she had undertaken toward her father's creditors could alone have induced her to give up her friends and studies in Paris, and her weekly visits to her beloved brother; to accept in a distant country, a position which at its best can never be agreeable to a sensitive spirit. Can Grande of Verona was a magnificent patron, yet it was at his court that Dante tasted—

" Come sa di sale Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale."

And Henriette confesses in one of her letters that "this life under the roof, in the family, at the table of others, is horribly painful and diffi-cult." Still the experience had its bright side. She loved her pupils and was loved by them. She became the trusted friend of the family in which she resided, and after her return to France her opinion was consulted and her advice sought. She had the opportunity, so precious to a person of her intelligence and culture, of visiting the great art centres, Dresden, Florence, Venice, and above all, Rome. which she loved to call with Lord Byron, "dear city of the soul." Then she had the perpetual friendship of her books, and the hope of returning at last, when her work was done, to spend the afternoon of life with the loved ones for whom she had sacrificed so much.

A very interesting correspondence between Henriette and Ernest Renan during this period has lately been given to the public. The young man had just completed in 1844 his theological course at Saint-Sulpice. His education, his own personal preferences, the wishes and hopes of his friends and more particularly of his mother, all urged him in the direction of the priesthood. On the other hand, he is checked and hampered by considerations, which are best expressed by himself.

"I see the time approaching when I shall have to take the irrevocable step of entering the ecclesiastical state. Hitherto a reasonable probability founded on wise counsels has sufficed, but now it is necessary to have an absolute certainty; the result, not of circumstances or outside influences but of an intimate conviction-God preserve me from saying that Christianity is false—falsehood does not produce such fair fruit. But it is one thing to say that it is not false and another thing to say that it is the absolute truth-at least as expounded by those who profess to be its interpreters It has made me what I am, its morality shall be always my rule, Jesus shall be always my God. But when one comes down from this pure Christianity, which is really reason itself, to these trivial, narrow ideas which fall before criticism. yet they tell you that you must admit all this—that you are not a Catholic without it. Oh, my God! my God! what must I be then? This is my state, my poor Henriette. You now understand my position. Yes, I repeat to you, this is the one cause that keeps me from entering the church. Humanly every-thing would be favorable; the life required would not be very different from that which I should lead in any case, I should be sure, in entering it, of a future perfectly conformed to my tastes—everything seems to combine to smooth my way . . . but all else must give way to duty. It is only the thought of Mamma that rends my heart, but it cannot be helped."

At this time Renan was, as he describes himself, "old in thought" but as ignorant of the actual world as a baby. His sister had first to relieve him of the material consequences of the step he had taken by supplying out of her own resources the funds necessary to start him in Paris on an independent footing. She never seems to have been conscious of any generosity in this, or to have entertained for an instant the idea that her interest could possibly be divided from his. With her help he

was able to continue his studies and to establish himself in a suitable position.

"You must not," she writes, with rare delicacy and grace, "for the sake of present saving, compromise our whole future. Yes, our future, dear Ernest, for I do not believe that any event henceforth can separate either our interests or our hearts. . . Do not then have any hesitation on the score of expense. . . . I will manage so that whatever happens, you shall not be in difficulties."

Then after entering with some detail into the momentous question of a new suit, she adds:—

"In short, dear, I think I have provided for everything; if any detail has escaped me put it down to the preoccupation of my mind, and dispose entirely of the little that I have, for that little belongs to you as much as to myself. Yes," she continues, "we shall yet have some happy days together, while our friendship, our union, is always the same. . . . I feel, I understand, I share, all that you are suffering. Yes, it is very hard to have to break with all that has filled your dreams and made your joy in the past, it leaves a terrible void in the heart. But Ernest, think of the fate of an honest man, obliged by an irrevocable bond to teach what his reason and even his conscience do not permit him to accept. That fate might have been yours; can I thank heaven too much for having saved you from it? Be brave, dear, your path is full of thorns, but at every step, as at the beginning, you will find the love and support of your sister, of your first friend, of her who has no keener wish, after that of seeing your happy, than that of keeping a place in you heart. Let me still find in you what I have ever found, and I shall forget the tears I have shed; I shall find many hopes, much happiness, to come in the future.

In 1850, Henriette Renan had accomplished the task that she had set herself twenty-two years before. Her father's creditors were satisfied and his reputation free from stain. Mme. Renan was provided for and Ernest launched on his career. She was at last free to return.

"But," says her brother, "those ten years of exile had quite transformed her. The wrinkles of old age were prematurely graven on her forehead; of the charm she still possessed when she said good-bye to me in the parlor of the seminary of St. Nicholas, there only remained the sweet expression of her ineffable goodness."

It was said of her after her death, by one who knew how little of human delight had ever entered into her lot, "Dieu n'avait voulu pour elle, que les grands et âpres sentiers." But the few years which followed her return must have

been like "the delicate plain called Ease" to the tired feet of Bunyan's pilgrims. She took a little appartement with her brother, near the Val de The windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelite convent in the Rue d'Enfer, and it was a constant source of interest to her to watch the life of these recluses—scarcely more cloistered than her own. She had the true Frenchwoman's skill in management, so that she could contrive on a sum ridiculously inadequate in English eyes, to keep her tiny household in comfort and even with a sort of modest elegance. She had that delight in simple pleasures which is a mark of men-tal sanity. "A fine day, a ray of sunshine, a flower, was sufficient to enchant her." Her fine and sure literary taste made her an invaluable assistant to her brother in his work. She read in proof everything he wrote, and became to him, in fact, a sort of artistic conscience. One is glad to find that she took up her testimony against the irony-or rather flippancy-which intrudes so unseasonably into M. Renan's treatment of the most serious subjects.

"She had not," he says, "what is called esprit, if we are to understand by that word something satirical and mocking in the French manner. She never turned any one into ridicule—it would have seemed to her a cruelty. I remember, that as we were going in boats to a pardon in Lower Brittany, our vessel was preceded by another, on board of which were some poor ladies, who, wishing to deck themselves for the fête, had hit on rather unfortunate and tasteless arrangements, which excited the mirth of the people who were with us. The poor ladies perceived this, and I saw my sister burst into tears. It seemed barbarous to her to make game of good people who were trying to forget their misfortunes in an hour's gayety, and who, perhaps, had inconvenienced themselves by deference for the public. In her eyes absurd persons were to be pitied; as such she loved them and stood

up for them against those who ridiculed them.

"Hence her indifference to society, and her want of success in ordinary conversation, nearly always made up of malice and frivolity. She had grown old before her time, and she had the habit of exaggerating her age by her dress and manners. Commonplace people did not understand her and thought her stiff and awkward. Everything was true and deep with her; she could not profane herself. Poor people and peasants, on the contrary, found her exquisitely kind; and those who were capable of meeting her on her own level soon learned to appreciate the distinction and the depth of her nature,"

The years during which she lived alone with her brother must have satisfied her ideal. Her life possessed what she in common with M. Charles Booth considers as the two essentials of human happiness, work and affection. The motto of Thomas à Kempis, "In angello, cum libello," was often on her lips. Her love for her brother absorbed her heart, as her co-operation in his toils absorbed her intellect. Like all strong passions, this love was not exempt from jealousy. One need not wonder that it cost her a bitter struggle to realize the fact that she could not all her life be all in all to him.

She had felt it her duty, in fulfilment of the quasi-maternal relation she held toward her brother, to take some steps toward his matrimonial establishment; but she could not refrain from rejoicing when the negotiations fell Renan, however, naïvely through. enough, imagined that the failure of her plans had caused her a real disappointment, and that he should be giving her a pleasure by proposing to her Mdlle. Cornelie Scheffer as a sister-in-Poor Henriette was not, after all, quite perfect in unselfishness. She could not bear the idea of sharing Ernest's affection with another. Her distress was so great that M. Renan felt bound to tell his fiancée that he must sacrifice his engagement rather than wound one to whom he owed so much. He came home and told his sister what he had done. But already the old habit of self-devotion had reasserted itself. Early in the morning she visited Mdlle. Scheffer. What they said to each other may easily be imagined, when we know that the result of the interview was to remove all difficulties, and to knit between Henriette and her future sister a bond of friendship that remained unbroken to the last.

Mdlle. Renan did more than consent to the union; it was her generosity that made it possible. Her pecuniary resources were on this occasion, as always, put at the disposal of her brother; and without her help he could not have met the responsibilities entailed by his marriage. She continued to live with the young couple, and the birth of Renan's little son Ary effaced the last lingering trace of bitterness from

her heart. The baby was an unfailing delight and consolation to her; on him the deep reserved heart spent all the wealth of its tenderness. One likes to think of that gleam of innocent sunshine at the close of a strenuous life.

In May she accompanied M. Renan on that celebrated expedition to Palestine, the fruits of which were given to the world in the Vie de Jesus. After spending some months in Galilee and the Lebanon, they found themselves at Beyrout in September. Their work was nearly finished, and they were eagerly looking forward to their return home, when Mdlle. Renan was seized with fever. The village of Amschitm near Byblos, a favorite sojourn of hers, seemed preferable to Beyrout as a resting-place for the short remaining time; but scarcely had they removed there when her brother in his turn was smit-There was no one in the village competent to treat the disease, and when the doctor from Beyrout arrived it was too late to save Henriette. She died, as she had lived for so long, alone. During her long agony her brother was lying in a state of complete unconsciousness, from which he was roused by the administration of the most powerful remedy known to science, only an hour after she had passed away.

"She died," says M. Renan, "as she had lived, without recompense. The hour when men reap what they have sown, when they look back from their repose on the toils and sorrows of the way, never struck for her on earth. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life contributes to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted of the reality of the moral order, but I see clearly now that the whole logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown, if such lives were but a mockery and an illusion."

Could we ask stronger testimony than these words of the great "destructive" supply, of that imperious need of a belief in God and immortality, which, by a logic stronger than all the syllogisms of the schools, implies its own satisfaction? No, if—

"We are not wholly breath, Magnetic mockeries,"

-if the life of man is anything but a

ghastly farce, there must be some field, to us unknown, for the energies of the unsatisfied spirit, some baven for the "love that never found its earthly close." Otherwise, the noblest, truest, wisest of the race would be of all men most miserable, and the bitter cry of

the poet would be the last word in the destiny of man:—

"He weaves and is clothed with derision, Sows and he shall not reap: His life is a watch or a vision, Between a sleep and a sleep."

-Temple Bar.

## MÉNAGIANA: AN OLD FRENCH JESTBOOK.

BY SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF.

JESTBOOKS are proverbially dull. Wit always shows best against a background of seriousness. At the same time we owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have been in the habit of writing down the bright things that have been said in their time. Such collections are not to be read through, but to be turned over and sipped. Those are the pleasantest in which many ingredients mingle, so that the page is sometimes grave and sometimes gay. Of all the countless ana that have been given to the world, although some have been connected with far more distinguished names, the most agreeable, so far as I know, are those for which we have to thank the friends of Gilles Ménage, the omnivorous reader and very militant scholar of the seventeenth century, who was born at Angers in 1613, and ended his long life only in 1692. Bayle, who was his warm admirer, called him the Varro of his times; but many of his contemporaries were less amiable, and hailed him by other titles by no means equally polite. He published poems, and wrote in prose on innumerable subjects, among others on Tasso, on Diogenes Laertius, on Terence, on Lucian, on Women Philosophers, on Malherbe, on the origins of the Italian language and on the origins of French. His book on the last-named topic was considered, in the earlier part of this century, as still of some value. It is only, however, in the last few decades that etymology has become an exact science, sternly demanding proofs for every assertion. Less than fifty years ago there was a well-known tutor in Oxford, whose etymology was so wild that it was declared that he derived "tea-pot" from

tepeo. The same kind of reproach was made to Ménage; and to the discussions which took place about his etymology we owe an amusing epigram:

> Alfana vient d'equus sans doute, Mais il faut avouer aussi Qu'en venant de là jusqu'ici Il a bien changé sur la route.

Alfana, I may mention, is a Spanish word for a strong and spirited horse.

word for a strong and spirited horse.
"Ménagiana," the book by which Ménage is and will be best remembered, is described, on the title-page of the Amsterdam edition of 1693, as bons mots, rencontres agréables, pensées judicieuses et observations curieuses. It grew out of the conversations which took place, especially at the Wednesday gatherings in his house, which he called his "Mercuriales," and the daily gatherings which he established after he was prevented by bad health from leaving his own apartments. The edition which I have just mentioned is in one small volume; but later there appeared one in two volumes, and that which is considered the best was published at Paris in 1715 and consists of four volumes. I can best give an idea of a book, which ought to be better known than it is to our generation, by turning over the pages, and quoting the passages which I chanced to mark on my last perusal of it. There is not the slightest attempt at arrangement. marks on the most diverse subjects. and anecdotes connected with times the most remote from each other, are found side by side.

To say that the wit of Ménage and his friends is sometimes less restrained than befits the drawing-rooms of our relatively decorous age, is only to say that he and they belonged to their century; but the vast majority of his pages may be read aloud by any one. I propose to cite some specimens of the kind of matter to be found in the book, sometimes translating and sometimes

abridging the text.

"They talked at the Hôtel de Rambouillet of the spots recently discovered on the disk of the sun, which might lead people to apprehend that it was becoming less powerful. Just at that moment M. Voiture came in, and Mlle. de Rambouillet said to him: 'Well, what news is there?' 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'il court de mauvais bruits sur le soleil.'"

"M. de B. said to me some little time ago that 'The verses of Huet were pretty.' 'They pass beyond the pretty,' I replied. 'You are like the man who, seeing the sea for the first time, said that it was a pretty

thing.' "

Readers of Dean Church's book on the "Oxford Movement" will remember a grave parallel to this. Froude remarked one day to the author of the "Christian Year," who was then his tutor, that he thought Law's "Serious Call" was a clever book. Keble made no answer at the time, but said just before parting: "Froude, you said you thought Law's 'Serious Call' was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight." This speech, Froude told Isaac Williams, had a great effect on his after life.

happened to meet at a country inn, and were full of courtesy to each other about grace, each pressing on his companion the honor of blessing the table. At last the Bernardine said: 'Benedictus Benedicat.' The Benedictine, not to be outdone in politeness, said:

'Bernardus Bernardet.''

"I held one of the hands of Madame de S. in mine. When she had taken it away, Monsieur Pelletier said to me: 'Voilà le plus bel ouvrage qui soit jamais sorti de vos maius.'"

"Some one called the attention of the late M. de —— to the magnificent Cathedral of Coutances. 'Was that made in this district?' he inquired."

"Two persons were talking of some business. One of them said: Assume,

sir, that you owe me 10,000 crowns.' The other immediately interrupted him with the words: 'Pray have the goodness to make some other hypothesis.'"

"M. de B., contemplating one day two figures of Justice and Peace kissing each other, which were sculptured above a fireplace, said to a friend: 'Look, they are kissing each other; they are saying Adieu, never to meet again.'"

"At the last sermon of a mission in a country parish everybody wept, save. one peasant. Another asked him: 'Why don't you weep?' 'I do not,' he replied, 'belong to this parish.'"

Here is a story which is always cropping up, and will probably long continue to do so, fitted on to some well-known personage of the time. It used to be told, forty years ago, of Lady Jersey going to the Chapel in Curzon Street; and was told in London last century about some one else:

"Mme. de B., arriving too late for mass one Sunday at twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, said to her lackey: 'Go and write my name.'"

Lady Jersey was supposed to have put it somewhat differently, remarking to her daughter as she turned away, finding all the seats filled: "Well, my dear, at least we have done the civil thing."

"An Italian, much given to haranguing, who had very few auditors, addressed them with the words: 'Po-

chissimi Signori.'"

"The Archdeacon of Auxerre, who was in the habit of screaming in the pulpit, said, in speaking of Bourdaloue: 'He preaches fort bien, and I bien fort.'"

"There was shown to me one day an extremely good picture of St. Bruno, and I was asked what I thought of it. I replied *instanter*: 'He would speak if it were not for the obligation of his rule.'"

"M. de Varillas said to me: Poor old Cardinal Baronius with his twelve big volumes. If the good God had not stood by him, he would have written a great many more."

"A priest having to make a panegyric on St. Augustine in a diocese of Gascony, the bishop sent for him, and, wishing to tell him not to speak on the controverted subject of Grace, said: 'I wish to banish Grace from my dio-

"Some one remarked to Casaubon in the Hall of the Sorbonne: 'They have disputed for four hundred years in this Hall.' He replied: 'What have they decided?""

" Pope Innocent XI. was the son of a banker; he was elected on the Feast of St. Matthew, and the same day there appeared on Pasquin's statue: Invenerunt hominem sedentem in telonio-They found a man sitting at the re-

ceipt of custom."

"The Marquis del Carpio, Viceroy of Naples, was entering a church at Madrid, and gave the holy water to a lady who entered at the same moment, on one finger of whose very ugly hand was an extremely beautiful diamond. He said, loud enough to be heard: 'I should prefer the ring to the hand;' and she, taking hold of the collar of the order which he was wearing, replied: 'And I should prefer the halter to the donkey."

"We of Angers pronounce the letters M and N Ame and Ane. One of our Angevins, who was obliged to read document which commenced with "Ego N," the letter N being illuminated in red, began: 'Ego, Âne rouge.'"

"M. de M. was interred in the dress of a Capuchin. A woman, whose husband he had had put to death, called out in the middle of the funeral: 'It's all very well for you to disguise yourself. Our Lord will know you nevertheless."

Balzac—the scholar of the seventeenth, not the novelist of the nineteenth century-had a habit of collecting good things for the purpose of bringing them in on fitting occasions in his writings. When he and Ménage were talking one day of what was wanted to make people happy, the latter said: "Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas." "Balzac begged me," says Ménage, " not to publish this, because he wished to use it somewhere, and use it he did." More than two hundred years had to pass away before an eminent person, who had the same habit as Balzac, made it famous through all the English-speaking world, which believed it to be his own.

Lord Beaconsfield's greatest art did not consist in saying good things on the spur of the moment; he evolved most of his good things while mooning about during the recess under the beeches of Hughenden. Those were the same trees, passing under which he observed to a Hungarian lady of large property and practical turn of mind: "This is one of Nature's solitudes!" and received from her the slightly discouraging answer: "Why don't you keep pigs?"

The old Balzac was quite as famous in his day as the modern one. Ménage says of him that he was the real founder of French as it was spoken in his day: "l'auteur de notre langue, telle

qu'elle est aujourd'hui."

It was he, too, who delighted Ménage by saying, when the latter had procured for him in one of his controversies the assistance of Milton's celebrated opponent: "Non homini sed scientiae deest quod nescivit Salmasius." With this may pair off, by the way, a remark put into the mouth of a famous scholar of our own day:

I am the Master of this College, And what I know not is not knowledge.

Here is a brief epitaph on a doctor: "Cy gît, par qui gisent les autres ;"

which is not, however, nearly so good as the answer made to Frederick the Great by one of his Generals, when he threatened, if defeated in his next battle, to abdicate, go off to Venice and practise as a physician: "Toujours assassin?" The old Scottish gentleman near the Border was hardly less happy, when he said to his son, who was leaving him to settle as a doctor in Carlisle: "Gang awa' man, gang awa', and avenge Flodden!"

"St. Michael knocked at the gate 'Who is there?' inof Paradise. quired St. Peter. 'A Carmelite nun, was the reply. 'We get nothing but Carmelite nuns here. I'll open when there are a dozen ready to come in.' "

To Ménage, too, we owe the wellknown story of the Jew, who, surprised by a thunderstorm when eating some ham, said: "What a fuss about a little piece of pork !" but Ménage tells it of a gentleman eating an omelette when he ought to have been fasting.

"M. de Benserade, speaking at the Academy of the thanksgivings which had taken place for the restored health of the King, said: 'The merchant leaves his business to hurry to the altars, the artisan leaves his work, the doctor leaves his patient—and the patient is all the better.' "

The following is historically important: "I was present at the first representation of the Précieuses Ridicules. Mlle. de Rambouillet was there, Mme. de Grignan, all the Hôtel Rambouillet, M. Chapelain and several other persons of my acquaintance. The piece was played with general approval, and I was myself so well pleased that I saw at once the effect which it would produce. As I left the theatre, taking M. Chapelain by the hand, I said: 'You and I approved all the follies which have been so well criticised; but, believe me, to use the words of St. Remy to Clovis, we must burn what we adored, and adore what we burned."

Arbitrators ought always to be unequal in number, "On account," says the Digest, " of the natural faculty of

men for disagreement."

The saying, true or false, that the best way to have your books badly printed is to send a well-written manuscript, is as old as Ménage, who asserts that if you send them clearly written they are handed to apprentices, while if they are badly written the masters work at them themselves.

"M. de Chevreuil was so accustomed to speak in Latin that he said to his horse: 'Non ibis, mala bestia, etiam

admotis calcaribus.'"

I have myself known a lady, anxious to avoid disturbing a rabbit, address her companion in French.

"A provincial who came every year to Paris used to say: 'Je viens interrompre la prescription de la Barbarie.'"

A French lady in our own times said to a clergyman from the uttermost parts of Scotland, who reappeared in her once familiar drawing-room: "Vous voici en règle avec la civilisation!"

"A Venetian, who had never before left the lagoons, found himself on an animal which would not stir. Taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he held it up and said: 'No wonder this horse does not go forward; the wind is against him."

M. D., who had known intimately St. Charles Borromeo during his lifetime, finding himself in great danger from a tempest, soon after the canonization of his friend, said: 'Help me, St. Charles, because I knew you when you were alive.""

"Seneca tells of an old man who, asked to drink wine cooled with snow, replied: 'Ætas mea frigore suo contenta est.'"

"William the Silent and Count Egmont had an interview before the former left for Germany. Egmont represented to his friend that he was taking a very unwise step, because the Spaniards would immediately confiscate all his property. Finding that his arguments availed nothing, he said at last: 'Adieu then, Prince without a Principality.' 'Adieu, Count without a head,' replied the other."

"They called the Palazzo Barberini at Rome 'Mons Martyrum,' on account of the number of people whom the Barberini had ruined in order to build it."

The excellent remark made at the same time, with reference to the havoc wrought among ancient buildings for the same purpose, does not seem to have reached Ménage:

Quod non fecere Barbari fecere Barberini.

When the foolish outcry was raised against Lord Elgin, for saving the sculptures of the Parthenon from rapidly impending destruction, some one said:

Quod non fecerunt Gothi, hoc fecerunt Scoti.

A lady in India told me the following story, which had been related to her by the captain of the vessel which had brought her out to that country, as an incident in his own life. A clergyman, who was sailing with him, was so scandalized by the bad language of the sailors that he said he must really speak to them. The captain dissuaded this zealous personage from doing so, assuring him that their oaths meant very little, that as long as they went on abusing each other, with imprecations, he might be sure, even in the wildest weather, that there was no danger; but that if they ceased to do so, he might be equally sure that the state of affairs was serious. Soon afterward wild weather did come on. The sailors grew more abusive and more imprecatory than ever. The wife of the clergyman, very much alarmed, called his attention to what was going on, and sent him on deck to listen. He came back and said: "Thank God, all is well. They are cursing and swearing as heartily as one could desire."

Of course the same circumstances may have recurred, and a P. & O. captain may really have had this experience; but the story is suspiciously like one in the second volume of "Ménagiana" which ends thus: The Jesuit, who is the hero of it, sends his companion up from the hold to see what is going on. The companion returns and says: "Hélas! mon père, tout est perdu, les matelots jurent comme des possédés, leurs blasphêmes seuls sont capables de faire abîmer le vaisseau." "Dieu soit loué," répondit le Père; "allez, allez, tout ira bien."

The following is an excellent epi-

taph:

"Ci-gtt un très-grand personnage
Qui fut d'illustre lignage,
Qui posséda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours sage.
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus."

I remember these lines coming back to me years ago in the Nilgiris, when a clever young aide de-camp told me a story of an officer, long since dead, who had risen from the ranks, but who could employ his tongue as effectively as his sword. Meeting a lady who much disliked him, he said: "Good evening, Miss——, you are looking very handsome to-night." "I wish I could say the same, Major——." "Oh! but you could, if you were to tell a lie, as I did."

A man who had dangerous enemies consulted the oracle, asking whether he should leave the neighborhood or stay at home. He received the reply, "Domine stes securus." Some days afterward, however, his enemies burned his house over his head; he escaped with difficulty, and all too late discovered that what the oracle had said was "Domi ne rus."

In his --

the Duke of Alva.

was not thought as great a commander as he came to be considered later. When he was governor of the Milanese, some one addressed to him a letter in this form: "To the most illustrious Duke of Alva, Captain-General of Milan in time of peace, and Great Chamberlain to His Majesty in time of war."

Here is a bright little epigram from the days of the long and dreary squabble between Jansenius and his opponents. A pretty girl had gone to a masquerade as a Jesuit. Some one

wrote:

"On s'étonne ici que Caliste Ait pris l'habit de Moliniste. Puisque cette jeune beauté Ote à chacun sa liberté, N'est-ce pas un Janséniste ?'

"Henri IV. said one day to the Spanish ambassador that, if he chose to mount his horse, he might go to hear mass at Milan, breakfast at Rome, and dine at Naples. 'Sire,' answered the ambassador, 'if you rode at that pace, you might the same day manage

to hear vespers in Sicily."

The same king was more fortunate when a Spanish ambassador—I know not whether the same or another—said to him: "The king my master will come to dispute that frontier at the head of fifty thousand men." Henri IV. replied: "Ce ne seront que des ombres,"—ombres being of course a play on the Spanish word for men—hombres.

"Balzac tells of a councillor who had a great fondness for sentences of death. The President of the tribunal with which he was connected, having asked his opinion on a case which had just been concluded, he started suddenly from sleep and said that the man should have his head cut off. 'But,' said the President, 'the question is about a meadow.' 'Then let it be mown!'"

On the same page on which this is recorded occurs a remark which might console some persons for not succeeding the late Lord Tennyson—that poeta regius means simply the king's fool. It appears that one gentleman had the advantage of being not only poeta regius, but also poeta regineus—fool both of the king and queen.

"A peasant was taking some pears

to his new Seigneur, who was exceedingly ugly. As he entered the house he found two large apes dressed in uniform, and with swords at their sides. They seized his basket, and devoured each of them half a dozen of the best The peasant, who had never seen creatures of this kind, saluted them courteously, and allowed them to do what they pleased. When he had made his present, his Seigneur, laughing, asked him why he had not brought 'Because,' he replied, his basket full. 'messicurs vos enfants as I entered seized my basket and took those that are missing.'"

Ménage is, however, very far from being always merry. His pages are thickly strewn with remarks of a different character, such as the following: "Seneca uses a very happy phrase when, speaking of a great fire at Lyons, he says: 'Inter magnam urbem et nullam nox una interfuit.'" And again: "'L'universale non s'inganna.' How that phrase pleases me! Seneca says on this subject: 'Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt!'"

"I read and pronounce Greek as all Greece reads and pronounces it to-day." How long will the enemics of youth succeed in keeping up the detestable custom against which Ménage protested in these wise words? If only Bishop Gardiner, who had sensible views on the pronunciation of Greek, had, instead of burning persons for erroneous opinions about matters on which certainty was not attainable, filled Smithfield from end to end, all day and every day, with persons who taught its mispronunciation, how after generations would have risen up and called him blessed!

"After the battle of Nieuport, which Prince Maurice gained over the Archduke Albert, the horse of the latter fell into the hands of his enemies. Grotius says excellently well of this horse:—

. . . Pars haud temnenda triumphi, Præda fui, fierem ne fugientis equus.

Erasmus speaks of a line as being celebrated among the Latins, but admits that he does not know the author. This is the famous

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

Ménage tells us that the first person to discover the real author was Galleottus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and who pointed out that it came from the Alexandreis of Philippe Gaultier, who was born at Lille, in Flanders, in the thirteenth century. Ménage gives the whole passage, in which the poet warns Darius that in fleeing from Alexander he will fall into the hands of Bessus:—

Quo tendis inertem

Rex periture fugam? Nescis, heu! perdite,
nescis

Quem fugias; hostes incurris dum fugis
hostem.

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

The line

Qui decumbit humi, non habet unde cadat,

which is said to have been quoted by Charles I., with reference to his own misfortunes, was attributed by Ménage to Ovid; but one of his editors discovered that it was composed by a modern poet, whom he calls Alain de l'Isle, and that it ran originally:—

Tutior est locus in terra quam turribus altis. Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

I may conclude by a copy of hendecasyllabics by Bonnefons, which surely deserves the praise which Ménage gives it of being as good Latin as that of the age of Augustus. This writer seems to have published a little collection of poems at Paris in 1587, which must be a real treasure if it contains much as exquisite as this. But a second specimen in elegiacs which Ménage quotes, though very good, does not seem to me so remarkable.

Dis, Acus, mibi, quid meæ puellæ Illa candidula, illa delicata Albis candidior manus ligustris, Quid læves digiti tenellulique Tantum commeruisse vel patrasse Possunt, ut toties et hos et illam Configas stimulo ferociente?

Ah! ne molliculas manus inepta,
Ne læves digitos et immerentes,
At pectus stimulo acriore punge,
Pectus durius omnibus lapillis,
Durius scopulisque rupibusque,
Hic stylum altius altiusque fige,
Hic acuminis experire vires.
Quod si mollieris meam puellam,
Dic, quantam hinc referes superba laudem!
Hac te cuspide vulnerasse pectus,
Quod nullis potuit Cupido telis.

This would not, I think, have been disowned by him who sang the Sparrow of Lesbia. Let us hope that the

fair one was kinder to her lover than that unedifying and imperious lady.— Cornhill Magazins.

## THE ANCIENT INCAS.

It is a strange but indubitable fact that it is possible for highly advanced refinement and a primitive type of barbarism to exist side by side, to support each other in a united polity. Such an anomaly is presented in the case of the ancient Incas of Peru, the race dominant in Peru when Europeans first found their way thither. The word Inca, or Ynca, was also specially the title of the monarch, and it would

appear of certain princes.

The early history of the Incas or ancient Peruvians is shrouded in oblivion. At the time of the Spanish conquest, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, their empire extended from about the second degree north to the thirtyseventh degree of south latitude, embracing the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. It was never specially suitable for agriculture and communication; but the industry and genius of the natives overcame all impediments. The coast in the main is a series of sandy deserts: the Sierra or region of the Andes contains stupendous chains of mountains, elevated plains, and table-lands, interspersed with warm and fertile valleys and ravines. The people who inhabited it were of rather less than the average height, of a light copper color, highly civilized, industrious, and of a very contented disposition. They were numerous, and warlike, so far as acquiring neighboring lands and bringing the people under their sway was concerned. In these characteristics they present a marked contrast to their equally civilized but yet unknown neighbors the Aztecs, in the north, and the Patagonians in the south. The Aztecs were diminutive, almost sufficiently so to earn the name of pygmies; while they were most pugilistically inclined, fighting and conquering for the love of war. The Patagonians, on the other hand, were savages in every way, and of immense stature.

The capital of the empire was Cuzco, situated high up among the Cordilleras, but yet enjoying a salubrious climate, owing to its situation in the tropics. According to the tradition of the Incas, this was the spot at which their empire began. It was, as the word Cuzco signifies, the navel of the coun-The city was well fortified, naturally and artificially, by a strong fortress on the north, and a spur of the Cordilleras on the east. The city was connected with the four divisions of the empire by four great roads, constructed for military purposes, to enable large bodies of troops to be moved expeditiously from one place to another. These roads are marvels of scientific workmanship, and the remains which to-day may be seen attest their former magnificence of design and construction.

The head of the government was the Inca or king, as the word signifies. He represented a despotism so thorough that the food of the people could be The succession withheld at his word. descended from father to son unbroken through their whole dynasty, being claimed by the eldest son of the "boya" or lawful queen, as she was called, in distinction from the king's numerous concubines. It is a noteworthy coincidence of Egyptian and Peruvian custom, although too much importance should not be given to it, that the queen was selected from the sisters of the Inca—the idea of this revolting practice being to keep the heaven-born race (so called) uncontaminated from the world. The heir-apparent was very early given into the charge of the "amautas" or wise men, who instructed him in all the knowledge they had, and particularly in religious matters, as the Inca was the head of the church. He was carefully trained in military affairs. At the age of sixteen he was examined very rigorously with the young nobles for admission to the order

of chivalry. This examination consisted of the performance of athletic exercises, such as running, boxing, fully trying their agility and strength: severe fasts, mimic combats with blunted weapons. This lasted thirty days. the conclusion, the successful candidates were presented to the sovereign, and had their ears pierced to receive the round ornament denoting their degree of nobility. This ornament was inserted in the gristle of the ear, and so distended it that in some cases it rested on the shoulders. After this, the candidates moved off to the public square to indulge in songs and dances. This ceremonial was called the "hua-

The Inca represented the Sun, and presided over all important religious festivals. He alone could raise armies and command them; he controlled the imposition of taxes, the making of laws, the appointment and removal of judges. He was the head of everything, and from whom everything flowed.

The nobility were of the same blood as the Inca, but immeasurably below him in dignity: the proudest of them could not come into his presence unless barefooted, and carrying a burden of some sort upon his shoulder, to denote the homage due to the Inca. The common people were as much below the nobility as the nobility were below

the king.

Ethnology, philology, architectural remains, and customs have failed to shed much light on the problem as to the origin of the American peoples, civilized or uncivilized: points of resemblance in skull, physique, language, and customs with Asiatic Mongolians, Europeans, North Africans, Andaman Islanders, Borneans, and Polynesians, have been insisted on, and elaborate arguments made to show that America was populated, partly at least, from North east Asia, Ireland, Wales, Madeira, Egypt, Japan, and elsewhere. It need hardly be said that none of these theories have been proved, and that most of them are untenable and wholly baseless paradoxes. But the general tendency of anthropologists is to assume as most likely that part of the population at least must have come

across Behring Strait from Asia. Daniel Wilson's theory was that there were in America three great divisions of race with as many distinct lines of immigration, the first wave having started from Asia, and reached the South American Continent. Next. an Atlantic Ocean migration occupied the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores, and so passed to the Antilles and Central And thirdly, that after the America. excess of Asiatic population had spread through the north of Asia, a wave of emigration flowed by way of Behring Strait into North America, thus accounting for the different characteristics of the inhabitants of North and South America. It has, on the other hand, been pointed out that the three races, Incas, Aztecs, and North American Indians, are proved to be connected with each other from the shape and construction of their crania. The skull is distinguished by the presence of an interparietal bone of a more or less triangular form, perfectly distinct the first month after birth, and subsequently united to the occipital, the suture being marked by a furrow which is never obliterated, and which is easily recognized in all the crania.

A point that has been made much of is the similarity of the Inca architecture to that of the Egyptian—the square openings, wider at the bottom than the top, doing duty for arches, and the custom of royal marriages and embalming the dead. Whatever and whenever the origin, it is certainly true that a nation more highly civilized than the Incas preceded and occupied the country before them. But this takes us back to prehistoric times, and we are lost in the mists of tradition.

Let us glance at a few of their civil institutions. The whole of the country was divided into three parts—one for the Sun, one for the Inca, and another for the People. The sizes of the different parts differed in different districts. The lands set apart for the Sun provided means to support the temples and elaborate ceremonial of Peruvian worship, and the numerous priesthood. Those for the Inca supported him in his luxuriously royal state, as also his large household and various demands of the Government. "The remainder

of the lands were divided per capita equally among the people." It is here that the absolute serfdom of the people is so patent. Every Peruvian by law was compelled to marry at a certain age. He was then provided with a dwelling, and a plot of land sufficient to support his wife and himself, an additional portion being granted for every child, double as much for a son as for a daughter. The lands were redivided yearly, being added to or diminished according to the size of the family. The effect of this was to keep the people on the soil, and to prevent them acquiring too much land, and con-The lands were sequently power. entirely cultivated by the people. First, they tilled the lands of the Sun; next, those of the old, sick, widow, orphan, and soldiers engaged in war; they were then allowed to till their own; and last of all, the lands of the Inca. In like manner, the manufactures and agricultural products were attended to.

The flocks of llama belonged to the Sun and the Inca. It was death to kill one. At certain seasons of the year they were collected from the hills and shorn; large numbers were sent to supply food for the Court, and to be used at the religious festivals and sac-Male liamas only were killed. The wool belonged to the Inca, and was stored in the Government depositories, and dealt out according as the people's wants required. In this way they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool into clothing for themselves, they were then employed in working up material for the Inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture was in the hands of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime, and severely punished. All the mines belonged to the Inca. and were worked for his benefit. various employments were usually in the hands of a few, and became hereditary; what the father was, that the son became. A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country, and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.

Education was monopolized by the Inca and the nobility. The teachers were called "amauta." The "quipu" were the books. The "quipu" was a small cord from one to two feet long, made of variously colored threads twisted together. From this other, smaller and thinner cords were hung, forming a fringe; all the cords were different The colors represented objects colors. such as gold, silver; sometimes white signified peace; red, war; but they were chiefly used for calculation. The fringe and cord were tied into a number of knots, which stood for ciphers; and these, used in conjunction with the colors, could be made to represent any amount required. These quipu were also the records by which statistics from all parts of the country, relating to population, trade, military and local affairs, etc., were preserved. They were deposited in the Peruvian "Somerset House" at Cuzco. respect the Peruvians were far behind the Aztecs, who had a system of hieroglyphics, which, although a poor substitute for an alphabet of arbitrary signs, was yet capable of expressing more, and in a clearer manner, than could the quipu. These records were under the charge of the amauta, who taught their pupils from them. This was the way history passed down from generation to generation, and it is easy to understand how an event might become exaggerated and distorted.

The Peruvians were not so advanced in scientific knowledge as their northern neighbors. They divided the year into twelve lunar months, each of which was known by a particular name, and distinguished by its own festival. The year was further divided into weeks; but of what length, whether of seven or more days, is uncertain. They based their calendar upon the lunar year, and corrected it by observations taken with the help of cylindrical columns set up round Cuzco. From these columns they could tell the exact time of the solstices. The time of the equinoxes was obtained from a single column with a circle drawn round it, and a diameter drawn east and west. When the sun was almost immediately over the column, and the shadow scarcely to be seen, they said, "The god sat with all his light upon the column." The year commenced about the 21st of December. Had the conquerors not been possessed of a ruthlessly destructive spirit, the history of the Incas would be as clear as our own. We are indebted for what we do know to the enlightenment of a few noble Spaniards, such as Sarmiento, Ondegardo, and Gomara.

The religion of the Peruvians was the most important of their institu-The whole fabric of the State rested upon it. They acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the name of Pachacamac. greatly did they venerate this invisible Being, that they studiously refrained from insulting him by making a representation of him in any form. They worshipped him in one temple only, near Lima—the Mecca of that race and to which pilgrims gathered from all parts of the Peruvian empire. They also worshipped the Sun with the highest adoration: it was emblazoned on all their banners; sacrifices were constantly being offered up from numerous altars; and they regarded it as the founder of the royal line.

Among other objects which they worshipped were the elements—winds, earth, air, mountains, rivers. The images and idols of conquered nations received a place in their mythology, and were duly worshipped. The temples in which these deities were enshrined literally blazed with gold, particularly that of the Sun. This was so situated that the rays of the morning sun shone in at the eastern portal, lighting up the interior, which, being decorated with

golden ornaments, sent back such a glorious flood of light, that no surprise can be manifested at the adoration with which these simple-minded people regarded the great luminary. Near to the temple of the Sun, and next in importance, was that of the Moon: all the decorations of this were of silver. The Stars, Thunder, Lightning, Rainbow, each had its respective chapels or temples. Everything in connection with the religious services was of gold or silver. The religious ceremony was very elaborate, consisting of burnt sacrifices and offerings of flowers. The sacrifice of human beings and the practice of cannibalism did not disgrace their ritual, as was the case with the Aztecs.

The number of priests was very great. The high-priest was called the "Villac Umu," and was next to the Inca in importance, being, as a rule, one of his brothers. Their duties were to minister in the temples, and to carry on a ritual more complex than that of any other known religion. There were four principal feasts, the most important being the Raymi, held about the time of the summer solstice. The celebration of this feast was preceded by a general fast of three days; and on the fourth, the Inca and all the people in Cuzco, dressed in their brightest and most gorgeous dresses, went to meet the sun at its rising; when it appeared, they broke into shouts of joy. They had among their religious institutions an order known as "the Virgins of the Sun," consisting generally of the daughters of the "curacas" or chieftains. They were confined in convents, kept from the world, and employed their time in watching the sacred lamp, besides making garments for the Inca and helping to replenish his harem.—Chambers's Journal.

## THE MODERN PERSIAN STAGE.

BY JAMES MEW.

THE celebrated Orientalist, De Gobineau, in his Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale, has not omitted to speak of the Persian theatre, as of a

subject intimately connected with Persian philosophy and religion. As far, says a psalm attributed to David, as the East is from the West, so far has

the Lord, according to the opinion of the author of this composition, removed their transgressions from the people of this Hebrew prince. In no case is the opposition of East and West more remarkable than in their respective dramas. With us any approach to theology in our plays is tabooed; to some hundred millions of our Asiatic fellows the national drama, if not religious, is naught. It is, indeed, less of a drama than of a sacrament. It is bound up with the national, the political life of much Indo-European legend and tradition.

Before the conquest of Persia by Alexander it possessed, we read, a theatre, but its theatre, as we understand it, is the growth of the present century. People in Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz can remember it in its infancy. can describe its gradual progress as exactly as Horace the development of the drama of his own day. As in the beginning Thespis carried about his company in a cart, so the commencement of the Persian play, which year by year increases in popularity and importance, was but a monologue of mourning without any scenic accessory for Aliy or for Fatima, for Hasan or for Husayn.

The theatre in Persia, in so far as its leading feature, the Taziya, is concerned, has a powerful influence on the passions of the public. It is not like the modern theatre of Europe, little more than a mere pastime, except when it shocks and attracts by its immorality, but is an instrument, like the old Greek stage, of political importance and religious intrigue.

With the English the chief inducement to attend a theatre is curiosity, with the Persian it is devotion. It is also patriotism which leads him to the Taziya, for the Imams, the rightful caliphs, are the heroes of his own land. Shakespeare excited the admiration of his contemporaries; the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. shed their tribute of fashionable tears while listening to the tragedies of Racine; Goethe's Egmont and the William Tell of Schiller roused fervid fury in the Teutonic breast; but none of these writers, in the opinion of De Gobineau, affected their audience like the Persian play. "Je ne retrouve cette possession de

l'être entier du spectateur par le drame que dans les tekyèhs persans; mais là je la retrouve tout entière. Le théatre Européen n'est qu'une distraction, le théatre persan, seul, est une grande affaire."

Before speaking at any length of the national drama, a few words should be said concerning the Farce and the Puppet Show.

The Persian theatrical répertoire consists of three different kinds of pieces, of which the last is by far the most important: (1) the farce, (2) the puppet show, (3) the serious religious play or Taziya. For none of these is any charge levied on the spectator, but in the first two a carpet, supplying the place of our "hat," receives the contributions of the benevolent. The farce is called Tamasha, literally signifying walking abroad for recreation. Another expression for the farce is Taklid, signifying a disguise, and so a travesty. It is performed by the only professional musicians and dancers in Persia, known as Lutiys, signifying inhabitants of Lot, and so people not held in esteem. These are commonly accompanied by some Bazikaris, or rope-dancers and tumblers, and when the entertainment is to be of unusual grandeur, monkeys, and even bears, are added to the number of the performers. These farces are seldom committed Their chief characteristic is to paper. what Demosthenes held to be the leading feature in eloquence, namely, action, which cannot well be reproduced in writing-volat irrevocabile. essence, too, is of the time present; they are what the printers in their typographical slang call "good matter," stuff which must be published to-day and has lost the greatest part of its interest by to-morrow. Social and personal allusions appear in them everywhere. The delight of these allusions dies, of course, as soon and as certainly as that of the political jokes in our own comic papers. Of how much of its meagre merriment is a last year's Punch deprived! Like all Persianand indeed all Oriental-poetry, the farce abounds with puns. These verbal quibbles, however ingenious, are generally untranslatable. Not unfrequently its language is free. Its license would

in England deprive it of license. Were it written, it would be set in red ink for very shame's sake. The blushes with which the modest person might suppose the cheeks of the actors themselves to be suffused, are wholly hidden by a coat of flour, or of yolk of egg, or of soot plastered over their faces. In this they have the classic example of the early followers of Thespis.

An interesting sample of a Persian Tamasha represents a garden in summer time. Two gardeners, with fragments of yellow sheepskin about their loins, but otherwise apparelled as Adam in Paradise, make their appearance and discourse about their gardens in amœbean verse, after the style of Virgil's Damætas and Menalcas, or of the Battus and Corydon, and the Lacon and Comatas of Theocritus. It is curious how exactly the style of composition of the Greek and Latin authors corresponds with that of the Persian poet. The names of the characters in the Persian play are Baghir, a rich old fellow, father of a very pretty girl, whom he screens from any possibility of male admiration with more than ordinary solicitude; and a poor and very cunning young man named Najaf. The poor and very cunning young man is, of course, in love with Baghir's daugh-The two gardeners begin with rival praise of the fruits of their horti-"The pulp of my peaches," culture. says one, "would cause the whitest of sugar-candies to redden with jealousy." "The velvet covering of mine," says the other, "is tender to the touch as the down which our lips feel on the cheeks of a beauty of fourteen." Their rival commendations end of course in a free fight, in which the gardeners use alternately their fists and the implements of their trade, to the intense delight of the spectators—for where is the people to be found which is not delighted with that "bark and bite," which Dr. Watts was for confining with such scanty justice and propriety to dogs?-until Baghir gets the worst of it, and proposes to quench the brand of discord in the waves of that liquor, which some, by a sorry joke, pretend the prophet prohibited in the Kuran. He gives Najaf money, who hastens to buy the wine, and then begins a kind

of comic action of repeated recall, very familiar to us in our own theatres. Najaf makes several false exits in hurried excitement to procure the drink, and is stopped again and again by Baghir, who now begs him not to forget the kabobs of roast lamb, now to remember the sweetmeats, now to be careful about the dessert, and so on, until Najaf, tired of running to and fro at the command of his faithful Amphitryon, stops both his ears like Ulysses at the voice of the sirens, and scampers off the stage in sheer despair. Baghir, left alone, prepares himself for the feast with a bold parody of the many religious rites used by the Mullas, or priests, on such an important occasion. Najaf returns with the banquet, and enlivens the repast with a The various stages of drunkguitar. enness are admirably imitated. progress of inebriation has, it must be remembered, something piquant for a people to whom public-houses, those ornaments of our Christian civilization, are unknown. Baghir, the born reveller, falls asleep at last. Then Najaf, who has only simulated intoxication, runs off with Baghir's daughter, and a triumphal chant of love concludes the piece. The Tamasha is commonly advertised in the bazaars by the clown with a tar or lute, assisted by a donkey attired after the fashion of a mulla.

The Puppet-show or Karaghyaz or Black Eye, as it is literally translated out of the language of the Turks, from whom this spectacle is derived, is a sort of marionette play or Chinese shadow show, which is represented in Turkey before the common people, as our Punch in England, to an audience of children, nurse girls, and butcher boys. It is the Pulcinella of Naples, the Meo-Patacca of Rome. In its native land Black Eye, like Punch, is the principal personage in the drama, and gives his name like him to the whole entertainment. In Persia, Black Eye, at a very early period, became Pahlawan Kachal, or bald (literally magpie) hero. The baldness of this popular person is his distinctive attribute, the mark by which he is known, as Punch is recognized by his hump. To attempt to draw popular character from popular dramatic

amusement, as some have done, would be no compliment to ourselves. The hero of our streets is a low ruffian of uncultivated taste, and an atrocious moral character. His murders recur with sickening frequency, on the slightest provocation. He spares neither age nor sex. He knocks his wife on the head for remonstrating with him in the gentlest manner on his sanguinary barbarity, and he pays not the slightest regard to the rebukes of an orthodox divine. The Persian Punch is altogether of a different kidney. He is of a polished exterior, and his ways are suave and gentlemanly. He is a literary man and a poet, as indeed the Persian generally is. But he is a thorough humbug. He is a hypocrite of the deepest dye. Profoundly religious, and walking about clothed in the garment of devotion, he is really destitute of every sentiment of piety. His sole object in life seems to be, by an external appearance of sanctity, to deceive the mullas with a view to his own profit, or to insinuate himself, with the base ends of a Lothario or an Abu Nuwas, into the graces of the ladies.

There is a favorite piece in which Pahlawan Kachal betakes himself under the guise of a most pious Muslim to the house of a certain Akhwund, or rector of a parish. He sighs, weeps, groans, prays, recites verses, from the Kuran or elsewhere, and quotes scraps of morality after the most approved fashion. The Akhwund, delighted with his visitor, and edified by his religious zeal, begins to imitate and to emulate him. Pahlawan Kachal displays his theological knowledge, his acquaintance with the traditions and the patristics of Islam, and recites legends in favor of the virtue of giving alms. Voluntary charity meets his highest panegyric. He quotes many lines of the mystic poetry so dear to the Persian heart, the poetry which under the profane semblance of love and wine, celebrates the activity and wisdom of Allah the all merciful. Then Pahlawan begins to describe the delights reserved for the charitable in Paradise. Far indeed is he from saying with Chaucer in the there he can say nothing about it. On wan Kachal the conversation is spor-

ness. He sings of heaven and its houris with the graces of antelopes, of its splendid banquets and its sparkling wine. The Akhwund is in ecstasies. He tastes already those rivers of milk which never grow sour, and those seas of clarified honey which never become dry. He reposes already under the perpetual shade, on couches whose linings are of thick silk interwoven with gold. He gathers fruits from gardens of palm-tree and pomegranates. He sees damsels advancing to meet him, with complexions like rubies and pearls, beauteous damsels with eloquent deep black eyes. He dances with delight. thereby demonstrating—as evolutionists tell us—his descent from the ape, he gives Pahlawan, that second Iago, his purse, bids him buy a banquet, and produces Khullari, the most excellent wine of Shiraz, which by some strange chance is found in a corner of his room, hidden away with a guitar. The two drink and play, until at last the pious Akhwund becomes drunk, and drops his Kuran and his rosary. And so on. The piece of course may be extended at pleasure. It is a vivid and never ill-timed representation of the Tartufe of the religion of Islam.

The serious or religious drama known as the Tâziya, or mourning, corresponding in many respects to the Mystery or Miracle Play, is commonly understood by the Persian theatre. Its present form has no such ancient date as the Farce or the Puppet-Show. It has been altered by the influence of the West. It is likely to entertain those who take interest in the varied phases of religious sentiment. Its most fitting parallel in a Christian land would be the representation of Christ's crucifixion, with Peter's denial, Mary's sorrow, and all the other circumstances of the Passion. It is studied beforehand and regular, while the Farce and Puppet-Show are mostly unmethodized and spontaneous. That peculiarity, which the poverty of the English language, as Swift says, compels one to call style, shines out in its grave and decent The actors are content phraseology. to speak what is set down for them, "Knight's Tale," that as he never was, while in the Tamasha and the Pahlathe contrary, he speaks as an eye-wit- tive and immodest, and the actors are

constantly "gagging" or interpolating speeches of their own. The form of the Taziya is classic and exact, never arbitrary or uncertain. It begins and ends with prayer. To give water during its progress is a noble deed. To provide a Taziya is a meritorious work, which contributes to the salvation of The play, in the metaphorithe soul. cal language of the Persians, is one of the bricks with which a man may build himself a celestial habitation for future beatitude and repose. The donor's vanity is also interested. He strives to make the play, which is his play, as "magnifical," to borrow a good old word from the Bible, as may be, in evidence of his own riches. It is resplendent with his gifts, as a Christian Church on festival occasions with the contributions of the pious. And thus his popular influence is increased. has his reward, therefore, both in this world by the gratification of his pride and the extension of his power, and in the next by a seat among the blessed No person pays at a Táziya, except the provider of the entertainment. The rich man and the beggar are ad-In this particular it mitted alike. presents a startling contrast to our own dramatic performances. The provider pays large sums to several people, as, for instance, to the Rawzakhan, or public reciter, and to the Peshkhans, or prelectors, some half dozen or more boys, who are so called from their introduction of the Rawzakhan. This official takes his place on a saku, or raised mound or platform of brick, in the centre of the theatre, which in towns is frequently a karwansaray, and in the country a takya, or tent in form of a parallelogram with black poles, covered with black cloth. takya may hold from 200 to 2000 persons. It forms a protection against the sun or the snowstorm of the variable sacred time of Muharram, during the first ten days of which month these plays are performed. The ground round and about the Rawzakhan is carefully swept and watered by the Farrashes, men armed with long wands, who act also as beadles or policemen, to keep the spectators in or-Some of the latter, quiet, selfpossessed, and, in a word, the very re-

verse of the ugly crowds which pester and throng the entrance to gallery or pit in our own theatres, smoke their kalyuns, or hubble-bubbles, while others take refreshment—not in the form of bottled stout, lemonade or gingerbeer -but of the delicious baklawa, a dish which certainly should have been mentioned in the description of the golden palace of good Harun Alrashid, a dish of flaky pastry, sweetened with syrup or honey, and cut up in rhomboidal pieces; or of nukhud, savory peas soaked and fried; or again, of melon seeds, treated in the same manner as the confectionery of Badreddin Hasan, in our common versions of the Arabian Nights interpreted "cream tarts"into which the cook is accused, with an absurdity not in the Arabic, of having introduced pepper. Millet-seeds form also a favorite dish of the women, a dish supposed to induce weeping in those rare cases in which the tragedy fails to excite tears, or as the Persian poet puts it, "pearls on polished ivory," and mastic is sometimes chewed by girls to whiten, as they believe, their teeth. It has, at least, the effect of tempering the volubility of their tongue. Sukka or water-carriers flit to and fro, boys richly clothed, with their eyelashes and eyebrows painted a deep blue in sign of mourning, their hair elegantly curled, and their heads covered with shabkulahs or nightcaps often embroidered with precious stones. Here and there, too, are to be seen the sellers of muhr, a cushion of perfumed holy clay, carved into various pretty shapes, and intended, in the prostrations of the pious, to be applied to their brows. Coffee is handed round frequently at the expense of the chief of the mahal or parish. Sometimes a dervish suddenly starts and sings a canticle on the saku, where he frequently becomes faint with excitement, or foams like a member of the Salvation Army with religious fervor, and sometimes, though rarely, a mulla holds forth to the idle crowd.

The original subject of the Taziya was a lamentation, as its name indicates, for the "People of the Tent" or the family of Aliy, the Bayard of Islam. The story of that family is well known to the reader of Gibbon, who

has shortened it from the admirable account given by Simon Ockley, the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, in his History of the Saracens. Hasan and Husayn, the good one and the good little one, were the two celebrated sons of Aliy, who, after a reign of four years, was stabbed in the Grand Mosque at Cufa by Ibn Maljam, thirty years after the death of the Prophet and of Aliy's wife, Fatima, Muhammad's daughter.

As their father, the noble, the devoted, the chivalrous, the Lion of God, is the first Imam, so they are the second and third Imams or chiefs of the faith of the sect of the Shiites, who are to the Sunnites, as the Protestants to the Catholics, or the Karaites to the Jews. Hasan, born in the third year of the Hijra, A.D. 626, became, much against his will, fifth Caliph. Royalty was thrust upon him, and he resigned after a six months' reign in favor of Muawiya. For this he has been called a poor-spirited youth. It has been said that he sold his pretensions for a mess of pottage. He lived on his pension in Medina, amid the luxurious appurtenances of his harem in quiet content. He seems to have been wise in his philosophy of abstention and renounce-Without ambition, and by no means fit to be a monarch in those troublous days, he was also of a religious temperament, and performed, it is said in his praise, the pilgrimage to Mecca twenty-five times on foot. liberality was such that he twice reduced himself to the verge of beggary. This peaceable prince was poisoned—as some of his biographers tell us, though others deny it—at the instigation of Muawiya, by one of his daughters whom he had given to Hasan to wife. This lady offered him diamond powder mixed with rice for dinner. Another account says that a lady named Juada put a mixture into his gugglet, which caused him to bring up his liver piecemeal.

His younger brother, Husayn, was of quite a different character. He was warlike, full of energy and resolve. His marriage with Shahrbanu, the daughter of Yazdajird, the last of the Sassanian Kings of the Persian dynasty, gave him an additional claim to Persian regard. His dream was to restore the Caliphate, after the death of Mua-

wiya, into the hands of his own family. With that view he fought against Yazid, the son of Muawiya, but without success. At last he, with sixty or seventy-two faithful followers, the exact number seems uncertain, was abandoned and left on the plain of Karbala, in Irak, at a short distance from the Tigris. This vicinity to the river joined to their excessive thirst constitutes one of the chief sufferings of this famous troop. Here, after his friends and relatives had fallen one by one in a contest with a force of 30,000 men, he himself fell on the 10th of Muharram. It is said that Shimar, lieutenant of Yazid's general, Ibn Sa'd, severed his head from his body while he was engaged in prayer. It is also said that Shimar on this occasion had a veil over his face, and that when he removed it a couple of boar's tusks showed themselves, and on his chest a black mark. This, however, the biographer who records it allows not to be "a well-attested fact." However great discrepancy there may be in other matters, the want of water is allowed by The Family of the Tent endured thirst, it is generally agreed, to such an extent as none of Adam born ever before endured. This Holy Family afterward abandoned Arabia for Persia, where it is held to-day in such honor that a Persian sovereign delights in the appellation of Sagi dari Aliy, or dog of the house of Aliy. The sufferings of the martyr, Aliy, and of the "People of the Tent" form the historic domain of the Persian religious play. From this well of inspiration, as the dramaturgy of the Greeks from the legend of Atrides, the Tâziyas were at first invariably and exclusively drawn.

According to the creed of the Shiites, Aliy, as the cousin, the son-in-law, and the first proselyte of Muhammad, ought to have succeeded him. But Abu Bakr, Umar, and Uthman, one after the other, usurped his place, before Aliy, as fourth Caliph, wore the Muslim crown. We know that his reign endured but a little while, and the greater part of his descendants, the legitimate inheritors from the Shiite point of view of the supreme power, were cruelly slain. Zaynab, or Zenobia, Hasan's sister, Umm Laila, Hu-

sayn's wife, Kasim Hasan's son, and Zubaida, Husayn's daughter, in fine, the whole of the family, perished, as the Taziya amply show, in turn. When, in early times, the Shiites were content with performing their funeral ceremonies in the Muharram, a season of which the religious significance is equivalent to that of the Christian holy week, the burning of wax candles illustrated the immortal felicity of the victims at Karbala. To such ceremony succeeded a historical recitation of their privations, their sufferings, and their valor. The hearers defiled their turbans, tore their shirts, plucked their beards, and beat their breasts with increasing paroxysms of pious sorrow and political indignation. Finally came the dramatic presentation of this important event.

Lately the Taziyas have become debased by the admixture of Christian legend and the introduction of the miracles of the Christian saints. They have approached still more nearly the Mysteries of the Middle Ages, to which they always bore a near resemblance. Husayn is now understood by the people to have given himself as a vicarious offering for their transgressions. He is regarded as the Redeemer of Islam. His abnegation and mansuetude supply the emotional side of the Shiite faith. He is crowned with the aureole of saint and martyr. It is he who has voluntarily expiated the sins of the people of the Lion and of mortal men. His selfsacrifice. self-denial, self-dedication have put into his hands the key of the treasure of intercession. Every one who has shed a tear for Husayn will be delivered from future flames, a circumstance which alone is sufficient to account for the fury of sympathy and religious zeal which attends his festival. It is he who will be the Paraclete in the last days of the judgment of God. It is no wonder that the Shiites are excited by his memory. He is a bone of contention for all the Orient. odium theologicum subsisting between the Shiites and Sunnites principally on his account is well known. He is in fact a sort of peg for every kind of religious and political agitation. The Dais or missionaries of the Shiite faith have organized a propaganda which

would do credit to the Society of Jesus. The result is that the Muharram is always an anxious time for the authorities of the Indian government. so the Persian pilgrim goes to Aliy's tomb instead of to Mecca, the holy blissful martyr for to seek, as Dan Chaucer puts it in the case of the Canterbury pilgrims, where he lies among the mosques, minarets and gardens of Karbala, of which the earth is as precious as Zamzam's waters, or the bones ' of the saints. And so it is that while free cursing, and especially of a Sunnite, is commonly allowed in Ispahan, an exception is always made in favor of the wife of the person you address, and their Highnesses the Imams Hasan and Husayn.

There are various versions, says the author of the so-called "Qanoon-e-Islam," of the circumstances of the deaths of these Imams, but Yazid the Palid, or polluted, his rhyming nickname, the wretched from all eternity, was undoubtedly the main instrument in their destruction. When Uthman gave the government of Syria to his relative, Muawiya, he arranged that the latter's son Yazid should succeed him. Yazid drank wine openly, was fond of dogs, falcons, and other unclean animals, associated with singing girls and musicians, and generally enjoyed him-Music appears to most of us a self. harmless amusement, but there is a tradition that the Prophet (may God bless and save him) stopped his ears when he heard on one occasion the profane squeak of a shepherd's pipe. Yazid scandalized the orthodox. addition to being licentious he was on one occasion abominably unjust. is said—but God is all knowing—to have tried to get for himself the fair wife of a certain Zubayr by a stratagem not unworthy of David, in which the murder of her husband was a principal The lady, however, eventually married Hasan, who, at that time, reigned in Medina. This, says one of his biographers, was the real cause of enmity between him and Yazid.

There is usually an introduction to the chief piece, a sort of foreshadowing of the greater by the less, a finger-post to the ultimate event. This is varied and inconstant in form, but always ends in the same manner. In one case the tragedy is represented of Joseph being thrown into the pit, Jacob bewails his son, Gabriel appears and recounts the wees that will happen to the Family of the Tent. The Patriarch allows the triviality of his own sufferings compared to those destined for Husayn, and is consoled. One of the deaths of the martyrs is then represented. In another case Tamerlane arrives at Damascus, the keys of the city are given up by the trembling gover-This official is a descendant of the murderers of Husayn. Tamerlane reproaches him and drives him from his presence. Enter the governor's daughter, beautiful and beautifully dressed, to intercede for her father. At last the She is driven away also. Vizier comes and proposes the performance of a Taziya by which the eye of Tamerlane is refreshed, and the narrowness of the heart expanded.

Two samples of Taziyas mingled with Biblical story are here given. The first is called the Monastery of European Monks. The stage represents a sandy desert in the heat of sum-Yazid comes on leading away his prisoners, the People of the Tent, to Damascus. His troops follow him. The heads of the martyrs are fixed on lances; the scene is filled with horses and mules and camels. Sukayna, the little daughter of Husayn, complains to her aunt Zaynab of thirst. Her bowels, she says, are burning like roast Zaynab can give the little girl nothing to drink but her tears. addition to an absence of water, they have nothing to shade them from the burning sun, and nothing—a bitter disgrace to an Oriental lady—to cover Shimar, the officer who their heads. cut the throat of Sukayna's father, grievously insults them. But they regard the words of their enemy as stones to pave his way to hell. Suddenly a kasid, or messenger, arrives to say there is an army about to fall on them during the coming night. They seek refuge in a Christian monastery. The prior is amazed at the sight of the heads of the martyrs, but more especially at that of Husayn. He addresses it in the most moving and complimen-. tary language. The head, much to his

astonishment, answers him in excellent Arabic. It utters sentence after sentence from the Kuran, directed against the evil-doers. The prior, enchanted, bathes the head with musk and rosewater, and adorns it with flowers. Then follows an extraordinary scene: a Hatif (a sort of crier, guardian angel, or invisible speaker) announces the approach of Adam, Abraham, Jesus, Moses, Muhammad, and Hasan. All these come in the order mentioned, and all weeping plentifully, to pay their respects to the head of Husayn. They, too, make use of the politest language. Then the Hatif announces a company of ladies— Eve, Hagar, Ruchel, the daughter of Jethro, or Shuayb (as she is called by the Mohammedans), the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Moses, Husayn's grandmother, Khadija, and finally his mother, Fatima. All these appear in black. The piece ends, of course, with the conversion of the prior and all the monks in the monastery.

The second piece, the Christian Girl, was played for the first time about thirty years ago. The Saku is covered instead of being exposed as usual. This is as strange to a Persian audience as a theatre without a drop-scene would be to us. The curtain concealing the Saku is removed, and we see the plain of Karbala. The enemy have gone. Naught remains but the tombs of the fallen heroes, over which the wild grass waves rank and high. Inside the tombs we see the bodies of those holy martyrs of all ages, mutilated in various ways, a man without a head, a woman without arms, a child with an arrow sticking in its breast. The actors who represent these corpses are not so still as they should be, but we let that pass. Over the tomb of Husayn, which is eminent among the rest, some tame white doves (real) are set to defend the Imam, according to tradition, from the heat of the sun. Lances are fixed upright by each sepulchre, and circles of lighted candles figure the present celestial glory of their mur-dered occupants. The carnal eye of the spectators sees the honored and beloved dead maimed and torn in their bloody grave; while the eye of faith beholds them circled with a halo in a

heaven of everlasting splendor. Suddenly a caravan arrives, breaking the silence and solitude of the desert with the voices of men and brazen music. Players on all kinds of instruments come first, then soldiers in military panoply, then camels laden with chests holding domestic furniture, then a numerous retinue of servants, and, last of all, on horseback, a pretty captive, supposed to represent a European young lady, or the "Christian Girl." Her dress may be æsthetic, it is certainly uncommon. It is a garment of green satin, embroidered with great flowers and trimmed with several flounces of startling amplitude. An Indian shawl is folded crossways over her breast. A broad straw hat with a wide black velvet ribbon and bow constitutes her head-gear. Finally, she rides after the fashion of men, and wears highly polished black boots up to The whole is, perhaps, no her knees. more ridiculous to us than our artistic and exact reproductions of the costumes of past ages would be to our ancestors could they revisit the glimpses of the moon for the purpose of examining them.

The attendants are about to pitch their tents in the desert, but on driving a peg into the soil a jet of blood (real) darts up from the ground and dyes the green grass red. Another spot is selected by the amazed officials, whose voices cleave to their jaws with fear, but the result is all one. Blood follows them as persistently as the perturbed ghost-"old Truepenny," as he is somewhat irreverently called by his son -follows Hamlet. Fountains of blood spurt up all about the stage. It is the old story of Polydorus, which Virgil borrowed from the cyclic poets, over again. Here, then, is a knot worthy of a god, and a god accordingly intervenes. The Christian girl ascends the saku, falls asleep, and has a divine vision, in which all things touching Karbala are satisfactorily explained. Meantime a Bedouin, to whom Husayn has shown more than his ordinary kindness and generosity, is perceived crawling stealthily among the graves, for the purpose of robbing, if possible, the murdered and doubly sacred dead. The profane wretch dares even to enter the tomb of his benefactor. Finding nothing there worth carrying away, he begins to blaspheme in good set phrase, and looks around for some object wherewith to strike in his rage the dead body of Husayn. A rusty dagger lying by is examined by him and rejected; he then picks up a sword, notched and jagged in the late conflict, and tries to sharpen it with another to no purpose. Finally he beholds a butch-This he considers suitable er's knife. to his purpose, and buries it exultingly in his benefactor's corpse. Blood darts forth, and a terrible groan is heard, followed by the grand formula of the faith of Islam, La Allah illa Allah, but the sacrilegious Bedouin is both deaf and blind. He has eyes and ears, but can neither see nor hear. The conclusion of this dreadful scene is too horrible for reproduction. But the next compensates it with blissful rapture. Angels appear, prophets appear, Muhammad, Moses, the Imams, the holy women, all appear and congregate on the Saku, and the Christian girl, after more conversation than readers generally would care to read, becomes in conclusion a Shiite.

There is beyond all question considerable force and energy in this Taziya, but a secret laughter—for it would be dangerous to smile-tickles too often all the soul of the European who is fortunate enough to be a spectator of the For a Kafar, save in great political centres, is not allowed to behold Too frequently he finds the play murdered no less piteously than its protagonist. When the bad Bedouin, for instance, sharpens one jagged sword upon another, the English part of the audience is irresistibly reminded of the clown in the Christmas pantomime, who whets his knife on the stage-boards preparatory to some act of atrocity on the person of the pantaloon. Though these dramatic representations are the delight of the people and the kings alike in Persia, they are regarded with disfavor by two important classes of the general public. The learned despise them, and by the clergy they are held in horror. These good men, like carriage-horses with blinkers, only see straight before them. They refuse even a side glance at any other dramatic performances than the old hieratic dramas founded on the "People of the Tent."

Of these legitimate Taziyas follow some typical examples. Let us take first the Earth Game. By this is to be understood a children's play, something like that known among the poorer classes of English humanity as "making mud-pies," or like the construction of those designs in sand, which the remorseless waves of the Atlantic sweep in tens of thousands from our western coasts in the sunny days of English summer. Aliy and Fatima are represented as living at Medina with their children Hasan and Husayn. It is morning. All is peace and tranquillity. The careful Fatima is busying herself about household concerns. She is deserving the highest praise accorded by Milton to her sex, in her study of domestic good. Soon that most excellent of women, as she is called by the Prophet, the peeress of Eve and of the Virgin Mary, and the Pearl of Chastity, bethinks her it is time that Husayn should be washed. She begins his toilet by combing his head. A single hair is inadvertently torn out by the teeth of the comb. The tender mother looks on it and bursts into It is but a single hair, yet she foresees in it a future of solicitude and sorrow. Nor is she without reason for her despondency. Gabriel, as if to confirm her conjecture, suddenly appears, and asks her if a hair of her beloved son affects her so painfully, what she will do when she sees his head rolling on the sand, and his whole body full of wounds? Husayn, in the next act—or, rather what may pass for it, for there is no division of act or scene —goes out to play with some boys. They construct holes and mounds in the sand. They play, in fact, the Earth Aliy asks his son about what he has been doing, and beholds his son's grave and the graves of his companions foreshadowed in his child's description of his sport. One of his playfellows dressed in complete steel then comes to attack Husayn. The boy is bravely defended by his friend Habib, but eventually succumbs to the steelclad warrior and his two companions. And who are these, but the young

Azrak Ibn Sayd and Shimar, the paulopost future assassins of the "People of the Tent"?

Another Taziya is called Fatima's Garden. The prophet has left a piece of land in a place called Fadak, which is cultivated by his daughter as a flower bed. Umar has seized this, when he placed Abu Bakr on the throne. When Fatima desires its restoration he insults and wounds her, causing the death of her unborn babe. Her husband and children also suffer outrage from this tyrant. In the conclusion, he is about to strike off the head of Aliy, when the voice of Muhammad is heard from the tomb forbidding this heinous crime. The play ends with the safe return of Aliy and his family to their tent. Another play presents the martyrdom of His wife is long dead, and he has been warned in a dream of his approaching murder. He utters recriminations against the vicissitudes of fortune, like those so frequent in our Miracle plays. His sons and his daughters have also had dreams of funereal import, which they recite in turn to The Muezzin chants his the audience. Allah Akbar from the Minaret. Day whitens in the East. Aliy prostrates himself, in his morning prayer, and the poisoned dagger of Ibn Maljam pierces him in the neck. A physician is called in, but gives no hope. His mule Duldul is fetched, of which he takes an affecting farewell. The hero of Badr and Hunayn, the possessor of the famous sword Zu'l fakar, dies. Hardly is the breath out of his body, when a veiled shadow appears mounted on a camel. It condoles with the weeping family, and ultimately reveals itself as Aliy already risen from the dead.

The martyrdom of Abbas, who is known as Alamdar or the Standard Bearer, is the story of the death of Aliy's brother, who, to obtain some water for his little nieces when they are dying of thirst, bears a skin into the midst of the enemy's camp. His right hand is cut off, he takes the skin in his teeth, and holding his sword in his left hand rushes on toward the river. His left hand is cut off, and he falls at last covered with wounds. Then there is the martyrdom of Aliy Akbar, the son of Husayn, and the martyrdom of

the children of his sister Zaynab, the Hecuba of the Taziyas. An affecting piece is that in which the little Sukayna, the four-year-old daughter of Husayn, mourning her father's absence, has his head sent to her by Yazid. Holding this in her bosom she loses consciousness of cold, hunger and blows in a blissful dream, in which her father appears to her, and awakes no more.

One of the most favorite  $T\hat{a}ziyas$  is called the Nuptials of Kasim, of which De Gobineau has given an account in The family of the Imam Husayn is surrounded in the desert of Karbala by the Syrian troops and the traitorous inhabitants of Cufa. Many of the Imams have already perished, such as Abbas the brother and Aliv Akbar, the son of Husayn. Husayn has just recovered his son's body, and carried it to Umm Layla, his wife, but there is no water, and his children are dying of thirst. Ibn Sa'd, Yazid's general, and Shimar, the most cruel of Ibn Sa'd's lieutenants, and the odious Azrak draw nearer with their soldiers in a circle armed with lances, and insult the wretched Imams. Then Kasim Hasan's son, and nephew of Husayn, exasperated by the death of his cousin Aliy Akbar, determines to avenge it. The body of this Imam best beloved by the Persians, lies from the beginning to the end of the play before the spectators, on a corner of the Saku, and by its side sits the mother veiled in black. The body is covered with blood, and the spectators see the wounds-poor dumb bleeding mouths—managed after a most artistic manner. Kasim is betrothed to Zubayda, the young daughter of Husayn, and the marriage ceremony takes place amid the general mourning. Immediately after he goes to a combat with the enemy, which he is forewarned will end in his death. He is enveloped after the Arabian custom in his winding sheet. He mounts his horse, and disappears. He returns with a report that he has killed Azrak, and asks for water. There is, of course, none to be had. He would drink his own blood, he says, were that allowed by the Prophet. Husayn moistens his lips with a kiss, and he again seeks the field though almost

fainting. This time he returns with his head bare and covered with blood. To the housings of his horse are attached a number of pieces of wood stained red, in the shape of arrows. As soon as he enters he falls and dies. The tomb takes the place of the proposed nuptial bed, and the winding sheet of the wedding garment. Zubayda has the chaplet, which Kasim has promised to her, of rubies.

If tragedy be well defined by Aristotle in his Poetics, as the purgation of the passions by means of pity and horror, there are no better tragedies than some of these Persian dramas. sages are to be found in them which may rival the Eumenides of Æschylus. In the play just quoted there are such passages, and they abound in the piece called The Orphans of Imam Husayn at his Tomb. In this Taziya, little children of the best families are employed, dressed in garments of black gauze with large sleeves, their little heads covered with small round black caps, embroidered with gold or silver. These infants kneel on the body of the actor who plays Husayn, embrace him, and with their chubby hands cover themselves in sign of grief with chopped straw, which represents the sand of the fatal desert of Karbala, as the great river of the Euphrates is represented by a small copper tank. They cannot, by reason of their tender age, well understand the significance of their performance, but their little faces are grave and serious, what time the surrounding public shouts in accents of dolour, "Wahi! Wahi! Oh Husayn! Oh Husayn!" over and over again, and slap themselves violently on their right thighs, or with measured strokes, now quick, now slow, but ever in harmony with the music of the tambourines, which accompany the Taziya, smite their left sides, bared beneath the shoulder. There is no applause in one sense of the word. No afirin, Hazar afirin, no bravo, no encore, no clapping of hands, or striking the floor with sticks or umbrellas, as though to test the security of the foundation, greets the Persian actor. Such compliments of tragic power and histrionic ability, which too clearly show our consciousness that all the representa-

tion is a delusion, are never heard in There is to be heard only Ispahan. the highest applause of an actor, the applause of sympathy. There men bow the knees of their hearts, to use the beautiful metaphor in the prayer of Manasseh. There women weep for the sorrows of the virtuous evil-entreated, the apostolic successors of the immortal There is the honest indignation, though expressed in another form to that of the occupants of our own gallery, who hiss villainy triumphant. There is the cry of Wahi! Wahi! a Persian utterance of sorrow, and the shaking of heads to and fro. There is the tearing of hair and beating of breasts, and sighs and groans and sobs and all gesticulations of anguish. There, too, are wounds, for like the priests of Baal, they cry aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushes out upon them. There, too, are their tears collected in cotton wool by a priest and squeezed out into a little bottle, reminding us of a prayer of David and the Roman lacrymatories, tears said to be a never-failing elixir of health in the mouth of the dying. And, in the great majority of cases, all these manifestations are the genuine utterance of grief. Sometimes pride and rivalry induce them to afflict their souls. They are jealous of all alien expression of sorrow. No man, if they can help it, shall cut deeper than themselves, none shall smite his breast with a louder echo of intonation or a greater pretence of pious zeal. Sometimes, too, people join in the universal lamentation for the sake of peace and conformity. In them grief is as much a piece of acting as the tragedy which is supposed to cause it. The king always cries, and his courtiers are bound to imitate him. To refrain from doing so might lead to disastrous results. On the day of atonement whatever soul was not afflicted was ordered by Moses to be cut off from among the people. The whole thing may be absurd, but Defendit numerus junctoque umbone phalanges. It would be bad for a man -however much he might fear an attack of neuralgia—to keep his hat on in the pit of our theatres during the spirit-stirring performance of our na-

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 2.

tional anthem. People are expected to join in the Oh Hasan! Oh Husayn! as they are expected, if they can afford it, to adorn the stage with tapestry, transparencies, ostrich eggs, paper fishes, mirrors, censers, garlands, wax candles, lustres, banners of gold, silver, brass, copper, and wood, and bits of glass; to contribute shawls, carpets, hanging lamps, dresses, turbans, and other properties to the sacred drama; to invest the whole scene with a barbaric prodigality of color, and yet themselves continue in mourning dress of black or gray, and to refrain from the putting on any ornaments through the first ten days of the sacred month, in which, even in the times of ignorance, it was forbidden to carry on war, in which, too the Kuran descended in detached portions from the skies.

It is on the tenth day on which Husayn is supposed to have been murdered that the public interest culminates, that the river of tears reaches its highest watermark, that the monotonous howl is most horribly prolonged. The actors are commonly Ispahanis, who are held to have the best voices in Persia. The plays are heralded by fifes and drums and peculiar copper trumpets six feet long called Karnas, sounding like bells at a distance, the privileged music of royalty and of religion. They begin at five o'clock in the morning of the first day of the month, and last till the conclusion of the tenth. As there are often half-a-dozen representations in a day, the players are commouly exhausted by their efforts. Nothing, perhaps, save religious excitement and political partisanship, could support them through so long and wearisome a The furniture of their probation. stage is elementary and primitive, and reminds us of our own drama in the days of Shakespeare. There are no pit, boxes, and gallery. There is no curtain or scenery. There are no more floats, flats, or flies than there are roses and nightingales about the muddy ditch, celebrated by that droll wag Tom Moore as Bendemeer's stream. If places . are not shown by their names written on boards as "This is Verona," "This is London," equally simple methods of signification are employed. The audience gifted with the rich imagination

which accepts straw for sand, perceives a mighty river in a pot of water, and finds tomb and mosque and harem and camp where they are told to find them, as children make a horse out of a chair, or turn a sofa into a merchant vessel. Again, as in Shakespeare's time, women's parts are acted by youths. All the actors remain on the stage, and retire and seat themselves in the background when not required for the progress of the spectacle. They also frequently address the audience, which is a mistake from an European point of view. Their dresses are often magnificent, which is accounted for by their being loans or gifts from the richest inhabitants, but they are seldom in harmony with the circumstances of the play. The authors are unknown. Frequently one piece is made up from others by a sort of collective eclecticism. dramas are written in ordinary collo-They are in the metre quial style. Hazaj, but they are not flowery. do not sacrifice idea to expression. There is no affected introduction of rare Arabic phrase. Their language is familiar to the Persian child, however strange to the English scholar. It is

domestic, not classical, like the language of Plautus and Terence, not of Virgil and Ovid. The good characters, the Imams, the Prophets, the Archangel Gabriel, and the Batul or Virgin, as the Arabs call Fatima—the Mary of Islam-sing their parts, or rather deliver them in a nasal chant, from slips of paper, which they hold in their hands; but the bad characters, such as Ibn Maljam, the assassin of Aliy; Shimar, the murderer of Husayn; Yazid, the enemy's general; Umar and Abu Bakr, whom the Shiites regard as usurpers, are allowed only to declaim them. On Shimar and Ibn Maljam the appellation of Haram Zadah is continually lavished by the audience; an expression, which meaning illegitimate, is now strangely used for a robber or an assassin. The actors of these parts act with tears in their eyes, whether from fear for themselves or sympathy for their victims is uncer-It is, indeed, sometimes difficult to obtain actors to take these rôles, since there is nothing uncommon in their being assailed with stones by the popular fury.—Fortnightly Review.

### MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS: WATER.

This last of our four elements is perhaps the most important of the series to health; for while on the one hand it is the most essential food of the body, on the other recent researches here and in India have demonstrated to what an enormous and unsuspected extent disease is dependent upon drinking impure water.

Water when pure is not a dubious mixture, like air, of gases in various proportions, but is, as we know, a definite chemical product, formed by the union of two volumes of hydrogen with one of oxygen, the three volumes condensing into two as the gases change to a liquid.

We say "when pure," for seldom indeed is this interesting fluid com-

posed of these two gases alone. We hear a good deal about the "adulteration of food" Act; but all the adulterations of food put together, or of other beverages, are not to be compared in importance with the adulteration of water. We will prove our words further on.

Meanwhile, consider what a tricky sort of fluid this innocent compound is. In the first place, it is protean in form: it can be in turns a solid, a liquid, and a gas. But that is not all. Fluids, as a rule, expand with heat; water, however, at 32°, when heated, begins to contract in volume until 39° is reached, from which point it expands. Water just about to freeze at 32° is therefore lighter than the water 7° warmer, and hence rises to the top—one result being that ice forms on

our ponds first at the top, and not at the bottom.

We can just support our own weight when floating in water; how far we are from floating in air may be conceived from the fact that its density is 770 times less than water—or, in other words, for a full-grown man to float in the air, his body, while maintaining the same bulk, should not weigh more than two to three ounces.

Another painful eccentricity of water when it freezes is that, instead of contracting still more in its change from liquid to solid, it has the truly exasperating quality of expanding one-eleventh of its bulk, bringing destruction and ruin thereby into all our houses by burst pipes and boilers, and causing innumerable other evils.

If we take water at its other extreme—that of heat—its behavior becomes positively weird. In its change from gas to water three volumes were reduced to two; in its transformation from water to vapor two volumes do not become three, as we should naturally expect, but over 3000! It is true that, while the one volume of water is incompressible, these 3000 are elastic; but this is only what we should expect. It is this mighty increase in bulk and elasticity that makes steam the mechanical power of the universe.

Steam, again, contains an immense amount of what is called latent heat, as it requires nearly 1000 times as much heat to raise boiling water into steam as to raise water from 211° to 212°. We merely mention this in passing, as we do many other facts, by way of remembrance, and not to reduce these pages to the level of a class-book. emphasize this point of the latent heat of steam, however, to bring intelligent opinion to bear upon the immense superiority of steam as a disinfectant compared with hot air. Air at 213° is 213° and nothing more, and very soon gets below this; but steam at 213° has a reserve force of latent heat in the background that renders it immensely more efficacious in destroying spores, penetrating as it does into the folds of the infected articles, and gradually parting with its latent heat. This cannot be too strongly insisted on, and certainly is not generally understood.

The sources whence we obtain water are mainly five in number—one from above (the rain), two from beneath (wells and springs), and two on the earth's surface (upland waters, such as lakes and reservoirs and rivers).

It is generally supposed that rain water, at any rate before it reaches the earth, is absolutely pure. Such, however, is not the case. In the first place, we live on an island, and the result is that all the rain water in this country contains on an average about two grains of salt per gallon.

Then it always washes the air through which it passes, and hence, before it reaches the earth, is laden with spores and germs, and dust and particles of all sorts.

Even if it were pure, it is sadly deficient in quantity; for the rainfall in this country would not supply above 50 people per acre, although nearly 3700 tons of rain per annum fall on every acre.

Rain water is not very palatable. If used for drinking, it should be stored in stone or slate cisterns underground, as at Gibraltar. Of the value of rain water for washing purposes we will speak later on.

With regard to the surface-waters, no river in England is long enough to purify itself from the sewage that falls into it. Naturally river water is extremely pure, and is much less hard than spring water, and would form a good drinking-water but for the reason given above. Nevertheless, London, as the largest city in the world dependent upon river water, draws up daily nearly one third of the whole river Thames. Of course such water cannot be used directly, but requires the most careful The water is allowed, first filtration. of all, a week to settle in reservoirs, to give the coarser sediment time to settle, and it is then run off on to the filter-beds, which are several feet thick, and constructed of very fine sand upon the surface, with coarser sand and gravel below. The real filtering agent is, of course, the first inch of fine sand, and until lately, whenever this had been used a short time, it was removed and well washed.

A most extraordinary revolution in filtration has, however, been brought

about by our recent discoveries of the purifying and antiseptic powers of We knew they are the scavmicrobes. engers of the earth, but were slow to understand that they might with ease be pressed into our service and compelled to do our dirty work to order. A layer of mud containing millions of germs to the cubic foot is spread over the surface of the sand, and so far from being cleansed from impurities, it is never changed as long as the water will pass through. The result is wonderful. A jelly-like mass, consisting largely of living organisms, forms on the top, which is the real filter. These germs seize on and oxidize all organic matter so completely, and are themselves so incapable of penetrating the layer of sand beneath, that the water thus filtered is far purer than that passed through the purest sand. By this extraordinary means a living filter is constructed, and the bacteria are compelled to do our work just as if they were day laborers or other drudges.

Of this water Londoners consume some 30 gallons per head (being double the amount allowed in Berlin), over 120 million gallons being supplied daily for the direct use of the people.

Upland surface-water is very much purer and better for drinking purposes. It is also very soft, and great cities are increasingly looking to lakes for their supplies, and, if these do not exist, are creating them as needed, often, indeed, thereby rather enhancing the beauty of the neighborhood than destroying it. Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow are now all supplied by this means with the greatest success.

As to springs and wells, the water varies considerably. Of course all that comes from deep sources is as a rule pure, but shallow wells in towns and villages are an unfailing source of disease, owing to their contamination.

In cottage gardens we frequently find two holes dug—one for sewage, the other being the well; and in some cases, where the soil is porous, this is deemed a positive advantage as regards the sewage, which leaks out so quickly as to save the trouble of emptying! Where it leaks to is generally the nearest well; and it is perfectly surprising to see how bright and clear the water

often is from these "sewage" wells; and not only so, but how the constitutions of the natives can resist the sewage poison for years, though drunk daily. The leakage, which may have gone on for an indefinite time, perhaps, is only discovered at last by an epidemic breaking out from some disease germs imbibed. Of course the water will not keep, and becomes very foul and muddy after rain.

Deep wells always draw their supply from beneath some impervious stratum beyond the reach of any surface pollution, and the water often comes from a distance where this stratum rises to

the surface.

At Trafalgar Square there is a deep well some 400 feet deep, which receives its water from Hertfordshire. Meux's celebrated well pierces all these strata to the depth of 1146 feet.

Springs often form no inconsiderable part of the water supply of rivers. One that enters the Thames near Reading supplies to it some 300,000 gallons

daily.

In England the best and purest spring water comes from the chalk and

the New Red Sandstone.

An interesting experience, however, near Liverpool shows that the New Red Sandstone is not always to be trusted. A deep well was bored into it at Liverpool nearly 500 feet, all being carefully bricked except this part in the solid rock. The result was that, there being large fissures in the rock, the shallow wells, many of them impure, for some distance round were drained dry into this deep well. The villagers, seeing these wells of no further use as wells, utilized them as cesspools. gradually drained, of course, also into the deep well, the water of which soon became so foul it had to be closed, a complete system of drainage provided for all the district round, and it was eighteen months before the water became sufficiently pure to be used.

We may sum up good and bad drinking-waters by saying that springs, deep wells, and upland surface-waters are as a rule wholesome; that stored rain and lowland surface-waters are suspicious; and that shallow well and sewage river

waters are dangerous.

Just lately, again, river waters have

risen in repute, for it is found, if free from actual sewage, the germs in them have an antiseptic power rather than a destructive power on the human frame, and are thus more active for good than a pure distilled water that contains nothing but hydrogen and oxygen. It is, indeed, only gradually that we are getting over our insensate horror of all germs, and are beginning to discriminate between good and bad.

Water may be pure and wholesome and yet not palatable. Distilled and boiled waters are instances of this, and the reason of their tastelessness is that they contain no air. Such water becomes palatable if poured over toast.

We have spoken incidentally of "soft" water, but the subject is so important that we must enter upon it more fully. Water is called "hard" and "soft" according to the amount of lime and magnesium salts it con-If not more than six grains per gallon, or, in other words, six degrees of hardness, it is called soft. If it contains more, it is called hard; and if the salt is carbonate of lime it is called temporary hardness, because the salts can be deposited by boiling; but if it consists of salts of magnesium, it is called permanent hardness, because boiling does not remove it. The latter is much the more injurious.

These preliminary facts are necessary in order to understand the immense practical difference between hard and soft water.

Hard water is, indeed, answerable for a long list of evils, few of which are really understood, though there is, no doubt, a floating idea that it is not all that could be desired. We will therefore try and point out in detail some of the objections to its use.

The first is with regard to washing, and is very little understood. Water can only hold a certain amount of solid matter in suspension. When it has taken up as much as it will hold it is said to be saturated. Now, in washing we want water that will take up as much dirt as possible; but hard water can do very little in this direction, being already so full of earthy salts. Any who put this to a practical test themselves for the first time, must feel greatly astonished at the amazing dif-

ference in cleansing power between hard and soft water. The addition of soap, alas! only adds to the difficulty. With hard water a scum of insoluble stearate of lime rises to the surface, formed of the combination of the soap with the hard salts of the water. This is one of the most effectual destroyers of beauty that we possess; few skins can resist the ravages caused by rubbing in its small crystals; and it is largely accountable for the elderly look that is so noticeable in those women who constantly have to use hard water for their faces. It really is worth while, on the score of beauty alone, to forswear the use of hard water forever for the face.

But, after all, beauty is not our first consideration. We are essentially "a nation of shopkeepers;" it is, therefore, well to consider the economical aspects of the question.

Hardness in water is measured, as we have said, by degrees; one degree of hardness meaning there is one grain of earth salts in every gallon of water. Now, in ordinary hard water there are from 15 to 20 of these degrees of hardness. Each degree of hardness requires 24 ounces of soap to every 100 gallons to neutralize it, or, in other words, to form a good lather. If there be 16 degrees of hardness in the water, therefore, it requires 2½ pounds of soap to produce a good lather on the water (which is absolutely lost) to every 100 gallons. An ordinary bath takes about 50 gallons of water, so this large amount is lost, costing, perhaps, a shilling in two baths.

The water now used in Glasgow comes from Loch Katrine, and is very soft, and it is computed that the annual saving to the city in soap alone amounts to some £36,000.

All clothes should be washed in soft water; all cooking should be done with soft water alone. The reason tea is so often disappointing and unsatisfactory, and tastes more of hay than of the camellia of which it is supposed to be an infusion, is because hard water is used in making it. Nearly one third of all the tea used in London is wasted by hard water.

The general idea is that the hardness is driven off the water by boiling it;

but this is only true, alas! of the temporary hardness, and the permanent hardness remains.

Although temporary hardness can be thus removed, it involves much expense and considerable trouble. The carbonate of lime rapidly encrusts our boilers and kettles and iron pipes, requiring a far greater expenditure of coal to heat them, and at the same time rendering them much more liable to burst. Why, then, is hard water used at all?

The answer is remarkable. It has long since been found that for waterpipes inside a house, where so many twists and turns are requisite, there is no material so convenient, so durable, as lead. Soft water, however, flowing through lead pipes, dissolves at once a small portion of the lead, and rapidly produces symptoms of lead-poisoning in those who drink it. This is not surprising when we remember that so little as one-tenth of a grain of lead per gallon is sufficient to produce these symptoms.

The purest, softest waters act most rapidly upon lead; on the other hand, if hard water is used, it forms at once a coating inside the lead pipe, completely protecting it from entering the water. Hard water, therefore, is so largely used, not only because it is so readily attainable, but because it is such a safe water, from these reasons, for domestic purposes. On every other

ground it is a nuisance.

This protective coating of our lead pipes gives us a hint, if we possess lead cisterns, not to have them scraped when cleaned, so as to remove this coating on the surface, but merely wiped with a soft cloth. Too much zeal in this case might readily do a great deal of harm.

Moderately hard water is not injurious for drinking, and is very palatable; but if it is very hard, and particularly if there be much permanent hardness in it, it is bad, especially for those who have any predisposition to gout.

And now, having made all my readers thoroughly uncomfortable, let me turn to the question of remedies; for there is no more thankless, and to my mind no more useless, office than that of a critic who finds fault with everything

we have got, and does not tell us how to improve it. Most of us, in large towns especially, are supplied with hard water, and to tell us of the virtues of soft, when we cannot get it, is unkind.

Chemistry has here come to our aid, and gives us means whereby water can be artificially softened much more thoroughly and cheaply than by boiling it. We must not mention here the different well-known powders that are added to water. Suffice it to say that if at night as much of one of these powders as will stand on a penny is added to a large ewer-full of hard water and stirred by the morning most of the salts in that water will have been carried down to the bottom with the powder; and if the clear water be now poured off, it will be found to be exquisitely soft and fit for the most delicate pur-

Even shopkeepers like ourselves like to have nice faces, and therefore many efforts have been made to preserve the softness and beauty of the skin. It has been largely thought by the public generally that the great point to consider was the sort of soap that was used; whereas, as we have pointed out, the finest soap is worthless if hard water be used. The first point, then, to see to is that we wash in the right sort of water; the right sort of soap is

a secondary consideration.

This error as to soap spoiling the complexion has led very largely to its disuse, with results that are not gratifying in our grimy, smoke-laden atmosphere. If plenty of hot, soft water be used, any mild, well made soap (here, again, we must not mention names) can be used freely and well rubbed in every part of the face, it being afterward, of course, as thoroughly washed away. Without entering into further details, we can safely say that the little trouble this involves is repaid a thousandfold by the increased beauty of those who take it.

The subject of impurities of water is a large one. We have already alluded to lead-poisoning, and shown how perfectly it is prevented by the use of hard water. But there are many other forms of poisoning in water besides lead. In fact, recent researches are so exhaustive, and have discovered so much evil in

this innocent-looking fluid, that the part of a conscientious teetotaler becomes

increasingly difficult.

The appearance of water is absolutely no safeguard; sewage water, containing every form of organic impurity, may, as we have said, be perfectly clear, and is very often sparkling. We have also shown that among those who are accustomed to its use it may be drunk with impunity for years, and is even stated to be absolutely fattening! No water is, therefore, really safe to drink unless its source be known and its purity beyond suspicion, or it be boiled.

There seems to be, unfortunately, a not unnatural prejudice against the use of boiled water. It is insipid and not always quite cold. Under these circumstances the British matron is apt to fall back on the domestic filters. That is, indeed, a disastrous and dan-

gerous.error.

A filter, as a rule, is kept in the basement, and although regularly supplied with water, at any rate when the family are at home, is seldom or never cleaned. Recent researches unfortunately show that, whether it be cleaned periodically or not, it is no absolute safeguard, for it has been clearly proved that all ordinary filters, after a day or two, largely increase impurities in the They are, indeed, germ manufactories; and water comparatively free from germs obtains innumerable organisms when passing through an or-The idea of dinary or neglected filter. straining off impurities by charcoal and other powders is good enough if the water to be filtered contain any impurities coarse enough not to escape; but we may be thankful that all the water supplied to our houses has been already filtered with more thoroughness than we can do it at home. All filters are, therefore, to be banished from the house rather than so used as to accumulate and distribute germs.

There are perfect filters, the use of one of which has decreased the number of cases of typhoid-fever in the French army over 60 per cent., and which absolutely strains off all germs. In these filters the water has to force its way through the microscopic pores of unglazed porcelain, or fossil clay, which

are small enough to strain off the minutest organism. Even these filters have to be placed in boiling water every other day to keep them in perfect order; but this entails very little trouble.

With regard to aerated waters, we must always remember there is no absolute safety in drinking them if they are artificially made. Natural effervescing waters, bottled at the spring, are presumably quite safe. We mention this because so many travelling abroad, and distrusting the water of Continental hotels and restaurants, take refuge in syphons, which may be quite as dangerous.

The great advantages of beverages that can only be made with boiling

water are obvious.

The two principal diseases conveyed by water are typhoid fever and cholera. Nearly every outbreak of typhoid fever has been traced to impure water. If nothing but boiled water were drunk by the community, it would do more to stamp out typhoid fever than any other means that can be conceived. Of course in this we include the water so frequently found mixed with milk. If we are to drink, therefore, nothing but boiled water, it means we must boil all our milk as well.

There can be no doubt that the extent to which typhoid fever still prevails in this country is a disgrace to us, for it is not only a preventible disease, but one without any redeeming quality. It kills people quietly, in large numbers, without any sensation; therefore it is no good as a preventive, for people are not as afraid of it as they should be.

Cholera differs from this toto cælo. It is undoubtedly our best sanitary inspector. Most of the drastic reforms that have been carried out in sanitation throughout Europe have been suggested by Inspector Cholera. This disease is still a terror; and so long as it continues so, it is difficult to say whether it destroys or saves the most lives. All our ports have been put in drawing room order, under the orders of this Inspector.

Cholera is undoubtedly a water-borne disease. The classical case that inaugurated the epidemic of 1866 is well known. A man in Southampton trav-

elled up to town, and took lodgings in a house in the northeast of London, near the Lea. He there had a mild attack of cholera, with the result that the water of the river was contaminat-The water company that derived. its supply from this polluted stream unfortunately happened at the time to have its filtering-beds out of order for twenty-four hours, with the result that the cholera germs were distributed widely enough to cause the deaths of 16,000 people. Of course if the 16,000 had boiled their water they might have escaped. It does not matter where we go, whether to India, Mecca, Hamburg — where the last outbreak left its plainly written lesson—or Marseilles, we find

in every case the epidemic is caused and spread by drinking dirty water.

The river at Marseilles received its cholera germs in a remarkable way. Twenty corn mills discharged their refuse into it, the corn coming from Russia and India, where it had been trodden out and handled in cholera-stricken districts. The condition of the Holy Well at Mecca is wholly indescribable in these pages.

Perhaps, indeed, we have said too much already; and yet, it is not too much if it leads every reader henceforth to forswear unboiled water, unless derived from a known and perfectly pure source.—Leisure Hour.

### THE STREAM'S SECRET.

#### BY MAXWELL GRAY.

O water, thou that wanderest whispering, Thou keep'st thy counsel to the last.

DEEP in the pleasant green heart of the pleasant Isle of Wight a little brook flows under a small footbridge in a narrow sequestered lane. Its first spring is scarce a mile thence, at the foot of yonder downs that bound the still green vale dotted with elms and farmsteads, through which my stream flows very straight and still and dark, scarcely stirring the water-plants that border it, and scarcely wide enough to separate the cattle that browse on either side of it. Standing on the bridge, one sees it stealing along all its length; so small yet so strong, so inevitable; so apparently abiding and steadfast, yet Gently so full of movement and life. and softly as an infant's breath it comes, yet so persistently; no power on earth can turn its onward course; it may be dammed, diverted, tapped, embanked, carried here, carried there, but not turned back; it is the quiet pulse of that valley's life and as constant as the flow through a live creature's heart. It flows forever by an immutable decree; it is young and fresh and childlike, and yet so very, very old; not indeed quite as old as the hills, just a little younger than

those sweet gray-green downs crested with pines that shed its waters from their flanks. Not even frost stills this little, wilful, persistent brook, the iron touch that sometimes strikes Windermere to stone and binds great rivers in adamantine plate, spares the quiet flow of my little brook, and only adorns its edges with bright jewel-work of diamond and silver. It scarcely ever overflows, though rumors occasionally hint that the lane is under water. hears them with incredulity, waits a day or two, and finds the little voice in the wilderness saying the same thing to the silence and wearing the same face as before, though the lane has gathered mud. Half a furlong distant, at the roots of some elms, is a spring, whence rises a small sister brook, which, spreading across this same lane in the careless, casual manner that is one of the charms of my little brook, is spanned by another footbridge, and thence, darting behind the hedge, runs laughing along among thick-matted cress and iris, till it is caught at right angles and blended with the first brook. Just at their blending in the meadow, the united streams spread across this wide bit of lane, unchecked by the stout rail-fence that keeps the cattle in, and, narrowing under the footbridge, flow on beneath a thick pleaching of golden willow boughs to the river and sea, the latter only six miles away.

And here begins its richest song, here on the stones beneath the bridge, beneath the shadow of willow boughs, a soft golden warble, infinitely soothing and restful to tired brains and weary hearts. What does it say in its low, liquid voice, always changing yet ever the same, sliding from tone to tone, eluding the ear and passing into silence, but quickly recapturing its ancient note and beginning all over again and again, till the senses are hypnotized with pleasant sound and the charm of Lethe steeps the brain in peace? always warbling, summer and winter, night and day, and always telling the same mysterious tale; you cannot turn away from it, because of the promise in those elusive notes, ever beginning and threatening to reveal the secret it always keeps. The dawn hears it, looking down upon its dimpled face, mystery looking upon mystery, each unsolved; the mysterious dawn, cold and silver-gray, above the dark, warm shoulder of gray-castled hill; the violet dawn, staining the blue zenith, blushing to rose and crimson shot with gold, and laying soft bars of bloom above the east; the first long sunbeams tipping the western downs and gilding their pines, hears the brook's joyous, petulant warble through the silence of winter and now the melodies of spring. Birds sing and pause, and sing again, in many a varied capricious strain, but the brook warbles on, telling the same half-told tale again and again. That is part of its charm. Wake at any hour of night, and be sure the clear golden voice is singing beneath moon, or stars, or the dark vault of night, even though great rains may be rushing along the valley, or strong winds roaring and bending the woods before them, white snowstorms whirling or silver rime-flakes softly settling upon every blade of sedge and every stem of willow and hedgerow. The golden voice warbles on, untroubled by change, always charged with mysterious mean-

ing, laden with the Sphinx-riddle none can solve. "Men may come and men may go," said Tennyson's nameless stream, "But I go on forever." And that is all the brook had to tell him, beyond describing its external self.

Empires and creeds come and go, hopes and fears, strifes and joys pass by in spring bloom and summer verdure, winter storm and autumn glory, without abstracting one tone from that gentle undersong upon the pebbles. Blood may stain the clear wave, but not still Blood has stained it, the soft warble. and much sorrow has looked upon it. Yet its course is brief; not "by twenty thorps, a little town, and half a hundred bridges," but merely along the vale at the foot of the castled slope, by a cottage weathered into splendor of purple and gold, where it expands to a pond by the crimson-stemmed withy bed, and where little moor-hens dart from the sedge, with their peculiar sharp, wild cry, across its breast, and swans brood upon their own reflected beauty, and great yellow globe flowers mirror themselves in spring. Half a furlong further on, entering the village, it turns a mill-wheel, and again flowing out over a lane by a bridge below the gray church tower that has been looking at it for nearly five hundred years, meets a spring, diamond clear, unfailing in any drought, unfrozen in any frost. And now there is sorrow in store for my stream; for, having undertaken the service of man, it shares his defilement and degradation as it flows by the thick-housed village sloping to its brink and crossing it. Here is another pond, with floating swans, garden banks, and thick-leaved trees; and here my little stream, grown grave, forgets to sing, and consents to send its vital waters, imprisoned in pipes and wells, to sustain some twelve thousand people, though it is still but half a mile from the willow-edged footbridge where its song was so rich and soft.

Having fulfilled this serious duty, it resumes its joyous warble as it dances out under another wooden footbridge into a lane, receiving another spring, and thence along the side of the high road where horses and cattle pause gladly to drink its bright vitality, and whence it plunges beneath the road,

through pardens and meadows, by another osier bed, golden this time, to a mill-dam overgrown with sedge, the haunt of swans and moor-hens. Through meadows again, to another mill-dam, overshadowed by elms and lofty willows, under which it glides with a deep, slow, majestic current, dark and clear. Blue masses of forgetme-not border it on one side, where sheep browse and cattle feed, on the other is a public footpath and few flow-This mill turned, with a slower and graver motion and scarce-heard murmur, the stream passes under thick orchard boughs, and circles a small town from west of south to a little east of north, turning three more mills as it goes, and being still scarcely three miles from its first spring. Silent as Lethe, dark almost as Styx, my stream now bears vessels on its breast to black wharves and high warehouses bordering it, and at the town quay meets and marries the Medina, an equal stream, which rose some eleven miles to the south, turned mills, flowed through meadows, and grew dark, and deep, and silent by the town wharves and stores, and yet had a less eventful history than its shorter-lived consort. The salt tide-wave here brings the married stream tidings of the sea, and helps it bear away the impurity of the town and carry the shipping to and fro, sadly at first, then more sadly, by a foul factory poisoning a sweet country for miles; and then joyously between sloping meadows and corn-fields, and more joyously by village spire and palace tower till, only five miles from the town where it met and married the Medina, my tiny stream floats majestic warships, and the finest pleasure fleet in the world, and, beneath the teeth of armored forts, passes to the "Infinite main," in which it loses itself, as Kingsley's stream told him, "like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again." But it has not disclosed its secret.

On the chalky downs on either side of the valley of its birth, there are grassy barrows, tombs of forgotten warriors of an extinct or outdriven race. These slain heard the sweet small voice in their day; Druids uttered weird incantations over its dimpling face, while it continued its pleasant warble untroubled. The Italian soldiers, who overcame those primitive Celts, saw their helmed heads and armored bodies in its bright waters; they built part of vonder ruined castle; the remains of one of their villas, its floors of Roman mosaic, can still be seen on its brink. My little stream supplied the cups and baths of these civilized Southern people, but I fancy it kept its counsel under the gaze of their dark eyes. They named Pan Down and Mons Jovis (now Mount Joy), they were steeped in Greek myth; the little brook may have recalled Hylas and Narcissus, the hapless Arethusa, and the pursuing Alphæus to their minds, with Syriux and the baffled Pan. Perhaps the Jutes, who came after them, fitted their Germanic nature-myths to it, and Christian converts of both races may have been baptized in its waters. Wihtgar, who built and named the castle, the Wihtgarsburg, saw it and drank of it, perchance divined some of the mystery of its voice in the vale. brave FitzOsborne, who built the church and enlarged the castle in the days of William the Norman, heard its pleasant song. Doubtless he, and the Jutes who came before him, reddened the water with human blood.

Many tongues have been spoken and strange gods worshipped by the side of my little brook; it saw all the pageant of the Middle Age pass it and fade down the centuries; to all those races and epochs it sang the same pleasant mystic song and ministered to similar necessities. When "bluff King Harry broke into the spence," and the Priory, still traceable by the church, was ruined, when Elizabeth built the newest gateway to the castle, when Charles pined behind its bars and looked out over the valley, hearing the brook's song in the night stillness, and when the French harried the islanders, burned their towns, and were ambushed and slain by them, its lulling song was still the same, and will be the same when we, too, are dust. Yet the little dear brook is so young and so fresh in its fair perpetual infancy.

Of all brooks that laugh through the world, I surely love this little singing thing at the Clatter ford best, though

many a brighter and better may be. Better even than that which "bickered down a valley," telling Tennyson so garrulously and charmingly and exactly of its doings and seemings without letting a hint of its inner self escape; better than Milton's "haunted stream" that so wrought on the fancies of young dreaming poets, or any of Shakespeare's, or that clear and cool river that told Kingsley its history, or Coleridge's hidden brook, which "to the sleeping woods all night, singeth a quiet tune."

Yet there is a brook more fascinating to me than this or any of these, the "sad little brook" that flowed through the secluded dell in the primeval Amercan forest, where Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne met for the one brief hour of sunshine, that gladdened the morbid agony of their ruined lives. This sylvan brook, "in that wild heathen nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law or illumined by higher truth," is to my taste the most refreshing and beautiful, if not in literature yet surely in fiction. So bright, so restful, so soothing is that forest scene in contrast to the else intolerable agony and strain of what precedes and follows in that grand and gloomy ro-This little stream would not mance. be comforted (by the singing child;) it "still kept telling its unintelligible secret of some very mournful mystery that had happened—or making a prophetic lamentation about something that was yet to happen—within the verge of the dismal forest." In the rapture and relief of giving up the lifelong struggle and parting with the symbol of an over-long and over-hard penance, "the course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy." This is the pathetic fallacy pushed to its utmost limit, and the greatest imaginable contrast with that musical brook that

winds about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

Yet Tennyson too, sometimes, but chiefly in youth, falls into the pathetic fallacy, in spite of himself; for of reasoned purpose, and on the whole, he is not subject to it and distinctly repudi-

ates it, as in Break, Break. The mysterious and sorrow-laden brook, that in the heart of the great black "heathen" forest, reflects the child, happy in glowing sunlight, or angry in shadow, and parts her in her innocence from her guilty parents, until the Scarlet Letter, the sign of penance, is resumed, can never be forgotten, its charm and significance invite the imagination to return to it and to dwell and dream by it again and again. But the momentary brightness fades as Hester and Pearl fade into the forest twilight. "The dell was to be left in solitude among its dark old trees, which, with their multitudinous tongues, would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the mystery with which its little heart was already over-burdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore."

The pathetic fallacy doubtless is a fallacy, but never was it more delightful or more convincing than in this fascinating forest scene, in which the water, the trees, the plants, and animals, the lights and shadows, all are moved from their own proper interests to take part in the human drama, of which they are the intensely sympathetic spectators. But there is infinitely more than the pathetic fallacy in the wild and deeply poetic nature, so magically touched by the hand of a great master of imaginative and spiritual art, and so splendidly interwoven with hu-There is a deep unman interest. avowed feeling of the demonic force of Nature, that indescribable sense of a living, breathing spirit permeating Nature, both as a whole and in parts, which constitutes the strongest charm and most irresistible magic of natural forces, scenes, and organisms, and which brings the human spirit into communion with another vaster and purer spirit, or host of spirits, of dark speech and mysteriously ennobling utterance. It is not pantheism, but is pantheistic, inasmuch as the divine spirit can speak through gnomic nature as through the lips of a prophet; Hawthorne even goes so far as to talk

of "illumining" the nature of the "heathen" forest by "higher truth," an extravagance which shows how intense is his half-conscious conviction of the demonic force, or spirituality of nature. His epithet "heathen" is a-to Wordsworthians - blasphemy against Nature, which may be traced from the Manicheeism and devil-worship, inseparable from the dark and dreadful creed of his Puritan forerunners. Whether most Celtic, Teutonic, or Scandinavian in its remotest origin, it were too long here to discuss; it is certainly neither Latin nor Gallic, i.e., Latinized Celtic; probably not Greek: Greek nature personification is precise and clear-cut, while this derives its chief grandeur from its vagueness. But whatever else it may be, it is undoubtedly modern in its fullest devel-Not the sensuous or æsthetic charm of Nature, but its super-sensuous or ethic charm, is its distinctive note; not the most beautiful, but the most suggestive and impressive, aspects of Nature, are valued by this school, or rather church. It is at the root of mountain worship, a worship not so modern as is commonly supposed—for Dante knelt at this shrine, using another ritual than the modern. Shakespeare hints at the fellow creature in Nature: Milton has some inkling of it; Collins breathes it; but it flowers fully only in the poets of the present century. Even French poetry (of the romantic school) is touched by it; Lacaussade feels it supremely in l'Heure de midi, Paysage, and elsewhere; Leconte de Lisle has it in his Sommeil du condor, too long to cite, also Alfred de Vigny in le Cor:

Et la cascade unit dans une chute immense Son éternelle plainte au chant de la romance :—

mountain waters speaking the same tongue as Hawthorne's forest brook. The Germans have it less than the English; Heine, that singular and unclassable spirit, has it markedly in the incomparable Die Lotosblume and Ein Fichtenbaum. His Prinzessin Ilse, like Lörelei, and like, in some degree, Shakespeare's fairies, is a modification of it, with some return to the primitive Germanic nature myths, such as Yggdrasil and the mystic river or ser-

pent beneath it that girdles the world, such as those gnomes and local water and wood spirits, so like, yet so unlike their Greek kindred, Naiads, Dryads, Fauns, Satyrs, and Nereids. These Greek beings are sympathetic to Shelley's genius and that of Keats, though adopted and developed so differently and characteristically by those two poets. The greatest demonic Nature poets, except Wordsworth-whose imagination is purely receptive and who is probably excepted because of his lack of creative power—are successful with these beings. Matthew Arnold, steeped in demonic Nature-lore, created a fresh and lovely variety in the exquisite, Forsaken Merman. His far greater contemporary, Tennyson, has some seafairies, but they are lifeless and uninteresting. Coleridge has neither fairies nor Greek nature spirits, such as Shelley's Oceanides, and Keats' nature deities, nymphs and Lamias; the spirit "who bideth by himself, in the land of mist and snow," and the two embodied Voices, are original creations, beautiful and spiritual, though scarcely more beautiful, more spiritual, and more vital in their charm than the demonic unembodied Nature in the Ancient Mariner. Such, for instance, as "Still as a slave before his lord, the ocean hath no blast," and the exquisite simplicity of

> The moving moon went up the sky, And nowhere did abide, Softly she was going up And a star or too beside.

That moon, whose "beams bemocked the sultry main," one feels, one scarcely knows how, has a great deal to tell. like Hawthorne's forest brook and Kingsley's stream, so much the more that it has a reticence wanting in the last too explicit current. The Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni is saturated with demonic force, e.g.: "Ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad." So, too, are other Sibylline Leaves, as Dejection and the fragmentary Hymn to the Yet Coleridge's Nature is not Earth. always accurate, as Tennyson's is. This super-sensuous feeling for Nature, though often called Wordsworthian, is no more peculiar to Wordsworth than Zolaism is to Zola; nay, Wordsworth is neither its founder nor its

greatest exponent. Shelley is surely the high priest of that cult; mortal never penetrated so deeply into Nature's mysterious inner sanctuaries as Wordsworth is too much given to extract sermons from stones and books from running brooks, to catch the voice of the oracles, and except in those rare moods when he forgets himself, as a "consecrated spirit" set apart to be the sole authentic interpreter of Nature's mysteries, he is an exceptionally prosaic writer. And this not only in his moral and didactic metrical disquisitions, but in his purely Nature processes. "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, With rocks, and stones, and trees," is a bald statement of what occurs literally, though not perceptibly, even to the most exact scientific observer, and spiritually, poetically, and esthetically, occurs not at all. It is as false in poetic art as the representation of four sides of a house at once would be in pictorial art. Besides, it suggests the horrible interpretation of the corpse being mixed up and tumbled about with rocks and stones. Nor is his touch always either true or beautiful, or even literal; when, for instance, he applies such an epithet as "mighty" to the innumerable wild-flowers that follow the small celandine. "Heralds of a mighty host," is cruelly jarring when applied to beings so ethereally delicate and evanescent as flowers, especially wildings; mighty implies size as well as strength, while host, though strictly defining a multitude, suggests, if it does not imply, militant numbers and certainly means powerful numbers. Tennyson could not have said anything so infelicitous, or even Byron, while Shelley and Keats, Matthew Arnold and Browning would have been revolted by it. How different from "Ground flowers in flocks," in the sonnet of Mother Fancy, and those

Winds that will be howling at all hours And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers!

Nowhere does Wordsworth's sense of the super sensuous in Nature appear more beautifully and clearly than in the sonnet. An Evening Thought, beginning with the unmeaning conventional line:—

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free :-

and then, as if the image called up by the mere bald transcription of the words "beauteous evening" thrilled and inspired him to momentary selfforgetfulness, follows:—

The holy time is quiet as a nun Breathless with adoration; the broad sun Is sinking down in its tranquillity; The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea: Listen! the mighty Being is awake And doth with his eternal motion make A sound like thunder—

the pleonastic but harmonious "everlastingly." closes the octave, which is succeeded by a sextet that seems scarcely to have any rational sequence on its precedent, unless indeed it be one of those cryptic Wordsworthisms that are to all but the initiated "a yellow prim-Nowhere, unless it be in the very lovely Three Years She Grew. In these poems, the devout appreciation of the super-sensuous vitality of Nature is both lofty and noble in expression, as pellucid and refreshing as a mountain brook flowing over a pebbly bed. But even this, admirable as it is, cannot stir and exalt like Shelley's impassioned plunge into the very soul of Nature in "O wild West wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!" Such lines as "If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear," etc.; "Make me thy lyre even as the forest is":-

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world:—

are to the cold and lofty contemplative bard's An Evening Thought and Three Years She Grew, as a psalm to a sermon, as a clarion blast to a shepherd's The passionless, unemotional Wordsworth reveres Nature from afar, the impassioned Shelley adores her in a communion so close and intimate as to absorb the adorer, and blend and extinguish him in the adored. this passion in any degree febrile or spasmodic; it is always present, if not at its highest pitch, yet latent, pervading every allusion to the things of Nature and supplying an undercurrent to the things of man, while the contemplative reverence of the colder poet is often conspicuously absent, and the primrose, far from being nothing more

than a vellow primrose, to him is even less. In poetry so steeped in ethereal Nature-passion as Shelley's, it is not easy to find one passage in which it is eminently conspicuous, yet the tiny poem The Whisper of the Apennine, the richly sensuous, yet subtly supersensuous Cloud, the Skylark, the Ode to the West Wind, and many passages in Prometheus Unbound, spring to the memory, while the opening line of Alustor, "Earth, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood," seems to be a Shelleyan confession of faith, paralleled by Byron's stanzas in Childe Harold, faintly, as in, "To sit on rocks, to muse on flood and fell," fully, in the magnificent sequence on Lake Leman (written during his intercourse with Shelley) beginning at "It is the hush of Night," and culminating in XC, "Then stirs the feeling infinite." Rossetti's parallel confession is the beautiful and pregnant Sea-Limits, too perfectly finished to be quoted, except as a whole. exact parallel to the sonnet "The holy time is quiet as a nun," occurs in LXXXIX of Childe Harold:—

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most:

And, silent as we stand in thoughts too deep. Another parallel to this may here be

supplied from Browning's By the Fire-side:—

The silence grows
To that degree, you half believe
It must get rid of what it knows,
Its bosom does so heave.

Shelley's passion in the West Wind is paralleled by that of the renowned storm stanzas that follow XC, where it is invested in a splendor passing that of Shelley, who excels Byron, as it may be that he excels all other poets, in ethereal charm and a sort of fiery purity:—

I would be A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, A portion of the tempest and of thee.

Neither Wordsworth nor Tennyson has this yearning for communion so close. Keats has it, in his Nightingale Ode especially, and Matthew Arnold has it, and Charles Kingsley in some degree in his North-East Wind. Rossetti and Browning show many traces of it. One

feels that it is latent in them, but the opportune moment and the impulse fail to coincide and bring it forth.

There is inspiration in the very name of Byron, the splendor of whose intellectual and poetic endowment so far exceeds that of any other poet of the century, unless it be Keats—the cruel brevity of whose days makes it difficult to judge how magnificent the manhood following such an adolescence might have been—Byron was so great that if he had been cut up a kingdom might almost have been peopled with his fragments, and that kingdom fairly supplied with poets. It was unfortunate for English poetry that he seldom rose to such heights as in these quoted lines; while Shelley, with a more slender intellectual endowment, but of a nature more pure, guileless, and morally beautiful than ever dwelt in mortal man, remains for us of this time, at least, the arch-priest of Nature mysteries.

Keats, even in the small resultsmall, that is, for a genius so rich that his brief life permitted, is so various, so full of human interest, so picturesque and sensuous, so impassioned, that his spiritual significance, especially in relation to Nature, runs the risk of being overlooked. But it is there, and beautifully there. The immortal Grasshopper is no mere casual insect, but a Voice of Nature: with the Cricket a part of the poetry of earth that never ceases: in contrast with the charming and musical Tennysonian brook which chatters, babbles, and does everything that is sensuously true and delightful, but has no spiritual utterance and no relation to Nature as a whole, nor any consciousness of spirit underlying things manifest to sense. Other great Nature-poets more or less lapse at times from the super-sensuous, but Tennyson scarcely ever, and then only in a faint and far-off way reaches In the wild swan's death hymn, which "took the soul of that waste place with joy," there is a distinct touch, but somehow it is not convincing; it does not go home; it is like a high note faintly and hardly reached. The late-born Voice and Peak is actual There are gnomic tendencies falsetto. in Claribel and in the very beautiful and unique Lady of Shalott, where the

"the breezes dusk and shiver," and the broad stream in his banks" is "complaining," but these are early poems when the characteristic notes of the singer were still being developed. Tennyson, though once he vainly asked the

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,

to say "where the senses mix," knew no bird like Keats' Nightingale. Mortal poet never heard the like, its voice "found a path Thro' the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn;" Emperor and clown heard it of old, and it often hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

This "immortal bird" almost passes the Snelleyan skylark, the "blithe spirit," that was never a bird. Each belongs to the poetry of earth that never dies, and each is something more. How crude and awkward, and almost comic, is "Up with me, up with me, into the cloud," beside these immortal voices! and how far beneath them even that Ethereal Minstrel, Pilgrim of the Sky, which was to Wordsworth not a Nature-voice, but a mortal lark, a "type of the wise who soar!" His cuckoo:—

No bird: but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery:—

is, indeed, a Nature-voice, but too baldly, flatly presented to charm. Matthew Arnold's Philomela, though heard on the banks of the Thames, is related to the Keatsian Nightingale; she is a Nature-voice to a Greek ear; "Eternal passion, Eternal pain," is in Tennyson's birds, even his her song. superb eagle, "ringed with the azure world," are individuals, or they stand for their genus; they are exquisitely painted, minutely observed, and absolutely true, but they have no vital connection with Nature as a whole, and are seen from without. His "Talking Oak" is a beautiful tree, suggestive of others renowned in song and story, but suggestive of nothing more; its voice, though pleasant and entertaining, is not a Nature-voice, its talk is of things human; the poet, in the person of the

lover, far from assuming the reverent attitude of the Nature-worshipper, distinctly snubs it, contemptuously bidding it "adjust" its "vapid vegetable loves with anthers and with dust; at best he patronizes the "babbling," worldly-minded tree, even when promising to honor it in prose and rhyme.

The pathetic fallacy soon fades from the poetry of Tennyson. Nature is often brought in as a foil to human emotion: as in *Break*, *Break*; and in

Nightingales warbled without; Within was weeping for thee;

and all through In Memoriam. summer winds about them blowing." in the very lovely Lord of Burleigh, have nothing in common with the freshly-wedded lovers: they only "made a murmur in the land," which was, indeed, the most delightful thing they could do. The scenery of Enoch Arden's " heauteous hateful isle" was used in direct contrast with the misery of the shipwrecked solitary, but the pathetic fallacy creeps in again on his home-coming. When the pair, in Locksley Hall, on the moorlands. heard "the copses ring," it was "her whisper" that "thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring." The nearest approach to sympathy with Nature throughout In Memoriam closes that beautiful description of spring, too long to quote:-

And in my breast
Spring wakens, too, and my regret
Is like an April violet
And buds and blossoms with the rest,

His Maud is tinged with the pathetic fallacy, strongly at the beginning, more faintly toward the end. On the whole, Nature in not to Tennyson a fellow creature instinct with spiritual life, but a background or foil for human emotion, or a series of scenery for the human drama, a yellow primrose, and nothing more. The Brook, full of sensuous life though it be in its explicit self-portraiture, is thought to need a human foreground to justify its existence; but the thin and vapid humanity sandwiched between its little speeches has no real relation to it, nor more vital sympathy with it than one has with one's chimney-pots or frontdoorstep. Tennyson appreciates Nature, and that chiefly in minute and marvellously accurate detail; he scarcely loves her, but he likes her exceedingly. As a whole, she seldom, and then only baldly and coldly, enters his verse. Only on pausing to reflect does one discover that he is not the prince of Nature-love poets, so deeply is his poetry colored and so lavishly adorned by natural images. He stands apart from Nature in the haughty posture of a conscious superior; he analyzes her a little too closely, and she resents it; on those rare occasions when he condescends to question her, he wants to know a little too much. He catechises rather than implores; his catechising is abrupt, scarcely polite. Nature refuses to answer, and he is piqued. Nor is he by any means at his best on these occasions. "Flower in the crannied wall," is not up to the average Tennysonian level-not musical, not finished. The flower as a flower has little interest for him, but, he says, if he could understand it, "root and all"—a singularly crude way of putting it-"I should know what God and man is." Kingsley's I Cannot Tell What You Say, Green Leaves, reaches a higher level; yet Kingsley is not a poet, only a fine intellect with a poetic turn. On this, as on other subjects, Tennyson's mind is not at unity with itself, to use his own phrase. seems to have weighed Nature and found her wanting, to have begun with some inkling of the supersensuous, and to have lost it. In In Memoriam he finds her "so careful of the type," so reckless of the individual, as to yield no basis for his creed that "somehow good must be the final goal of ill." He finds her "red in tooth and claw with ravine," and asks sadly, "Are God and Nature, then, at strife?" In The Sailor Boy, and occasionally elsewhere, Nature is a hostile, but not gnomic, force. He often recurs to a pantheism that his logic continually condemns. In the pathetic picture of his faltering up the world's great altarsteps, he faintly grasps the larger hope in spite of Nature. In the Higher Pantheism he tries to force himself against his reason to a foregone conclusion.

The sun, the moon, the stars; the seas, the hills, and the plains,

Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

he asks, proceeding to formulate his creed, or suggestion for a creed: as if from that granted premise, though really premise and conclusion stand in no relation to each other, and the poem would be almost as good, and would certainly be more logical, if that first stanza, the only reference to Nature except "Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb"—which reduces natural phenomena to the lowest denomination, inert matter—were omitted.

More than any poet Tennyson has brought the sea into poetry: it is always murmuring, roaring, or foaming in a sort of undersong or burden—now with "azure bloom," now "leadencolored," with "low moan," or with "ridges roaring into cataracts." seas are beautiful and true, but they show no consciousness of Wordsworth's "mighty Being," which "is awake;" of Shelley's "unpastured deep, hungering for calm;" of Byron's famous dark blue ocean, which he loved, and, as a boy, made it his "joy upon thy breast to be;" of Rossetti's breathing sea on which "the sky leans dumb, "aweary with all its wings," while it sings a song "that is dark everlasting-In truth, Tennyson never wandered where

All wan with traversing the night, Upon the desolate verge of light, Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea,

as Rossetti did. Yet Rossetti, steeped in gnomic force, is not usually accounted a Nature poet. Yet we are grateful for the exceeding beauty and accuracy of Tennyson's seas of exoteric charm. How true is the "wrinkled sea" that "crawls" far down beneath the eagle on the cliff! So faithful to reality are his Nature touches that if one gathered a flower with two cups and Tennyson said it had three one would believe Tennyson, and conclude that Nature had forgotten herself. His landscapes are unique. One even finds more of Lakeland magic in the weird scene of King Arthur's passing, and in Blow, Bugle, than in Wordsworth, whose swan, which

> on still St. Mary's lake Floats double, swan and shadow,

differs not at all from any swan on any But it is in Wordsworth's mill-dam. rare best moods, in Shelley, Keats, Browning, and Rossetti that one chiefly finds Nature magic, the light that never was on sea or land.

Do we quarrel with the grape because it lacks the velvet cheek of the peach, or with the fig because it yields no juice for the wine-vat? Not at all. universe is wide, the heart of man wider; we may travel far and far in the "realms of gold, that bards in fealty to Apollo hold," and travel very pleasantly, finding various cheer in every hostelry, and all in a measure good.

But my own little brook, which sent us so far in quest of fairy gold, has kept up its perpetual pleasant warble all this time; through this long sweet spring day the "netted sunbeam," that one might never have seen but for the musical Tennysonian stream, has danced on its sandy shallows; larks, I know, are singing above it; perchance, a swallow is skimming its surface; pleached willow boughs shed a tender gloom upon it; the lady's smock, here the milkmaid, spreads silver sheets in the meadow by the footbridge, and golden-globed ranunculus is doubled in

its wave by the sedge where the moorhens nest. It is not darkly mystic, nor deep, nor gloomy as the whispering stream that refused its secret to Rossetti, when he would fain have extracted tidings of a loved mortal from it. Nor has it the majesty and mystery, or the fascination of that soulful brook in the great wild heathen forest, which blended itself so intimately with the sorrow and sin of her who wore the Scarlet Letter, but it has kinship with Kingsley's penitent river. It cannot "wind about and in and out" or do half the things reported by the Tennysonian brook, still it achieves a greater and more beneficent purpose than that of joining a river in its exceptionally brief career. Keats may, and Tennyson must, have looked upon it, though perhaps not at this its most songful place by the Clatter ford. Wordsworth might have seen it, but certainly did not, when he thought of the "beauty born of murmuring sound" that should pass into the face of Nature's lady. Perhaps it still remembers those ancient Celts who made the earliest fortress where the ruined keep of Carisbrooke now stands, and the traces of whose village are on the opposite downs by the harrows of their dead. perhaps it told more of its inner life to those remote forgotten folk than it has ever cared to speak of since.—New Re-

## THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY E. M. S.

THE subject is one which must offer considerable difficulties at the present day, when not even the most orthodox of Protestant parents can altogether escape the influence of the "theological thaw," as Mr. Herbert Spencer styles it, which is going on all around us, and even in the regions of those dogmas of religion which were once held to be ice-bound in their sanctity.

The expression, Protestant parents, is used advisedly, because many of the difficulties which arise in connection with the religious education of the young are such as can have no place in

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the system authorized by the Church of Rome. Within the sacred precincts of that Church stands the solid rock of dogma, fixed and unalterable. The storm of scientific denunciation, the floods of historical research, may surge around it and beat upon it, but they do not so much as shake it; and when we think of the numbers of souls to whom it affords spiritual refuge and comfort, we can scarcely wish that they should shake it. The dwellers within that sheltered enclosure escape many of the religious problems which confront those who are outside its pale,

and foremost among these must be placed the problems arising from the insecurity of the dogmas of religion. Whatever, then, may be the difficulties of Roman Catholic parents in the religious instruction of their children, they are not brought face to face with the grave question, "How much religion am I justified in teaching my child?"

From the position of the Roman Catholic parent to that of the Agnostic parent there is a long road of thought to travel. The greater part of what follows here applies mostly to the position of those who have left the paths of orthodoxy, but some of its principles may be found to have a more general application, and may, perhaps, be discussed independently of the beliefs, or want of beliefs, of parents. A few words must, however, be said as to the special position of Agnostic parents. It might be thought that the best course for them to take would be to ignore religion altogether in the education of their children, and simply turn their backs upon it. But they will probably find this course is one impossible for them to pursue, except in the earliest years of a child's life. ligion is with us here and now, and has got to be accounted for somehow. On all sides religious institutions, and the ideas that have led to them, abound, and is it likely that children, with their quick powers of observation and reflection, will continue to be blind and deaf to these things? Sooner or later some explanation must be provided for them; we may defer it, we cannot put it off altogether.

Another thing to which Agnostic parents cannot shut their eyes is the congenital religious instinct in their children. This instinct is almost sure to respond to some of the influences with which it comes into contact, and the parent, Agnostic or otherwise, who is solicitous for the child's welfare, will not wish to stifle it, but to train it wholesomely, and allow it free development. No religious sentiment is of deep or lasting value unless it be the result of personal conviction. Agnostic parent need not therefore take it for granted that the child must of necessity embrace the parental Agnosticism. That Agnosticism, if worth anything, is worth what it is because it has been personally acquired. Let the parent, then, lead the child toward love of sincerity and hatred of shams in religion, and let his training be such as will enable him to form religious convictions for himself. The position of those parents who look with contempt upon religion does not come within the scope of this paper.

In his well-known little book on Education, Mr. Herbert Spencer refers to Pestalozzi's doctrine that "alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution," and he proceeds to specify the principles which this system of education involves. Those of them most applicable to the subject in

hand are as follows:

 In education we should proceed from the simple to the complex.

- 2. The development of the mind, as all other developments, is an advance from the indefinite to the definite.
- 3. Our lessons ought to start from the concrete and end in the abstract.
- 4. In each branch of instruction we should proceed from the empirical to the rational.
- In education the process of selfdevelopment should be encouraged to the uttermost.

It will not be possible in a paper of moderate dimensions to apply these principles systematically to a scheme of religious education; indeed one of them, the last, has already found an application. But an attempt has been made to show, in the following pages, that these are in the main the lines on which not only the intellectual but the religious training of children should be What is pleaded for is conducted. that, however orthodox or unorthodox Protestant parents may be, the religious education of children should be conducted on the above rational basis.

A few points demand separate attention before proceeding to broader generalizations. The first is that theology should not be forced upon the child's

mind at a very early age. Even if the parent has avoided and discountenanced any regular religious instruction, it will probably be found that after the age of five years, or thereabouts, the child will have picked up some notions about religion from one source or another. These ideas will be very vague and indefinite, and in that respect do not form a beginning out of harmony with the natural development of the But when the time comes for the parent to take the subject in hand, it is desirable that it should be first approached from a practical standpoint, for it is only the moral side of religion which the childish intellect is fitted to appreciate. St. John's words, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" apply with double force to the religious sentiment of early. childhood, and the child should therefore be taught that religion for him consists mainly in feeling rightly and acting rightly toward those with whom he comes into daily contact; that it consists, in short, in right conduct.

A young child's mind is, indeed, quite unfitted to grapple with the spiritual and speculative side of religion, since this presupposes some power of forming abstract conceptions. "The genesis of knowledge in the individual must," writes Mr. Spencer, "follow the same course as the genesis of knowledge in the race." In accordance with this maxim we find that as in the childhood of the human race this power of abstract thought was undeveloped, so it is in the childhood of the individual. Hence a child's first idea of spiritual things, if these are presented to him in the phraseology usually employed for the purpose, is necessarily a false one, made so by his natural substitution of the concrete for the abstruct. fact often receives practical confirmation from the quaint notions children are found to have formed about religion; the absurdity of the questions to which these notions give rise is a frequent cause of amusement to their elders, but it none the less furnishes conclusive evidence of the confusion that prevails in many little minds. Premature instruction relating to the spiritual side of religion thus leads the child into errors which have to be corrected by subsequent experience, and the false ideas resulting from it form an undesirable starting-point in religious education.

Another point to be discussed in the religious education of the young is the use of forms. The usual way in which it commences is by the teaching of the forms of religion. It is by no means surprising that this should be the conventional method, since it is a very easy one, and well within the power of the most thoughtless and least spiritually-To take a young minded of adults. child to church every Sunday morning, to direct it to kneel for the prayers, stand up for the hymns, etc., and if it seem wearied with the business, to find for it a comfortable corner to slumber through the sermon; to teach it prayers to say morning and evening, grace to offer before and after meals, hymns to sing and texts to repeat—all this is quite plain-sailing, there is nothing problematic about it.

This method of inculcating piety in early childhood might be no less satisfactory than simple were it not for the fact that religious forms are in them-This has selves of doubtful value. never escaped the notice of the lovers of true religion. Isaiah's scathing denunciations of the forms of worship without their equivalent in good works, and many similar condemnations of them from the lips of Christ, are familiar to all readers of the Bible. The history of all the great religions shows that as time goes on, and the original teaching and high moral purposes of their founders become partly lost sight of, so their formal observances multiply, and much of their significance becomes drowned in ritual. But whatever may be thought of the value of religious forms in general, there can be no doubt that in the hands of young children they tend to produce "an appearance of understanding without the reality," and from this it follows that to begin their religious education by the teaching of forms is to begin it at the wrong end.

A method of teaching religion to the young which is far more likely to conduce to correctness of thought is to commence with simple Biblical instruc-

The history of the life of Christ can be related in language suitable to childish comprehension; and there are many incidents and ever welcome stories from either Old or New Testaments which, if carefully handled, may form little centre-points of instruction.\* The miraculous element plays such a conspicuous part in Bible narrative that it will be impossible to avoid it; but as this belongs to the superhuman side of religion it is well to treat it, to begin with, as one treats the marvels of fairyland; as something, that is, simply wonderful and not to be too deeply inquired into.

In harmony with the principle that "the development of the mind is an advance from the indefinite to the definite," we find that the next step in religious education may reasonably consist in a more systematic study of the Every one, or nearly every one, admits that the Bible has its defects; its low morality as well as its high morality; its interweaving of myth and legend with history, after the manner of ancient books, so that it is often difficult to disentangle the one from the other. All this makes the Bibleteaching of the young a matter which ought not to be taken in hand "lightly or unadvisedly."

It is no doubt of the first importance for teachers to be well primed with knowledge of the Bible from sources outside itself. Given this qualification, so long as the study is confined to Bible history, the task is a fairly easy one, and there are at hand abundant sources of information relating to matters of a non-controversial But when we come to concharacter. sider its moral and religious aspects the question becomes infinitely more complicated. Here we find ourselves, to a large extent, alone with the book itself, conflicting theories meet us at all turns, and much, if not all, depends

be written.

eral principle it is safe to assert that the attention of the young should be first directed to the high ideals of God to be found within its pages, and to any moral teaching which is in accordance with them. At a later period in religious education, the conceptions of Divine character to be met with in the New Testament and in the writings of the Hebrew prophets and poets, can be contrasted with those earlier and cruder notions which it is unadvisable to display before the mind of early childhood.

Grave difficulties must, however, be encountered by those parents or instructors who set out by telling the child that the Bible is the "Word of God," the term "God" being taken in the sense of the omnipotent and benevolent Creator and Sustainer of the universe. Before long, some of the moral discrepancies which abound in the Old Testament Scriptures are sure to be detected by the child's moral instinct. One is often hearing instances of this childish criticism of the Bible, and no doubt most parents have proofs of it in their own experience. "Mother," said a little girl recently, when hearing the story of the Plagues in Egypt, with its oft-recurring expression, "And God hardened Pharaoh's heart," "why does the Bible say that? God would not harden Pharaoh's heart; God would want to make him good!" No doubt some unfavorable criticism of the Old Testament springs from a too literal interpretation of the "figurative ideas and expressions" employed by its writers; but even when due allowance is made for this, there remains a great deal of low morality which cannot be explained away so easily. Another point that has been known to grate upon a child's idea of justice is the favoritism shown by the Deity toward the chosen nation, and the hard treatment received by the other nations with whom they come into contact. If, therefore, the orthodox mother does commence Biblical instruction by telling the child it is the "Word of God," she is likely to find herself in the horns of a dilemma, and may be obliged either to unsay what she has said, or, what is even worse, run the risk of confusing the child's natural sense of right and

<sup>\*</sup>The many books of Bible Stories, Bible History, etc., specially written for the use of young children, are unfortunately too theological in their aims to be of much practical assistance in this undertaking, though they may afford a general plan on which to go to work. The ideal Bible book for the young has yet to

wrong. By all means preserve that discrimination, even, if needs be, at

the Bible's expense.

Knowledge of the Bible naturally paves the way toward some acquaintance with those sacred books of other nations which claim, no less than the Bible, to be the product of divine inspiration, and some of which are still more ancient. In progressing thus we are still carrying out one of the above guiding principles of rational education, that—viz., of proceeding "from the simple to the complex . . . from the single to the combined in the teaching of each branch of knowledge." This leads to the consideration of another point, which is that in religious education care should be taken to ensure an appreciation of the value and significance of other religions besides Judaism and Christianity. As a rule, in teaching religion to the young, the end has been to impart knowledge of the Christian religion only, as if that comprised all religion worth serious consideration, the rest being but makebelieves, invented by the Father of Lies for the purpose of leading mankind astray from knowledge of the true God. In the first book of Paradise Lost, the fallen angels are described as wanting "new names,"

. . . . "'till wandering o'er the earth, Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities.
Then were they known to men by various names
And various idols through the heathen world."

The error of supposing that one, and only one, religion has been true throughout, from its earliest beginning down to its latest development, has become almost too self evident to need refutation. Already, in the study of the Bible, some of its more manifest imperfections will not have escaped observation, and much of the myth and legend recorded in it is little superior to that which gathers round other religions. There is nowadays an abundance of popular literature dealing with them; the average teacher has no diffi-

culty in gaining all the information Mr. Edward Clodd's two litwanted. tle books entitled, respectively, The Childhood of the World and The Childhood of Religions, are admirably fitted to convey to young minds that sense of proportion which is so often lacking in religious education. It is of course not necessary in preserving this sense of proportion to place all religions on the same footing, but some recognition of the importance of all the great religions into which the spiritual thought of humanity has crystallized itself, is necessary to the formation of right ideas about religion. A knowledge, often more full than advisable, of Greek mythology is already provided for in the school curriculum of boys.

It will be seen that the aim throughout the above method of teaching religion to the young is to ensure a correct grounding, and so to avoid filling the mind with erroneous habits of thought which will have to be set right by the fuller knowledge of later years. Let us commence with that side of religious knowledge which can be verified, and, instead of presenting doubtful dogmas to the child in the garb of accepted facts, let his mind be gradually opened to the fact that religion largely consists in seeking for knowledge of "the relation of the finite to the infinite," and that anything approaching to full knowledge of this relation lies beyond human reach.

It is, however, manifestly impossible to define any exact line of procedure. The problem how to teach religion to children is one that must to a large extent be solved by any individual parent who is venturesome enough to leave the beaten track of forms and dogmas. Take, for instance, the question of church attendance. The motives which lead to it are of the most varied description. Custom and convention have to a large extent rendered it part of the ordinary weekly routine. Some persons declare that their object in church-going is to "set a good example to other people;" others there are who undoubtedly regard it as an act of respectful homage to the Almighty, and as helping to secure for them divine favor. Others, again, say that they go to church "because of the children."

and it is indeed not infrequent for parents who have practically dropped church-going on their own account to resume the habit when their children attain the age at which it is considered suitable for them to attend a religious service.

To those who regard the matter in a more serious light, taking part in public worship probably implies two things. Firstly, belief in God as the presiding Deity, the moral and physical Governor of the universe; and, secondly, belief that it is possible for the spirit of man to hold intercourse with the spirit of his Creator. Such beliefs as these are, under one form or another, always implied by the devotional parts of a religious service, however free may be the principles of church membership, and however broad and vague the theology of the sermon. If parents do not share in them, it is a grave question how far they are justified in assuming this position by insisting on the duty of churchattendance for their children.

Then, again, the term God. Between the "ultimate cause" of scientific phraseology, and the Apostolic definition, "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," what a difference of conception there is, and how much room for many intermediate conceptions! Yet it is the same Power which is implied by these widely differing expressions; a Power which is "behind humanity and behind all other things—a Power of which humanity is but a small and fugitive product—a Power which was in course of ever-changing manifestations before humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when humanity has ceased to be." This definition, which will be recognized as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is quoted here in order to draw attention to the fact that the idea of God which is probably the one most easily grasped by the childish intellect, is that of the Power which has accomplished, and is accomplishing, all that which is beyond mere human power. From earliest infancy children are accustomed to associate the idea of power with those who have control of them, and it is therefore not difficult for them to understand, when they reach years of intelligence, that there is a Power,

higher than human power, at work in the universe.

As regards the prayers of young children there is also much room for difference of opinion. Nothing is prettier or more touching than to hear a prayer. or one of the hymns of early childhood, lisped by a child. The tenderness always shown by Christ toward little children makes the performance doubly suggestive; it is often difficult to listen to it unmoved; it almost suggests the rustle of angels' wings. But the gratification afforded by this spectacle is, perhaps, in the main more æsthetic and sentimental than rational and profitable. Children may seem angelic when on their knees, but they are rarely altogether so in daily life, and when they do manifest such a temperament we are half afraid, and hail with pleasure and relief the advent of the naughtiness which is the sign and proof of their "fallen natures," because of the threatening whisper in our hearts, "Whom the gods love die young." The angelic temperament is one which, if manifested in childhood, is less generally associated with high moral qualities than with want of physical vitality.

This does not alter the fact that there are wide differences in the moral characters of children, nor the further fact that the moral training of the young commences with their earliest conscious life. Simple rules of morality, such as those of obedience, unselfishness, truthfulness, kindness to the weak and to animals, are suited to childish intellects, and the truth of the principles underlying them can be verified by the child as he realizes in his own experience that disobedience, selfishness, cruelty, and deceit bring with them their own penalties. But moral rewards or penalties in the form of the approbation or disapprobation of an unknown and unrealizable Being called God (as regarded from the mental outlook of the child) must be absolutely meaningless to the dawning intelligence of childhood, wholly occupied as it is with the simple and the concrete aspects of life. To base the right and wrong of childhood upon such a footing as this is to turn the mind of childhood from those natural penalties of wrongdoing to which,

as Mr. Spencer observes, all punishments should as far as possible conform, and is also to credit that mind with the power of appreciating spiritual experiences, which are very far from being possible to a child except in a most unwholesome form What is true of bodily food is true also of spiritual food. Children's intellects cannot digest that which is suited to adults, and however sincerely religious beliefs may be held by parents, this does not prevent them from assuming a different complexion in the mind of a child. Spiritual experiences have their right and proper place in later life, but to graft them on to the immaturity of childhood is to falsify them. At second hand they are not merely useless, but pernicious.

It has been said by that philosopher -often quoted in these pages-to whom the mind of childhood seems as an open book, that "the operativeness of a moral code (largely) depends on the emotions called forth by its injunctions." Let the emotions, then, which are associated with childish ideas of morality be healthy human emotions, such as fall within the range of a child's own experience; but do not confuse or alarm him by telling him that "God" will "be angry" with him if he is naughty, and "love" him if he is good. Open his eyes to the "beauty of holiness," as shown in the life of the Founder of Christianity, in the lives of all good men, and in every aspect in which it is possible to present it to him, but do not encourage him to attempt flights into the realms of spiritual thought until his wings are strong enough to bear him thither.

The gist of what has been said is mainly this. Begin children's religious education with moral education, and let that gradually pave the way toward knowledge of the spiritual basis upon which it has most generally been sought to establish morality. If we endeavor to cultivate and develop the moral sense in children, and so lead them to realize that

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence,"

we shall have placed that moral sense on a firmer basis than can be afforded to it by any of the dogmas of religion. Fortunately these things are not so difficult to teach in little practical ways to children, though they cannot be taught to them in so many words. " Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and we are often surprised at the clearness of the moral vision of childhood, at its keen appreciation of good qualities and bad qualities in people, and at its horror and bewilderment when it awakes to the discovery that the sheltered home is not a picture in little of the world outside the home, but that there are wrongs in that larger world which cannot be set right so easily as the little wrongs with which the child is familiar in its own life.

To begin with the spiritual side of morality in the religious education of children is to begin at the wrong end. It is to implant in the minds of children not religion so much as superstition, because the religious beliefs of . early childhood must necessarily take a form which is largely superstitious. Matthew Arnold's definition of religion, as "morality touched by emo-tion," has found a wide acceptation, and it cannot be denied that the religious beliefs, even of adult life, are often more emotional than rational. But it can be denied that the emotional element underlying belief in the dogmas of religion is suitable for the digestion of very youthful minds. either take these dogmas quite literally, and are disappointed at finding that they will not lend themselves to this treatment, or else the effect produced on their minds, by the ill advised and ignorant methods sometimes pursued by teachers of religion, is of an alarming and ghostly character.

This latter style of teaching religion to children, and making out of it a sort of bugbear to frighten them into being good, is now happily on the decrease. But there are probably still many children who, with respect to their religious education, might reasonably echo the complaint of Hamlet to his father's ghost, and ask what right their teachers have

"So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls."

- Westminster Review.

# ROBERT BURTON AND THE "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

BY EDWARD W. ADAMS.

What De Quincey said of Charles Lamb might with even greater force be applied to Burton, viz., that he "ranks among writers whose works are destined to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity."

The qualities which militate against our author's popularity are: firstly, the inordinate length of his work; secondly, his habit of interpolating thousands of quotations from the classical authors at every conceivable and inconceivable opportunity; while a third disadvantage under which Burton labors is his fantastic discontinuity of thought. He has no hesitation whatever in branching out into long and irrelevant digressions at the smallest provocation; and although he makes a great show of treating his subject methodically and systematically with all his parade of "Partitions," "Sections," "Members," "Subsections," etc., yet a more veritable literary fantasia it would not be easy to find. With regard to his predilection for quotation, it seems as though the man were perpetually on the look-out for openings to utilize his classic lore. The consequence is that about half his work is practically written in a foreign language; and one feels sure that Sir Thomas Browne must have had his eye upon Burton when he complains in the introduction to "Vulgar Errors" that we shall soon have to learn Latin in order to understand English if certain writers persisted in their course! These extracts dotted about on every page and almost in every line, give a hybrid look to the whole work, and make up an appearance which has been facetiously described as "literary small pox." these characteristics taken together make the perusal of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" a labor not to be lightly undertaken. Life is short, but Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is very long. We are of opinion that (as Macaulay once said of the "Faerie Queene'') no one with a heart less stout

than that of a commentator would ever get to the last page. Yet it is on account of these very qualities—the quaintness, the store of appropriate and apt quotation, the original unoriginality of the work, the unexpected and altogether delightful digressions, the strange excesses into which the writer allows himself to be led—it is on account of all these that the perusal of the "Anatomy" becomes if indeed a labor yet a most pleasant and diverting one.

The work at the time of its appearance proved so successful that eight editions were exhausted in a very short time, and, as Wood tells us, it proved so remunerative to the bookseller that he "got an estate by it." We are not, however, informed whether the venture was equally profitable to the author. A significant silence is preserved upon this point. But then we must remember that in those days Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors were not. Even now lovers of the little-read grand old authors—the Brownes, Burtons, Fullers, etc., those musty "old folios" beloved of Coleridge—find recreation and delight in the magnificent "cento" "Democritus Junior." Charles Lamb never wrote a sentence which I should feel more inclined to endorse than this: "You cannot make a pet book of an author whom everybody reads." Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Burton fill the rôle par excellence of "pet authors." For one reason, they are but little read; for another, they reveal themselves so frankly and ingenuously to their reader, they lay bare before him their greatnesses and their weaknesses, their sublimities and their trivialities; no reserve is maintained between them and their audience-they give rein equally to their whims and caprices as to their sublimest thoughts and speculations. What Montaigne said of his "Essais" they might have said of their pieces: "I am my 'Religio Medici,'" or "I am my 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'"

It is to be expected that so rich a

mine of quotation as is the work we are discussing would not be left unworked by writers desiring a cheap reputation for wide reading and erudition. Consequently we find that Burton's volume has been unmercifully rifled of its riches both borrowed and original. His biographer, Wood, points out one Will Greenwood as a notorious offender in this respect; and to mention a better name, readers of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" will not have failed to notice many tricks and turns of expression as well as whole sentences which have been copied from the "Anatomy." Ludicrously enough one finds, on comparing the two volumes, that the very passage in which Sterne complains: "Shall we forever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another?" has been stolen from Burton. It is very comical to hear one plagiarist rebuking a fellow offender with a sentence which he has himself appropriated from another work! In one place Laurence Sterne facetiously declares: "I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man!" only forgot to add, that when unable to intercept these thoughts in their passage, he hesitated not to remedy the failure by appropriation at a later stage. But here it is necessary, as an introduction to a brief analysis of his work, to give a short sketch of Burton's career.

On the 8th day of February, in the year 1576 at Lindley, in Leicestershire, Robert Burton made his acquaintance with what Mr. Shandy has been pleased to term "this scurvy and disastrous world of ours." His parents, according to Anthony à Wood, belonged to an ancient and "gentile" family of the Young Democritus received his early education at the Free School of Sutton Coldfield and at Nuneaton, which latter also abounds in memories of George Eliot. His school life appears to have passed in uneventful monotony, which was, however, frequently (but not altogether pleasantly) broken by periodical stimulations of his "muscular integument," administered by preceptors who, like those of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, held the

view that the faculties of the human soul could only be thus reached, which castigations, however, the unfortunate victim seems to have relished as litle as did the famous author of the Philosophy of Clothes. The foundations of his knowledge having been thus soundly laid in the above highly orthodox manner, he was, in 1593, entered as a commoner at Brasenose College, Oxford, at the time of the Long Vacation. He here made considerable progress in mathematics, classics, and divinity. and in due time graduated as "Batchellor of Divinity." He seems to have been a great favorite among his college contemporaries, his company being, we are told. "very merry, facete, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses with verses from the poets and classical authors," a practice, however, which must have made his society very objectionable to an ordinary person. But the Universities being at that period mainly made up of a set of pedants, among whom the flash and glitter of learning were more valued than sound scholarship, he acquired no little repu-This habit of indiscriminate quotation thus early indulged in became with him a second nature, and constitutes at once the charm and the drawback of his literary efforts. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ Church, and for form's sake, though we read "he wanted not a tutor," he was placed under the tuition of a Dr. John Bancroft. Notwithstanding his apparently homorous and jovial disposition, he was subject from an early period of his life to profound fits of depression and melancholy, which grew with his growth until, in the hope of obtaining relief, he set about the composition of that work which has made him famous. His object was not, however, attained; and we find that his self-imposed task was but the means of increasing his malady, until we learn from Grainger that nothing could make him laugh "but going to a bridge and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." In 1614 he was admitted to the reading of the sentences, and two years later was presented with the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the west suburb of Oxon, by the Dean and Canons of Christ Church. years afterward he also received the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire, at the hands of George, Lord Berkeley. His ecclesiastical affairs, however, do not appear to have gone very smoothly with him, he being unfortunate (as we gather from his work) in some of his patrons, who seem to have had a very clear perception of the evils of riches, and determined that Robert should not be tempted to stray from the "funambulatory track and narrow path of goodness" (as Sir T. Browne would call it) on that account, thus conserving at one and the same time both their pockets and his morals.

In 1624 appeared the first edition, in quarto, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," which was so well received that six editions were required in the author's lifetime.

The remaining years of Burton's life were spent by him in preparing successive editions of his volume, and in indiscriminate and voracious devouring the books in the Bodleian Library. He died in his chambers at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1639, it is said, at or very near the time he had foretold from a calculation of his own nativity—for Burton added the study of astrology to his other labors. As in the case of Jerome Cardan, narrated by Bayle, there were not wanting those who hinted that, rather than his prediction should prove false, he took the only way open to him to make sure that it would be fulfilled. But no doubt this was a cruel calumny. It may indeed have been that his melancholy overstepped the limit that separated it from madness, and being thus bereft of the restraining force of reason, he took his own life. If so, the touching words with which he closes his section on Suicides receive a new and pathetic interest, and an almost prophetic significance, but no one who has perused these paragraphs could doubt for a moment but that he would not wilfully cut short his existence for the sake of the poor beggarly distinction of having proved a true prophet of his own end.

Thus died Robert Burton in the sixty-

third year of his age, leaving behind him as his monument that work concerning which a few words will now be

Although it would be a waste of ingenuity to criticise seriously as a scientific treatise on the subject of melancholy such a literary extravaganza as is presented to us under the name of "Democritus Junior," \* yet having, as Hallam expresses it, "a style not by any means devoid of point and terseness, and writing with much good sense and observation of men as well as books, and having the skill of choosing his quotations from their rareness, oddity, and amusing character, without losing sight of their pertinence to the subject," he has produced a work which might well be termed a "vast storehouse of entertainment and singular learning." The book is divided into three parts, and is preceded by a long introduction, which is a powerful sat-In this portion he indulges in that favorite dream of social reformers. an ideal commonwealth. But it must be admitted that Burton's sketch of an ideal community is remarkably free from the wild impracticable fancies which are generally characteristic of these attempts to remodel society. displays a most rare faculty for taking things as they are, and making the best of them, and a willingness to accept the present state of affairs as a basis from which to evolve a scheme of government as nearly perfect as may be. Like Solon, he frames his laws not to suit a perfect, although entirely visionary Golden Age, but with a view to meeting the existing temper of the community as he understands it. tainly Burton would not have been included in Francis Bacon's humorous stricture: "As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars which give little light because they are so high."

Coming to the treatise proper, the first part treats of the Causes, Symptoms, and Prognostics of Melancholy; the second part of the Cure of Melan-

<sup>\*</sup> The nom de plume assumed by Burton on the title-page of his book.

choly; and the third part is reserved for a special discussion of Love and Re-

ligious Melancholies.

Melancholy, according to Burton, has an objective existence, and may be composed of a material or an immaterial essence, or it may be a compound of both. In the two former cases the melancholy is simple, but in the latter it is compound. Material melancholy is one of the humors of the body, such as blood, pituita, serum, etc. causes of this disease he fetches from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. this statement is literally true. ably no one ever had so fine and rare a collection of causes as Burton. In gathering them in he displays all the eagerness and enthusiasm of the collector, but none of the judicial balancing and weighing of the scientist. Among the causes we find mentioned: the Planets, Stars, the Devil, Witches, Magicians, Parents, Anger, Love, and Old Age, which is a cause for the reason that it is "cold and dry, and of the same quality as Melancholy." Another cause, which he cites out of Montaltus, is this: "The efficient cause of Melancholy is a hot and dry, not a cold and dry distemperature, as some hold, from the heat of the brain roasting the blood."

Apropos of causes, we may as well give what he sets down as the cause of laughter. "Laughter proceeds from an abundance of pleasant vapors which, proceeding from the heart, tickle the midriff, because it is transverse and full of nerves, by which titillation the sense being moved, and the arteries distended or pulled, the spirits from thence move, and possess the sides, veins, countenance, and eyes." Tears, the reader may be interested to know, proceed from "the heating of a moist brain."

But now let us see how he proposes to cure this distressing malady of melancholy. Now, if his collection of causes was extraordinary, what shall we say of that of his cures? Here are some of them: "Cauteries and hot irons," he says, "are to be used in the suture of the crown, and the seared or ulcerated place suffered to run a good while. "Tis not amiss to bore the skull with an

instrument to let out the fuliginous vapors." His patient, however, might perhaps think otherwise. This is a cure for head melancholy. Here is another even more barbarous: "Sallus. Salvianus . . . because this humor hardly yields to other physic, would have the leg cauterized—on the left leg, below the knee-and the head bored in two or three places." His reader is inclined to think that even if this malady did not yield readily to physic, there was no need to take so savage a revenge on the patient. He then goes on with inimitable sang froid to relate (as an incentive to this desperate remedy) "how a melancholy man at Rome, that by no remedies could be healed, when by chance was wounded in the head, and his skull broken, he was excellently cured." And again: "Another, to the admiration of the beholders, 'breaking his head with a fall from on high, was instantly cured of his dotage." To those afflicted with love melancholy, he tells of a high rock in Greece, whence, if lovers precipitated themselves, they would be completely cured of their affliction. No doubt such a cure would be very complete and permanent, and we should think that the patient would be very unlikely to have any relapses after such treatment. It is reassuring to be able to state, however, that there is no evidence to show that Burton ever practically carried out his treatment either on himself or on others, unless, indeed, we like to infer that the strange reports which circulated as to the manner of his death were garbled accounts of the results of one of these operations, which our author had attempted to perform on himself in the hope of a

A peculiarity about Burton's cures is that each individual remedy is more sure, more certain, and more valuable than any which come before or after. This or that remedy alone will most certainly cure where all others fail; it alone of itself will suffice, needing no combination with any other; its effect is marvellous—and so on. The fact is, that when our author once gets fairly launched on the sea of vigorous rhetoric, he gets carried away by his own eloquent fervor, and says a good deal

more than he means, or would feel inclined in calmer moments to endorse. He throws himself with all his impetu. ous and eccentric energy into the topic upon which at the moment he happens to be discoursing, and in his own peculiar fashion thoroughly exhausts it; and not sufficiently considering the relation which that particular division of his subject upon which he is for the time engaged will bear to some other division, when it behooves him to treat of that portion he has practically to unsay much that he has said. One may be sure that if he throws his influence into one scale of the balance the opposite one will kick the beam. And this criticism applies to Burton's treatment of many other matters besides the cure for melancholy.

Owing to Burton's habit of tumbling out pell-mell the results of his researches among the erudite authors, one theory or rule of practice being piled upon another, with which it harmonizes about as well as oil with water, the task of extracting any practical or useful advice from his volume would destroy a strong man. Yet, whenever this curious man chooses to write from his own knowledge and observation, there is, as Johnson remarks, no little force in what he says, which makes one the more regret that he was so fond of using his Commonplace Book. graphic and picturesque description of the varying states of feeling in a melancholy man is a case in point, and

must have evidently been written from his own experience. And notwithstanding the absurdity and inapplicability of much of his counsel, which naturally results from the importation into his book of a vast mass of crude, undigested, and often conflicting material, yet whenever he has been bold enough to stand on his own legs, and give us something of his own, he displays no small amount of shrewdness and good sense.

But it is in his consolatory chapters that Burton's true worth shines forth, and compels our admiration. here no longer the disappointed, churlish cynic, nor does he in these pages, as he often seems to do elsewhere, exhibit a longing, Paracelsus-like,\* to save mankind, while he yet tramples on it, but throwing off his ill-fitting disguise, shows himself the good honest fellow he really is—a comforter of the distressed, a sympathizer with the afflicted, a compassionate friend, a true, staunch champion of the oppressed and sorrowful. And here I will leave the consideration of his work with the conviction that, notwithstanding its many faults, oddities, and extravagancies, yet its peculiar literary merits, and the genuine sympathy for the unfortunate therein disclosed, will ever secure for it a place among those works which will last as long as the English language shall endure. -- Gentleman's Magazine.

### DOWN IN THE WORLD: THE FLOWER-MAKER.

### BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

THE French madam was dying, and her son was in extremes of grief; so was Molly. The French madam's son was seventeen, and Molly was seventeen. Molly was a deaf-mute, who lodged with madam, who had been a modiste, sharing her room. The French madam was fond of Molly, and Molly loved the French madam. Of late she had helped to earn for her. She had learned to make artificial flowers, fearful and wonderful things—buds that never became blossoms, and blossoms

that had never been buds. Ladies wear them in their bonnets, and even in their bosoms, and trailing along their skirts. This thing, one thinks, will alter. A rose was made by Molly somewhat in this way. She lighted a coke stove, and heated at it a metal ball; this she pressed on a small, flat, circular piece of cambric till it swelled out like cherubs' cheeks. The cherubs' cheeks she pinched with a pair of pin-

<sup>\*</sup> See Browning's " Paracelsus."



cers—this she called crimping—and One of the lo! and behold! petals. petals she folded up to form the heart of the flower, which heart she attached to a gutta-percha stalk by means of needle and thread, and then clustered round it a number of other spread petals, the whole thing being held together by a thread, flour-paste, and a bead slipped up the stem. A fullblown rose having thus been made, leaves and buds were attached to it, according to the price to be demanded for it. Such a flower, leaf, bud, and blossom would be made by Molly in some two hours. Nature, I think, had never been known to produce a roseblossom in less time than a week of days and nights, keeping hard at work during all this time. In the matter of speed the palm remained with Molly. Again, the petals of Nature's roses, not being fastened into a strong bunch by means of needle and thread and flourpaste and a bead, but merely being held together by that highly evaporative fluid, life, are apt to fall off much more quickly than did Molly's. No maddest wind was ever known to fly away with one of Molly's petals. It was in this that she considered she had a little pull over Nature. She smiled with pity at fallen rose-leaves and with frank scorn at hips and haws.

Never did any one work harder than Molly; though the French madam was dying, she worked on. It seems just possible that, in leaving the French madam thus at the last, the thought was in her mind that madam would wish to be alone with her son. ing watched through all the night and through much of the day by the bedside of the dying woman, she resumed her work beside the coke fire in the adjoining room. It was a sultry autumn Within no very great disafternoon. tance of the room in which this child toiled the valleys were standing thick with corn, and laughed and sang as they did in old Judea. In a garden which she could see from her high window, white wine and red wine could be taken from the currant-bushes, where they grew in their own wine-skins, just as if life were a fairy tale. But the air round her was thick with coke fumes. She opened her calico dress at the neck,

turned up her sleeves, and set to work, holding the iron ball to the heat.

Molly had, folks said, no prettiness. Her complexion was smoky, her bared neck was lean and brown, her arms were scarred with scalds and burns. On one arm was a bandage of lint, soaked with carron oil. She pulled this off, exposing the fresh burn. It did not seem to strike her as unsight-Holding her ball to the fire with one hand, she held her head with the She was, it was evident, in ffering. There is a pain in the great suffering. head which working girls and women call opening and shutting. Molly's head was opening and shutting, and yet she did not grimace. When you looked at her for some moments that fact was borne in on you, and carried with it a great surprise. A few minutes' longer looking, after having made that discovery, opened your eyes to the knowledge of a very high beauty in the child's face. It had its home in the quiet eyes and the quiet mouth. was mystical, and I think it was Irish -this odd quiet. Our noise is noisier. and our quiet is quieter than noise and quiet are elsewhere. While Molly's head was still quite clear, that of the French madam—who was in less pain than she, albeit dying—was clouded again. She was making merry in her delirium.

"Do you remember," she was saying to her son, as her thoughts went back to what had evidently been in its way a grand feast—"do you remember that last Sunday that we had shrimps to tea?"

She always spoke of having edibles, shrimps and the like, to meals, as if they came as guests. Her son had often laughed at her for this, but now he knelt beside her bed and looked most sadly into ' her face. She was silent for a little while; then she began to ramble anew. Her She was thoughts still rame on food. apparently in mind out marketing, and was trying to decide whether she wanted a shop or a chop. She became very angry, and said some rude things of the English language. She became very childish.

Tears flushed the eyes of her son, and he took in his the hand that lay on the bed-cover, and said in French—

"Speak French, my little mother, and speak no more of these things now. My little mother, speak of something else now." And then he brought his face up close to hers, and said many times—

"Mère, mère! ma mère!"

After that there was a long silence. It was broken by the French madam. She suddenly sat up in her bed, in her eyes the French look that says—"Tiens!"

"Fetch the child Molly, my son," she said, in a quite clear, serious voice. The boy went, and came back holding the hand of the girl. The French madam continued to sit up, and looked at them very earnestly. Perhaps, from a habit of watching much, in the absence of power to speak or hear, Molly read all that was in the earnest look, and a deep blush came to her face, though her eyes and mouth kept their brave quiet. The French madam's eyes softened, and she said—

"Bend, child, and kiss me."

While the young head was bent she passed her hand over the glory of redgold hair that crowned it. Nature has this freak of putting golden crowns on persons quite too little lovely to be queens when not a drop of blood in them is sib to kings.

"Pauvrette, pauvrette!" said the French madam, with her hand upon the gold. "Little poor one! little good one!" she added, in quaint Eng-

lish, and then said—

"Child, I think you have not kissed me."

Molly kissed her hands and face, and kissed the pillow on which she lay, and again her face, and again the pillow, and then, with a low moan, hurried She tried to resume from the room. her work of cutting petals, but it would not be done. There is a spasmodic movement of the finger and thumb which is called writer's cramp. movement very similar to this made Molly unable to retain hold of the scis-When they had fallen from her hand for the third time she pushed her roses to the farther end of the box which served her as a table, and bent her face upon it. She did not cry: she fell asleep.

In the next room the French madam

spoke with her son.

"When they have taken me away," she said, "you children will be alone. That must not be, my son. Molly must. . . . Bess. . . ."

She struggled with her voice, but it was useless. A silence set in again;

then she whispered something.

Her son bent over to catch the words, but the lips had ceased to move, and the French madam was no more. It was night. The sky was as dark as jasmine-leaves, but stars were strewn about it like jasmine-flowers. It was a summer sky, though an autumn wind was stirring. The young Frenchman looked from it to the face of his dead mother, and half an hour passed. Then the overwhelming loneliness became too much for him. He went into the adjoining room, and found Molly sleeping. Then he went down the stairs to the house door.

Two girls came down the street. They were both tall, and poorly but neatly dressed; their faces were lifted to the light and their feet touched the pavement, toe and heel. They might have been two princesses, but they were only two poor working girls, between whom and princesses there was all that distance that there was between the simples in the cellars and the grandees in the upper story of Hans Andersen's

4010

They were friends. One gave heart's liking, and the other gave love without measure. It was not a fair exchange, but they were satisfied. As they went past the door at which stood the French lad he said, without stepping forward—

"Bess!"

The taller girl stopped.

"Any one calling me?" She peered into the dark doorway. "Hullo! what's up with you? Is your mother worse?"

He put his hand on her arm, and

her face changed.

"I want you to come with me—to talk a few words with me—I'm so—"

His voice thickened, and Bess looked at her friend, who drew back, saying quietly—

"I'll wait. Go with him."

The Frenchman and Bess forthwith went into the house and up the stairs together. His mother had rented three One was her bedrooms of this house. room which she had shared with Molly; one was her son's bedroom, which he had shared with a night-lodger; and the third room was, as occasion necessitated, kitchen, work-room, or reception-room. To this third room the lad took Bess.

"There's a chair in the other room," he said, directing his steps thither. It

was his mother's room.

Bess put her hand on his shoulder. "I can stand."

The darkness had deepened, and only the outline of the two figures was visible, the tall, strong figure of the girl and the small, slender figure of the He was greatly agitated, and her quiet contrasted strangely with his manner. They were standing in the middle of the room. She walked over to the window and leaned up against the woodwork. The light of the street lamp was thrown upon her face. was scarcely pretty, but was wonderfully pleasant to look at, being singularly pure in line and lighted from within as well as from without. It was too proud for a face so young, and there was some cruelty in the curve of the fine mouth. She looked down at the boy more than was necessary. was lower in space than she, but his head was higher than the point which she focussed. Only England's tall daughters have the habit of looking lower at the less than is needful.

"I've been thinking about you," she said. "I've been talking about you to my Uncle Clinch. I want him

to take you on."

Bess's Uncle Clinch was a fruiterer with a fairly flourishing business.

"I've told my uncle," she added, "that I'm goin' to bring you round to see him. Say now, what's your right, sensible name? My Uncle Clinch likes all right and proper, he does."

" My name is Jean Jacques Morin," the Frenchman said gravely. "My mother always calls me Jean Jacques."

"John Jack?" Bess's pretty mouth twitched at this French absurdity. "Well, my Uncle Clinch will call you John or Jack, but he won't call you John Jack. He'd think that silly.

The blunt words did not disconcert the Frenchman, for he was used to

"Jean is John," he said quietly, but Jacques isn't Jack; it's James."

"Oh, come now!" Bess's face had been satirical: it became indignantly remonstrant. To be told that "Jean" was John, but that "Jacques" was not Jack, was more than she could away

"When words are the same I know what they are," she said sapiently, and added kindly, bestowing on the Frenchman a down look of her grand gray eyes -"You can't help your name bein' John Jack of course; you didn't christen yourself, an' I'm not sayin' you did: but, if you'll be guided by me, you'll just say your name's John. I shouldn't say it in the French way, eether, if I was you; that's so stoopid soundin'. My Uncle Clinch'd never leave teasin' you with 'Jong,' and, as like as not, he'd tease me too, for he's right down foolish when he gets to teasin'.''

A little light for the first time came to the Frenchman's eyes. He was not fatuous, but he had outgrown childhood, and was deeply in love with this

"It's very good of you to give me all this thought," he said gravely.

"One must think of something," was Bess's bluff rejoinder, as she flushed hotly at being thanked. "It came into my mind, an' I went round to my Uncle Clinch. I like goin' there. Like the walk. Can't bear stickin' in the house That don't soot me." always.

Having ended with a "me" emphatic enough to suggest limitless egotism, and rob the Frenchman of whatever notion he might have had that some kindliness underlay her acts, Bess

"Molly there—what's she goin' to do? You two ain't goin' to set up to-

gether, are you?"

The question took the Frenchman There was no mockery in it merely a tone that asked for information; and the gray eyes looked into his frankly. He was Frenchman enough



to be somewhat baffled. In the absence of anything else that he might say suggesting itself to him, he said quietly-

"I don't know what Molly's going

to do.'

"Well, hadn't you better think?" came the prompt sneer. "Seems to me as you two wouldn' get on alone, for Molly don't take care of herself a bit. She'd be going without her dinner when you'd be away—my Uncle Clinch has his folks to meals. She wants looking after, Molly does. Seems to me as you might give that a thought."

From a person who much affected to have no altruistic promptings this was a very strong rebuke. The Frenchman did not wince. He was thinking what fine eyes the girl had, and much enjoying the play of light and fire in them; was also thinking what a fine mouth she had, and much enjoying the changing movement of the lips. He was thinking a number of other things that the love-smitten think, and, above all, was so wholly happy with this girl in great nearness to him, talking of him, thinking of him, that for the moment he forgot even his dead mother, and, in this curiously vacant mood, the precise drift of what Bess was saying became quite immaterial.

"I wish you could bring yourself to attend to me," she said sharply. "I've thought about Molly too"-Bess's need to occupy her thoughts appeared to have been very urgent—"an' I've spoken to Mrs. Bell, who's willin' to do for you both, about her. You see, it was plain to us all as your mother couldn' last over to-day, an' why, if my mother was to die, I'd be in such a fix an' grief I shouldn' know where to turn; so I set about doin' a few things for you, that was all; an' no need at all to say thank you, which I can't bear, an' it puts me out in talkin'." Bess was becoming incoherent in her overcome interruptions. desire to "Mrs. Bell says you'd better go over to her, both of you, with your bits of things, an' she'll look after you. That's when your mother's buried, of course. Now don't you go breakin' down, poor soul."

The girl's voice had become very soft, and again her hand was laid on the Frenchman's shoulder, and she looked down at him with kindness most majestical from her threefold dignity of greater height, of Britishdom, of girl-

dom fancy free.

At this moment the sharp whizz of a match being struck sounded from the other end of the room. Molly had waked from her sleep to see this couple in the window. Carried away by a sudden anger, she had struck the match, and was now lighting the lamp, with a face which was scarcely recognizable, such havoc was jealousy playing with it. Bess looked at her with amazement, the Frenchman with great annoyance. Then he signed imperiously, and the lamp was put out at There was a moment's silence, after which Bess said to him-

"Go an' look if Janet's still waitin' for me in the street. An' see here, you might cool your temper at the same time. There ain't no need to bully Molly, 'cause she's dumb, and can't say pig. You can go, an' you

needn't hurry back."

The dismissal was not very gracious. and the Frenchman's face fell, but he Then Bess relighted the lamp quietly, and stood in the brilliance of it for a moment without speaking. After that she went over to Molly, who, like Ireland's daughter that she was, sat on the floor with her hands about her knees. There was nothing for it but for Bess to sit on the floor too. She did so, facing Molly; then she leaned toward the mute.

"I shall speak very slowly, Molly, an' you understand when you try to. Every one knows you do. Me in love with your Frenchman, Molly!—it's right down ridic'lous. Me! He may be good enough for you, Molly, but he

ain't good enough for me.''

A rude curl came to the proud mouth, matching the rude words, and Bess laughed gayly. Molly's black eyes

'' Are you angry, Mol'y?" was asked with great surprise. Deep anger was in the filmed eyes, and Molly nodded.

Bess's face became perplexed.

"I wish I could explain things to you, Molly, but I don't now what to say. Try to understand this, Mollyyou're a good sort, an' I like you, an' I like him—he's a goodish sort, too,

an' I always did like him from that high"-she paused to illustrate a height which had once been that of either herself or the Frenchman-" but, well, I ain't the girl to love a boy—I ain't really, so there! I'll tell you who I do love, Molly. It's my friend Janet, that I go out walkin' with. That's my way, an' I can't be different. If you was to get between me an' Janet I'd hate you, just like you hated me before, an' I'll never get between no one an' another. You can please yourself now, an' believe me or t'other thing. It don't concern me at all what you do; but I ain't a liar and I ain't a beast, though I'm nothing in partic'lar, not to say. Seems to me as you might believe me, Molly."

In Bess's quick transitions from proud to humble, from terse to tender, there was some lack of logic. The head might not be satisfied, but the heart was feasted. Molly unclasped her hands and extended them. She said nothing. She had many ways of speaking in spite of that tongue's dumbness, but there seemed no need for words.

The ideas of dumb and speaking run parallel in a surprising degree; and in the case of these two girls, the one of whom spoke with the full-heartedness of her nature, while the other with quick instinct heard inwardly, howbeit it is impossible to say how much was understood, still less possible to assert that every subtle word was grasped in its full bearing, this much remains indubitable, that the main drift of Bess's harangue was seized.

The English girl took the outstretched hands, then said—

"Where are you goin' to sleep to-

night, Molly?"

To aid Moily in understanding the question, Bess smoothed an imaginary bed and closed her eyes languidly. She had throughout her talk with Molly illustrated her words with curiously primitive pantomime. Molly watched her gravely, and pointed to the adjoining room. Death had no horrors for her, but Bess's face became troubled.

"No, you shan't sleep there. Come

home and sleep with me."

Molly's head-shake said no, but Bess's NEW SERIES, - Vol. LXIV., No 2.

said yes; and some three minutes later the two girls were in the street.

"Here we are, Janet!"—Bess spoke
"'Night, John Jack. Molly's goin'
home with me."

The Frenchman went back into the house alone, and betook himself neither to his bedroom nor to his mother's, but took up his stand at the window where he had stood with Bess. The sky was very clear and dark; there were no stars in it, but every now and again it was lighted up by summer lightning. Time passed without his noticing its flight. It was near midnight, and the lightning came like a smile to a sleeping face, lovely, fleeting, quite meaningless. Twelve-one o'clock struck. The flashes became fiercer, very vivid and terrible, with something of grimace about them. It was odd that lightning so strong and bright should not be followed by thunder. The great silence was very marvellous. Half-past three o'clock struck, and the lad shut down the window, for the face of the night had changed. strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a small moon raced across the sky, taking dips into the clouds. There was no longer lightning. His face became drowsy, but dawn had already begun to break when he crept to his mother's room. Molly's bed ran along the foot of hers. He sat on the side of it, then sank back on it asleep. In his dreams it seemed to him that his mother was living still, and it was a great shock to him to wake in the full light of late morning and find that she was dead.

At noon he was standing with Bess outside Mr. Clinch's shop. Her introduction of him was short and to the point:

"This is John, Uncle. His mother's dead, an' I've told him you're goin'

to take him on."

Mr. Clinch was standing before his shop. It was a good one of its kind, and its kind was of the best. Every one likes a fruiterer's shop, and rightly. There are in it so many things that are pleasant to the sight and good for food. Andrew Clinch's shop was in a row of many little shops and one

big one. At this shop, which called itself The Association, and which was at the corner of the small street from which it seemed to turn away into the bigger road, all things could be got except, said Andrew Clinch, attention. In the said big road there were two flower-shops, but in the small road flowers were only to be got from Andrew Clinch and the greengrocer, who both sold them in what they called "a small way." In wallflower and daffodil season they would have a row of jam pots filled with these flowers; they kept small posies of roses in the summer, and in the cold months kept a bundle or two of chrysanthemums. They had started doing this with an unhappy simultaneity which gave rise to the burning question—In the case of which of them had the thought come first by that brief space by which one thought must, after all, precede another? Andrew Clinch believed a hairbreadth priority to lie with him, and called on the greengrocer, and politely put his view before this person. The greengrocer believed Clinch to be mistaken, but lacked the courage to tell His wife called on Mis. Clinch, and begged her to use her influence with her husband. The upshot of the visits was that a coolness that had always existed between the two families increased till it reached the freezingpoint, while, for the rest, the fruiterer and greengrocer both continued to sell daffodils and wallflowers in the spring, posies of roses in the summer, and in the winter bundles of chrysanthemums. The greengrocer was a mean-looking man, with an ossified face and hands, with a long chin and a little mouth, and with a thinly thatched head—such hair as there was on it being neither black nor white nor grizzled, but speckled, like a sparrow's egg. His hard cheeks had dimples in them, like the dimples in the hard cheeks of an apple, and he wore earrings. On his shop board was the somewhat uneuphonious name Hugh Pugh. It suggested as his home a land of the Western Gael, but the man was a Londoner, the descendant of generations of Londoners. Andrew Clinch, who had not a drop of English blood in him, was of a different type. He had been born North of

Tweed, he opened his hand slowly, and his lips met as a man's lips meet to say "my." Nevertheless. his was not a mean face, howbeit also not one that suggested limitless generosity, but rather that good nature that is bounded on all sides by caution.

Just now he was listening with a sentimental expression to the playing of a bagpipe. A charming writer long ago mildly made answer to the words that a bagpipe makes more noise than music -" Not so, for 'tis all music, though not of the best." Music not of the best is perhaps the most charitable phrase in which one could describe the curious squeals to which Andrew listened with a far-away look and hands deep in his pockets from which, however, he did not take the copper coin which is all that the modest bagpiper demands. He was still in this softened mood when Bess appeared before him with the Frenchman, and said-

"This is John, Uncle. His mother's dead, an' I've told him you're goin' to take him on."

Mr. Clinch at once waked from his

reverie.

"He's a towering big fellow, to be sure," was his comment, with a short

laugh.

"Well, he ain't wanted to carry tombstones to an' fro to customers," the girl said dryly. The odd answer was probably the outcome of their standing opposite to an undertaker's, the duties involved by whose calling she misconceived. Still speaking with sharp sarcasm, she continued: "Where there don't seem to be room for a bee to set down comfortable except on a strawberry, it don't seem to me to be agen John that he isn' as big as The Association."

The effect of this speech was heightened by the fact that the fruiterer was vainly trying to catch a bee which flitted from one strawberry-basket to another. The mention of The Association was a masterpiece of surgery. It hurt horribly, but it was a case in which it was needful to use the knife. Mr. Clinch changed his tone, and turned civilly to the Frenchman.

"The lass here has recommended you highly, an' she's not of those, as you see, that go about with always a

sweetie on the tip of their tongue." He put his hand proudly on the girl's shoulder and glanced at her fine face with great approval, the love and liking that were in the act and look bringing a smile to Bess's mouth and eyes.

"You come behind the shop, lad,

and we'll have a talk."

They walked through the narrow way that led between the fruit-baskets to the space beyond, where there was a desk and stool, and but little room for more. Andrew took up his post at the desk, and the Frenchman, after one backward look, stood patiently before the Scotchman and awaited his questions.

"You lookin' back at that lass—eh?" was the first and rather startling question, as Andrew's red face became redder, and a curious patch over one eye, much like that often to be seen over the eye of a bulldog, was brought into ugly prominence. The Frenchman was very pale, and a strained look came into his face, but he said in a clear and steady voice-

" Ÿes, sir."

"Well, then, it's like your impudence; but I'm pleased with your frankness, lad. I hate liars. Don't do it again, that's all. The lass is my heiress, an' lookin' at her is lookin' a bit too high. See?"
"Yes, sir."

The voice was very civil, but very proud too. The pain in the face increased. It was very plain to the Frenchman that he could not aspire to the hand of a British heiress, and life

that wore a very sad look just now took a look that was even sadder. was some business talk, and he turned

to go.
"Come after the buryin', that'll do," the fruiterer said kindly. "We'll contrive to do without you till then. Where are you goin' now? Over the way ?"-The Frenchman had silently pointed to the undertaker's .- "Poor lad! Poor lad!"

They reached the door, and a jamjar filled with roses arrested the lad's

"What can you give for it, John?" the Scotchman asked.

Jean produced sixpence in coppers,

and Andrew took up the jar.

"There's a shillin's worth in it," he said; then counted the roses, and gave the Frenchman exactly half in return for his six pennies.

The bagpiper was still waiting without, and while the lad went over the road Andrew stood in his open door and listened to "Scots wha hae."

The French madam was buried next day. Molly followed her to her grave, and has not since been seen by Bess or Jean. She still makes artificial flowers, sitting beside a coke stove, with her gold-crowned head opening and shutting. She has only shifted her quarters in the great city. She still makes the heart of a rose out of cambric, and thinks it lovely—this with the heart of loveliness that is her own! -Leisure Hour.

# ACHTHAR-THE STORY OF A QUEEN.

#### BY CORNELIA SORABJI.

"HAVE ye not exacted enough of me, O Gods? And now my revenge is accomplished, and my vow kept, may not I have back the use of this poor left arm? Selfish Deity! long enough has it been upraised to thee. 't was writ as my fate."

Thus Rukhi—and she turned to abuse her clumsy little handmaid for overboiling the rice and overbaking the

coarse rye bread, for not tethering the donkey, and for breaking a new pot of spring water. She was a miserable figure enough to look upon, wizened and hideous, and, though scarce seventy, as sapless as that dead old banyan-tree across the road. And if you would know her history, you have but to walk a step farther to the village over against her sparsely thatched hut. The villagers are just about gathering round the peepul-tree for their evening smoke; seek them there.

"What! a stranger wanting a light. Yes, Mahader will strike you one with his sharp flints. And—a pot of jagri and tobacco-leaves, did you say? Most travellers do not carry so much. In that case sit beside our patel: he loves a hukkah." The hukkahs are gurgling contentedly now, and being in a mood for it, the patel repeats the oft-told tale. What will he not do for a man who has brought him his favorite decoction?

"You must know, then," he said, "that my story is of a time when I ran about the streets owning nothing, absolutely, in the whole world beyond the sacred thread which was round my waist, and a little talisman which some one had put round my neck at my birth. This alone will show you how long ago it must have been; but, if you would other data, the Peishwah was fearing a fight with 'the people of the hat' from the little island in the far country, and the princes of Sattara were killing each other about the succession to the gadi. In our rajasthan also confusion threatened. You have heard of Rajah Futeesingh, the Sadhu? He was beautiful as a lotus, beloved of Krishna, with the attributes of a god (all except vengeance—to that, poor man! he never attained). He had been reigning some years; but although no less than four successive wives had been carried to the burning-ground by the river out yonder, no heir was left to his house, and his cunning, fiery, evil brother, Hari, would have the throne when the wood was bound to his own poor body. His mother often brooded upon this. It was very sad; she loved her firstborn; moreover, she feared also—she feared her dead husband's wrath. Hari would say no prayers for his soul, Hari would not pay his What would her second genesis debts. be if all this were left undone? No! the gods must help her out of the diffi-So, when her astrologers and various inauspicious little incidents would allow her, she went in to her good son, the King, and, bowing low before him, she blessed him to the sixth generation of his antecedents; she tied a peacock's feather round his left wrist; she anointed his eyes with some greasy black mixture, as in the days when she carried him slung across her back; she cursed his brother, her son: he was "the offspring of a donkey," "an eater of hog's flesh," a companion of dheds," and other interesting and authentic items; she stroked the King's head, and cracked all her ten fingers against her own temples. Then, taking up her small cruse of oil, and having assured herself of the chains of heavy gold round her neck and arms, she went forth on a long self-appoint-

ed pilgrimage to Mathura.

"The priests along the way had much advice to give, terminating always in a divorce from one of her rich ornaments, and a promise of greater blessings on some future equally Midasian journey; but at length she found a counsellor less interested than the rest. "Do not waste more time," he said; "the gods love sacrifices-but to themselves, not to the priests; go home at once. Near the sea, about six cos from the palace, where the palms rise straight against the red evening sky, and close by the white and gilded temple of the god Ganpathi, you will find a lonely tree, destined by the gods for this high purpose. It flowers plenteously, and is beautiful to look upon. Take your son forth as if to meet a bride, and celebrate his marriage with this holy tree. It will break the evil spell. But omit no portion of the true ceremony as performed by faithful Brahmins. And may Krishna send you your heart's desire!" The poor loving soul was home again in due time, and in excellent spirits; the journey had been long, and the snows lay heavy about her temples, and perhaps her back was a trifle less erect; and her hand, it trembled as she held the cup of sweet, cold water which the King hastened to offer her. But what did anything matter? All would now be well with him before she died, and she would see her son's son, and peace upon the house of Futeesingh. So the arrangements were made with alarming speed. No! they would wait for nothing, not even for the marriage-month. And soon Futeesingh was riding home on a gay red and yellow elephant, with

the bridal wreath round his neck and the cuncu on his forehead. The villagers had sneered a little at first; but there was that about the King and his regal old mother which somehow silenced sneers, and there were such rejoicings and gay doings as had never been before in all the land.

"Now you must know that just at the corner of the road opposite the fifth shrine on the way to the palace was the house of Premshanker, the great bank-Rukhi, the old woman you saw, was his wife, and she lived there with Achthar, a beautiful girl, betrothed, they said, to Nilkanth, her son. But Nilkanth had gone away, when quite little, with his father to Calcutta, and years had elapsed, and the seven steps were not taken, and Achthar was growing a great girl, and her friends scoffed at her for not owning pots and pans of her own, and for not having a "lord" to worship. To-day was Ganesh Chathurthi, and as her crusty old motherin-law had gone to a neighbor's for a gossip and a glimpse of the mad marriage, Achthar was left to her own re-"You had better not look sources. on at the wedding," sneered Rukhi; "I should say you were as unlucky as a widow"-and she laughed a mirthless, fiendish laugh.

"Poor little Achthâr! Yes, it was true; she knew it. Did not her best friend, Vidya, ask her to hide herself when she should ride out of the town with her bridegroom to Indore? And had they not, in fact, delayed their journey a whole day because Vidya's eyes had rested on Achthâr as she carried her morning pitcher to the well in the square? But for the first time she was angry with Fate for this ill-treatment. Was she no better than that mangy yellow cat, who had similarly hindered Kamla's marriage?

"It was cruel indeed! Why had they married her to the boy who never came back to her? And it was Rukhi's boy; why did Rukhi scold her for his absence? But a consolatory thought soon came. It was Ganesh Chathurthi, and there was Ganpati, the oily red little god, in the white hole across the road. All her friends were praying to him to-day. The little children with no husbands prayed for good ones, and

the married women with bad husbands prayed for better ones in another birth. She would go, too, and pray for something. The god would understand, perhaps, when she told him all about it; and then, too, she might see the wedding procession as it passed by. No one would notice her; and she had not the insignia of widowhood-no bare arms, no close-shaven head-not yet. There could be no harm in it. So without further thought she filled her hand with rice from the black pot on the shelf, and ran across to pay her visit to Ganpati. He was smiling blandly under the red paint, and the oil made him look quite nice and melting. She was sure he would bring matters to some crisis, and—there was the noise of the wedding-he must guess all; she could not spare time to tell him. "There! take the rice, good Ganput." What numbers of outriders! And is that the King? Ah! how handsome! He was a god, not Ganput, the red, oily thing. But in her eagerness she had crept outside the shrine, and stood by the roadside, looking straight at the King. And now, alas! one of the torchbearers who ran by his side saw, and knew her.

"'Ho! what do you here, inauspicious one, worse than widow? Would you bring curses on our King?"

"But poor Achthar, precipitate with fright and confusion, had run right across the path of the lordly elephant -and oh! she had not seen that huge The immediate crowd was stone. Of course "Bhiku," the breathless. fiercest of the King's elephants, would trample her to death. Awful omen! But, wonderful to tell, in a second the soft, white, cloudy mass was lifted up in his trunk, and—what presumption! "Bhiku" had tossed her on to the King's lap. Did he look angry? No one can ever tell, for the evening was drawing in, and she, poor little girl! was saved embarrassment by a lapse to unconsciousness. Anyhow the King would not have her removed, and they rode so straight to the palace gates. They made their individual reflections on the incident, you may be

"' The gods gave her to you,' said the enraptured mother.

"'She belongs to me,' said the

King.
"The god heard the prayer I never said.' murmured little Achthar to herself in an ecstasy of joy, as she lay quite still on the yellow silk cushions in the West Hall, and watched the sun setting without, and thought on all that that kind old lady had told her as she bathed her temples. She quite forgot it would mean being a queen; she had room for nothing but a certain vision of large, deep, dark eyes, which reached some hidden feeling within her, and made her thrill at the very memory. . . . Well, you have guessed the rest-there was another and a real wedding this time. Of course there were preliminaries to arrange. Achthar was betrothed, as I have said, and her husband must be eliminated before they could do anything. The King's mother ar-We never knew how, ranged that. but word came that he had been concerned in some great forgery case, of which all the world has heard, about one Nuncoomar, in the North. police could tell you more; the particular ones who witnessed against him retired soon after, and are now very rich and settled in Lahore. You might ask them about it; and the judge, perhaps, would give you his notes of the case. He must know what sin Nilkanth committed. Rukhi, his mother, was frenzied with rage as she put a torch to the bright brass summai, after her eventful absence; but her only redress lay in revenge. So she shut up her great house, and built herself the little hut you saw of dried palm-leaves, and straw, and huge bamboos, and she went on a visit to a Gossein who lives in the next village, and he initiated her into vows of vengeance. The ceremony was revolting, as was Rukhi's life from that She walked back to her hut with ashes on her head and her left arm erect, and it has never been down since. She vowed she would keep it there till she had had her revenge. But the gods do not understand a limit: it is withered and stiff still, and will not move, even though her vengeance has slumbered peacefully this long time. When you come to think of it, there is something to admire in her gigantic and determined will—and she was a clever

woman in her time, old Rukhi. I was afraid of her as a boy. I had been stealing grain in a shed behind her hut one day, and I saw—ugh! the hideous sight—I saw her drink the blood of a young goat, and I heard her vow the most awful retribution; and then she boiled the tail of a newt, and the forefeet of lizards, and the eyes of an owl, in her huge caldron, and she muttered curses on the King and his lovely bride; and on the dear little Prince whom the gods sent them. I doubt whether she could have done any harm to the great folk at the Rajmahl had not the King's younger brother helped her. He hated them too, of course; and people with a common purpose somehow find each other out. It was on the Prince's first birthday; the King had organized a great commemorative hunt, and Hari lost his way coming home. He stumbled toward the only light he could see before him—the darkness falls rapidly on our forests, you must know. It was in old Rukhi's hut. She was nearly mad by this time, and went on muttering, regardless of the stranger filling her narrow door-way. But he had heard enough to make him her ally. After that Hari often found his way to the ugly old witch when every one was asleep late at night, or in the gray dawn of morning. They knew how to nurse their ven-geance, those two. They stood by patiently, and watched the happiness of the little family—Child of Brahma! month of the holy cow! But they were happy and beautiful and good. But one day, when the Prince may have been two years or thereabouts, he was They never found him. missed. think the King's grief carried away some of his reason—it sometimes happens so, you know—for when Hari sent him a fakeer to tell him that the gods had punished him for being so happy and foretasting heaven on earth, and that he must atone by becoming a Sadhu himself, he objected not, but listened calmly and obeyed. "Farewell, beloved!" he said to his little Achthar, as he kissed her in her sleep; "if I love you more than the rest of humanity I am accursed. Farewell!" And drawing his pink garment about him. he took his staff in his hand and walked forth alone. He lives now, they say, in a cave among the far mountains, and pilgrims bless him and travel long ways

to look upon his face.

"Rukhi confessed afterward that they had had the boy conveyed to a lion's den in Kattyawar. He was so small they must at first, I think, have fancied him a little cub. But Rukhi is mad, and has a devil—who would punish Rukhi?

"Achthâr? Yes, I will tell you. She disappeared soon after these sad things happened. If you ask the villagers here, they will tell you that the gods have made a star of her—that bright little one which is seen about Ganesh Chathurthi, over the highest tower of the palace. But the other side of the valley, near Futeesingh's Mountain, there is a curious little hollow over against a mountain spring. It is always green and pleasant; pretty ferns grow round about it, and the sa-

cred tulsi, and many sweet-smelling flowers, and great leafy trees hide it from the common gaze. Nothing hinders your going to see it, if you will; nothing, except that there dwells a spirit—a beautiful creature, clothed always in white of some soft material, bordered with gold, like Achthar's famous bridal garb, you know. One saw her once, and told us. At nightfall she carries a lamp out on to a stone just outside the hollow, and, with her face to the mountain, she prays till dawn breaks. Futeesingh will be greater than Brahma when he dies-for who prayed like that for Brahma?"

Yes! Achthar knows the hermit, but she will not rob him of his merit as a Sadhu by claiming any particular bit of that which belongs to humanity in general. Herein is love!—Nineteenth Century.

### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MESSES, G. P. PUTNAM'S Sons will publish immediately, in both London and New York, a book which ought to be equally interesting on each side of the Atlantic. It is a new volume in their series of "Questions of the Day," entitled "America and Europe: a Study of International Relations." It consists of three papers: (1) an article by Mr. David A. Wells, on "The Relations between the United States and Great Britain," which appeared in the April number of the North American Review; (2) an address recently delivered at Brooklyn, by Mr. Edward J. Phelps, on "The True Monroe Doctrine;" and (3) an address recently delivered at Washington, by Mr. Carl Schurz, on "Arbitration in International Disputes."

A FEATURE of the last volume of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which Mr. Arthur Waugh is editing for Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co, will be a portrait of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the lexicographer without his wig. This is believed to be the only authentic portrait of him in what may be called a partial dishabille, and has never been reproduced before.

THE Congress for this year of the International Literary and Artistic Association will be held at Berne between the 22d and the 29th of August. Among the subjects to be discussed are literary property in newspaper articles, an examination of the conclusions of the Conference at Paris in view of the revision of the Berne Convention, and the method to be employed for obtaining the acceptance of that Convention by the countries in Europe which have not done so, and also by the United States of America.

Mr. Goldwin Smith having declined the honorary degree offered him by the University of Toronto, in view of the attacks made upon him, the Senate has passed a resolution expressing its regret, and assuring him of its high appreciation of his distinguished services in the cause of education and the advancement of learning. In this connection, we may mention that, in the last Convocation held at Oxford this term, the thanks of his old university were unanimously voted to the donors of a portrait of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

MESSIS. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. announce an illustrated historical record of the political and parliamentary career of Mr. Gladstone. The illustrations will all, or nearly all, be reproductions, full sized or reduced, of cartoons

and sketches which have appeared in Punch. The narrative—though here and there including Punch extracts—will, in the main, be an original compilation. The work is not intended in any sense to be considered a biography, but will be strictly limited to Mr. Gladstone's political career. The artists include Richard Doyle, John Leech, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Furniss, Mr. E. T. Reed, and others.

The journalistic profession certainly meets with due appreciation in Sweden. The Storthing has just decided on giving two State grants of 1000 kroner each to young journalists to enable them to gain experience in foreign countries, and the editors of newspapers are henceforth to have the free use of the State railways when travelling in the exercise of their profession.

PROFESSOR F. MAX MULLER is now passing through the press a new work in two volumes, to be called "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." It will not, however, be published before the end of the year.

A specially interesting and perhaps lively philological discussion is likely to arise through the issue shortly of a booklet by Mr. J. T. Brown on the "Kingis Quair." It assails the evidence for the received ascription of the poem to James I., and challenges the conclusions of all the editors, of whom Professor Skeat is the latest and the chief.

IMPUDENT CHARLATANISM. - M. Zola's work on Rome has quite lately been published in French, and already an English edition has appeared. The reviewers predict for it an extensive circulation; we are inclined to think that they are mistaken in their forecast. The condemnation of Zola's works by the Holy See will help not only not Catholics but others to realize their true character. The book upon Rome is nothing more or less than the product of audacious literary quackery. The scheme formed by the author was certainly not wanting in effrontery. Here was a man who had sullied the minds of millions by sending forth piles of what are euphemistically called "realistic novels," but what might more correctly be described as gutter literature; a man who has not a true knowledge of the religion he ostensibly professes, and whose acquaintance with science is of the most limited kind; and yet he actually proposes to interview the Pope, not as a penitent promising to renounce and redeem his errors, but as a

collaborator in the creation of a "new Catholicism," entirely up to date and in a line with the latest developments of science and sociology. Of course, Leo XIII. could never for a moment entertain the idea of countenancing such an imposture. Zola now tries to take his revenge by lampooning the Vatican. Zola's "picture" will simply be laughed at as a spiteful daub.— Catholic Times.

THE cause of women's advancement is making sensible progress in Germany, and its supporters have at last felt justified in arranging for an international women's congress to be held in Berlin from September 19th-27th. An influential committee has been formed, which is doing its best to make the venture a success. The subjects for discussion range over a wide area, including the education of girls, the professional position of women, their condition as wage earners, their legal and political position, their work in literature, art and science, etc.

#### MISCELLANY.

Conventional Lies.—It is easy to draw up an indictment against modern society: the contrast between its creed and its conduct is so sharp that every sucking satirist has cut his teeth upon the theme. But if there is nothing new to be said against civilization, the old difficulty remains of putting commonplaces well, and treating stale topics in a fresh and telling manner. Good abuse is as rare, because as difficult, as good praise. If Dr. Nordau has nothing absolutely new to say against the powers that be, he certainly knocks them about with a vigor and a recklessness that are as amusing as a Punch and Judy show. Some animals know by instinct the vulnerable spot in their enemy's body. Dr. Nordau has a deadly eye for the weak points in the system he is attacking: he states the most unpleasant truths in the most biting style; he throws his search light on the solemn plausibilities of the world with a suddenness that must startle the most wooden-headed conventionalist. But there his cleverness stops: he is purely destructive; when he attempts to become constructive, and proposes remedies for the existing state of things, he is childish. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that a German philosopher should be practical as well as brilliant.

We cannot dispute Dr. Nordau's opening

proposition that "pessimism is the keynote of our age," as must always be the case in a period of intellectual and moral upheaval. There are too many "children of the century" who echo De Musset's sad confession: "Je vondrais bien croire; mais je suis venu troptard dans un monde trop vieux." But why should those who cannot believe quarrel with those who can? It must be said that Max Nordau's quarrel is not with the substance, but with the symbols, of religious belief. In his chapter on the Lie of Religion, he is, like all scientific dogmatists, contemptuously telerant of the belief in immortality and a personal God; he thinks it an illusion, while the lie is the reverence paid to forms and dogmas. It is the sight of the priest in his vestments officiating in the stately cathedral that stirs his wrath. "Every separate act of a religious ceremony becomes a fraud and a criminal satire when performed by a cultivated man of this nineteenth century." It is, of course, quite in Dr. Nordau's paradoxical vein to leave the creed of Christianity alone and to fall foul of its ceremonial; but if the enemies of the Catholic faith have nothing worse to say than that holy water, if chemically analyzed, would turn out to be dirty, and that mass is "presided over by persons in odd clothing, with robes and capes of peculiar colors and shapes," the devout may go upon their way rejoicing.

We do not think that Dr. Nordau is very effective in dealing with the Lie of Monarchy. He fastens upon the phrase "by the grace of God," and gravely proceeds to argue as if at the present day educated men regarded kingship as a divine institution. And here is one of the difficulties of criticising this book. Max Nordau is a German, and naturally treats most things from a German point of view. Now, in many respects Germany is a hundred years behind England, France, Belgium, and Italy. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong" has been extinct for two hundred years in England, and for a hundred years in France; on the Continent in general it scarcely survived 1848. Still, it is quite possible that the rural peasantry of Germany, especially in the Catholic portions of the empire, sincerely regard the Kaiser as the Lord's anointed. But is it fair to judge "the cultivated man of the nineteenth century" by the standard of the Bavarian peasant? When an educated man salutes a king, it is to the institution not the person that he pays reverence, just as a barrister bows to a judge whom he knows to be distinguished chiefly by ill-temper. Every schoolboy learns that our English monarchy is founded upon a strictly parliamentary title, which could be cancelled by Parliament to-morrow. Characteristically enough, our philosopher prefers absolute to limited or constitutional monarchy. In England, Belgium, and Italy the king lies, when he pretends to govern; in Germany and Austria, the Parliaments lie, when they speak and vote. The truth of this cannot be denied, and we can only say with Falstaff, "Lord, how the world is given to lying!"

The next lie taken in hand is the Lie of Aristocracy. Naturally, an author whose standpoint is natural science is in favor of an hereditary aristocracy, provided it has "an anthropological foundation;" and there follow some not very original gibes about the pedigrees of modern nobility. This is rather a sore subject just now, when the ink is hardly dry on the Rosebery patents; but the truth about the matter we take to be something like this. Everybody would of course prefer that the aristocracy should be the bravest, the most beautiful, and the most honorable of mankind: but failing this, it is necessary, if the institution is to be defended, that our nobles should be wealthy, and that they should discharge public duties. The Roman aristocracy ruled because it was rich, and because its members were public functionaries. The Roman Senator was himself a money-lender; the English Senator marries the daughter of a money-lender; and the order is preserved. for a poor aristocracy is not only contemptible but dangerous. The aristocracies of Rome and England have flourished because they knew the secret of absorbing into their ranks the vigor and cunning of the classes below. The aristocracies of Berlin and Vienna, which demand seventy-six quarters on the shield, are powerless and obsolescent. As for the snobbishness of those who dearly love a lord, we are inclined to agree with Burke that nobility is an artificial institution for giving permanence to fugitive esteem, and that "it is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity."

The chapters on the Political Lie and the Economic Lie are the most serious part of the book, and contain the most suggestive reflections. Dr. Nordau is of opinion that "the restrictions imposed by the State upon the individual are out of all proportion to the benefits it offers him in return;" and if it be

remembered that he is writing mainly of Germany, where State regulation is rampant, it must be said that the Doctor makes out a very strong case in support of his contention. It is true that the citizen is harassed by official interference from his cradle to his grave; and it cannot be said, at all events in countries like Germany or France, that the State protects his life and property in return, for it is constantly plunging him into wars, in which both are destroyed. It is possible that murders are as frequent in civilized as in uncivilized countries, though no statistics are adduced to prove it; it is certain that crimes of calculation are more frequent in large cities than in the woods, and it is probable that tribal punishment was as effective as police law. Even the administration of justice is, in Dr. Nordau's judgment, as well done in the mining camp as in the court of law, though here we think the worthy doctor must have been imposed on by some yarns from the wild West About representative government some very sharp, and unfortunately undeniable, comments are made, "Parliament is an institution for the satisfaction of vanity and ambition, and for the furtherance of the personal interests of the members;" and there is an amusing description of the Disraelis and Gambettas, "In political life there is no rest nor peace possible: every one is either fighting, hiding in ambush, lying, listening, hunting for trails, or removing the trace of his own; sleeping with one eye open and his gun in his hand, looking upon every one he meets as an enemy, his hand against everybody and everybody's hand against him, slandered, traduced, badgered, provoked, and wounded-in short, he must live like a Redskin on the warpath in a trackless forest." What a flash of real insight there is in the following reflection! "The causes which lead to the downfall of a party leader, who has obtained control of the reins of government, are not the blunders which he makes in the administration of the supreme authority; these only serve as pretexts for attacks upon him. They are either the appearance of a more powerful antagonistic will, or the defection of mercenaries whose greed for the spoils of victory he has not been able or willing to satisfy, or to a combination of these two causes. This is so truly the case that a ministerial crisis, which appears to transfer the power from the hands of one into those of the other party utterly and diametrically opposed to it, is yet powerless to effect any radical change

in the interior policy of a government.' This observation might have been written by Lord Beaconsfield.

The weakness of the chapter on the Economic Lie is that Dr. Nordau has not worked out his conclusions, and merely asserts, without proving, his sparkling generalizations. For instance, it is no doubt true that as the surface of the globe fills up, the price of land and consequently of provisions must rise; but it is not a corollary proposition that the prices of manufactured products must go down as machinery improves, because wages largely depend on the price of provisions. The first effect of abolishing the Corn Laws in this country was to cheapen bread and lower wages, as the manufacturers, who agitated for free ports, knew very well would be the case. Unsound and reckless as Dr. Nordau appears to us to be in his political economy, we cannot but quote one of the many caustic and happy phrases which brighten a dry subject. "Financial crises are the piston-strokes with which capitalists pump the savings of the industrial classes into their own reservoirs." There is the usual sophism, refuted a hundred times, that wealth is the appropriation of others' labor, and the conventional rhetoric about the industrial slaves, for whom, in spite of our Public Health Acts and Artisans Dwellings Acts, modern sanitary science has done nothing. Rather inconsistently with his previous protest against State interference, Dr. Nordau's proposal is that all males shall be clothed, fed, and educated alike by the State up to the age of eighteen, so that the graduate shall take his place at the lathe, and the blacksmith read his Horace. If Dr. Nordau had read his Plato, he would have remembered that a State nursery involves a State supervision of marriages; otherwise what is to prevent the corner boy and the dock laborer planting any number of rickety and scrofulous bastards on the public parent? As for property, it is admitted that individual proprietorship is a natural instinct, and refuses to be suppressed, but it must only be allowed during life, and inheritance must be abolished. As has often been pointed out, the effect of prohibiting bequest would be either the most frightful extravagance and sensuality, or a laziness corrigible only by the coercion of the State inspector.

The Matrimonial Lie is the least original part of the book; it is merely Locksley Hall done into prose; a lively tirade against mercenary marriages. It is still, and always must

be, an open question whether marriages of convenience are not, on the average, more successful than marriages of love. Why is a prudent contract to be denounced as prostitution, while the gratification of what Pope calls "lust through some certain strainers well refined" is lauded to the skies? Why should a sensible woman wish to be married for her face rather than for her fortune? That "man is not a monogamous animal" is one of those dogmas which will meet with but a faint denial; though whether society will agree with Dr. Nordau in considering a divorced couple as " exceptionally courageous and truth-loving natures," is more doubtful. To prevent women from marrying for a maintenance, all women are to be kept by the State until they do marry. But have we not said that the doctor is not practical? Nevertheless we part from him with regret, for he has turned our civilization inside out for us in a very entertaining, and occasionally instructive, manner.

FRENCH MEN AND FRENCH MANNERS .- Mr. Vandam proceeds with his task of holding up France as a country which is not successful in producing happy children, good soldiers, or painstaking citizens. His book is a collection of lively journalistic sketches, which, taken by themselves, would go far to prove this-so far as Paris is concerned-and Paris does intellectually govern France in a way in which London used not, intellectually, to gov-Yet even in Paris there is ern England. much besides what is patent to the journalistic eye, and we could in London match most, of his allegations against Paris; some of the evils he describes are not peculiarly French.

Taken with the grain of salt with which Mr. Vandam complains that reviewers (we omit his adjective) will serve up his facts, any one interested in the two countries will find the volume lively reading, both as an appreciation of France and as something of a warning for England. We are so much used to running ourselves down and our neighbors up in a vague but not humble spirit, that it may be rather useful to consider ourselves definitely superior when we can. One present lately at a large private meeting of clergy told us that he was much struck with the way in which the younger men, in their modern dislike of bigotry against Rome, had to be reminded by elders, once supposed to be "Papists," that Englishmen had a few principles to hold on to, and that there were, after all, radical differences between themselves and those with

whom they desired to seek reunion. So in times of peace it may be proper to rekindle our quondam hatred of the "Frenchies" as models for anything, and our English repugnance to the Pope, lest we forget it, as those brought up in times of peace will overlook the reasons of days of war. Mr. Vandam devotes his Introduction to the proving of this point. Paris governs France, but Paris is not really Parisian —"the Parisians are the figure-head of the privateer manned by provincials." Paris—the Paris which governs—is a state of being, rather than a place containing persons. The influence of Paris, says Mr. Vandam, would lead one to infer that—

"The Parisian is, physically, a superiorly endowed creature; intellectually, a mastermind; morally, a man with an iron will either for good or evil, or for both. The fact is that, with few exceptions, he is the very reverse. If he be a Parisian of either the second or third generation—and there are probably not 350,000 all told, of them in Paris—both his physique and constitution will be below the average physique and constitution of his provincial countrymen; and if we bear in mind that in stature and stamina Frenchmen are generally inferior to other nations, we need not enlarge on that point."

He prefers, therefore, against decadent Paris and against degenerate France many charges, without, however, indicating what to some may seem to be their real causes. Indeed, in one instance he adverts rather sneeringly to an attempt to remedy an evil which in England has been felt to a very much less degree than in France—the separation of the religious life of womanhood and the intellectual life of manhood from each others' provinces. This is partly ecclesiastical, but in the provinces it is also social and educational; so M. Jules Ferry thought that France needed wider-minded women, and endeavored to form them as England has grown her teachers. Little as we like a secular education for any one, a certain touch of the movement from which capable Englishwomen are constantly taking inspiration must have its effect on any nation. The narrowness of Frenchwomen is one cause of national decay. There is more of the influence of English ideas than is allowed for in Mr. Vandam's account of a French girl's life, and in the better social sets we do not think that cousins are, as he says, at all excluded from the home-circle of a girl. At the same time, it is, as yet, perfectly impossible for any young woman to enjoy the

liberty in Paris which she does in England, though it is recognized that a well-born English girl, visiting a sister who has married a Frenchman, may do much which her brotherin-law's sister could not. It is impossible to blame either Frenchmen or Frenchwomen altogether for the present state of things, but it is a little beside the mark to sneer at an attempt to secure the education of women as not tending to increase the rate of marriages; whether these women marry or not, they level up the rest of their sex. Moreover, another blot on the social system of France is closely connected with the need for the general education of Frenchwomen. It is the fact that at this moment, while England, perhaps only too readily now, has mastered the idea that a gentleman may do anything for an honest livelihood, France provides no useful careers for well bred boys "of parts," as people used to say. She never could colonize very well, and the present state of the political life, in the Army, the Press, and the Law, is not inviting; while the barrier against a tradesman is greater than it was forty years ago in England, and the prejudice against a provincial life of useful occupations has never been so great in England in any class as it is still in France. We may, as English, congratulate ourselves on the facts, that the religious life of our nation is in the hands, after all, of free as well as of good men brought up in an allround English education; that our Press is free and not corrupted by every form of advertisement, private and official; that casuistry is not the result of a compromise between a system theoretically tenacious against natural reason and one elastically accommodating, as tested by practical conduct; and that we have the infinite grades of English society interlaced throughout the country and its Colonies. But of these blessings there are signs that the value is not always recognized.

Take a matter on which insular opinion is not yet formed, or is in a transition stage. It is possible that we may yet solve the Army problem—so far as our numbers permit it to be solved—by a peculiarly English movement as yet in its infancy, the establishment of cadet corps in our large towns, which may feed our volunteer system. Those who have tried to employ soldiers when discharged, even English soldiers, may think it well for our country's safety that we should get more men drilled, but do not always admire the soldier as he appears released from discipline, and left in a situation of trust. He has been

smart in the Army, and might be smart again; but, in the meanwhile, it is sometimes difficult to awake his mind to the consciousness that out of the Army he is not altogether off duty, and may not indulge in the relaxation which he has been accustomed to associate with being off duty. In France, where all are equally liable to serve, the problem of refitting older men into the civil system, whence they have been eradicated, is not so difficult as with us. But the school system and barrack system have drawbacks from which we are free. The chapters in Mr. Vandam's volume which deal with the life of the conscript are very brightly written, and may be read as showing how conscription is by no means an unmixed blessing to the country.

But if the conscription is not yet with us, and if the French school system never will be ours, with one point noted by Mr. Vandam we are by no means at present unconcerned in our larger towns. The concierge is already among us! The present writer has been one of a Board which has to receive complaints about porters, and has been a private individual to whom the manufacture of porters out of old soldiers, bricklayers' assistants, and other miscellaneous human beings, was once a matter of most painful interest. The following and many more subjects of practical reflection exist, as yet, inedited. Porters, as a rule. have no manners at all when they enter upon their career. Tenants not only in artisan and trade flats, but in more expensive ones. frequently do not know how to organize life on the flat system, and, moreover, meet the porter's "no manners" with the tenant's "no-conscience." From the landlord's point of view it is most difficult to supply with the porter's uniform a soul and body which will be absolutely civil, yet not too pliable, and never so obliging to the "tipping" tenant as to neglect the tenant unwise enough to suppose tips are not expected. Careful observation of many tenants of several blocks of flats leads us to the firm opinion that in six months a suitable man may learn to be a good porter. But, meanwhile, in England even his tyranny can never reach "a point which would make the freeborn Briton stand aghast " Nevertheless, remarks on porters will have a painful interest for those who deal with them as either landlord or tenant, and the public of this kind is fast increasing. There is also another subject of universal interest in Mr. Vandam's book, from which we only quote what has been described as a "cook-story":

"A friend of mine, the wife of an eminent professor of singing—there is no need to withhold her name, it is Madame Giovanni Striglia—engaged a servant from the country, and two days after her arrival found her violently ringing the bell in the dining-room. 'What are you ringing for?' was the natural question. 'I am ringing for madame; I want to speak to her,' was the answer. 'When madame wants me, she rings the bell.'"

Probably not one word too much is said by Mr. Vandam as to the servant difficulty in Paris, and the two points he notes as uncomfortable will be endorsed by "flat folk"—the disagreeableness of the concentration of servants' gossip as freely and loudly exchanged in a little back square, and as necessarily overheard by the other inmates of the house. On some of the other questions raised, we do not care to enter here, and their discussion would seem to be a drawback in a book which otherwise might well interest all members of a country family who liked light journalistic gossip.

Candidly, we neither care for many of the subjects of the book, nor for the general treatment of them. But Mr. Vandam is a good journalist, and sketches the things he cares to observe in a way with which no fault could be found if he would but call his work, "Some French Men and some French Manners." There is nothing of praise or blame to be said about these occasional papers now reprinted in volume form which has not been often said about "An Englishman in Paris;" those who liked, and those who disliked, that work will be of the same opinion still. Moreover, both from what he says, and what he does not say, we come to the insular but comfortable conclusion that there are evil- in England, but worse in France, and that there are many good things in France, but, generally speaking, better things in England. French chivalry does not permit freedom of movement to self-respecting women. French manners are, on ordinary occasions, most detestable and rude in speech and effect. French cleanliness, French cookery, and the like subjects of literary and journalistic fiction, may easily now be matched in England; and if ever we are told that Anglican Christianity cannot hold a people, we think that, fault for fault, it has a firmer foothold in England than Gallican Catholicism has in France. In writing these words, it may be that we have hit on the reason why Paris degenerates and England possibly still progresses.

Animal Warfare.—Evidence of the astonishing sagacity and military organization of the African baboons increases with the recent exploration of their favorite haunts, due to the troubles in Central Africa and Abyssinia. The English, German, and Italian travellers and emissaries who have been employed in various missions on the fringes of the Abyssinian plateau have corroborated many stories which have hitherto been suspected to be exaggerations of fact. It now appears that their methods and discipline are far in advance of those of any other vertebrate animals, and not inferior to those of some of the negro tribes themselves.

The conditions of the life of these monkeys in Africa are sufficiently curious without reference to their acquired habits, though these are undoubtedly due to the dangers to which the nature of the country in which they live exposes them. The different species of baboons, which are found commonly over the whole African continent, are all by nature dwelle s in the open country. They find their food on the ground; and whether this be insects or vegetables, it is usually in places which afford little shelter or protection. Though strong and well armed with teeth, they are slow animals, with little of the usual monkey agility when on the ground, and not particularly active even when climbing among rocks. In the rocky "kopjes" of the South, or the cliffs and river sides of Abyssinia, and the Nile tributaries, they are safe enough. But they often abandon these entirely to invade the low country. During the Abyssinian expedition conducted by Lord Napier of Magdala, they regularly camped near our cantonments on the coast, and stole the grain on which the cavalry horses and transport animals were fed. When on expeditions of this kind they often leave their stronghold for days together, and the means of joint defence from enemies in the open country are then carefully organized. Their natural enemies when thus exposed are the leopard, the lion, and in Southern Africa, the Cape wild dogs. To the attack of the leopard they oppose numbers and discipline. No encounter between the baboons and the wild dogs has been witnessed and described, but their defensive operations against domesticated dogs were seen and recorded by the German naturalist Brehm. The following account appears in the translation of his travels by Mrs. Thompson, just published. The baboons were on flat ground, crossing a valley, when the traveller's dogs,

Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons. "Only the females took to flight; the males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth, and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, usually bold and battle-hardened, shrank back." By the time the dogs were encouraged to renew their attack the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, except a six-months' old monkey which was left behind. The little monkey sat on a low rock, surrounded by the dogs, but was rescued by an old baboon, who stepped down from the cliff near, advanced toward the dogs, kept them in check by gestures and menacing sounds, picked up the baby monkey, and carried it to the cliff, where the dense crowd of monkeys shouting their battle-cry, were watching his heroism. The march of the baboons is not a mere expedition of the predatory members of the community. The whole nation "trek" together, and make war on the cultivated ground in common. Their communities are numerous enough to reproduce in miniature the movements of troops. The tribe often numbers from two hundred and fifty to three hundred individuals. Of these the females and young are placed in the centre when on the march, while the old males march in front and also close the rear. Other males scout upon the flanks. It has been noticed that these remain on guard, and do not feed during the whole time that the rest are gathering provender.

If disturbed by men the old males form a rear guard and retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on ahead carrying the plunder. Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal except man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself when they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dogfaced baboons. "These self reliant animals," he writes, " are a match even for men. While the screaming females with young ones fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns, the adult males, casting furious glances, beating the ground with their hands, sprang upon stones and ledges, looked down on the valley for a few moments, continually growling, snailing, and screaming, and

then began to roll down stones on us with so much vigor and adroitness that we immediately saw that our lives were in danger and took to flight. The clever animals not only conducted their defence on a definite plan, but they acted in co operation, striving for a common end, and exerting all their united strength to obtain it. One of our number saw one monkey drag his stone up a tree that he might hurl it down with more effect; I myself saw two combining to set a heavy stone rolling."

The wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not. It has for object either defence or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to the particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse, on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown, belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as a home. "There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople, and thought its dogs the most interesting native inhabitants. If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish," an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust-bins of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results. All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough and-tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defence is successful. This is always conducted by a levy en masse, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him. According to Turkish tradition, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the Devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch-enemy, and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loaves of bread, and stepping out into the road, throws them in a dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.

No vertebrate animals show the same organization for wars of plander and defence as the baboons, or the territorial instinct of the street dogs; but there are several species which exhibit these instincts in a minor degree, and in some cases act under the orders of officers. The troops of wild horses of America are led by the master-stallion; when attacked by pumas, or expecting to be "stampeded" by another troop, they are said to form a ring, with the mares and foals inside. The pack of "red dogs" in the Indian hills follow the lead of old hounds, probably because their skill in scenting is more accurate. The Indian wolves have been observed to divide forces, part keeping the dogs in check, while others attack the sheep. Bison, when chased, leave the largest bulls as a rear guard; but this may be due to their greater weight and inferior speed. Indian wild boars often defend the sugar cane fields in which they have taken up their quar ters against the natives who desire to cut them, retreating into the last patch, and rushing out if the men come near. In this case it is the males who do the fighting, and there is no combination to protect the territory which they desire to hold. But no wild animals have developed their powers of combined attack and defence in so creditable a manner as the baboons. Their motives-" defence, not defiance"-are irreproachable, and their methods deliberate, courageous, self reliant, and effective. The advantages of size and sex carry corresponding duties; and Brehm justly remarks that there is probably no other male animal which runs into danger voluntarily to rescue a young one of its own species. - Spectalor.

RESTING POSTURE AS A RACIAL CHARACTER-ISTIC.—For us Eur.peans the attitude of repose is sitting or lying down, and we are apt to believe that there can be no others. Nevertheless numerous races rest with crossed legs

like our tailors, others kneel, and still others crouch down. So far as we know no work has been written on this subject. Nevertheless it is important to understand these different attitudes, and to see under what influences they vary. We may thus avoid the error of representing savages seated or lying down like Europeans-an error that was committed at an anthropologic exhibition at Prague, where plaster models of Hottentots and Zulus were shown seated in postures that real Hottentots never assume. Photographs of these impossible groups were sent to numerous anthropological societies. Primitive savages crouch down, while their women kneel. The crouch. ing posture, fatiguing for us, is so natural to them that they can sleep in this position. The low-caste Hindus sleep thus, and in the Trocadero Museum an ancient terra cotta figure shows a crouching Peruvian with closed eyes and head inclined. A certain degree of civilization brings the position with legs crossed as with our tailors, with many variants, and a higher civilization causes the chair to be adopted. But at first the sitter does not place himself squarely with both legs hanging; he raises one and keeps it on the seat.

Thus the classic attitude of the negro is the crouching one, and that of the negress the kneeling. As for their children, they generally kneel like their mothers, but rarely crouch. Exceptionally, negroes can be seen sitting cross-legged. But the fetish-worshipping negro, far from contact with the white, crouches, though in divers fashions. . . . In different places (Guinea, Congo, sources of the Nile) they make use of supports 20 to 30 centimetres [7 to 11 inches] high, cut from a piece of wood and of variable form according to the country. Sometimes (in Guinea) it is a round stick supported by a single massive central foot or by three and even four feet. At other times (on the Congo) it is a square whose sides, raised at right and left, are upborne by four cylindrical legs. In the upper Nile region (Dinkas and Nouers) the seats have four feet, those of the lake regions have three; others, lower, have only two large ones on the sides. The seats of chiefs are higher and have supports carved to represent human figures. But in certain localities, in more direct contact with Europeans, the chiefs sit on chairs, generally of European make. The Polynesians have a very different posture of repose. They do not crouch, but sit with crossed legs. The same custom exists in all the Polynesian islands. Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.

Let us now examine the white races of Europe and America, who sit when they rest. The cross-ledged attitude exists no longer except among tailors. Crouching causes fatigue, and is resorted to only when it is desired to pick up or gather something. Even when the white man finds no seat he sits on the ground with legs outstretched or half bent, as is shown very frequently in photographs of Russian or Roumanian peasants. We should note, however, among the women great facility in kneeling at work, as when they are washing linen.

The Semites have a custom opposed to ours; they make no use of chairs. In Mussulman countries the most customary position is that called Turkish, with crossed legs like our tailors Sometimes we may see Arabs resting with their backs against a wall, the legs half bent, in an attitude which is not crouching, but which approaches it. In Turkey and Persia the favorite position is that of kneeling. In the Persian salons the invited guests who know the correct thing place themselves on their knees against the wall. The tailor attitude, which both men and women assume, is regarded as uncivil. Chairs are little used even among the rich; when they are employed one leg is placed on the seat, Turkish fashion, while the other hangs down; or, yet again, with one hand they hold one foot as is done in the far East. Crouching is exceptional. In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the cross-legged, and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.

Let us now study the Hindu and Sino Japanese races. There also we find other modes of repose. The crouching attitude is reserved in India, China, and Japan for lower castes. The Chinese and the Manchus regard it as incorrect. It is also the posture of aboriginal savages, of conquered races, such as the Jakuns and the Orang-Battaks of Sumatra. In resting Hindus and yellow races sit cross-legged on the ground or with one leg bent as in crouching, and the other lying flat. The big joints are very supple, whence an infinite variety of poses. Sometimes in Siam one leg is placed parallel to and under the other; the bonzes are accustomed to place the right leg over the left, with the sole of the foot upward. This is a pious attitude supposed to resemble that of Buddha. When the Siamese woman makes a call, she begins by kneeling, but in a few

minutes she throws her feet to one side, carrying the body to the right or left, and varying the side according to her fatigue.

Let us pass on to America. Before the Spanish conquest the native races of Mexico appear to have used postures of repose analogous to those of the Orient. It is probable that in America at this epoch the differentiation of castes caused variety in attitudes. The common people crouched, the wealthy classes sat cross-legged, the gods and kings sat on seats. The native races of North America crouch rarely. The men sit cross-legged; the women kneel.

From these modes of repose are derived numerous customs. The Arabs, like the Mongols, wear sandals that can be easily taken off by bending the knees. The interiors of the houses are furnished with mats and rugs on which the inmates sit, and the custom of leav. ing the foot coverings at the gate of the house or mosque is easily understood. A person who sits cross-legged or kneels needs a low portable table. Thus is explained all the furniture of the Orientals, so convenient for them, so uncomfortable for us. Such are the little Oriental coffee-tables, and the small portable Chinese tables. Among primitive races death is regarded as the final rest-not as annihilation. The corpse, surrounded with favorite objects, is sometimes accompanied by the wife and slaves. Hence the obligation to bury the body in the habitual posture. We extend the dead at full length: the primitive races often give them the crouching attitude, and it is probable that the postures of the deceased are quite as varied as those of the living. Unfortunately the narratives of travellers do not always give us exact information on this point, usually giving without distinction the name of "crouching" to every attitude that is not a reclining one.—Dr. Regnault, in the Revue Encyclopédique.

THE EFFECT OF A CANNONADE.—Sir William Thomson has recently been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after fifteen minutes' firing the survivors of the crews of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental, if not physical incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.

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THE INCARNATION: A STUDY IN THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

BY W. W. PEYTON.

THE Incarnation idea is essentially that of the unseen universe looking out upon us from the seen. The spiritual world puts in an appearance in the sensuous, and hence comes all the stir which the religions of the world have Religion is no other than man trying to get himself into harmony with what he has seen of the unseen universe, trying with more or less of success to make himself responsive to the clamant spiritual world. Mr. Herbert Spencer, with his clear, perceiving mind, has said: "Unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense." But we see beyond the sphere of sense through the medium of sense, and incarnation is the agency between the sensible and supersensible spheres. The Incarnation is a showing and a lighting of the unseen.

Now, the mediation, or incarnation, is first in the creation around us, and secondly, in ourselves as conscious beings, the most highly evolved and most meaningful part of nature. It concerns us, therefore, with some definiteness to know what nature is, what do we see in the seen, what have early poetry, and philosophy later, and science last of all, found in nature? These questions are vital to our study.

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 3.

We look at a river in flood or fall, and we are fixed to the banks by various thoughts; we look at a glacier-clad mountain, and we are amazed; we wonder at the display of color in the after-glow of the sunset; we are alarmed at the streamers of the aurora in a frosty sky; we sit in a daisied meadow and observe the orchid, the butterfly, and the rabbit. Now, Professor Clifford, as a master of physical science, would have said of the flood and of the chromatic and the electric exhibition that it was "mind stuff" which has met our mind. Darwin rose Darwin rose from his study of orchids to announce the discovery that the orchid is a modified lily, and that it is profoundly modified to prevent self-fertilization. He saw in this most curious of plants design and the principle of modification. Professor Huxley, looking at the buttercup and butterfly, would have been saddened at the story of the pain in the ceaseless struggle by which species have acquired the forms they now possess, a sadness which was enough to make a sensitive nature agnostic. Wordsworth would say that there was a presence in nature which disturbed him, whose dwelling was the light of setting suns and the blue sky and the mind of man, a motion and a spirit which rolled through all things, and that therefore he was a

lover of the meadow and the mountain. Plato would have said that he saw all butterflies in the original idea of them, and all buttercups in their archetypes, and that these ideas were eternal and divine. Kepler tells us that when he discovered the laws of motion he caught himself reading some of the thoughts of God.

Primitive man, in his simple intuitions, saw and felt what Plato, Wordsworth, Darwin, and Clifford had seen, each in his own department. In him are rolled up the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, who in these later days have been evolved out of him, and he, the unrefracted man, instantly became the theologian and worshipped He read the thoughts and emotions of the Infinite Power in the phases of nature and in the drama of his own life, and, startled by the apparition, he brought his sacrifice. He called them, very properly, gods and goddesses, for they were the ideas and emotions of God Himself, and what could he do but see deity in them?

We have lost this primitiveness. We go to nature to find illustrations and analogies. We go to human history and register the motions on its surface, the froth of earthly motive and intrigue and pleasure, never coming near that border-land where the fleeting of time passes into the abiding. Even analogies are only true when they have caught the divine ideas in nature. What we have to do is to go back to the primal, and see in nature the thoughts of the Infinite Mind and in human life the emotions of the Eternal Heart; to find law, order, principle, beauty, pensiveness, sympathy. Not the analogies of them, but the things themselves; not illustrations of them, but the realities themselves. What we have to study as we look at the sky of space is a shower of divine thoughts which have been sown in suns and In the flood and the after-glow we have to see God thinking Himself into the creation; looking at our own selves, we have to hear God present in consciousness, speaking aloud and making the drama of history. And then we shall see God clothing the invisibles of Himself in motion, molecule, and cell.

The creation is the incarnation of

thoughts. The flood, the orchid, the sunset color, the butterfly are the clothing of some emotions. And we who summarize all idea and emotion on the summits of creation are the more perfect incarnation. The thinking of the Infinite Mind which underlies nature underlies us. Irenæus long ago said "the life of man is the vision of God," and Carlyle has said "we are the great inscrutable mystery of God." The immanence in nature comes out in Incarnation. How the ideas of the Eternal got planted in the creation, how the emotions have become woven into physics and physiology—the mode of the incarnation we shall not know. The incarnation is not the darkness of a mystery, but the light of it. It is a publication of the secrets of the universe. It is a revelation and a manifestation. The ideal is in the real appealing to us, the unseen in the seen looking out upon us, the Immanent in the Incarnate, in very various costumes. And there is a soul in the man who finds them.

The religions of the world are the religions of the Incarnation. They may be roughly divided into two large groups, those which are ruled by the incarnation in nature and those which are ruled by the incarnation in man. A third group may be made of those religions in which the two elements mingle in various proportions, without the decided prominence of the one or the other, but these details need not be intruded into our discussion.

We must expect to find the imperfect in every form and grade of it, for it is of the essence of human nature that we find the imperfect where the perfect was intended, that we see the intention of the finished, but meet with the rough-hewn realities of the unfinished. And it is for this imperfect that the last Incarnation has inspired a touching sympathy. Christmas Day comes to collect this sympathy into charity and benevolence, and to provoke a respect for the weak, the ignorant, and the inferior of our kind. The Christian Church has never lacked the missionary sympathy, but it does lack an intellectual sympathy with the imperfect conceptions and the rude worships of the lower races.

Greek religion is a typical sample of the first group. Greek gods and goddesses were mainly law, order, and beauty perceived in the works of nature, made ideal, and traced to their source in the Absolute One, the To Ev και τὸ ὄν. Greek deities were a pantheon of abstractions. This is the very account which Tacitus gives of the deities of our own Teutonic ancestors in the Rhineland: "They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of deities to the abstractions which they see in spiritual worship." \* A mountain has its lake and wood and exciting air, and it is the abode of the nereid, the dryad, and the sylph. Plato's philosophy of ideas was found in this same medium. His ideas are eternal, divine archetypes of the visible world. The deities divested of their material clothing are ideas, and become a philosophy which gave material help to Christianity in its early days. Greeks were of all mankind a rational people; and we give a rational basis to Greek modes of thought when we relate their deities to the incarnation of prin-The creation is the creative mind incarnating thought and emotion into physics and organisms. The sensible world is a clothing of supersensible ideas.

A ruder, and therefore louder, form of the incarnation idea is to be found among the primitive races inhabiting the Pacific islands. Dr. Turner has been a missionary in Samoa for forty years, and has seen Samoan life evolve into the Christian life. He says that in these islands every family had a These household gods household god. were supposed to "appear in some visible incarnation"—one as an eel, another as an owl, and a third as an octopus. The village gods, like those of the household, appeared also in their " particular incarnations;" one assumed the form of a heron, and another that of the rainbow, and another as a shooting

Into this group of religions excited by the incarnations in nature will fall the religion of the Aryans, before they divided east and west, as found in the Rig-Veda of the Western Aryans, represented by the Greeks and our own Teutonic ancestors, and of the Eastern Aryans still represented by the Brahmans of India. Also the religions of the ancient Egyptians and of many North African races of our day. The incarnation in these religions is of some particular thought or passion in the Eternal power, who was seen behind or within the phenomena of nature. The sense of our relation to the eternal is sleeping in the human faculty, and is stirred by the stimulus of nature. is an intuition, native to the mind, one of its inevitable categories, waked up in this medium, till it organizes itself

into an institution of worship.

A principle of biological science will now serve us through the maze of religious ideas and institutions. Biology has impressed upon us the almost axiomatic canon that the key to functions and structures in simple organisms will be found in the developed structures and functions of higher life. A speck of jelly is all that makes the indistinct body of the hydra; a mass of pulp forty feet long makes the body of some jelly-fishes. This pulp draws in at the approach of danger, and this is a nerve movement which corresponds to sight and hearing, when as yet there is no appearance of eye or ear. The lancelet is a little fishlike creature to be seen at low-water mark in the sand. It has a long rod with square brick-like structures on each side along the centre line of its body, which is known as the notochord, or chord of the back. This structure appears in the embryo of the vertebrates, and it is afterward replaced by true vertebræ. The lancelet has an incipient backbone; that which lay so long hidden in the plasma of the invertebrates has made an appearance. We know its nature from the developed backbone of the mammal. Our great embryologist has said, "All the modes of development found in the higher vertebrates are to be looked upon as the modification of that of the Amphioxus."

Wordsworth is the poet of our century who has taught us what to look for in nature, and how to touch nature by the sympathy of our mind with the

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Germania," c. 5.
† "Samoa a Hundred Years Ago."
George Turner, LL.D.

mind that is in her. His readings were obscure to the last generation because he took us back to the more primitive parts of us. It was in the society of the rude dalesmen of the Lake country that he found this primitiveness. what shepherds, cottagers, the village schoolmaster, the leechgatherer, the herdsman, living in a single room, born among the Athol hills, in whom sensation, soul and form were melted into one, who, though he loved his Bible, found his faith in the mountains, who not merely believed, but saw—it is what such as these thought that he When we look closely into sings to us. the pedigree of his message, we find that he has revived the relation to nature which lies at the root of primitive religions, and from which we have been removed a long way by a larger relation, in which the lower was included and lost.

Wordsworth felt a sense sublime of something deeply interfused in the light of the setting sun, in the blue of the sky, and in the mind of man, and it was the soul of all his moral being. He saw that every flower enjoyed the air it breathed, that St. Mary's Loch was visibly delighted through her depths. The boulder stranded on a hilltop was a thing endued with sense; the stars had feelings which they sent down to us; the sunset was the apparition of a god; there was a spirit in the woods; the cuckoo was no bird, but an invisible thing, a mystery; the lark had a singing mind. Wordsworth's mind is cast into the Greek mould, and he shows us the genius of Greek religion.

Wordsworth is sensitive to effects of mind in nature, and they are to him an angel, a presence, an interfusion. In Greece and modern Polynesia these effects are called gods and goddesses, but essentially they are the same religious and philosophical conception. Wordsworth has given us the key to the secret of deities and deifications which we impose as a mythology of illusion on primitive religion, unable to enter into the thinking of men whose mind is so differently arranged from our own. The meaning of primitive religions is found as we find the meaning of functions in lower life from the

evolved forms. It takes a lengthened study of Wordsworth to make us congenial with primitive modes of thought. The primitiveness is in us, but it has fallen into the lower stratum of intuitions. We think that we have broken with the past, but in Wordsworth we see that religion has produced the evolved backbone when it has become Christian.

The relations of the incarnations in nature to the Incarnation in Christ is the relation of an ascending series. The parts have found their whole. The ideas distributed in the cloud and the leaf, the emotions distributed in the daisy and the doe, are gathered up into a Personality, from whom they have originally come. There is a gloom and grief in the principle of natural selection; there is a tenderness and a beauty in the hues and lines of a bird's feather, though adaptive coloration has been acquired in a great struggle; there is majesty in the magnitude of a mountain; there are secrets in the woodland haunts of the squirrel and the woodpecker. And all these are ideas and emotions of the Infinite Mind in shrines of incarnation scattered over the earth.

When the Greek became responsive to Christ, he called Him the Logos or Word, of whom the incarnations in nature are the logoi or words, which are ever speaking and suggesting to us the Logos to come in the flesh. The Christ lay hidden in the incarnations, in the mistletoe and Yule log of our Teutonic ancestors, and the Oread and Dryad of the Greek. The Greek anthem of Christmas Day has yet to be understood and chanted in our churches:

"In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and He was God. All things were born of Him; in Him was the primal life. The Eternal Mind became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory."

In the second group of religions, the incarnation in man is the worshipful element, and the pressure of it is more especially felt when death divests him of the flesh. The mystery of death meets love, and the divine immanence in man becomes awful in the Unknown with God. The friction flashes a light which illuminates the Infinite of God,

and men retain that light in the institution of religion. From deep to deep we go in life, and in the abyss of death, our love wrapped by the earthly cloud, we meet with God, and go up with Him to the mountain of sacrifice.

The Roman religion is an accessible specimen of this group. Roman deities were mainly human virtues and interests idealized and transferred to their high source in the Infinite Heart. Faithfulness was Fides; field labor was Ops; the opening of a shop was Janus; war is Bellona; home and hearth are Lares and Penates. Unlike the abstracted Greek, the Roman was a practical, capable man, governing many and various nations by a sympathy with human nature acquired by this perception of human worth. In his Emperor he tries to see collected all virtues, and he is Cæsar Divus. The Roman Pantheon was mainly a picture-gallery of the essence of human qualities, excellences, affairs, found in the Infinite God.

In this group of religions we place the old Chaldean and most of the modern Mongolian religions, the religion of the Zulus in Africa and of some tribes represented in Madagascar and Patagonia. They are well represented by the religion of China, where religious services partake largely of the character of commemoration of the dead. It is common in the literature of Comparative Religion to speak of this group of religions as the worship of ancestors and the propitiation of ghosts—phrases in which worship and propitiation are vague ideas and the word ghost simply generally. discredits religion Legge, the Professor of Chinese in Oxford, who has spent a long life as missionary in China, tells us that the Chinese do not regard the ancestors as divine, "the name of God was not given to them, but honor was done to them as ministers of God." \*

The doctrine of immortality has one of its reasons in the human sensitiveness to the spirits of the dead. The sensibility enforces the doctrine, and religion has one of its larger tributaries in the truth of immortality. The primitive man, seeing by his unspoiled intuitions, has always seen something

beyond the seeming of death and has never been cheated by its look. those who are dear to him die this untutored sensibility is roused and he feels the spirits of the dead near, which they really are, and communes with them, and in the roused sensibility a dialogue goes on, which is symbolized by meats offered to the spirit as once to the man at the family meal. activity of this co-operation between the two worlds depends upon the degree of the sensibility, and what it is in its earliest forms may be seen from its development in the gifted Laureate of our race, recently gone from us.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic and most spiritual products of poetic genius is the "In Memoriam." It is a cathedral built of exquisite marbles, quarried from every mine of thought, passion, imagination, from every vein of pain, joy, hope, doubt, in which you may hear a commemoration liturgy chanted to a music which ever haunts the ear. This literature was produced in the Valley of the Shadow, where we see our poet walking with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam, and he was seventeen years in the valley. He tells us that "spirit may come to spirit," "my ghost may feel that thine is near," that spirits may be seen by the memory and in the conscience.

"They haunt the silence of the breast Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air, The conscience as a seat at rest."

Tennyson reproduces the primitive sensibility to spirits of the dead, purged of its childish simplicity, but shows the type. The purification comes from the medium which the departed spirit of Christ has supplied. In the Christian world we have lost this communication with spirits by our larger communion with Christ. In Alpine mountaineering, as we ascend, the lower pyramids and domes which made our sky-line and our guide disappear, are flattened down into unknown valleys. But Tennyson during these seventeen years found himself in communion with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam:

"So word by word and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once, it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine."

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Religion of China," p. 70.

We see the course of the religious sentiment excited by grief and love, flashing up into society with a disembodied spirit and then settling into communion with the departed spirit of Christ. The "In Memoriam" was finished by the hymn addressed to Christ, which forms the prologue to the poem, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love." The elementary sensitiveness to spirits in the lower religious is here seen in the matured, refined, chastened communion with Christ. Tennyson's genius is cast into the Roman mould, and he has the Virgilian sensitiveness to the universe of spirit. The divine immanence in man, glorified by death, gives character to this second class of

As we may expect, in this second group of religions, there is a pronounced assurance of immortality. The divine immanence having once appeared as personality cannot suffer an eclipse, and death only kindles new fires. Cicero, as a typical Roman, is quite sure of a life beyond for him, or, as he says, he would have lost the motive for his activity. Plato, the typical Greek, is hesitating, but assures himself, as in the "Phædo," by a metaphysic which is within reach only of the Greek or German mind.

In the lower races ruled by this type of the religious sentiment, immortality was made expressive by sacraments and expensive customs, sometimes æsthetic, often barbarous, and even awful. Kirghiz chief has his horse buried with him, a Bedouin his camel. A queen in Madagascar was buried with a box containing 11,000 dollars. The Eskimo has the custom of placing a dog's head over the grave of a child as a guide to the land of spirits, a picturesque symbol of the unseen landscape seen in the medium of death and the inexperi-This vision of enced traveller therein. immortality has also become an intoxication, with a horror in it for us. a Polynesian island the grandfather has been killed to accompany a child; in another, slaves are killed in the prospect of a death of a chief, that they may go before and prepare him a place. In Peru, the wives of a person of royal blood offered themselves to death in such numbers that a selection had to

be made. In Dahomey, wives have been known to kill each other when a king dies, to join him on the other side. We see here the fanatical diminishing of the sensible world in the certainty of the supersensible, as it becomes visible in the competition of this life with the life to be.

The incarnation in Christ stands in the same relation to the second type of youthful religions as to the first. the passage of the parts into the whole. The immanence discerned is a strand of feeling perceived in one man, a power of faculty in another, a beauty of virtue in a third. No man has a rounded completeness; even his one excellence appears with serious imperfections, though it stands out. In Christ the fragments are collected into one Person; this one human personality has all the excellences in harmonious proportion. A divine personality has been grafted into a human personality. We do not know what personality is, but it is the highest and the abyss in us, and we affirm it of God. We do not see in Christ a great idea or a great emotion of God incarnated. We see the personality of God incarnat-The mingling of the divine personality with the human has given us a universal man, not of one nation, but of all nations, the Original of man-

This remarkable fact remains about the Christian incarnation, that it was received by the two races for whom the older religions had done their best, and which then stood exhausted, waiting The Greek, the develfor a future. oped type of the first class, and the Roman, the developed type of the secoud class, were both sick and despairing when the message of the Christian incarnation came to them and changed. the classical into the Christian world. The same movement is going on before our eyes when primitive races receive the last incarnation. The Fiji islands and Samoa are Christianized; and, not to go further, Mr. H. M. Stanley has recently said: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a missionary there; now there are 40,000 Christians and 200 churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible." And there is no violence or suddenness in these human movements. It is the law of evolution at work, the natural passage of the lower incarnations into the higher, a movement native to the mind, along the line of the basal intuitions.

At this point we bring into perspective the Hebrew type of religion, which stands supreme among the old religions, a mountain range towering above the plains, but with relations to the low country. It has emerged out of the old religions and shows reversions throughout its eventful history to both the classes above described. Its distinctive character is in the hold which the kernel of the nation had of the unity of the Godhead, and the persistence with which it sustained communications with the Eternal without the sensuous medium of nature or the semisensuous medium of departed spirits. When we say this we give it a unique The small kernel of the character. nation was large enough and strong enough to be influential, and to create an atmosphere for centuries within the narrow border of Palestine and, after the dispersion, over the Greek and Roman Empires. All the lapses into the lower types from which it emerged, which were serious, left the kernel untouched.

Certainly the most decisive epoch in our world's history was the migration of Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees as from an ungenial climate, as the Puritans fled from England to lay the foundations of the American world. The religion of Chaldaa was sensitive to spirits. Professor Sayce tells us that the Chaldean spirits were spirits not of departed men, but of nature. If by spirits of nature is meant abstractions of law, order, and beauty, we ought not to use the word spirits, which must be confined to the spirits of the deceased. But the declensions of Abrahamism show traces of both types of religions, and further research will perhaps show that the Chaldwan species of religion was in part inspired by the incarnation in nature, and in part by the incarnation in man. Aaron made a calf in the desert to satisfy the Hebrew religious feeling. Jeroboam carried

the half of Israel with him and made groves and gods and molten images In the days of Sau commerce with. familiar spirits was widespread, and in this we see the medium of spirits appearing, probably now as an imposture.

It is the glory of Abraham that he stripped himself clean of both the mediums of nature and of spirits in his communion with the Eternal. He went direct into the invisible sanctuary. The spiritual genius of the man perceived that this simple communion could be transmitted by the law of inheritance. Throughout its history the strength of Hebraism lay in the directness of its spiritual communications and the clearness with which it perceived moral duties in this clean me-The communion of Moses with Jehovah, the Eternal, supplied him with the diamond-cut summary of the moral law preserved to this day in the Ten Commandments. Righteousness was the ideal of the Hebrew; obedience his endeavor. Israel had the genius to see that this specialized spirituality, without the common media used by other nations, and a specialized morality were mutually dependent. By a perennial struggle and in much weakness the dependence was preserved and the victory handed over to the Christian succession, in which it found a new home.

The weakness of Hebraism lay in its inevitable situation, in the childhood of the world in which its lot was cast. Its weakness mainly consisted in the defences by which it guarded its strength. It protected itself against the intrusion of the medium of nature by adopting a medium of rites and rituals, which became a snare, which took the place of righteousness, and against which the prophets maintained a long protest. By the absence of immortality from its faith, it protected itself against the mediation of spirits, and the later psalmists and prophets introduced it to sustain its mission.

But both by its strength and its weakness Hebraism held the future. It was instinct with a great hope, which burned brightest in darkest days, a hope which proved to be of no use to it, but of great use for the world. Abraham moved westward; and the

look of his race is ever westward. Ιn the word Elohim, gods, lay Greek idealism, which in Alexandria found its inmost idea in the doctrine of the Logos. In such phrases as were applied to human greatness—"Ye are gods," "Jehovah the Great King above all gods"-we have the Roman ideal of human nature. Christianity, the true heir of Hebraism, has served itself heir to Greece and Rome. The genuine religions of the world link themselves on to Hebraism, and Hebraism links itself Christianity. Though Hebraism had discarded the incarnation in nature and in man as a medium of communion with the Invisible, the hope of the race lay in a birth and in an incarnation, and the utterances of her seers with regard to the Person to be born, have been appropriated by the Christian successors of the prophets and applied to Of old the anthem of Christmas, taken from the Hebrew hope, has been:

"Behold a virgin shall conceive And bear a Son; They shall call His name Emanuel.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given,
And the government shall be upon His shoulder,
And His name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

In the Incarnation as an immanence and as a revelation we have stood in the outer courts of religion. We enter now into the inner sanctuary, there to find that the secret of religion is the Incarnation as a medium of communication between the sensible and the supersensible worlds, between God and man.

One of the essential conditions by which an organism lives is environment. Environment is of two kinds, the local and imperial. The seed first communicates with the local medium of soil and water, and then, as its life cycle begins, the plumule or embryo shoot opens correspondence with the imperial medium of the sun and takes on its leaf and chlorophyll, which establishes the higher relation. The plasma of life is quiescent till it is stimulated by an environment, and it

dies away if it does not find the right stimulus within a certain time. The administration of mind is on a parallel line. Nature and man and death beset the mind and make the local environment. The worshipful thought stirred in this lower medium carries us into communion with the infinite and eternal Power who is the imperial medium. In this correspondence we have the heart of religion.

The communication of primitive man with nature is so active that its incarnations are pictured as deities, and with the spirits of the dead so real that learned students have confounded it with the worship of God. We have lost this lower society by imperial communications, and we are in the habit of speaking of it as magic, witchcraft, necromancy, mistaking the later pretensions for gain for the reality.' There had been no imitation of gold if gold had not a real value. The genuineness of this communication has been affirmed by Wordsworth and Tennyson, in whom our race and our Christianity have flowered with rare thought and passion. Wordsworth has lived on such terms with nature that one impulse from a vernal wood has taught him more than all the sages. Tennyson has lived on such terms with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam that he feels him a spirit diffused around him, though mixed with God and nature, and his songs as pleasing to his Arthur. men of the finer fibre, in rare moments, have known passages between them and nature in which they have felt that they were in contact with something more than it, which was within it, and which is the divine immanence in it.

In the religion of the unevolved races, the imperial intercourse is never absent. Research has discovered that every race has found the supreme simplicity of the Godhead. Ahura Mazda is the expression for the Supreme Being among the ancient Persians, and it means I Am who I Am. He who is above all gods is the Only God is the expression for the eternal in the Vedic hymns. The ancient Egyptians called the great Supreme, the One of One, intensifying their sense of the unity. In the religions of China and Japan and the Mongolian races generally we have

the august name of Tio and Tien, which mean the same as Jehovah. Samoa the name for Jehovah is the absolute One, and among the Tongans, another Polynesian race, the name is the eternal One. The Red-skin Indians of America, from Canada to Mexico, have the name Michabo for the Supreme, which means the great Spirit. The Zulus have the name Umkulumkulu, the great Fatherly Spirit. communion with the One only God was an arduous thing for the ordinary man. His highest name was a metaphysic. In varying shades of meaning it was the same—I Am that I Am.

The unincarnate God is everywhere revealed to the human faculty. ern research breaks down the common distinction of religions into monotheistic and polytheistic. This classification has no basis in fact; the mind sways from communion with the supreme unincarnate One to the many incarnations of His immanence in nature and in man, at one time in converse with the local and at another with the imperial environment. Plato tells us how this is done: "I am a great lover of these processes of division and generalization; they help me to speak and to think. And if I find any man who is able to see a One and Many in nature, him I follow and walk in his steps as if he were a god." To sustain correspondence with the unincarnate Unity has been a strain on the humanpowers, and a struggle seen even in our European atmosphere. But still, communication is the heart of religion, and I use the word communication of design to release the idea of communion from religious phrasiness.

Now communication with the incarnate Christ, removed from the range of sense, is the open secret and every-day wonder of the order of life known as Christian. And here the advance made must be specially observed. The striking phenomenon in the Christian life is that this correspondence is direct and immediate, without a medium of sense. The lower incarnations in the natural world are susperseded and the stride is immense.

This communication is one of the supreme facts of our world, ruling great crises, creating the familiar atmosphere

of our civilization. It is writ large in literature, in life, in institution, and yet there is not a chapter upon it by Gibbon, by Carlyle, by Froude. It is remarkable that Gibbon should have found many reasons why Christianity succeeded in the Roman Empire, that Froude should have written with so much of genuine sympathy with the Reformation and the reforming Calvinists, that Carlyle should have discovered a hero in Cromwell; and yet they had not discovered that the inner heart of this heroism and of these masterful revolutions is the rise of a capacity in the human faculty for communicating with the personality of Christ in the unseen world which besets us. Froude even stands helplessly by unable to see the cause. He says: "Whatever was the cause they, the Calvinists, were the only fighting Protestants. . . . England, Scotland, France, and Holland they, and only they, did the work. and but for them the Reformation would have been crushed." Whatever was the cause—why, in every parish all over Europe the cream of its teeming millions meet every Sunday to give social expression to this cause. Christmas Day they recall themselves to this cause. The hymns and psalms of the Church are the poetry; the prayers are the prose; the sacraments are the symbols of this communication. To write of the Christian centuries without a chapter which will explain this central moral force is to write of the revolution of the earth without the The force which lay in reforming Jalvinists came from their correspondence with the departed spirit of The Puritans who saved Eng-Christ. land from reverting to mediævalism, the Covenanters who saved Scotland from the same doom, were the successors of the reforming Calvinists. They also got their fibre by communications with Christ, and they struggled to preserve this holy society undarkened and unweakened by intervening sacraments, saints, and priests which were being forced upon them, and prevailed.

The worship of Jesus is the amazing phenomenon of the modern world, and nothing can rob us of its impressiveness except our familiarity with it. All that is distinctive of this period of time is

in this, that the human mind has gone directly into the invisible world, and found Christ there, and brought to Him the burden of its sin and gloom and the beauty of its hope and aspiring. The capacity for this communication and the fact of it are the ground and reason for Christianity. The presence of the unseen Christ in the human consciousness is the secret of Christ. said, before He took His place in the unseen country: "I will not leave you alone; I will come to you; he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him; ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you. A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Christian sacrament does not recall the memory of the dead Jesus, but calls for an access to the living Jesus to revive the mysticism of His presence. Life has a sympathy with summer, and it is in the summer of Christ's presence in heaven and in the sympathy of the human mind with that summer that the modern world has found its growth and gain.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us with incisive conciseness that "superior organisms inhabit the more complicated environments." One of the first gains of the Incarnation in Christ is the complex environment into which we have been taken. Christ as a Divine Personality, accessible to the human mind in the unseen, is a new discovery in the imperial environment. The infinite power is discovered as a fatherly love. The personality of the Holy Spirit, dimly perceived in earlier religions, is now distinctly made out. The Sacred Trinity in the godhead is not an obscure unpractical speculation; the Triune God is now the complex environment to whom the superior organism of the Christian evolution must be in conformity. The Divine Personality seen in the incarnations of the natural world is now known as the Son; the Divine Personality reflected in the mirror of conscience, justifying right, accusing evil, is now known as the Holy Spirit; the Divine Personality known by the metaphysics of the I Am that I Am, is now communicated with as the Heavenly Father. The upper environment has gained both complexity and clearness. God is approached without abjectness, and man is seen with something in him greater than himself. The Incarnation in Christ has shown us more of the imperial environment and more of the local environment with which to converse and to which to conform ourselves. It has multiplied the human capacity.

The divinity of Christ offers a violent contradiction to our conception of both God and man, that a human body can enclose the infinite. This incredible truth is verified to the intellect by the human communication with Him. When the Fathers met at Nicæa and formulated the well-known Creed, they expressed a discovery made by research in the unseen world. They found that communications reached Him; that prayer, obedience, love found Him; that gifts reached them from Him. They came to their business at the Council laden with the burden of their experiments in correspondence, and with the experience of communications which had shaken the nations for cen-Theology is first of all an exturies. perimental science; it collects the results of researches made by the human mind in its own native region of universal mind. Uhristian doctrines are the costumes of experience obtained in the co operation of our mind with the mind of Christ. The accessible Person in the unseen is a Divine Person.

A direct, clarified, persuasive communication with Christ and God is the gain of the last Incarnation. A complicated environment making large demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice, and producing a superior organism, explains European civilization and this period of time. The earlier unevolved religions speak in dialects; the language of these dialects is found in the Christian religion. To be religious is to touch the primal intuitions; to be a Christian is to tap intuitions of greater antiquity, which opens windows in the southward of us to make fruitful the simple, universal relations. We might have expected that the first anthem of the Christian Church would be excited by the mystery of the Incarnation. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles; believed on in the world, received up into glory."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, some years ago, wrote a paper in the Contemporary on Christmas Day, in which he said he was going to keep the day, though he did not believe in the Incarnation after the manner of the Church. His creed of the incarnation was that it was a myth of purity which had installed chastity on the throne of our moral nature. The poet was coming near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force. Dr. Martineau has taken higher ground, and told us that the incarnation has served the purpose of humanizing God for man, has relieved him of the intolerable pressure of a stupendous universe, has given an importance to the body, and an idealism to the mind. The philosopher has here come very near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force, and misses it, for he adds, after the manner of Arnold, "To cite these results as an important evidence of the incarnation is hardly fair, for were it fiction instead of fact, it would affect its believers as it does at pres-We shall reach the incarnation as a vital force reinforcing the human faculty, the point which Arnold and Martineau have indicated, by the help of a contribution which the science of biology makes to the science of relig-The physiologist has always something to say to the poet and the philosopher, as they have to the theologian.

Biology affirms for life the presence of two constants—first, a plasma of what may be called living molecules, contained in the egg or seed; and secondly, an environment which starts the sleeping plasma into activity, and to which the forceful plasma is obedient—so that we have the miracle of the minute nucleus, less than the least pin point, transformed into bone, muscle, and nerve, and organized into a system as huge as a whale. Psychology is a

counterpart of physiology. We cannot disjoin them; mind life rises by a sloping stair from the life of the body; the partnership of cell and faculty, with corresponding laws, remains intact

throughout the earthly cycle.

The plasma of mind is the basis and beginning of the religious life. This plasma is no other than intuitions, the constant tendencies with which mind begins its career. In the human infant the plasmatic contents of its future metaphysics are folded, and in a year or two the most metaphysical part of him unfolds in a language spoken without tuition in case endings or tense inflexions, but only by the action of the local human mind around him. In a few years, the fears, the dependence, the outlook, the conscience of right and wrong, the mystery of being and the hereafter, all involved in the mind content, are set in motion to organize religiousness, but now only by the action of the Infinite Mind. In these latter days the complex environment, supplied through the personality of Christ, organizes the more complex religious life of the Christian world. When Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that of all certainties the most certain is that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy he has been in correspondence with the Almighty. When Cowper hymns, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet, there they behold Thy mercy seat," and Ray Palmer, "I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me," and Keble, "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear," they are in correspondence with Christ, as a new appearance of the godhead.

We have already seen the twofold division of the environment into the local and the imperial. Myth, poetry, music, church, tradition, teaching are the local environment as silica and water are for the seed. The imperial environment—without which the local will fail in course of time—is the Infinite and Eternal overshadowing us, and the Logos of the imperial mind in Jesus Christ, like unto light and heat. Mr. Arnold was not far from the reason of Christmas Day, and he missed it by the unfortunate use of the word myth. With the eye of genius he saw that he was in the presence of an active

energy, and he lodged it in an exquisite myth of purity, which is after all, like all religious literature, one of the contents of the local environment.

It is instructive to hear lectures on the sun by an astronomer, and on light and heat by a professor of physics. Yet the sun is not a system of teaching but an energy, rather a system of energies, which marshals plant and animal life. The sunrise and the sunset have The sunrise and the sunset have inspired great myths, but in science the sun is the author of physiology. The song of the thrush, the May blossom, the sheep on the moor, the yellowing of the autumn woodland, are fine subjects of poetry, but life is a subject of cell and function administered by the sun. The religious life has been the theme of the epic and the lyric from the days of Homer and David to Milton and Wesley and Newman. has been brought into the lecture-room from the days of Confucius and Plato to the divinity halls of Chalmers and Lightfoot. But it is first of all a system of faculty, emotion, sadness, joy and vista ruled by a specific pressure. It is instructive to hear Mr. Herbert Spencer telling us of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed, but if this august Energy had not pressed upon the mind of our philosopher, he could not have discovered Him, nor had there been any religion in the world. It is instructive to hear lectures in a divinity school on the Person of Christ, but Christ is before all the correspondent in the heavens of the human mind from whom comes the energy without which there had not been Christianity in Europe. Myth, literature, philosophy are a teaching about this living presence and pressure, and fall into the category of the local environment which is inoperative without the imperial environment.

The Incarnation as a vital force is involved in the Personality of Jesus, as light, heat, electricity coalesce in the energy of the sun. We shall understand from the analogy of the sun that it is one of a group of forces originating in the personality of Jesus which can be separated in thought, but which more or less coalesce in their total effect on the human person. The incarnation, the crucifixion, the resurrection,

the ascension, are specific forces, which acting together have touched the roots of being and personality so as to produce the modern type of man—the Paul, the Origen, the Pascal, the Bernard, the Luther, the Faraday, the Heber, the Livingstone, the Newman, so unlike the moral greatness of the Hebrew and classical order.

Now we know a force by the effects it works. Our concern is with the Incarnation effects.

 The Incarnation collects in Christ. as the Firstborn of creation, the vestiges of the divine mind profusely scattered in nature—the beauty, the law, the power, the wonder. It gathers also in Christ the divine inherence seen in the thoughts and virtues of men as the Original Man. The scattering effects of the lower incarnations in primitive religion have produced idola-An idol is at first only a work of art which gives form to a divine inherence seen in particular objects of na-Art helps us to make real the ideal, and then it reduces the ideal to commonplace; and when this stage is reached, art becomes the idol, and idolatry is the capitulation of the mind in the struggle to sustain the invisible of God. Idolatry is the disease which grows into a pestilence in primitive re-The Incarnation in Christ bas cured the mind of this disease by absorbing the producing germs. It is a force of unification, giving us a clear, clean sky in which to see God. In Catholic (hristianity, where art is too freely used, the same disease may be seen from the same old source.

2. Men have found it hard to be religious. As the highest endeavor of being, religion has been naturally an onerous undertaking, and the reaction from its tasks has been the scepticism to which the mind has yielded. make ourselves vivid with the higher relations, every resource has been used up of sacrifice, ceremony, art. To put ourselves into accord with the Will that is over us no propitiation has been spared. To insure the soul for the career of spirits, a heavy premium of minute tasks, fasts, and mortifications has been paid, not more, indeed, than the value of being demands. Nobly has the mind borne the strain.

ham attempted to offer his only child Isaac; Agamemnon, as the Trojan legend goes, offered his daughter Iphigenia. The youth-time of the world is like the youth of the individual, which to be redeemed demands a heavy ransom of labor.

The Incarnation in Christ met man after his education by the incarnations The advent of the divine in nature. personality in the flesh has given the Eternal the experience of what it is to be human; it has established a kinship between God and man, and the flow of a new sympathy. The negative effect has been that the awe of the Infinite is softened and the distance upward short-The intervention of priest, sacrifice, observance—all vicariousness has been put aside. The positive effect is that religion, which is indigenous to us, though burdensome by reason of its dignity, becomes a freedom and a love. The Incarnation has made religion homely, where it was stately and awful.

Moral forces work slowly because capacity enlarges slowly. We see in the Catholic Church, which ministers to the inferior mind of the Christian world, the worship of Mary, a heavy calendar of saints and gorgeous ceremonials, by which it preserves elements

of the older religions.

3. The value of human life and the sense of human worth are made a law to us by the light of the incarnate Personality, who spends thirty years in the obscure workshop of Nazareth. The Emperor Theodosius, with his staff of officials, appeared at the cathedral of Milan, on his return from Salonica, where he had ordered a massacre of the inhabitants. Ambrose, a bishop known for his extreme meekness, refused him admission to the cathedral till he had expiated the crime. The Emperor and the Roman world were amazed at the daring attitude of the bishop about a matter so commonplace as the slaughter of human beings. It was the flashing up in one of the humblest of ecclesiastics of a new sense in human nature The everyday for long in abeyance. man is worthy; the everydayness of his life is valuable. Slowly this idea has risen to the level of a working force. Murillo put it into one of his larger

and striking pictures, "The Miracle of San Diego," where a door opens and two noblemen and a priest enter a kitchen, who are amazed to find that all the kitchen-maids are angels, one of whom handles a water-pot, another a joint of meat, a third a basket of vegetables, a fourth is stirring the fire. The inner content and high destiny of man as man, the poor toiling man, apart from all accidents, are so seen, by the showing of the Incarnation, that they become a forceful sympathy.

The large negative result is that slavery and serfage are cast out never to be revived among us. Paul sends a letter to a slave owner by the hands of his regenerated runaway slave, saying, "Receive him now no longer as a slave, but as a brother beloved in the Lord." The feeling in that simple sentence sapped the ground from under this immemorial and not unnatural institution of primitive society. It was a legislation dictated by the incarnation in Christ. The positive result is that there is established a franchise of equal rights. On Christmas Day, for at least one day, we forget the divisions of high and low, educated and uneducated, weak and strong, as a sample of what should be every day. We give what we can to make others like ourselves.

4. The Virgin and the Child were the subject of the earliest Christian art. The imagination was much stirred by the birth in Bethlehem. Every gallery in Europe has long spaces occupied by the productions of Cimabue, Giotto, Lippi, Perugino. The function of art is to make the meadow and the hill look finer than we have ever seen it. The higher function of art is to make human life look purer and dearer than we have ever found it. The early artists of the Christian age tried to express the common feeling which possessed men that the relation of the sexes was renovated by the Incarnation. The sanctity of sex, the wonder of motherhood, the mystery of birth, had received a refining influence, and the artist expressed in his Madonnas and Annunciations that a delicacy and a purity had been found for the family as yet unknown. Maleness and femaleness were early seen as the divisions of the divine image in us,\* and they are now traced to the sacred complexity in the Trinity of the Father and the Son. The commonplace has been glorified by the nativity in Bethlehem.

The large negative result is that polygamy is cast out among us. The positive result is that the capacity to love one and only one has become general which had been the property of the few and outside the Christian forces still remains a lame and hesitating emotion.

5. The Incarnation further sets before us or, better, presses upon us a moral ideal. Mr. Arnold discovered purity in the ideal; but it is an allround ideal of goodness, obedience, selfcontrol, self-sacrifice, service. It is lived in the flesh and only once reached by our humanity in the special incarna-We cannot do without ideals, and we have now an ideal which is not Hebrew, French, or English, but catholic and universal, alongside of which We see what it is to we like to come. be human, and humanity becomes dear to us in the ideal, though we and all around us be failures.

The negative result has been that the Spartan, Athenian, Roman ideals of courage, knowledge, strength have lost their place. The positive result is that life is for goodness. He is the good servant who works with his master's interests in view. He is the good master who prefers the interests of his servants to his own. The ideal is the imitation of the incarnate personality of Jesus.

The Incarnation may be said to have invented a new type of humanity and to have drawn out an indenture for a new quality of service.

The mode of the Personal incarnation remains beyond us as the mode of the incarnations of idea and feeling in nature. If we can make plain to ourselves where God is in the creation and how the creation is in God, we shall have taken the first step toward explaining how God in Christ is one with Christ

in God. But we have found the fact by communication, and rediscovered it by the inflow of moral forces, evolving the finer virtues of our human nature, graphically described by a master of this experimental science when he said, "Christ liveth in me."

The Incarnation principle finds a common inspiration for the religions of the world. The Christian Incarnation fulfils the promise in all the reverences and worships of the world. It puts poetry, art, philosophy, and religion into a kinship. The method of life looks upward to it as the now reached and realized hope in the imperfect faiths and forms of religion among primitive races. It illuminates the profound saying of Paul, that the invisible things of God from the creation of the world have been clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

In the morning-time of the world, religion is mystic with the voices of the Eternal Mind heard in the incarnations of nature. In the noontime we lose these voices; they are mixed with the voice of the Incarnation in Bethlehem, to be reheard by us, however. If we are to have a new religion it must bè by another incarnation which will show us more of the personality in God and more of the manhood in man, which will introduce us into a richer correspondence with a more complex environment, and touch still lower down the unchanging forces of consciousness.

The daisy sleeps in the wintry ground of Christmastide and summer dreams in frosty skies, and they are waked up: so the sense of God, dreaming in our Valley, Drift, and Cave-men ancestors, has been called up, and the sense of Christ sleeping in the Hebrew and classical world has been wakened. If we keep this side weariness and inferior living, we shall find strength enough in the sympathy of the last incarnation to will the highest and to work the best in us, while we wait for the summer of those tendencies with which the whole creation labors.—Contemporary Review.

<sup>\*</sup> Genesis i. 27.

## THE BAB AND BABISM.\*

BY J. D. REES, C.I.E.

In 1845, in the city of Shiraz, the seat of learning, as the Persians sayof rose gardens and of nightingales, as I would call it—a young Persian began He had made the pilgrimto preach. age to Mecca, and came back full of ideas of his own-mystic and enthusiastic ideas, which evade definition and perplex the downright Anglo-Saxon understanding. However, he made it quite clear that, in his opinion, the people in general, and the priests in particular, had departed widely from the cardinal doctrines of Mohammedanism, and that the priests, in their lives, were far from practising what they did more or less erroneously preach. Now my readers will say that this is very vague; but I will make bold to say that Bab was at first as vague as myself, but his mystic hints and unintelligible suggestions were taken for the significant, if not for the magnificent. Let any one who has studied Eastern writings on religion deny, if he can, that to get anything definite out of them is as difficult as the proverbial extraction of a needle from a bundle of hay. However, the young man called himself the Gate of Heaven-the "Bab;" and it is said that he possessed a handsome appearance, engaging manners, and an eloquent tongue-powerful agents at all times for the accomplishment of any A little later, and the Gate of Heaven represented himself as an emanation from the Divinity itself, and then assumed the title of "Highness," by which, also, Jesus, the son of Mary, or Miriam, is habitually known among Mohammedans. Next he gathered about him eighteen apostles, not that he might have half as many again as had his Highness Jesus, but because a peculiar sanctity, in his opinion, attached to the number nineteen. He, the prophet of God, the latest revelation, was the central point, round which revolved eighteen satellites, and,

like the French Revolutionists, he would have renumbered and renamed everything, only with him everything would have had reference to the whole, or to the component parts of the mystic number.

Among his disciples were several persons of courage, eloquence, and resolution, probably superior to his own. Among them was the warrior-priest Hussein, who at once saw that a nation which awaited the coming of the Mahdi -the hidden one, the twelfth Imamwould be more likely to believe in the new religion if its prophet were represented as the Mahdi himself. He thus traded on the ignorance of his public, for this pretension was never asserted by Bab. It is impossible, however, as we have reason to know, to keep the Mahdi out of Mohammedan politics, and this confusion of ideas was almost inevitable.

We have to thank Hussein for giving clear expression to two of the chief aims set before the Babees-viz., the abolition of polygamy, and of the doctrine of pollution. It may here be remarked that, of the many unfair criticisms directed against Islam, there is none it deserves so little as that of encouraging polygamy. When the prophet restricted the number of wives to four, he made an immense advance in morality on the state of things existing in his time among the Arabs, where practically every woman in a man's household was in some respects in the position of a wife. If he could have gone further, there is little doubt from his teachings that he would have, and, as a matter of fact, his followers are for the most part husbands of one wife, notwithstanding the indulgence allowed It may safely be affirmed that by law. the English are in one sense, and in a manner that is more demoralizing and degrading than the authorized polygamy of Islam, at least as polygamous as the Mohammedans themselves. been reserved for a canon of the Church of England to stigmatize a great moral reformer as "an ignorant and immoral

<sup>\*</sup> This article was written before the assassination of the late Shah of Persia.—Ed. Nineteenth Century.

Bedouin," and "a lecherous Arab," to whom Mohammed bore, in fact, no greater resemblance than an agricultural scarecrow does to an impaled Bulgarian.

At the town of Kazveen, on the southern side of the Elburz, and not far from the ruins of the castle of the chief of the Assassins, dwelt, at the time of which I write (1845), the beautiful daughter of a Mussulman doctor of the law. Her name was Zareen Taj, or Golden Crown. Her virtues were equal to her beauty; she was eloquent and well-instructed—an ideal heroine. We have to thank her for the enunciation of another of the tenets of the Babees—the abolition of the veil. She showed her beautiful face without any reserve, perhaps the more readily because it was beautiful, embraced the cause of Bab with heart and soul, and, so say the historians, had no share whatever in the murder of her fatherin-law—a priest, who naturally was scandalized beyond all measure by her behavior, and strove, with her other relations, to reclaim her from perdition.

Now these times were pregnant with other great events; and just as the Babees were beginning to feel their strength, the king died, and his Majesty, Nasir-ed-Din ascended the throne of Persia. This was the opportunity for the warrior Hussein, who gathered about him the converts he had made in Khorassan, and accompanied by Golden Crown, the Hypatia of this new religion, entrenched himself in an inaccessible spot in Mazendaran. Here Hypatia and Hussein preached the Church Militant, whose kingdom should be of this world as well as of the next. the Empress Theodora, when the heart of her husband sank within him, and his advisers counselled flight, she was ever present to instil courage into the doubting, and to promise those who fought, and those who lost their lives in battle, a golden crown in heaven. Like Theodora, she would not stop to consider if it became a woman to play the man against men. She urged that those were times when women should abjure seclusion, tear off their veils, not wait for what the men might do, but act themselves. Her eloquence and

beauty kindled incredible enthusiasm among the Babees in Mazendaran, a Caspian province of the Persian realm, whose thick forests and green foliage form so striking a contrast with the barren rocks and interminable deserts on the other side of the Elburz, beyond the talismanic peak of Demayend. The plan of the campaign was the conquest of Mazendaran, a march to Ré, the ancient Rhages of the Apocalypse, around the venerable tower of which ruined city a great victory was to be gained over the forces of the Shah from the The new prime neighboring capital. minister sent one of the royal princes with a large army against the Babee chief, who, however, defeated prince and army. The second attack, though successfully repulsed, proved fatal to the brave Hussein, who died, declaring, with glorious mendacity, that he would reappear in forty days and carry his work to its completion. The prime minister continued for four months to besiege the mountain stronghold of the Babees, who, pushed to the last extremities, made flour from the ground bones of the dead, ate the boiled leather of their sword-belts, dug up and devoured buried carrion, and suffered all the horrors of a protracted siege. At last, the few survivors capitulated, their lives being guaranteed them, but all were slain in cold blood next day, including women and children. All refused to recant.

Contrary to the hopes of the king and his minister, this success did not stifle the insurrection. Another of the disciples, the priest Mahomed, successfully defied the royal troops in Zendjan. Mortally wounded in one of the last engagements, he, like Hussein, exhorted his followers to hold out for forty days, at the expiry of which time he would return to lead them on to victory; but soon afterward they were overcome by the king's general, who opened the tomb of his deceased enemy and found him peacefully lying in his coffin with his sword by his side. They dishonored his corpse and cast it to the Three of his chief lieutenants were taken to Teheran and condemned to death by having their veins opened. They died prophesying that their persecutor the prime minister would die

the same death, as in fact he did not long after in the peaceful country palace of Fin by Kashan, where nothing recalls the tragic end of a powerful and erewhile successful minister.

And now the hour of Bab himself was come: summoned to Tabriz by the prince-governor, he was confronted with the doctors of the law, and, according to the side from which one hears the tale, either vanquished them, or was vanquished by them in debate. The prince himself argued a long while with Bab, but finally proved his adversary to be in the wrong by condemning him to death without further ceremony. He probably cared little who won the wordy war. He had conquered the Babees, and might say with Achilles in his grandest speech:

In council what if others mouth the question and reply?

In battle 'midst the brass-clad Greeks, what other strikes as I?

With Bab was his faithful disciple the priest Mahomed, whose loyalty to his master was cruelly tried in his last extremity. His persecutors called in his wife and children to work upon his weakness, if perchance he had any. They tempted him in vain, and, just before sunset, master and disciple were bound with cords, and suspended from the ramparts within a few feet of the ground in the face of a multitude of A company of soldiers was spectators. told off to shoot them as they hung, and just before the word was given, the priest Mahomed was heard to say to Bab, "Master, art thou content with me?" Hardly had he spoken when he received his death wound, but Bab miraculously escaped, and the bullets aimed at him merely cut the cord by which he hung. For a moment all were stupefied, and Bab might have yet escaped had he, in the confusion which ensued, mingled with the crowd, which would have shielded an enfant du miracle to save whom God had manifestly intervened. He took refuge, however, in a guard-house close by, where one of the officers of the firing party cut him down with his sword. That there might be no doubt about his death, his corpse was paraded in the streets, and finally cast to the dogs.

NEW SERIES-Vol LXIV, No. 3.

So died the Bab at the age of twentyseven; but his place was at once taken, if not filled, by Baha, a youth of sixteen years, who, for reasons not very clearly established, was considered by the leaders of the faith to be destined to succeed. Pursued by the emissaries of the prime minister, this youth established himself at Baghdad, where, among the crowds of Persian pilgrims to the tombs of the holy Imams at Sandy, Kerbela, and gilded Kazimain, he continued to preach the doctrines of his predecessor, and to show the way to the gate of heaven. By some in Persia I was told that, following the example of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, he never shows his face, though he interviews all comers. I must confess that to my annoyance and disappointment I could learn nothing of himself in Baghdad. Some said the Sultan kept him in prison to please the Shah, but I could discover the existence of no well-known captive, save Suleiman Pasha, who since the Russian war in the city of peace drags out a dishonored old age. I learned even less in the Pashalik than in Persia.

All the above events passed in the decade between 1842 and 1852; and one day in the latter year, when the Shah was out riding, three men approached him with a petition, and when his Majesty drew rein, his attendants being a little before and behind him, one of the supplicants seized his bridle and fired upon him, as also did the two others, whose hands were disengaged. The king showed great coolness and courage, the escort galloped up, the men were seized, the Shah was taken home, where his wound proved insig-The assussins avowed themnificant. selves to be Babees, denied that they had accomplices, and gloried in their

When the first alarm had subsided the police set to work to arrest all persons in the capital suspected of being Babees. Among them was Zareen Taj, or Golden Crown, who had left the camp in Mazendaran before its fall. The assassins meanwhile continued to protest that they merely obeyed the orders of their chief away in Turkish Arabia, and declared that the king deserved death for having slain their

prophet Bab. No tortures could ex-

tract anything else from them.

The king and his minister, perplexed in what way to deal with their captives, offered life and liberty to all who would deny Bab, and began by making the offer to Zareen Taj, who refused unhesitatingly to purchase life by recantation; whereupon she was strangled and burned in the citadel, and her ashes scattered to the winds. Her dreadful fate, contrary to expectation, had no effect whatever on her fellow-captives, who were distributed among different officials for punishment, to accentuate the public indignation which had been excited by the attempt to murder the king.

Most travellers in Persia have seen by the roadside the little pillars in which robbers have been built up and left to starve, and must have heard fairly credible accounts of crucifixions and other cruel punishments. Nowadays these things do not happen; but there seems no reason to doubt that extraordinary barbarities attended the execu-

tion of the Babees in Teheran.

I have been myself told by a nomad chief, who had been an eye-witness, with whom I camped in Fars, that some were shod like horses, some cut to pieces with knives and whips, and some made to carry torches in apertures made for the purpose in their bodies. My informant may have exaggerated, but it is certain that extreme cruelty was the rule. Nothing that is related is beyond belief. To this day robbers are starved to death in cages in China, and parricides are sliced to death (ling-chih), while the purest and highest morality is the ideal set before the individual Chinaman and the Imperial Government alike.

No tortures that ingenuity could devise sufficed to shake the constancy of these martyred men, women, and children, who died repeating the familiar Arabic text: "Verily we are God's, and to Him we return." In the provinces, as well as in the capital, all suspects were hunted down. A relative of my friend the nomad chief was particularly active in this service, and conceived the idea of handing over so many captives to tradesmen of different guilds, whose professional instincts might devise some distinctive and characteristic torture.

These terrible reprisals, which probably far exceeded those ordered by the Government, produced, outwardly at any rate, the desired effect. No man dared name Bab or Babee without a curse as deep as that deserved by Omar. The very subject became a dangerous one to speak of, and it still continues to be so. An official at Teheran, who was I knew conversant with the whole subject, denied all knowledge. cials all declared not one of the sons of burned fathers remained. Princes, who are plentiful in Persia, considered a reference to the matter in bad taste and Traders. would change the subject. sitting cross-legged amid their grain and wares, would suggest that if you wanted to buy nothing you had better move on. The result is that even those Europeans who have been long resident in the country really known extremely little about the tenets of the Babees, or their present position, numbers, and prospects. The writings of Bab and Baha are hard to get, and when got still harder to read with understand-

In the course of this brief narrative I have already said that Bab abjured polygamy, and removed from woman's face the veil. These were no light innovations. The whole weight of tradition and of the law was bound to uphold polygamy to the extent sanctioned by Mohammed, and every father and every husband in the country looked on the veil as one of the safeguards of women's honor. This appears strange only to those who do not know their Eastern sisters, with their burning love

and their simple sins.

The cold in clime are cold in blood.

But the Eastern father must keep his daughter from the sight of man till sho is safely married, and her husband thinks the same precaution as necessary in the case of his wife. Both are as jealous of the honor of their women as a. English gentleman, and perhaps they know best how to maintain it among their own people. They are aghast at customs which prescribe that women's legs shall be carefully covered, while their faces, by which they are

recognized and known, may be exposed

to the gaze of any passer-by.

To argue the question is hopeless, and it may be allowed at once that no bolder or more radical reform could be proposed, or one more likely to entail hatred and contempt upon its proposer. The women themselves are at least as bitterly opposed to such reforms as the Nor indeed do they suffer such restraint as is generally supposed to result from the custom. It does not occur to a well-conducted Persian woman that any one but her husband should see her face; and should she stray from the straight path, what costume so favorable for assignation and intrigue as the loose trouser, long blue baggy robe and veil, clothed in which she can pass her husband or any one else in the street without fear of discovery, walk to the bath with a female attendant, or gossip with her friends all day, making known her identity only when she desires to do so?

The commission which Bab asserted he had received to expound the nature of the Godhead included no power of lucid composition, but thus much is clear: that God is held to be one, unchangeable, and that the last revelation was more complete than those of previous prophets which it superseded. The prophets themselves were emanations from the Deity:

#### partem divinæ mentis et haustus Ætherios.

The revelation of Bab was not one of the individual, but was made to the mystic nineteen, of whom one at a time was necessarily the guiding spirit and spiritual chief, but whose acts and deed

were those of a corporate body.

Though more complete than that of former prophets, the revelation of Bab was not itself complete, and his bible comprises but eleven chapters of an in-The next evitable total of nineteen. revelation after Bab was, however, like that of Christ at His second coming, like that of the Imam Mahdi when he reveals himself, to be the last. termediate day of judgment was provided for the termination of the penultimate prophetic period, but the dead were all to reappear at the last day, the good to be reunited with God and the wicked to be annihilated.

So much for the outlines of the doctrines of Bab. A few details must be supplied. Society and government were to be constituted on a basis something like that existing in Persia, and included a king, a sacred college, pontiffs, priests, and all the paraphernalia

of patriarchal government.

Unlike Mohammed, Bab preferred silken hangings and decorations for the house of prayer, and music and singing, and all the pomp and circumstance of priestly celebration. He was a great believer in talismans and the virtues of particular stones. This fits in well with the temper of the modern Persians, who to this day will tell you solemnly that the great volcano Demavend is talismanic, who believe implicitly in the virtues of a turquoise ring inscribed with the name of Allah. Unbelievers might legally be deprived of all their possessions, which, however, should be returned to them on their professing the true faith. They were on no account to be put to death. Business and other relations with infidels were not forbidden, and, as a matter of fact, the Babees entertain very friendly relations with Jews, fire-worshippers, and Christians, while in their hearts they hate the Mussulman, much as among Mussulmans the Shiahs hate the Sunis, from whom, however, they differ on a merely dynastic and historical question.

The Babees only pray on formal occasions like the Christians. A Babee will not roll out his prayer-carpet and bow his head in prayer on the deck of a steamer, in the public street and on the sands of a desert, as will the devout Mussulman. Nor does the Babee admit the doctrine of legal impurity. Indeed among them, ablutions have no religious significance whatever. This doctrine of impurity is said to be a great impediment to free intercourse among As understood by the Brah-Asiatics. mins and high-caste Hindus it may be; but as among Mohammedans, it merely prescribes ablution before prayer and on certain other occasions. I do not see how this can prove the obstruction it is represented to be. However, it is one of the many refinements of the law which Bab hoped to sweep away. regard to alms-giving, his doctrines are

much those of the Mussulmans. Torture and death are entirely excluded from his penal code. He punished every offence by fines calculated, of course, in nineteens. He held that the rich were only depositories of the bounty of God, and were bound to provide liberally for their less fortunate brethren; at the same time he altogether forbade mendicancy, which is recognized and encouraged in Islam. Those who have been tormented by sturdy beggars demanding money as a right, and supported by public opinion, will understand what a blessed innovation this was. He exhibited the same favor toward trade as is displayed in the present day everywhere in the East, where there is no suspicion of social inferiority attached to its pursuit, whether in its retail or wholesale aspect. The practical Asiatic mind cannot fathom European ideas on this subject. Everywhere the merchant is held in high esteem and no calling is superior to his. Bab was as sound on this point as are the most despotic Eastern governors, who generally grasp the fact that the oppression of merchants means the ruin of a province. I have dwelt for a moment on the practical nature of the Eastern mind. One may emphasize this, remembering how generally romance is looked upon as the attribute of the East, and how the Asian mystery has become proverbial. It is difficult to imagine whence this belief sprung. I think the Arabian Nights may have had something to say to it; but surely the Thousand and One Nights are full of imagination, but not of romance. Everything is practical, nothing more so than love-making, most romantic of occupations. the king's son becomes enamored of the moon-faced beauty, he goes to bed and refuses food until she marries him. He becomes so ill and woebegone that all his female relations make a point of bringing his wishes to accomplishment. This is very practical, and quite unlike the knights and troubadours of the West, who went to the crusades trusting to the constancy of their mistresses, and found them on their return marricd, and the mothers of large families. In the East men do not greatly strive to arrive at "self-reverence, self-knowl-

edge, self-control," nor will they eat their hearts away from hopeless love. They make known their passions and endeavor to gratify them, be the object who she may and the consequences to her what they may. Of imagination there is enough and to spare in the East, but for romance one must go to the Celts, the Saxons, and the Scandinavians:

To the bountiful infinite West, to the happy memorial places
Full of stately repose, and the lordly delight of the dead.

Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,

And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red.

Sunset is still redder in the East, but let that pass. There is sense in the lines.

To return to our subject. The new prophet's mild and gentle disposition prescribed politeness as a counsel of necessity, but exhibited something of the narrowness of mind which induced the Caliph Omar to destroy the library of Alexandria, for he held that such books as disagreed with the Word of God were pernicious, and ought to be destroyed. He "commended mirth," however, and precious stones were not forbidden to the Babees, who were positively encouraged on festival days to clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and to "rejoice in their youth and walk in the ways of their heart," remembering only "that for all these things God would bring them to judgment." In regard to marriage Bab departed in many respects from the precepts of Islam. He allowed a second wife. In this respect he seems to me to fall short of Mohammed, who in a time of unbridled licentiousness allowed but four for the frailty of human nature, and because it was the only means of lagalizing in Bedouin life an inevitable liaison. No excuse can be found for Bab, unless he would urge "the exigencies of modern society," any more than for the Mormons, whose hideous polygamy the United States Government has happily suppressed with a strong hand. If it is necessary to quote others in support of my assertion that polygamy is the exception among the Mussulmans, I will quote

M. de Gobineau, who says, "en réalité les gens qui ont plusieurs femmes constituent l'exception même parmi les musulmans. La majorité se contente d'un unique mariage." The Sheikhul-Islam at Constantinople and Dr. Leitner have testified to the same effect, but there is in fact a cloud of witnesses. In another respect also Bab improved greatly upon Mussulman law in regard to women. Besides the abolition of the veil already spoken of, he abolished the existing law of divorce. The facility with which women are divorced is perhaps the greatest blot in the religion of Mohammed. It will suffice here to say that Bab removed the legal obstacles which exist to prompt reconciliation between husband and wife, when the simple formula of divorce has been hastily and inconsiderately pronounced. For their weakness, Bab prescribed for women short and easy prayers, and he discouraged pilgrimages, saying that wives and mothers were better at home. Other innovations, which, so far as my inquiries went, are at all times honored in the breach, were his decrees that beards should be shaven, circumcision abandoned, and pipes put out. He was no timeserver and attacked some of the most cherished institutions of the country, among which I would certainly include pipes, beards, and circumcision. To the sharers in the property of a deceased believer, Bab added the family tutor—a benevolent addition.

To come to any conclusions as to the extent to which Babees now exist in Persia is most difficult. At Kazneen a Georgian who had been many years in the country, and was at that time in the service of a high official there, told me that he thought that among the rich and educated perhaps one-third were followers of Bab. This is probably an over-estimate, but that among the classes named there is a large proportion which is dissatisfied with the

Islam of the priests is well known. Among the nomads of the Hills, the Turki tribes and others, there are no Babees, and these tribes form a large proportion of the population of Persia. One "old White Beard"—to use the phrase of the country-with whom I breakfasted one day, assured me that such a thing as a Babee had never been seen among the wandering tribes. He added, however, that he had seven daughters who ate and slept, and that he did not trouble himself much about religion, beyond saying his prayers regularly and observing all due conventionalities. Near Kermanshah one day I met a Seyyad, or a descendant of the Prophet, who was collecting fleeces—suggestive tribute from the faithful-and he said that there was not a Babee left in all Persia. had been a polyandrous and immoral set of unbelievers, but their fathers were all burned, that is to say, consumed in hell, and there was an end of them. In Hamadan—one of the largest towns in Persia—I have reason to believe, from inquiries made on the spot, that there are very large numbers who in secret hold to the faith of the young and martyred prophet. At Abadeh there certainly are many such, though gruesome pits full of Babees' skulls exist within the walls of the town.

In Khorassan and the western provinces of Persia I have not travelled, but my inquiries went to show that in the holy city of Mashad, around the shrine of the Imam Reza itself, Babees abound. It will be obvious from what I have said that I can give no reliable numerical estimate; but this need not be considered a serious omission, as no one knows whether the population of Persia at this day is five or, as I think, nearer eight millions. It will suffice to say that Babees abound, and chiefly among the richer and more educated classes. — Nineteenth Century.

# PUBLIC SENTIMENT IN AMERICA ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

#### BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

Foreign students of things American are frequently deceived in their estimate of public sentiment in the United States, because they fail to remember how rapidly that public sentiment changes, how powerful and farreaching are certain influences which work quietly but none the less potent-Such a radical change in sentiment, such an exhibition of unostentatious power marked the history of the year 1895. And as the sentiment referred to touches an international question, that of Silver, some explanation of both cause and effect may be of interest to English readers.

Few familiar with the condition of public sentiment in America will deny that two years ago the "Silver sentiment" was dangerously overgrown. Few writing now with a full knowledge of the same sentiment will deny that "Silver sentiment" has declined to a point when it has ceased to menace the financial stability of the Republic. still exists in certain sections, in certain classes of all sections; but its proportions are so reduced as to pass under the control of men who have the best interests of the nation at heart, men who believe in the honest discharge of honest obligations; men who have reasonably clear ideas of the legitimate functions of a circulating medium.

What influence has worked this change in sentiment? Chiefly the national banks, and they have been successful because that first word in their title "National" is as full of meaning These banks number more as the last. than 3750, and they are scattered over every State and territory of the Union. Southern and Democratic Texas has more national banks within her limits than Northern and Republican Illinois, and only a few less than "McKinley's" State of Ohio. The South, the home of "Free Silver," has in operation nearly 16 per cent. of all the national banks in the Republic; the "Silver" mining States nearly 7 per cent., the "Silver" farming States 20 per cent. In the very stronghold of Free Silver, we

thus find located nearly one half of the national banks; over 1600 centres of influence in close touch with all classes in each community—and every one of such centres working to counteract the poison of repudiation represented by the policy of free coinage of silver. do not say the banks and bankers are of one mind on the question of bimetallism; I do insist that investigation has shown that they are as one man in opposing bimetallism without international agreement. And the reason is easy to see and understand. banks have over £400,000,000 in loans scattered all over the country, in sums ranging from £10 to £100,000. These loans are not secured by real estate, which they are forbidden to accept as collateral, but are largely loans based on character, credit being given to men who are believed to be honest and honorable; or at least based on securities the value of which is largely dependent on the honesty of men in positions of trust.

Not only, then, does this Free Silver craze threaten to wipe out one half of this great asset, it undermines national character, which is the basis of their credit, and so shakes the whole fabric of banking business, voiding not only past operations, but curtailing future ones.

The influence of the national banks (and that influence has, of course, been supplemented by State and private banks and bankers) has been wider than even the number, large though it be, would suggest; for the shares of these national banks are held by nearly 300,000 persons. Now each shareholder has a direct interest in this question of repudiation of debt. First, it threatens the loss of his accumulated savings represented by his shares. Second, under the law he may be assessed for an amount equal to his holding if disaster overtakes the bank, and a now liability be thus created. This shareholder may hold unsound currency views. He may become confused by the clever arguments of Silver men.

But one thing he does comprehend (and no arguments can confuse him), that if the man who owes him 1 dollar can discharge that obligation with 50 cents, he is a clear loser by the new arrangement. In a moment after he has had the question put to him in that light, he says, "That is no question of finance; it's a question of common The advocate of Free Silver is not trying to reform the currency, he is trying to reform the Ten Commandments by striking out the Eighth." This shareholder not only ceases to favor free silver, he begins to talk against it; and so the 3750 centres of anti-free silver influence, the banks, are supplemented by 300,000 centres of influence, the shareholders of such banks.

And these two influences gain a new ally, and they gain it in the following manner, which illustrates the effect of a Free Silver law, by a transaction well understood by the business man. I quote a Western banker of much experience-" One of our leading grain shippers called at the bank to talk 'Free Silver,' and negotiate a new loan. 'If I bought from you, for delivery in May, 10,000 bushels of No. 2 hard wheat, and before May came around your Corn Exchange passed a rule allowing members to deliver "rejected" wheat on that contract, would you do so?' 'Certainly not,' he re-plied. 'Why?' 'You bought a certain kind of wheat—wheat fit for certain purposes.' 'But your rule would allow me to deliver it to other members.' 'True,' he quickly answered; 'but in the markets of the world, beyond control of our rules, you would have something you could not put in the place of your No. 2 wheat—the wheat you bought and paid for.' 'Now,' I continued, 'yesterday you paid off a loan of \$20,000; that money came originally from England. It was converted into current funds without If I wish to remit it to-day I can convert your money, given in repayments, back into English funds without loss; the transaction is a fair one all round, an honest trade between two honest men. To-day you ask a new loan of \$10,000 for three years. Suppose I give it to you. When that loan

comes due, and I remit to England what I have received from you, I send home the equivalent of \$6500 as a return of what is now \$10,000. Do you call that an honest transaction between two honest men? What is the difference between rejected wheat and rejected money, from the world's point of view, no matter how many new rules your section of the world's business community may have enacted in the meantime? For a few moments the grain shipper remained lost in thought; then he frankly exclaimed, 'It would be a darned steal of a cool \$3500; that's the business description I'd give of such a deal. You've put some new wheels in my head on this Silver question, Mr. President. You can make that new loan payable in gold, if you like.'"

This may seem very elementary. is true the merits of bimetallism are ignored; but to a certain class—and a very large class it is in the very centre of Silver-talking sections, this homely, personal application of the repudiative principle is wonderfully effective. It touches not only his business instinct of fair play, but his sporting spirit. In his eyes it ceases to be "smart business," and becomes a "dirty business," and becomes a "dirty trick." And he knows how the reputation of doing "dirty tricks" kills a man's credit, not only with banks and bankers, but the whole business community—and the good opinion of the business community is the prize he

covets and is working for.

There is, in the North West, another class of citizen of respectable size and considerable political influence. is the man who will take every possible advantage; will "clean out" his best friend; consider any policy honest he can follow and yet keep out of prison -the commercial pirate. This class would seem beyond reach of argument, and yet the quiet-spoken, quiet-living local banker has won him in large numbers; and this capture is of great value, for the "commercial pirate" is generally a most aggressive, plausible This is how the "pirate" has talker. come to view the question of Free Silver. I quote words used to me in the most open, cynical fashion by a representative man of this class.

"It's all very well," he began, "to say Free Silver will cut down half a man's debts. I'd like that; take advantage of it if I could; work for it. But—" and here he put his hand on my shoulder and assumed the confidential air, "we haven't got that law passed; the biggest silver man in the country will admit we can't get that law passed for some years. I've got some money, and more in equities on various properties covered by mortgages. I'm a big borrower. Now the banks are down on this Free Silver law--so would I be 'down on it' if I was loaning money. When a man comes out and preaches 'Free Silver,' they say, 'This man is not the kind of man we want to do business with,' and they don't. Suppose my credit topples -why, all goes; and when that Free Silver law passes, perhaps I can pay my debt 50 cents on the dollar. where am I to get the 50 cents? I've been already frozen out of the game by the loss of credit, and all my property is lost. No; this 'bucking' against the banks is poor business. It's 'monkeying,' as we say in Michigan, 'with a buzz-saw;' and you remember that old saying about that?" I pleaded ignorance. "It is this—the man that monkeys with a buzz-saw is certain to attend a funeral within a week; and he is just as certain to furnish the corpse.

Two classes, it would thus appear, in the "silver-talking" North-West have passed under the restraining, persuading influence of the banks-the man who is at heart honest, or who has that sporting instinct which revolts at dirty tricks, and the man who is not above dirty tricks, but who is farsighted enough to see that an opponent holds too many cards, and can ruin him before he is able to change the game. These two classes represent at least fifty per cent. of the voting population; and while they might not control the vote in a Presidential contest, they would greatly influence the election of Congressmen, a most important point gained for honest money.

The Silver vote of the United States I would, for convenience, divide into three sections—

1st. The farming North-West.

2d. The Southern States.

3d. The silver-producing States.

Having treated the first, I would now pass to the second, and see how this influence is working among a very different class of citizens. Many things have changed with the passage of time in that vast territory south of Mason and Dixon's line; one thing has remained unchanged -a keen sense of honor. The best type of Southern man not only wishes his neighbor to regard him as an honest, honorable man; he is compelled, if he wants happiness, to endorse unreservedly the verdict of the world. He must know himself that his actions spring from honorable mo-He may do what the world calls tives. dishonest, dishonorable. But once convince him that the world is right, his own judgment wrong, and no false pride will prevent a complete volte face.

A man of this class called recently (it was during my visit in his home city) on his banker; his application for the renewal of a loan had been declined by the bank, and he had called for an explanation, and this conversation took place. I cite it that the reader may have the facts on which I base opinions, as well as my opinions; and here I must add that every case quoted has by personal investigation proved to be typical, and not isolated.

Opening the conversation the Southern merchant said: "I have been and am a good friend of yours and of the You know I am an honest man, and have always kept, and will keep, my engagements." To which the president of the bank replied: "You are in private and in public advocating the free coinage of silver at a ratio which means to all who have extended credit a repudiation of nearly fifty per cent. of outstanding obligations. bank holds a large amount of such obligations. The passage of such a law would wipe out every penny of profit we have made—and made by honest methods—in the last ten years. Do you think that in advocating the passage of such a law you are proving your friendship for me, for the bank with which my whole future is linked?"

"You put the question in a new way," answered the merchant; "but then—"

"Wait a moment," interrupted the banker, "let me finish my statement. What I must say now is painful to me in the extreme, for we are old personal friends, and I value greatly our social relations. I am here as the custodian of other people's money. You would be the last man in the world to advise me to prove unfaithful to that trust. My duties are to loan money. Such loans are largely based on character not simply on a man's ability to pay, but his known disposition to fulfil obligations; not simply the knowledge that he desires to act honestly, but that he has a clear comprehension of what honesty means. In public you are advocating what I consider dishonest ideas. I credit you with a desire to remain honest; but my duty to my clients forces me to say that we entertain now different ideas as to what constitutes commercial integrity; and holding the view I do I cannot regard your character as a sufficient basis for extensive credit.'

That merchant left the presence of that banker—who was also his personal friend—deeply wounded. It was not the denial of the loan which cut him most. That he could probably secure elsewhere. But the sting lay in the fact that his old friend, a man on whose honesty and clear head he had implicit confidence, a man who had in time past proved his friendship by repeated action—that this old friend clearly saw, or thought he saw, a falling off in character, the taint of dishonesty on an old and honored name.

Some noted authority on finance abroad might launch a fierce diatribe against the Silver policy he openly advocated. That attack would not touch him. It was an attack by a stranger on a system of currency. Criticism biting and bitter from the great money centres of his own land would likewise take on an impersonal color, and pass unheeded over his head. But this open condemnation by his neighbor and friend was quite another thing, and it forced a new consideration of the question; made it a personal matter, one to be met at once, met honestly, fearlessly. And meeting the question fearlessly and honestly, this merchant first admitted to himself that

when he wished to borrow \$10,000 from his banker friend, he honestly intended to pay back \$10,000, and had no idea or wish to cancel that \$10,000 loan by the payment of \$5500. And yet his political talk had convinced his friend that he contemplated such a dishonest action.

During the late Civil War an officer who enjoyed close personal relations with President Lincoln called at the White House, and in the course of a private interview, complained bitterly of certain criticisms passed on his conduct in a campaign by the Secretary of War. And while repeating such criticism gave way to great passion. Lincoln patiently heard him to the end, then said, "You seem very angry. Did you ever hear what made Finnigan mad? I'll tell you. Finnigan came home late from the club one night sober, but in such a temper that he knocked over a lot of furniture. Mrs. Finnigan was aroused, and sitting up in bed asked, 'What's the matter, Finnigan?' 'I'm mad, mad as a hornet.' 'What's made you so?' 'Flaherty, down yonder; he called me a liar.' But, man, why didn't you make him prove it?' That's why I That's why I am so mad; he did!""

The Southern banker, in the interview I have just described, had practically accused the Southern merchant of holding dishonest ideas, and the merchant realized, after calm thought, that the banker was justified in this new estimate of his character. convinced of this fact, that merchant not only ceased to advocate the dishonest policy, but he became deaf to argument touching the abstract question of currency reform. He had got hold of the concrete view of personal integrity. He ceased to be a "Free Silver" man because he desired to remain an honest man before the bar, not of public opinion, but of his own conscience. For he believed with President Garfield: "There is one man whose good opinion is essential to my peace of mind —the man I am with all day, eat three meals with, and sleep with every night."

Change in sentiment is taking place in another class. I had been told hefore going South of certain prominent business men who were known to be in

sympathy with the Free Silver Party. One man so classed I knew to possess large wealth, wide experience, and a reputation for both honesty and business sagacity by no means limited either to his section or to the boundaries of the United States. I was naturally anxious to meet this man, and I This is how he expressed his loyalty to the Silver party. "I had thought the use of silver as money would benefit this section at least. But I will confess, of late, I have had doubts. Frankly, I do not like the company in which I find myself. On every question, except that of Silver, I find it impossible to agree with my party associates; for their views are plainly unsound, indeed, openly socialistic, and I am no socialist." After such an expression of opinion from one of the "strong men" of the party, I could not but feel good influences of some kind were at work, and his return to clearer views and more congenial company simply a matter of time.

Moreover, one evening I heard, while visiting a noted club situated in a city which boasts the leading "Free Silver" newspaper of the United States, the case for gold monometallism put as strongly and as clearly as that case can be stated, and put, mark you, by a man native to the place, a man whose family for five generations had been prominent in politics. And further on in the evening, when ex-Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, who now leads the democratic minority in Congress, made a speech to his old friends and constituents, boldly coming out in favor of Free Silver, I heard that speech discussed at the club, and out of a party of twenty representative men, six took issue with Mr. Crisp, and by their talk proved they were at least not simply bimetallists, but practically monometallists. This proportion may seem small, but remember the incident took place in the very centre of Silver sentiment, and occurred while the men in question were still under the influence of the most powerful speech ever delivered by the recognized leader of the Silver party in Not only is Free Silver losing ground in the South: the nucleus for a Gold party is there. And here let me interject this statement, one

which does not directly or exclusively belong to the section of country under review. I talked in New York City with two prominent men—one had just completed a long Western tour. He was a banker, and during his trip had visited on business more than two hundred Western banks. "What struck you most forcibly," I asked, "in Western banking conditions?" "The fact," he promptly answered, "that every banker, even the smallest, had during the past year gathered a small gold reserve, many for the first time in their history. And every one of them said, "The presence of our little gold reserve has given us a new and very pleasing sense of security." That gold will talk gold monometallism to every banker who possesses it, and cannot fail to make converts from bimetallism to gold monometallism. And further, the presence of these hundreds of gold reserves will, when an honest effort to settle currency is made, render the task easy, and good effect follow quickly on the heels of legislative action.

The second New York banker with whom I talked had just returned from a Southern trip of the same character; and both as regards statement of fact, and inferences drawn from such fact, his report was identical with the report of the first banker.

Resuming consideration of Southern sentiment—there still exists a large body of voters who believe in and will vote for Free Silver; this is the agricultural class, the small farmer. class I would divide into two sections. The first, or more intelligent, is honest in his views. The few glimpses he has ever enjoyed of that higher social life forever barred to him and his, have shown him "tables set with silver." He has heard and read with awe of "old family silver." Perhaps you will find, hidden in some secret corner of his own rude home, a spoon, fork, or even larger piece of silver that has for generations been treasured. Silver, to his narrow mind and in his narrow life, is the highest expression of value -he cannot comprehend a higher. Gold means no more to him. paper money he has had painful experience, for he remembers Confederate currency when \$1000 would not buy a

new plough. He wants no more of that, but silver. That is honest money; the question of weight and fineness does not enter into his mind, he never heard the terms before.

Another section, just as honest but even more ignorant—people who love and read their old Bibles, and fancy that Holy Land so dear to them is just beyond the range of hills bounding their little world. They are caught by the great word "Free." In their narrow lives they never see money. At the opening of the season the storekeeper will stock them with the few articles they cannot produce at home. He charges outrageous prices, charges in addition 12 to 24 per cent. interest on the advance, and then takes the few bales of cotton or other farm produce of the year in payment of the debt (with them it is all barter), and all they get costs them hard work, is dearly bought. The demagogue preaches a Silver that is free; and like the old woman, that glorious word "Mesopotamia" warms their cold, tired hearts, and they follow the new hader, believe in a new land of promise. These two classes are still loyal to the Free Silver leader. They will remain loyal a few years; and then, with the calm resignation of their class, they will go back to the old way; once more follow old and tried leaders.

In the South, then, I found--

First.—A large number of the leading business men deserting Free Silver and coming over to a belief in Bimetallism by international agreement.

Second.—A smaller number who have swung completely round, and from advocating Free Silver have become Gold monometallists.

Third.—A large body of ignorant people blindly following new men and

Free, very free Silver.

Fourth.—A considerable body of voters—men largely from that class which believe in "The old flag and an appropriation," men who have small property interests or business connections—still loyal to Free Silver, but likely to change quickly when the tide seems to run against the Silver leaders.

Let me pass now to my last division of Silver country—the silver-produc-

ing States; a section where the dethronement of the white metal had a real and not simply a sentimental effect. Two years ago, here in London, I met an old friend. He had just returned from a visit to Colorado, during which he had journeyed to a silver mining camp, once the scene of some rather extensive mining operations of which I had charge. Twenty years ago, when I managed the property in question, we employed 300 men in our mines, 50 in our mill, and 35 to handle our We paid out in this small camp over £400 each week. The people we employed made profitable markets for the produce of many small ranches; our order for wood kept busy at good wages a little army of woodcutters; the transport, 21 miles by teams, of our salt for use in mill and powder for mine, engaged the whole outfit of three large teamsters and cart-Our traffic and the traffic of other large companies in the camp, supported the toll road which employed a small army of farm hands during their dull season at road-making and repairing. Our operations gave a money value to the rocks, the roads, the forests, and the labor of that section; we created new wealth, made the section prosperous, populous, important.

My friend had just visited this camp. He found it deserted, every mine abandoned, every mill still; mountain ranches deserted; even the old toll road falling into disrepair. The land once populous and important seemed cursed with a plague. This camp, its past and present, when we talked two years ago, was typical of the great majority of silver camps in the West. And when the cry of that "Silver section" went up for a remonetization of silver, it came from a whole people, not, as some said, from a few men who owned silver mines. A month ago I talked with the same friend. He had just returned from Colorado, and natu-

rally I asked of my old camp.

"Yes, he had visited it," came the quick response. "A transformation had taken place. People were flocking

in by the hundreds. The hotel offered for sale when he last visited the camp at \$1000, was now held at \$25,000.

Teams again lined the old toll road; the camp fires of 1875 had been relighted in 1895."

"And what had brought about this

change?"

"A discovery of rich gold veins within 150 feet of the old silver lead. The silver camp had become a gold camp, prosperity loomed big in the future; everybody took a hopeful view of everything."

"What do the people say about sil-

ver now?" I asked.

"Say about silver? why nothing. They are too busy talking about gold. On my trip two years ago, at least a score of leading men asked for interviews, and when granted them, talked me out of all patience in favor of Free Silver. On this trip not one man introduced the subject. Owners of silver mines still talk loud and bitter, but the average American only thinks of one thing at a time, and that one thing in Colorado just now—is gold. they have organized a second Mining Stock Exchange already at Colorado Springs, and you hear more talk of 'Cripple Creek' in one hour than of Free Silver in a whole day."

During the darkest days of the last panic in America, the then American correspondent of The Times wrote, "One hope many people here cling to —the belief that a special providence watches over the Republic"—and this remark came into my mind when 1 saw how the new discovery of gold had come to solve the most difficult part of the Silver problem in America. This "Providential" idea was held by a greater number of people than many Englishmen would suppose. The Divine Right of Kings was supplanted, in the Puritan mind, by the idea of a divine partiality for Republican institutions; and it has remained with the descendants of the Puritan to this day.

Study of Silver sentiments in America would not be complete without ref-

erence to one class of sentiment which may seem trivial to the foreign student. And it is briefly this-you meet with it in all parts of the Republic. would like gold and silver as money. The other three players in the game have voted silver out. After all, the color of the cards does not matter, neither does the color of the counter or rules of the game if all stand on an equal footing; we like the game of Euchre best, but if the majority say whist, why, let it be whist; we have as much brain as our opponent—we will play the game chosen by the majority of the world. And at their own game we will once more 'lick creation.'

The spirit of self-reliance has awakened in many. They do not like the change in monetary systems, but they see that trade knows no artificial boundary lines, and the whole world is practically linked together. The old feeling, that with gold monometallism in force the result of the game is a foregone conclusion, the great stakes lost, has disappeared from many American minds, and they are prepared to play the "new game" without fear and

without favor.

Politicians will continue that form of wild Silver talk which is eloquent testimony to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." The halls of Congress and the hustings will still furnish exciting talk, often incendiary talk. But the politician is only a power when he leads the people, and the people in large numbers have deserted the Silver politician. In quiet, steady, but resistless manner, the strength of the Silver party has been sapped. this campaign of the banks and bankers, in favor of honest money, has been conducted with such tact, no prejudice has been aroused against them; no section of the people has cause to feel that unjust or unbusiness-like pressure has been exercised.—Fortnightly Review.

## TALKS WITH TENNYSON.

#### BY WILFRED WARD.

"Doric beauty," is the phrase by which the late Mr. Huxley once expressed the special character of Tennyson's conversation—with its terse simplicity and freedom from artificial ornament: "and yet," he added, "on hearing the first few words one might only say-" Exactly, this is the man who wrote the Northern Farmer." In recording some past conversations with the late poet-laureate. I have used notes made at the time, some of which give his ipsissima verba. In all cases the substance of what is here recorded was written down very shortly after it was said.

My first recollections of Tennyson date back as far as 1869, or earlier. As a boy, living near him in the Isle of Wight, I was somewhat in awe of the mysterious figure, whom I often saw in company with his friend and neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, or at times with my father, tall and thin, enveloped in a huge cloak, walking rapidly, with a slight stoop, on the Beacon Down or in the Freshwater lanes. He seldom spoke to me in those days, although I was intimate with his second son, Lionel. I think it was the report of a careful study I made of the Holy Grail. in Rome, in the year 1879, which changed this. On my return to England our acquaintance was at once on a new footing. I stayed with him at Aldworth next year: and thenceforward walks and talks with the poet were frequent.

There were several things which struck me afresh after I had come to know him better. One was, that even at a time when I was walking with him often, and enjoying the real intimacy which was my privilege, his shyness on first coming into the room, before we started for our morning walk, remained. One had noticed it less when it appeared to be only the slowness of a man of a certain age to talk to a boy. But to the very end it was the same, even with those whom he was most frequently seeing. How familiar the picture yet remains. One waited

perhaps in the anteroom at Farringford for a few minutes before he appeared. And when he did so there was the faroff look in his eyes, something between the look of a near-sighted man and a very far sighted man; due, no doubt, partly to defective vision, but conveying also a sense that his imagination was still occupied with itself, and that his mind was not yet "focussed" on the world immediately about him. have known him stand for several minutes, after a half absent "How d'ye do?" in this dreamy state, with his curious look of high-strung sensitiveness, before he began to talk. one waited silently for him to speak, one might have to wait in vain. tell him an amusing story was the best means of breaking the spell. The gleam of humor came to his face at once, he broke into laughter, left the regions of mental abstraction, and probably at once capped the story himself. stranger had come to see him, the shyness and abstraction might last longer. I remember once going to Farringford with a friend—a true worshipper of his genius-and after the first words of greeting he seemed to be entirely in the clouds; until, after long waiting, we hit upon a device to arouse him. picture by Edward Lear hung in the room, and under it were four lines from the Palace of Art:—

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand And some one pacing there alone, Who paced for ever in a glimmering land, Lit with a low large moon.

We were looking at the picture, and I said to my companion: "Read the lines." She read them, giving them a kind of metrical jingle. In a moment Tennyson, who had been standing alone at the other side of the room, stepped rapidly across, seized her arm, and said:—"Don't read them like that," and went on with his deep, sonorous voice to read or rather chaunt them himself with the roll which was so well known to his friends.

When once the spell had been thus broken the absolute freedom and natu-

rainess of his conversation came on those who had not seen him before as a surprise. And no doubt the impression left on some, of his being difficult and holding himself aloof, came partly from meeting him on occasions when the first shyness failed to pass away.

The earliest walks I remember with Tennyson were large parties. Six or eight would often go with him; and he himself talked with one at a time, changing his companion occasionally. But from about 1882 onward I frequently went out with him tête-à-tête. And it was then that he waxed most earnest on problems connected with Metaphysics and Religious Philosophy. Before we started there would be a good deal to distract his attention. First there was the unloosening of the dogs who were to go with us. Don and Duke in earlier days, and later the beautiful stag-hound Lufra or the graceful Karenina, are an inseparable part of the picture of those walks that lives in the memory. And conversation was from time to time suspended while he dealt condign chastisement for their occasional misdemeanors—the chasing of a sheep, or the fighting with another dog.

As we crossed the "careless-ordered garden" he would call attention to some little alteration or addition, in which he was sure to be keenly inter-"Did you ever see a cypress growing against a wall before?" he asks, as he points to a dark tree nailed "We have crucified against a wall. that tree to make it grow thus." We stop again at the tennis-lawn :-- "The rabbits look on the chalk line as marking out charmed and forbidden ground." And he traces with his stick the minute disturbances of the turf which his watchful eye has noted near the outer line of the court, nowhere passing within it. A hundred yards outside the Park gates we pause at the shop of Rogers, the Naturalist, who has been stuffing a heron or a monkey which one of the Freshwater sailors may have given him, and the poet will study it with keen interest. Then the walk is resumed, but before we have gone far along the road to Freshwater Bay some tree or plant will again stop him. Then he suddenly breaks off

with:—"But what is the good of speaking to you about this? You are as bad as your father, who noticed nothing, and did not even know his own fields from mine. You once took a lily of the valley for a snowdrop."

And then the conversation passes to literature, or personal reminiscence, or poetry, or metaphysics. But soon the sound of the cuckoo, perhaps, brings it back:—"Do you hear that note? It differs from what we heard a week ago. If you want to remember when to listen for the cuckoo learn the lines I learned in Lincolnshire as a boy." And he repeats the old verse:—

In April he opens his bill, In May he sings all day, In June he changes his tune, In July away he does fly, In August go he must.

Conversation never flagged; neither did the rapid pace at which the poet walked—except when he would stand still for a minute to tell some story with particular emphasis. I remember his humorous satisfaction at Aldworth in 1881 because he and I had distanced Mr. R. C. Jebb of Cambridge and another friend, who were detected sitting down to rest some hundred yards or "I am seventy and more behind us. he is not forty, yet I can outwalk him," Tennyson said. The remarkable suppleness of his joints remained until a year before his death, and at Christmas, 1891, as we came home from our walk, he climbed a difficult gate without help; and as we approached Farringford he ran-literally randown a hill, as he had often done in earlier years. He was then eighty-two years old.

Before passing to some of our talks on matters of deep and permanent interest, I must give as their setting some sayings and stories on various subjects which I noted down between the years 1884 and 1887; and I will put together as though belonging to one walk sayings which really belong to several.\*

His companion had been reading Browning and had found Sordello somewhat difficult. This confession

<sup>\*</sup> This applies also to small incidents already given, some of which occurred at Aldworth, some at Farringford.

"When Sordella amused Tennyson. came out," he remarked, "Douglas Jerrold said to me :- 'What has come to me? Has my mind gone? Here is a poem of which I can't understand a single line?'" "Browning," he added, "has a genius for a sort of dramatic composition and for analyzing the human mind. And he has a great imagination. But a poet's writing should be sweet to the mouth and ear, which Browning's is not. There should be a 'glory of words' as well as deep thought. This he has not got. In his last work he makes 'impulse' rhyme with 'dim pulse.'" He spoke of Browning's love of London Society:-"I once told him that he would die in a white tie, and he rather liked it."

This led to a discussion of Goethe's saving :-- "Es bildet ein talent sich in der stille." Some poets seem (he said) to find solitude necessary. I remarked that Arthur Clough in his Oxford days shrank from general society. "I knew him well in later life," Tennyson "He once travelled with us in France. He was a delightful companion, but was rather wanting in the sense of humor. He had great poetic feeling. He read me his In mari magno, and cried like a child as he read it." I spoke of Clough's friendship with some of the Oxford Tractarians, and of their separation owing to Clough's movement toward religious negation. This led Tennyson to tell me of a talk he had with George Eliot on the subject of her negative religious views :- "How difficult it is to repeat a thing as it really happened. George Eliot had this conversation with me at Aldworth, and the account of it which got into print was that I disputed with her till I was red in the face, and then roared:—'Go away, you and your molecules.' The real fact was, that our conversation was 'sweet as summer,' and at parting I shook her hand, and said very gently:—'I hope you are happy with your molecules.'" He spoke with admiration of George Eliot's genius, and insight into human character, but maintained that she was not quite so truthful as Shakespeare or Miss Austen:-"The Character of Adam Bede is not quite true to human na-It is idealized. I am reported

to have said that Jane Austen was equal to Shakespeare. What I really said was that in the narrow sphere of life which she delineated, she pictured human character as truthfully as Shakespeare. But Austen is to Shakespeare as asteroid to sun. Miss Austen's novels are perfect works on a small scale-beautiful bits of stippling " His companion remarked that Macaulay's well-known comparison probably meant no more than this. We thus passed to his impressions of Macaulay himself, and these he gave with grim humor :- "I only met him once. I was introduced to him in the Fifties by Guizot at a party. Macaulay bowed and went on talking to Guizot for ten minutes, addressing no word to me. Then he turned to me and said :- 'I am very glad to have made your acquaintance,' and walked away. He did not show much sign of being glad to make my acquaintance."

I told him of Jowett's account of a talk with Macaulay: that it was as though Macaulay were delivering a lecture to an audience of one person. This led to a comparison of Macaulay's monologue with Carlyle's. Of Carlyle he said:-"He was at once the most reverent and the most irreverent man I have known. I admire his estimate of Boswell and hate Macaulay's. Mrs. Carlyle was a most charming, witty converser, but often sarcastic. She never spoke before her husband. who absorbed the conversation." asked, "Did he not listen to you when you talked?" "In a way," he replied; "but he hardly took in what one said. Carlyle was at his best rollicking at the Ashburtons' house—the Grange. He and Lady Ashburton were the life of the party. Those parties were very interesting, and Lady Ashburton was a woman of great brill-She liked Carlyle, but I think at that time, if she had a favorite, it was George Venables. Carlyle had a great feeling that we needed a strong man in England. 'Our Cromwell is being born somewhere,' he used to say."

This led us to speak of our modern statesmen. He seemed disposed to agree with Carlyle, and would not accord to any the title of a really great ruler. Speaking of one eminent statesman he said :-- "You cannot rule, as he thinks he can, with a silk glove. You must have an iron gauntlet; though you need not always make people feel the iron." He went on to contrast Gladstone and Disraeli, doing full justice to the gifts of the former as orator, and to the latter's "diplomatic craft" :-- "The great fault of Disraeli's character was that he was scornful. Gladstone is genial and kindly." was very grand on contemptuousness. It was, he said, a sure sign of intellectual littleness. Simply to despise nearly always meant not to understand. Pride and contempt were specially characteristic of barbarians. Real civilization taught human beings to understand each other better, and must therefore lessen contempt. a little or immature or uneducated mind which readily despises. who has lived only in a coterie despises readily. One who has travelled and knows the world in its length and breadth, respects far more views and standpoints other than his own. quoted this of Wordsworth's with strong admiration :-

Stranger, henceforth be warned and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness, that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy.

The conversation passed to Lord Palmerston, and thence to the Italian movement of '48, with which Palmerston was in such close sympathy. Tennyson told a story d propos to the craze for revolution in Italy at that time, which gives some idea of the kind of humor in which the poet delighted. Constant little local revolutions took place, and the inhabitants drank an extremely large quantity of chianti and talked enthusiastically of libertà and la patria for a couple of days; and then things settled down into their former groove. On one occasion, Tennyson's friend, Edward Lear, was staying in a Sicilian town painting. He left the town for some weeks and locked up his pictures and other things in a room, leaving the key with the hotel keeper. A revolution had just broken out when

he returned, and he found the waiters full of chianti and of patriotic fervor. He ventured to ask one of them for the "chiave" of his "camera," that he might find his "roba." The waiter refused entirely to be led down from his dreams of a golden age and of the reign of freedom to such details of daily life. "O che chiave!" he exclaimed, "O che roba! O che camera! Non c'e piu chiave! Non c'e piu roba! Non c'e piu camera! Non c'e piu niente. Tutto e amore e libertà. O che bella rivoluzione!"

His companion mentioned a friend who had lately become a vegetarian. This brought back to him an experience of his own:—"Once, in imitation of my friend Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Kyam, for ten weeks I ate only vegetables. At first it gave great lucidity of mind. At the end of that time I felt light, and almost foolish. I ate one chop; and a more genial glow came over me than if I had drunk brandy." This led naturally to the dedication of Tiresias, and he recited the lines:—

And once, for ten long weeks, I tried Your table of Pythagoras, And seemed at first "a thing enskied" (As Shakespeare has it), airy light, To float above the ways of man, Then fell from that half-spiritual height, Chilled till I tasted flesh again, One night when earth was winter black, And all the heavens flashed in frost; And on me, half asleep came back That wholesome heat the blood had lost.

"' Belle comme la prose," he said, "is the French expression for that kind of poetry, and a very good one. It applies also to my lines of invitation to F. D. Maurice. Browning's obscurity of style makes this impossible to him. The great aim in such poems is to say what you have to say with melody, but with perfect simplicity. When I felt that I had done this in the dedication of Tiresias, the fools in The Edinburgh Review condemned it as 'prose in rhyme.'"

Then the subject of a forthcoming poem of his own might be broached, and its plan discussed with that absolute simplicity in which he had, I think, no rival in private conversation, although the presence of numbers oc-

casionally brought with it an element of self-consciousness. And here I may remark that this truly great simplicity led him invariably to accept criticism which he felt to be honest and just. Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus; and Tennyson too would at times overlook an obviously unsatisfactory line in his first draft. I recall his reading to me and to another friend Vastness before he published it in Macmillan's Magazine. The stately couplets—each descriptive of some phase of the universe or of human existence—were given with grand effect until he read this one :-

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage, No regret for aught that has been. Debtless competence, comely children, Happy household, sober and clean.

His hearers smiled very visibly at the last words. Tennyson noticed the effect, judged it to be warranted by the line, and re-wrote the stanza with perfect good humor and simplicity:—

Love for the maiden crowned with marriage, No regrets for aught that has been. Household happiness, gracious children, Debtless competence, golden mean.

I think I am right in saying that the great problems of metaphysics and of man's destiny and origin occupied a larger share of his thoughts than heretofore, during the last ten or twelve years of his life. But indications of the trains of thought which he afterward matured are to be found comparatively early. I asked him which was the earliest poem in which he had begun seriously to consider these problems, and he said *The Two Voices*. Two couplets therein expressed his method in nearly all his great Metaphysical poems:—

As far as might be, to carve out Free space for every human doubt, That the whole mind might orb about.

To search thro' all I felt or saw The springs of life, the depths of awe, And reach the law within the law.

It was by allowing the most free and explicit voice to doubt that he gradually worked further and further toward the solution of the mysteries of life and of the world. He was a thoroughgoing idealist; and his conclusions recall in some respects portions of the

NEW SERIES. - VOL. LXIV., No. 3.

writings of three great thinkers—Kant, Berkeley, and Father Malebranche.

His method consisted in the presentation of two opposing veins of thought, of questioning and doubt on the one hand, and of instinctive assurance on the other. Each line of thought is given its weight. The instinctive assurance is not set aside in consequence of the speculative doubt; nor is it allowed to check the doubt in its critical function. Doubt and questioning may lead to the discovery that some instinctive beliefs are based on mere preju-Yet there are instincts which bear in them signs of authority—as the inner voice appealed to in the Ancient Sage; and the fact is recognized that doubt and questioning may be morbid, and a consequence of intellectual de-In The Two Voices these two elements are formally expressed. In the In Memoriam they are indicated by the expression of moods of doubt, which are not represented as the final conclusions of the poet, and which are sometimes dismissed with such lines as "We do him wrong to sing so wildly." In the De Profundis the first greeting gives the materialist view of life which is counterpoised by the spiritual view of the later lines. In Vastness, which had, as he first read it to me, two distinct voices—the last line being placed in the mouth of a separate speaker who answers the rest of the poem—is still preserved the intimation of two veins of thought, the last line indicating the underlying conviction adhered to in the face of insoluble mystery. In the Ancient Sage again—and more dramatically than in the others—we have two voices and two distinct characters. Even where this is not so, the dramatic form is often kept, as in Despair showing that a mood of thought is expressed rather than the convictions of the poet. And the dramatic form of even his greatest solutions of metaphysical problems reminds us that the poet was rather indicating broad outlines of a philosophical position which became year by year more closely defined than professing to put in unalterable and final shape the analysis of his convictions.

Bacon has grandly described that attitude of humility and sensitiveness

to all facts which is indispensable to the student of nature. Tennyson had this humility pre-eminently in metaphysics. Becon's bugbears, the intellectus sibi permissus, mere speculation, mere prejudice which lead to the ignoring of facts which do not square with preconceived theories, have their counterpart in the upholders of dogmatic metaphysical systems. Tennyson, on the contrary, showed a passionate yearning simply to learn facts as they are. There was no pride, no dogmatism, but the simplicity of a child-of "an infant crying for the light"—alongside of the penetrating and sensitive intellectual nature. To the very end he had the teachableness of true greatness, and his views seemed to grow more accurate and mature to his last year.

And here we have, I think, the quality which made his conversation on these subjects so peculiarly impressive. One felt its intense candor and truthfulness. I use the word "intense" ad-With many a man one knows that on such subjects there is no lack of ability or sincerity. But he is ready to theorize and to develop a theory with ingenuity; and what began as a cundid attempt to solve the mysteries of the universe soon becomes untrue to fact. Tennyson, on the other hand, tested every step; questioned and questioned again his own conclusions; detected and allowed for the least shadow of prejudice or prepossession; re-examined his own old 'statements in the light of further experience. He seemed to be ever looking upward at the mysteries of the world behind the phenomena of sense, intently eager to miss no flash of light, however momentary, which might break through the clouds and reveal the heavens beyond. He carried into metaphysics the extraordinary accuracy of perception which he showed with physical nature, and indeed with all the facts of life. That this habit was lifelong in the case of physical nature we are reminded by such a poem as the Progress of Spring, first written in youth. Such lines as, "The starling clasps her tiny castanets," and the description (elsewhere) of the sunflower which "Rays round with flames her disk of seed" are specimens given only

to indicate the habit to which I refer, instances of which are too abundant to need further specification. The "thing as it was," instead of being confused by imagination or associations, made an indelible impression on him.

His accuracy as to quite trivial matters was even scrupulous. If a story were told with the slightest inaccuracies of detail he would spoil it by repeated interruptions, rather than let them pass. He was equally severe with himself if memory tripped in the smallest degree. In his All Along the Valley, the opening lines run thus:—

All along the valley, stream that flashest white, Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow, I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.

One day he discovered that he was wrong by one year—that only thirtyone years had passed when he wrote the poem. He was much vexed, and talked seriously of changing the line. So, too, in speaking of historical or social facts, dates and numbers were always prominent and always accurate. Talking of Buddhism and its later division into so many sects, he gave at once, with perfect exactness, their number and the dates and circumstances of the chief schisms. And above all, he remembered and delighted in the facts of astronomy. Such a book as Ball's Astronomy filled his imagination. He would point to a fixed star and tell one the exact pace at which it was moving, and give the distance from us of each planet, and calculate the time the sun's light takes to reach us, and make his figures still more vivid by comparing them with the speed of things familiar to us on our own earth.

This habitual accuracy of memory and perception, and knowledge of detail, instead of being confused when his imagination became most vivid, came out all the more clearly. Ruskin, in *Modern Painters*, names three kinds of imagination:—"The man who perceives rightly because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose because he does not love it; secondly, the man

who perceives wrongly because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose—a star or a sun or a fairy's shield or a forsaken maid-And then there is lastly the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself—a little flower apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that exist around it." Tennyson's imagination was eminently of the last kind. The vividness it gave was not a halo which may blur or obscure the true features it surrounds, but a strong limelight which shows the minutest details accurately. The new light was never confused or dazzling; and it was always focussed precisely.

It was then, I think, partly this close truthfulness in his perception and memory of all he spoke of which gave one such a strong sense of the reality of his Metaphysical thought. He was no theorizer to spin a web of fancy on such questions. One felt that his was peculiarly a mind which could not be constantly brooding on the subject (as it was), and constantly revising and retouching his analysis of its problems, if those problems and his solutions were not very real indeed. Some characteristics which often mar philosophical speculation were entirely absent from him. He was incapable of confounding mistiness with mystery, incapable of occupying his mind with anything which it did not definitely apprehend, although he recognized as much as any one how large is the sphere of mystery which no man can comprehend. On the other hand his clearness never led to the unreal completeness of lovers of system. One felt confidence in his glimpses all the more from the frankness with which he recognized that they were but a partial insight into What he said won truths beyond us. assent not from any logical completeness, but from absolute truth to fact; though it often had the characteristics ascribed by George Eliot to truth under the limitations of our present condition—of being "complex" and "fragmentary." On such subjects this was an additional sign of its exactness.

The problems of the physical Uni-

verse and of man's physical life alternated as a theme of conversation with metaphysics themselves, and thus claim their share in my notes. Nearly all the sayings I have set down belong to the years 1885-1887. He spoke of the mysteries of metaphysics. "After religion," he said, "metaphysics are the great hope for mankind. They must stem the tide of materialism. show materialists that you can't escape from mystery by escaping from religion." A subject which especially exercised him in this connection was the mystery attaching to space and to extended matter, indications of which are in Vastness, the second Locksley Hall, the Ancient Sage, and De Profundis. We were passing one day through a ploughed field, and, pointing to the clods, he remarked that to a woodlouse they might look as grand as the Swiss Alps to us. "All greatness is relative," he said. "What are the Swiss mountains themselves when you know their proportion to the earth; and the earth itself when you know its proportion to the Universe?" little later on I returned to this subject, and instead of "woodlouse" said a "flea." He stopped me at once: "Not a flea: it could jump to the top in a moment, and that would prevent the idea of such greatness."\* On my saying, then, that it was painful to look on one's impression of the beauty of Swiss mountains as only a subjective feeling, without corresponding objective reality, he said he did not mean The size is relative; but the beauty may be real. The clods in the ploughed fields may be really beautiful, but one needs to be as small as the woodlouse to appreciate the beauty: "Then, too, what mystery there is in a grain of sand. Divide and divide it as you will, you never come to an end of it. All that has magnitude is divisible; two atoms without magnitude cannot make one with magnitude. So you can always divide." He passed, then, from the consideration of

<sup>\*</sup>On another occasion, remembering the objection to the flea, I spoke of the insect as an "ant." "Just as bad as your flea," he said. "An ant runs so fast that he would be at the top of the clods in a few seconds."

infinite littleness in matter to that of infinite greatness:—"Think of the proportion of one human eye to our earth; of our earth to the sun; of the sun to the solar system; of that to the Universe; and then think that one human eye can in some sense be in contact with the stars of the Milky Way."

Another saying of his connected with this subject is all the more interesting, because he immediately afterward embodied it in eight lines of great beauty. Walking one day on the down which stretches from Freshwater Bay to the Freshwater Beacon, his conversation was chiefly of two subjects. One was the mad lawlessnes of the Celtic character, which he illustrated by items of news from Ireland—fresh instances of maining cattle, and of murder and outrage, and the other all the mass of confusion and crime which a great town brought together. Paris was worse than London, he said, because of the Celtic element in the French charac-About half way between Freshwater Bay and the Beacon, he suddenly stopped and pointed with his stick to a star, quite visible, though it was almost daylight. "Do you see that star?" he asked, in his abrupt way. "It is the evening star. Do you know that if we lived there this earth would look to us exactly like that? Fancy the vice and confusion of London or Paris in that peaceful star." He looked again at the star with an expression half of horror, half of grim humor. We walked on. I did not know at the time that he was writing the second Locksley Hall; and it was with a curious sensation that one read afterward the exquisite lines which that walk had (apparently) suggested. His few words on the subject proved to have been, what his talk so often was, condensed prose notes of what became exquisite poetry: -

Hesper, whom the poet called the bringer home of all good things, All good things may move in Hesper, perfect

peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper, Venus, were we native to that splendor, or in Mars,

We should see the globe we groan in, fairest of our evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite,

Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light.

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver fair,

Yearn and clasp the hands and murmur, "Would to God that we were there."

He insisted strongly on misuses of the word "God," and often condemned the immorality of extreme Calvinism. One could not but trace to the memories of the Calvinistic surroundings of his boyhood the deep feeling evident in such poems as Despair and Demeter against the conception of a vindictive "I remember one woman who used to weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. He had predestined (she said) most of her friends to damnation, and herself, who was no better than they, to salvation. She shook her head at me sadly, and said, Alfred, Alfred, whenever I look at you I think of the words of Scripture, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into ever-lasting fire." The Calvinist minister who was spiritual guide to the neighborhood had typhoid fever. To the horror of his congregation, on recovering he became a Universalist and ceased to believe in hell." He told me of another Calvinist minister who argued with a clergyman of more liberal views on the ways of Providence. "Wait a moment," interrupted the latter, "we have not defined our terms. We are using them in different senses. Your God is my devil."

This vindictive idea of God was perhaps his greatest trial in popular religion. Another was the anthropomorphism which regarded the Supreme Being as a sort of "magnified clergy-. man." But he admitted that this was almost inevitable with some of the uneducated. "These misuses of the word 'God' make me prefer another name," he said. "I prefer to say the Highest or the Supreme Being. In the Ancient Sage I have called God 'the Nameless.' I have sometimes demurred to the phrase 'personal' as applied to God for that same reason. It has been used as though personality were quite similar in God and in man. But I only mean that His personality is higher than ours. Lotze says the lack of personality is in us. God is unknowable as he is in Himself, but he

touches us at one point. That point is the conscience. If the conscience could be further developed, we might in some sense see God." And again:—"The conception in us of a perfect being realizing our highest ideals is some proof of God's existence, though not a conclusive proof. Why should we conceive of such a being unless it were put into us to do so?"

"Lushington\* used to say to me," he continued, "that if there were no other world this world would be all the more valuable. I, on the contrary, feel that it is only the light shed on our earth from another world which gives it any value. The thought of working for the human race is not incentive enough to virtue if man is not immortal. The whole race will be extinct, probably, in a few thousand years. All the greatest aspirations are without meaning if man be not immortal. Religious belief is necessary to give life any meaning or value. A man without religious aspirations is only half a man."

Speaking of free will, he said:—
"Man is free, but only free in certain narrow limits. His character and his acquired habits limit his freedom. They are like the cage of a bird. The bird can hop at will from one perch to another, and to the floor of the cage, but not beyond its bars." And of the Buddhist Nirvana:—"Place a cork at the bottom of a jar of water. Its tendency will be to work its way upward, whatever obstacles you may place in the way. At last it reaches the top and is at rest. That is my conception of Nirvana."

Evolution was a very favorite topic with him. He had made a close study of it, and Huxley once said to me that Tennyson's grasp of the principles of physical science was equal to that of the greatest experts. Wallace's book on Darwinism was not published until 1889, but long before that time Tennyson often spoke of his genius, and was disposed to think his conclusions more exact in some respects than Darwin's:—
"Wallace pointed out that man has a prospective brain—that he has facul-

ties in excess of his physical needs. This would show that you can't account for his higher faculties by natural selection." Again:—"The descent of man's body from lower animals," he once said, "if it is true helps to solve the mystery of man's dual nature. We naturally inherit a great deal from our brute ancestors. The spiritual nature is something superadded, but the brute nature is there, and remains side by side with the other."

I may conclude these recollections with some account of a conversation in which he explained to me his De Profundis, one of the two later poems to which as mature expressions of his metaphysical thought he attached the greatest value-the other being The Ancient Sage.\* He had often said he would go through the De Profundis with me line by line, and he did so late in January or early in February, 1889, when I was staying at Farringford. He was still very ill, having had rheumatic fever in the previous year; and neither he nor his friends expected that he would recover after his many relapses. He could scarcely move his limbs, and his fingers were tied with bandages. We moved him from bed to sofa, but he could not sit up. His mind, however, was quite clear. He read through the De Profundis, and gave the substance of the explanation I have written down. He began languidly, but soon got deeply interested. When he reached the prayer at the end, he said:—"A. B." (naming a wellknown Positivist thinker) " exclaimed, when I read it him, 'Do leave that prayer out, I like all the rest of it."

I proceed to set down the account of the poem written (in substance) immediately after his explanation of it. The mystery of life as a whole which so constantly exercised him is here most fully dealt with. He supposes a child just born, and considers the problems of human existence as presented by the thought of the child's birth, and the child's future life with all its possibili-

<sup>\*</sup> Edmund Lushington, his brother-in-law.
† "A gelded man" was his phrase.

<sup>\*</sup> I do not mention Akbar, to which he also attached great importance, as it was not then written. Moreover, Akbar, though a full expression of his religious attitude, is not directly metaphysical.

V; -

that of others. The proportions are abruptly reversed. The child is no longer the minute outcome of natural forces so much greater than itself. It is the "spirit," the moral being, a reality which impinges on the world of appearances. Never can I forget the change of voice, the change of manner, as Lord Tennyson passed from the first greeting, with its purely human thoughts, to the second, so full of awe at the conception of the world behind the veil and the moral nature of man; an awe which seemed to culminate when he paused before the word "Spirit" in the seventh line, and then gave it in deeper and more piercing tones :- "Out of the deep-Spiritout of the deep." This second greeting is in two parts:—

T.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep, From that great deep, before our world begins, Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep, From that true world within the world we see, Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep, With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun

Down you dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

II.

For in the world, which is not ours, they said "Let us make man," and that which should be men

From that one light no man can look upon. Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons And all the shadows. O dear Spirit, half-lost In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign That thon at thou—who wailest being born And banish'd into mystery, and the pain Of this divisible indivisible world Among the numerable-innumerable Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space, In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One, Who made thee unconceivably Thyself Out of His whole World self, and all in all—Live thou, and of the grain and husk, the

And ivyberry, choose; and still depart

From death to death thro' life and life, and
find

Nearer and ever nearer Him who wrought Not matter, not the finite-infinite, But this main-miracle, that thou art thou, With power on thine own act and on the world.

Note that the second greeting considers the reality of the child's life and its meaning, the first only its appearance. The great deep of the spiritual

world is "that true world within the world we see, Whereof our world is but the bounding shore." And this indication that the second greeting gives the deeper and truer view is preserved in some of the side touches of description. In the first greeting, for example, the moon is spoken of as " touch'd with earth's light;" in the second the truer and less obvious fact is suggested. It "sends the hidden sun down yon dark sea." The material view again looks at bright and hopeful appearances in life, and it notes the newborn babe "breaking with laughter from the dark." The spiritual view foresees the woes which, if Byron is right in calling melancholy the "telescope of truth," are truer than the joys. It notes not the child's laughter, but rather its tears, "thou wailest being born and bauished into mystery." Life, in the spiritual view, is in part a veiling and obscuring of the true self as it is, in a world of appearances. The soul is "half lost" in the body which is part of the phenomenal world, "in thine own shadow and in this fleshly sign that thou art thou." The suns and moons, too, are but shadows, as the body of the child itself is but a shadow-shadows of the spirit-world and of God Himself. The physical life is before the child; but not as a fatally determined course. Choice of the good is to lead the spirit ever nearer God. The wonders of the material Universe are still recognized; "Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space in finite infinite Time," but they vanish into insignificance when compared to the two great facts of the spirit world which consciousness tells us unmistakably—the facts of personality and of a responsible will. The great mystery is " Not Matter, nor the finiteinfinite," but "this main-miracle, that thou art thou, with power on thyself and on the world."

"Out of the deep"—in this conception of the true "deep" of the world behind the veil we have the thought which recurs so often, as in the Passing of Arthur and in Crossing the Bar\*—of birth and death as the com-

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;From the great deep to the great deep he goes;" and "when that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home."

ing from and returning to the spiritworld and God Himself. Birth \* is the coming to land from that deep; "of which our world is but the bounding shore;" death the re-embarking on the same infinite sea, for the home of truth and light.

He seemed so much better when he had finished his explanation that I asked him to read the poem through again. This he did, more beautifully than I have ever heard him read. I felt as though his long illness and his expectation of death gave more intensity and force to his rendering of this wonderful poem on the mystery of life. He began quietly, and read the concluding lines of the first "greeting," the brief description of a peaceful old age and death, from the human standpoint, with a very tender pathos:—

And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall, By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power, To that last deep where we and thou art still.

Then he gathered force, and his voice deepened as the greeting to the immortal soul of the man was read. He raised his eyes from the book at the seventh line and looked for a moment at his hearer with an indescribable expression of awe before he uttered the word "spirit":—"Out of the deep—

Spirit—out of the deep." When he had finished the second greeting he was trembling much. Then he read the prayer-a prayer, he had told me, of self-prostration before the Infinite. think he intended it as a contrast with the analytical and reflective character of the rest. It is an outpouring of the simplest and most intense self-abandoument to the Creator, an acknowledgment, when all has been thought and said with such insight and beauty, that our best thoughts and words are as nothing in the Great Presence-in a sense parallel to the breaking off in the ode to the Duke of Wellington:-"Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down." He began to chaunt in a loud clear voice:-

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah.

His voice was growing tremulous as he reached the second part:—

We feel that we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;

We feel that we are something—that also has come from Thee.

And he broke down, and sobbed aloud as he finished the prayer:—

We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.

Hallowed be Thy name- Hallelniah.

-New Review.

## CHAMPAGNE.

### BY GEORGE HARLEY.

CHAMPAGNE—nectar of the gods!—
is the favorite wine of the hour. How
long its popularity will last none can
tell; there being a fashion in winedrinking as there is a fashion in dressmaking—the admired of to-day becomes the neglected of to morrow.
The life-history of all popular wines,
from the time of the ancient Greeks
and Romans until now, tells this tale.
Even within the last couple of decades
or so a noticeable change has taken

place in the relative quantities of hock, claret, champagne, port, sherry, and madeira, drunk at dinner-tables. The uninitiated think the change is due to mere caprice—to a meaningless revulsion in public taste. It is, however, not so. The appreciative powers of the Briton's gustatory nerves have undergone no change; but the qualities of the wines presented to them have altered. Consequently, the fault is not on the side of the consumer, but on that of the consumed.

The reason why one wine after another falls into disrepute is easily explained, on the ground that the supply of every vintage being limited, no sooner does a wine become popular

<sup>\*</sup> For in the world which is not ours, they said
"Let us make man," and that which should
be man,

From that one light no man can look upon, Drew to this shore, lit by the suns and moons, And all the shadows.

than the demand for it exceeds the Wine merchants not having sufficient moral courage to confess to their customers that they can no longer supply a sufficiency of the genuine article, adopt the disingenuous practice of equalizing supply and demand by the addition of more readily obtainable Were the added wine of superior, or even of equal quality to that asked for, no objection could be raised to the proceeding. But, alas! as the added wine is never as good, it naturally follows, that in direct proportion to the augmentation in quantity there is deterioration in quality. And as one false step in general leads to another, in order to hide from the buyer the deterioration that has taken place in the flavor of the wine, artificial essences are had recourse to; none of which, it is to be feared, ever originated within the skin of a grape—the chemical laboratory, not the vineyard, being their birthplace. Luckily for the public, however, although it is easy for the sophisticator to imitate the color, body, alcoholic strength, and dryness of any given wine, it is exceedingly difficult for even the most skilful manipulator to give to any concoction whatever an artificial vinous bouquet capable of deceiving an educated pal-This arises from the fact that, in so far as flavors are concerned, the human mouth and nose in combination are far more delicate testing agents than any chemical appliances.

This will be more readily understood when I say that not only is each special bouquet developed during the fermentation of the grape juice each entirely sui generis—each species of grape yielding different aromatic principles; but even grapes of the same kind, grown on different soils and fermented in different cellars, possess characteristic and easily distinguished bouquets. There is all the less wonder that they should be difficult to imitate, seeing that a profound mystery hangs round the modes of development of one and all of the endless varieties of vinous aromas generated in Nature's labora-No sooner will this veil of mystery be rent asunder than, no doubt, an end will be put to the tedious and ofttimes not altogether satisfactory

avocations of the viticulturist, as the laboratory and not the vineyard will then become the source of our wine supply. Indeed, even now it does not do for us to inquire too minutely into the parentage of some of the wines in the London market, as, when traced to its lair, it is in some cases both startling and unpleasant; all the more so as it is not always the cheapest classes of wines that won't bear the lamp of truth focussed upon them, but even some of the dearer. This remark being specially applicable to the mode of manufacture of sparkling wines, few words on the subject cannot fail to prove acceptable.

In order to be thoroughly understood it is necessary to begin by saying that sparkling champagne is nothing more nor less than a still white wine, artificially transformed into an effervescing liquid. And not only so, but that any still wine can be made into an effervescing one. Hence there are still champagnes as well as sparkling ones; still hocks and sparkling hocks; still Moselles and sparkling Moselles; still Burgundies and sparkling Burgundies; still Astis, etc., and sparkling ones.

The effervescence of the wine is due to its being bottled and corked up before fermentation has entirely ceased. And all forms of vinous fermentation are due to the splitting up, by minute living micro-organisms, of the sugar contained in grape juice, into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The gas, after the bottle has been corked, finding no means of escape, remains suspended in the wine until the cork is withdrawn, when it instantly rushes in bubbles to the surface, and, in escaping from it, causes the wine to effervesce and sparkle.

Strange though it may seem, the sugar is the food, and the alcohol and carbonic acid gas the excretions of the minute organisms that cause the fermentation.

There is no such thing as a natural sparkling wine; consequently, champagne is a manufactured article, in the sense that it is brought into existence by the skill of the viticulturist. The process is a complicated one. It consists of three distinct stages: the first being merely the making of a still

This step differs in no essential particular from that followed in the making of any other still wine-be it port, sherry, or claret; that is to say, it consists in the fermentation of expressed grape juice in open tubs, at a temperature ranging between 60° and 70° Fahr., and, from the tubs being open, the carbonic acid gas generated escapes into the air as a waste product, the alcohol only being retained in the liquid.

The second stage is the conversion of the still liquid into a sparkling wine. This is accomplished by withdrawing it from the tubs into bottles, and tightly corking them so that none of the gas generated during the subsequent

fermentation can escape.

In this stage there is, however, another object held in view. For while up till now it was chiefly alcohol that was wanted, during the secondary fermentation the delectable aromas and flavors upon which the commercial value of the wine mainly depends are sought to be developed. So the fermentation is no longer a rapid one at a high temperature, but a slow one at the low temperature of 43° Fahr. the fermentation is not, as in the first instance, kept up for merely a few weeks, but for months, or even years, according to the quality of the vintage and the price the wine is ultimately expected to bring.

It ought not to be forgotten that "bouquet" is a point of paramount importance in apprising the value of any wine, and champagne being no exception to the rule, a word or two on the mode of its production will not be

out of place here.

The bouquet of a wine depends mainly on the following five factors: the species of the grape; the soil of the vineyard; the amount of sunshine; the mode of fermentation adopted; and the temperature at which it is conducted.

So great is the influence of soil and sunshine on wines yielded by the same species of grapes, that those grown on one side of a hill may produce an entirely differently flavored and bodied wine from those grown on the opposite, though their expressed juices be

fermented in the same cellar and in precisely the same way. For example, the famous stein wine, made from the grapes grown upon the sunny side of the Fortress rock at Wurzburg, is of six times greater commercial value than that made from those grown on the other side, although but a few yards separate the vines—the difference being entirely due to aspect and soil.

The influence of soil alone on the bouquet-yielding principles of grapes is, indeed, so great that notwithstanding that those grown in the champagne districts of France, including those of the Aube, Ardennes, and Marne, are so deficient in saccharine matter as to necessitate, in the majority of years, the addition of sugar to the "most" to make it alcoholic enough, and at the same time to make it yield sufficient gas to cause it to effervesce briskly, the grapes are so rich in the delicate bouquet-generating ingredients that the champagne made from them has long and justly been regarded as the queen of sparkling wines.

In order that no mistake be made about the nature of vinous bouquet, it may be well to remark that its intrinsic value depends far less upon its quantity This will be readthan upon its kind. ily understood when it is said that the powerful bouquets given to sparkling wines by muscatelle grapes, as well as those met with in sparkling Moselle and Rhine wines, are infinitely less prized than the far less pronounced ones of the finer kinds of champagne, thus proving that the commercial value of a vinous bouquet is not to be calcu-

lated by quantity but kind.

As sugar is an essential element in champagne manufacture, it may be stated that its amount in grapes materially depends -- other things being equal—on the sunshine and rainfall. The hotter the season the more saccharine is the grape; the colder the season the sourer the wine. Moreover, it has recently been noted that the sweetness of a grape is in direct proportion to the size of the vine leaves; the larger the leaf the larger being the amount of sugar in the grape, and, as a consequence, the stronger the wine made from it.

Although some French champagnes are vastly superior to every other kind of sparkling wine manufactured in Europe, this cannot be said of all; for there are as great differences in French champagnes as there are in English ales; and in most instances from similar causes. Just as two breweries at Burton-on-Trent, separated by nothing but a brick wall, send forth entirely different flavored ales, in like manner two adjoining champagne manufactories will produce differently flavored wines.

Various reasons for these differences, both in ale and wine, might be given. But here it is only the two main ones as regards champagne that will be considered. These are fermentation and

dosage.

With respect to fermentation. already explained, the temperature of the cellars in which it is conducted has an all-important influence on the result; and this is particularly noticeable in the bottle stage of fermentation, from its being the period during which the vinous aromatic ethers are chiefly In order to develop them developed. in perfection, it is necessary that a uniform temperature be maintained during the whole process—no easy matter in a changeable climate like that of Europe. Indeed, so important an agent is temperature, that one might say that the secret of the fame of the delicate buquets of the champagnes of Châlons, Epernay, and Rheims, springs solely from the fact of their possessing great chalk cliffs, in which have been excavated vast cave-cellars, capable of being maintained at a uniform temperature, not only during the entire day, month, or year, but year after year, no matter how hot the summer or how cold the winter may be.

These chalk cliff wine-caves are a marvellous sight. For in them are not only thousands and tens of thousands, but millions of champagne bottles, standing like regiments of soldiers, row upon row, battalion behind battalion, as far as the eye can reach. But the bottles are all placed with their bottoms uppermost, in order that the dirty débris arising from the fermentation may fall into their necks, the more easily to be got rid of at the period of

dégorgement \*-a process by which the wine is rendered clear and pure, and ready to be placed on the market.

When we visited the celebrated chalk caves of Jacquesson et Fils, in order to see the system of champagne manufacture they contained between two and three millions of bottles, and a few years before there had been over four millions in them; which fact, of itself, affords some idea of the vastness of these cellar excavations.

Until after its dégorgement the bottled champagne is spoken of as vin brut, meaning thereby a harsh, immature article, and brut(e) it might well be called; for in its then state it is acid enough, and acrid enough to take the skin from the mouth of a crocodile. Consequently, it has to be submitted to a softening process—called dosage-to suit the varying tastes of its consumers; for even the grossest palate could not drink the wine in its then condition, notwithstanding what some English wine merchants, who discourse learnedly upon what they are pleased to call the beauties of "natural champagne," tell us to the contrary. word "natural" might, perhaps, with some show of reason, be applied to a still wine; but the word is as inappropriate when applied to champagne as it would be to butter or cheese manufactured out of milk.

Dosage, the last act in the drama of champagne manufacture, is a most important one in the eyes of the viticulturist, for the reputation of his brand mainly depends upon the skill and care with which he accomplishes it, seeing that, as just said, it is the converting an unpalatable sour liquid into a pleasant beverage. And this cannot always be done in the same way; for no two vintages being ever identical—either in alcoholic strength or vinous bouquet—in order to maintain the brand as near-

<sup>\*</sup> The act of dégorgement consists in the removal of the cork, which (in consequence of the sudden outrush of the pent-up carbonic acid gas) goes out with a bang, along with all the dirty débris that has become deposited in the neck of the bottle. The operation requires great care, and is performed by men with masks on, as the bottles frequently explode. It likewise requires great skill, in order that the whole of the débris may be got rid of with a minimum loss of wine and gas.

ly as possible at a uniform standard, the kind and quantity of dosage must be varied year by year, according to the richness or poverty of the wine. The basis of the "dosage liqueur," however, is always the same in the same manufactory. Indeed, it varies but little in the different high-class champagne manufactories, for it essentially consists of sugar-candy dissolved in fine old champagne, with a certain amount of pure, well-flavored cognac added. A few firms add a certain proportion

of glucose or glycerine. The dosage of inferior kinds of champagne is attended with little difficulty, from the fact that all that unrefined palates care for in sparkling wine is alcoholic strength and effervescing sharpness: two qualities that can be given to the poorest of champagnes with but little trouble or expense. What makes the dosage of high-class champagnes so extremely difficult is the fact that the cognoscente apprises the merits of his sparkling wine less by its alcohol and "fizz" than by its softness and bouquet, two combined qualities that cannot be artificially given to a poor wine, manipulate it as you may, and can yet be readily destroyed in a fine wine by the addition of either too much or too little dosage liqueur—just in the same way as, while a little hard riding suffices to spoil the paces of a thoroughbred, no amount of good horsemanship will ever give a rough carthorse the soft, easy action of a palfrey. So well does the viticulturist know how easy it is to spoil the flavor of a fine champagne, that he takes the greatest care never to use anything but the purest cane sugar, and the very finest old liqueur cognac procurable, in making

his dosage liqueur.

Strange though the fact may at first seem, it is nevertheless true that "nationality" is a most important factor in determining the amount of dosage; for the quantity of liqueur added has to be regulated according to the country to which the wine is exported, champagne drinkers in different parts of the world demanding entirely differently dosaged wines. This comes from the fact that the wine-taste, like almost every other form of human taste, is a mere question of habit; and habit, in

its turn, is simply the offspring of imitation. We like what others like. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but, broadly speaking, this statement is absolutely correct. otherwise account for the Spaniard's love for rancid salad oil; the German's delight in stinking Limburger cheese; the Englishman's relish for putrid game; the Italian's enjoyment of garlic, and so forth? Moreover, the statement is confirmed by the fact that, although the newborn babe is only conscious of two flavors—sweet and bitter -smacking his lips with satisfaction at the former, and making a wry face at the latter, before three years have elapsed, if he has been in the habit of seeing his parents enjoying olives at dessert, he will smack his lips with equal pleasure at the first bitter olive put into his mouth. This is not ideal. ism but reality; we have noticed it in the case of two cihldren, a girl and a boy.\* It will not surprise one to learn, then, that a champagne appreciated in one country may be despised in another. For example, Russians and Prussians, as well as Frenchman, look with contempt upon the sour stuff drunk in England under the belief that it is "dry," while we equally turn up our noses at what we please to call the sweet trash they enjoy.

As Russiaus', Prussians', Frenchmen's, and Englishmen's champagnes all come out of the same vats, the differences in their flavors are solely due to the dosage liqueur of the viticulturist. To give some idea of this it may be mentioned that, while the finest champagnes drunk in France have 8 per cent. of it added to the vin brut immediately after dégorgement, that for Russia has from 14 to 16; for Prussia, from 11 to 13; for America, from 8 to 10; and for England, from 2 to 4. This extremely low percentage for Britain is a thing of quite recent date, however, for up till about the sixties the

<sup>\*</sup>Any one interested in bisarre tastes will find some quiet ones narrated in a chapter on Champagne, in a book by the writer, on 'Diseases of the Liver,' which are too medical for this paper. Suffice it to say that probably all human likes and dislikes, no matter whether of the palate, the eye, or the ear, are more the result of education than anything else.

best champagnes imported into England received exactly the same amount of dosage liqueur as the best consumed in France—namely, 8 per cent. And at that time these were spoken of as dry wines; for dry assuredly they were in comparison with the sweet Prussian and Russian varieties.

The word "dry," when applied to wines, is a misnomer, as it simply implies that the wine contains but little saccharine matter. Port wine, for example, becomes dry in this sense by keeping from twenty, thirty, or forty years; for in that time the greater part of the sugar it originally contained has become transformed into alcohol. Hence, what it has lost in sweetness it has gained in alcoholic strength, and not only so, but likewise in flavor; for by age are developed the fine aromatic ethers which give old wines their exquisite vinous flavors. One not unnaturally feels inclined to ask-Why did John Bull cease to import the same kind of champagne as drunk in France? A possible answer is not far to seek-Because he ceased to drink his champagne as an after-dinner wine. And no sooner did he drink it along with meats, vegetables, salads, and sour sauces, than it tasted much too sweet to his thereby vitiated palate, and a less saccharine wine was asked for. To which demand the manufacturer responded with alacrity, as nothing was easier or more to his advantage than to This can make champagne taste dry. be done in a variety of ways; for example, by adding salicylic acid, or by simply reducing the amount of liqueur added to the sour vin brut after dégorgement. This he can do without fear of detection, from the fact that not one Englishman in a thousand, unless he be in the champagne trade, can distinguish a sour sparkling wine from one that has become dry by being kept from nine to fifteen years. This saving of time is money in the pocket of the manufacturer. He derives yet another advantage in being able to pass off a sour as a dry wine, from the fact that the absence of bouquet is less appreciable in sour than in delicate soft wine. This game, however, cannot be played in France. So fearful, indeed, are some champagne manufacturers lest any sour wine with their labels upon it should accidentally get upon the French market that they have special labels for it, on the corner of which either the words "Pour Angleterre" or "For England" are printed. For, as one of them smilingly remarked—"We Frenchmen don't turn our stomachs as you Englishmen do into picklejars, by drinking sour wine because it is labelled dry!"

The next point meriting attention is the widely spread though erroneous notion, that no champagne will keep good for more than fifteen years, and that it is at its best between seven and Both ideas are false in as far as the higher classes of champagne are concerned. For we know, from personal experience, that Perrier Jouet's "cabinet champagne" of 1857 not only remained perfectly sound, but improved in flavor, for no less a period than thirty-five years, though some of the bottles were by that time nearly half empty from ullage, and their iron wires and silver foil had all rotted away, the corks being held in only by the strings. And what is more—the wine in the most ullaged bottles not only effervesced as briskly, but tasted as nice as that in the full ones. remembered, this cabinet champagne was an exceptionally fine wine, one such as few Englishmen have ever had the good fortune to taste. Inferior kinds of champagne do not keep any more than inferior kinds of hock or claret.

In order that a champagne may keep, and improve by keeping for more than twenty years, not less than 8 per cent. of dosage liqueur must be added to it.

Another equally popular erroneous notion is that champagne becomes sweeter by age. So far from this being the case, it does exactly the reverse. The older the wine, whether champagne, port, sherry, burgundy, or hock, the more and more its saccharine ingredient disappears; from its being transformed into alcohol and alcoholic ethers. The reason why the old wine is supposed to get sweeter seems to arise from two causes; the first being the mellowing effects age has on all its rough constituents. For the effect of time on wine is like the effect of time

on a bright-colored oil painting. It tones it down. Secondly, when by any chance one comes across a bottle of champagne that has been in an English cellar for over a quarter of a century, it is most likely a specimen of the old 8 per cent. liqueured wine, which, though having become much less saccharine than it originally was, nevertheless tastes sweet by comparison, to a person accustomed to drink the harsh, sour, so-called dry wines of to-And from being ignorant of this fact, he erroneously supposes that the old wine has become sweeter by age.

While on the subject of wine mistakes it may probably be profitable to direct the attention of the reader to another error carefully fostered by British wine merchants—namely, that pure and unfortified light wines will neither bear transport into England nor keep good beyond a year or two in English Both statements are equally devoid of foundation; for any wine good enough to keep and improve by keeping in the land of its birth, will not only bear transport into this country, but equally well keep and improve here as on the Continent. Only poor acid wines bear neither transport nor keeping. It may be regarded as an axiom that no matter how light or thin a pure wine is, so long as it possesses a natural bouquet sufficient to please a refined palate, it requires no artificial fortification in order to bear transport into England, and if young, it will improve up to a certain point by age. The lighter and less saccharine the wine however is, the shorter time it continues to improve.

Although all know that most red wines lose their color as age advances, it is not so generally known that all white wines, on the contrary, get darker the older they become. So markedly is this the case with some, that a white wine fifty years old or more is sometimes of a nutty-brown tint.

We now come to the consideration of an interesting question—namely: Does champagne cause gout by rea-

son of the sugar it contains?

From the brief epitome that has been given of the manufacture of champagne it is seen that sugar is an indispensable element in its production—

from its birth to its maturity. It has likewise been pointed out that far sweeter champagnes are drunk on the Continent than in England. Nevertheless gout is a more common disease in this country than in any other. If, then, sugar be the cause of gout, as we are continually being told it is, one not unnaturally asks, "What is the secret of the immunity from gout among sweet wine drinkers of the Continent?" The answer is very simple. The widespread notion that sugar causes gout is a mere figment of the imagination. Sugar could never bring on an attack of gout even in a constitutionally predisposed individual; from the fact that uric acid-which is now conceded by all leading pathologists to be the peccant material of gout, as it enters into the composition of every gout-stone and is deposited in the form of urate of soda in every gouty joint—contains an element which does not exist in sugar. For uric acid is a compound of ogygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, while sugar contains no nitrogen whatever. How, then, can uric acid be formed out of sugar, any more than the children of Israel could, during their bondage in Egypt, manufacture bricks from the mud of the Nile without straw? Although this is not a medical paper, it may perhaps be well to add that the idea that sugar produces gout is alike contrary to everyday experience and scientific observa-Because, were it true, children and women, who consume most sweet things, would be more subject to gout than men. Which they are decidedly And the women in the Eastern harems, who almost live on sweetmeuts, would all be afflicted with gout in some form or another.

Besides which the urine of herbivora, whose food is richly sugar-forming, instead of being, as it is, alkaline, would be acid. Moreover, that a fit of gout cannot be induced by taking sugar was shown by Dr. Vaughan Harley's taking, while working at the Sorbonne, in Paris, 400 grammes (13 ounces) of sugar daily, until he completely upset his digestion, and totally failing to induce the disease, notwithstanding that he is hereditarily gouty. And while working in Professor Mosso's laboratory at

Turin he even took 17½ ounces of sugar in the twenty-four hours without producing a single gouty symptom.

Not only so, but hereditarily gouty patients who freely indulge in sweet foods, are usually found to be no more liable to gouty attacks than their relatives who abstain from sugar.

In corroboration of the fallacy of the sugar and gout idea it may be mentioned that the still more reprehensible dogma in a sanitary point of view that sugar ruins children's teeth is equally false. Indeed, how the idea ever came into existence is a mystery, seeing that the finest, whitest, and strongest teeth are found in the mouths of negroes brought up on sugar plantations, who from their earliest years upward, consume more sugar than any other class of people whatever. Those at all sceptical of the value of this fact have only to look round among their personal friends and see whether the sugar eaters or the sugar shunners have the finest teeth, and they will find-other things being equal—that the sugar eaters, as a rule, have the best teeth. The only possible way for accounting for this libel against sugar seems to be by supposing that it originated in the brain of one of our economically disposed great-grandmothers, at the time when sugar was two shillings a pound, in order to prevent her children gratifying their cravings for sweets at the expense of the contents of the sugar basin. This theory not being applicable to sugar and gout, however, it is probable that the first person who said that sugar caused gout was a crusty old gentleman fond of strongly spirituous wines, anxious to find an excuse for drinking them instead of the less alcoholic sweeter young ones. It is so comforting to be able to still the qualms of conscience by shifting the saddle on to the wrong horse.

While all experimental data point to the fact that alcohol and acids are the most potent excitors of uric acid formations, clinical observation has shown that the most alcoholic and acid wines are, as a rule, the chief generators of gout. Nay more, although many gouty people can indulge moderately in good whisky with impunity, a single glass taken daily for a week will bring on an acute attack in some hereditarily predisposed individuals.

There are seven acids in vines: three natural—tartaric, malic, and tannic; and four developed by fermentation—carbonic, acetic, formic, and succinic.

Acetic acid is so powerful a producer of gout that the vinegar in a salad or a mint sauce will suffice to bring on an attack in some constitutionally predisposed individuals, in the same way, and for a precisely similar reason, as a glass or two of the acid très sec or brut

champagnes do.

The value of a champagne, like the value of other wines, do s not depend so much on alcoholic strength as on delicacy of flavor. For while alcoholic strength can be given to the poorest wine by merely adding spirits to it, the delectable bouquets derived from the grape cannot be got out of any of champagne's usual adulterants—namely, apple, rhubarb, plum, gooseberry, or tomato-juice—ferment them as you

Young men who prefer strength to flavor not only sometimes add brandy to champagne, but even drink it iced . in the coldest weather. They do not know that it requires a temperature of 66 Fahr. to bring out in perfection the more delicate of the vinous aromas of sparkling wines. Lord Palmerston was about right when he said that he looked upon the person who boasted that he liked brut champagne as either a fop or a fool." The French cognoscente, who knows a great deal more about champagne than we do, values it in proportion to its softness and bouquet, in exactly the same way as the bon vivant German appreciates his Rhein wines according to their geschmack and wohlgeruch, and gives prices for them which makes Englishmen open their eyes with surprise. Many labor under the delusion that all the best wines come to England; which, though perhaps true as regards port and sherry, is very far from being the truth as regards either French or German wines. –Contemporary Review.

# CYCLING IN THE DESERT.

BY D. G. HOGARTH.

When the Six Days were finished, say the Bedawin, and the Creator was composing Himself to sleep, a Man stood before Him, and said: "Thou hast apportioned this to one folk and that to another, but to us what? for, lo! we are still in the Desert." And Allah looked down on His new-made world, and saw that the Man spoke truly; for, indeed, He had forgotten one people. But being over-weary, and little disposed to disturb His order, He replied: "Behold, I give you nothing for your own, but whatsoever is the portion of other men that ye shall take when and where ye can." And Allah rested from the work of Creation, and to this day the Bedawin remain in the Desert, taking from other men what and where they may.

I repeated this ingenuous myth to an amateur Bedawi, who had protested with some heat that to take a bicycle into the Desert was wantonly to outrage its immemorial inhabitants. I begged to differ toto colo. These unsatisfactory odd-men-out of Creation had no more claim to the exclusive use of the Desert than myself. Whereupon, my sentimental salvation being manifestly past praying for, the objector fell back on contempt of an inexperience which could contemplate wheeling through the shifting sands. Now this was solid argument of fact. Had the objector tried himself? Heaven forbid! he was no bicyclist! Well, no more had I tried, but in my time I had journeyed along some main camel-tracks, for example the Palestine road, and noted that often a soft rock lies but an inch or two below the sand, and that where many spongy-footed beasts have passed, the path is at least as hard and as even as a close-cropped English lawn. Nor is the Desert, by any means, all sand. It has broad tracks of overlying shingle, and much out-cropping rock, and vast saltpans whose beds are encrusted with a hard deposit of glittering flakes. After all one could but fail, and I could plead better motive for risking the failure than a mere wish to do what no

one else had done. For a party of us were about to camp some miles out into the Fayûm Desert to dig in the remains of an old town, and whether to fetch money or mails, whether to prospect the neighborhood or to watch scattered diggers in distant tombs, some means of locomotion would be needed other than our own feet. It was not probable that we should be able readily to procure water or fodder enough for horses or donkeys, while as for the camel—the fast dromedary is a very costly beast and a sore temptation to nightly thieves, and the common hack of burden assuredly the slowest, most vexatious, most ineffably wearisome beast that ever man has elected to bestride! Faster than any dromedary, more manageable than the horse, needing neither to be watched nor to be fed, the bicycle suggested itself, and the bicycle in the event I rode.

At the Cairo railway station amusement was general. Bicycles had become common objects enough in the streets of the Ismailia Quarter, pashas were skimming about the Ghezireh Gardens, and even the native police were mounted on wheels, but as yet no one thought of taking "iron donkeys," into Upper Egypt. "Qu'est ce qu'on va faire avec sa au Fayûm!" sneered a smart tarbush, as I disentangled an Arab porter from the spokes. He had been running the wheeled thing deviously toward the van, when lo! it had turned back on him-so he explained. In the end it did not go in the van at all, chiefly because of the reluctance of the guard to make accommodation. Perhaps he thought it an uncanny fellow passenger, perhaps he wished to be no more partner than he could avoid to such a farce as taking a bicycle to the Fayûm. So although it had been weighed-weighed first alone, then, fraud being suspected, weighed with me, then put aside while I myself was weighed alone and my personal kilos were deducted from the total-weighed, I say, and registered, and committed to the keeping of the

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chef du train, it travelled nevertheless in a first-class compartment with myself, and all my other registered baggage as well—for what, said the official, was the use of putting one thing here, and another there?

From the moment of arrival at Medinet until three months later we left the district, that bicycle was a chief joy of the brown Fayumis. The fantasia began at the railway station, where, as always in the East (where railways are), loafers do mostly congregate. A surging mob swept the mild-mannered constable through the doorway, and out into the street shouting rapturously "Ride, ride, O howagar!" untranslatable term of mingled respect and contempt applied to Europeans. Ride I did, and the shouts soon died away behind me, but catastrophes happened on all sides. Gasping women dropped their head burdens, children, riding buffaloes, found themselves suddenly on mother earth, and more than one camel, having tumultuously rid himself of his load, had to be adjured wildly by Allah and by his Prophet not to seek a watery grave in the Bahr Yusuf. But the merry fellahin took these little accidents kindly, and, neither then nor afterward, were other than delighted with the foot-wagon"-except on two occasions. Both of these chanced in the holy month Ramadan, when the body is weak with fasting, and the spirit strong and irritable. I was riding in the lawless north-eastern corner of the Fayûm, where a dyke-road bends at right-angles round a village, when among the huts and palm-trees I perceived a crowd of boys and young men cutting across the corner and picking up something as they ran. Fortunately the path was hard and the wind astern, and I rushed past the leaders just as they gained the road. A few spent stones trundled by me, a few curses came down the wind, and I was far out of their reach. I had the village sheikh warned subsequently, but perhaps not much harm was meant. Some woman, expectant of motherhood, may have complained that her hopes were blasted by the sight of the devil's carriage—such is the commonest charge made against Frank inven-

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 3.

tions. In the East, as in the West, cherchez la femme!

A week or two later I chanced to come from the west into the chief town, Medinet, still in the holy month, on a Friday, at the hour of mid-day prayer. The devout Moslems were squatting in orderly rows in the streets, listening to recitation and exposition, and it occurred to me, finding the bazaar mostly closed and void, to ride right through its covered galleries rather than take a longer route round the town. The experiment was successful, for I passed out to the riva of the Bahr Yusuf without once dismounting, but not without being spat upon and cursed for a son of a Nazarene and worse; and I only hope that my lot in another world is not to be influenced by the wishes expressed that morning by the men of Medinet!

For the rest, it was all good humor. A little mockery of the pedalling feet, a huge joy when a saudy tract proved too much for the wheel. As time went on, the "iron donkey" came to be waited for in villages on the Tamiya road, and water-carrying, shepherding, ploughing, and threshing were deserted equally for the delights of racing the howágar. The rogues would range themselves in line just where a deep or stony bit began, and painfully I had to plough along, a prey to their vociferous triumph, until suddenly the surface would harden, the wheel cease to drag, and the situation be saved at fifteen miles an hour.

Gliding over the undulations of the Fayum dyke-roads, and threading the garbage of its village streets, I formulated certain laws which may be commended to the cycling community in Item, it is worse than useless to sound bell or horn when peasants are in the road. Muffled as to his ears, and incredibly slow in interpreting sense-impressions, the fellah mostly turns too late, or wavers irresolute in the narrowest of the path. Item, give camels a wide berth, especially if loadwith anything lengthy, such as stakes or dhoura straw; for if you ride close you are only too likely to find your shattered self and your shattered bicycle, after an inappreciable interval,

in the adjacent canal. *Item*, give a yet wider berth to a vagrant buffalo calf. *Item*, give the widest berth of all to the leggy inconsequent Egyptian hen.

These rules borne in mind, progress is easy enough on the camel-paths, if dust and sand do not lie more than a couple of inches deep upon the firm surface; and the times that you make will be incomparably less over long distances than any four-footed Egyptian beast can accomplish. The seven hours that lay between our camp and Medinet -five miles of sheer desert, three of desert half reclaimed, some sixteen of dyke-road, in two places impracticable on account of sand-I could cover without great exertion in two hours and a half, the wind blowing across, west to east, as it will blow nine winter days out of ten in Egypt. And how vastly better entertainment is such a ride than hours spent on the backbone of a fellah's donkey, little larger than a large dog, or in enduring the primeval contempt of the "ship of the desert!"

It was not on the dyke-roads, however, so much as in the open Desert that I used my novel steed. There it ran over all sorts and conditions of ground; over pebbly stretches, where the round stones sink into their soft sand couch beneath the tire, over dust laid lightly on the native rock, through wind-blown sand-waves, if ridden slowly and held very straight, and at racing pace on the salt pans or hard, clayey deposit in the beds of torrent courses. Given a wind not directly adverse, nothing stopped the wheel altogether except loose sand laid deep, in which it "skidded" as in mud, or soil impregnated with alkali, where a treacherous film overlies a consistency of soft Little by little I came to know by gentle grades of color what the going would prove ahead, and, turning this way and that, could often continue for mile after mile without needing to dismount, while camels that had started with me dropped painfully below the horizon.

In particular I made one long and somewhat foolhardy ride. It was toward the close of last January after six weeks' experience of Desert cycling. We were encamped in the Waste some

five miles, as the crow flies, above the northernmost of the Fayûm villages, Tamiya, and, having occasion to go to Cairo, I bethought me of a direct track called the Thieves' Road, which strikes up northeastward across the Desert, and after a course of some forty miles debouches into the Nile valley between the Pyramids of Saqqara and Dahshur. Of old much lifted cattle, paying toll of their number to the Waste all along the road, used to be hurried by this route to the Cairo mart; and honestly gotten herds still start from the Fayum at noon, and, resting in a salt hollow some four hours south of Dahshur. reach Cairo at evening of the second day. Could a bicycle go by this road? An Englishman who had ridden to Saqqara on camel-back reported it all splendid travelling. The slave-trade scoute at Tamiya and the Desert police, who swooped down one day, thinking us to be digging for contraband salt, said it was soft and deep. Certain Bedawîn of our own camp, familiar with the sight of the bicycle on the sands, averred that though the road was not good going, it was not therefore impassable, but that, if I went alone, of a surety I should be robbed. I ventured to believe their statement of fact, and chance the fulfilment of their prophecy, and overnight, having packed a valise, put my "Beeston-Humber" into as good trim as much previous desert travelling and frequent exposure to sand-storms would al-

After weeks of southwesterly gales the morning broke still and overcast, promising one of those doubtful days of the Egyptian winter, which often bring up sand-storms after noon. The faithful Bedawin saw me preparing to start, and consulting, came up to lodge emphatic protest. "It is a bad road, and no man goes in the Desert alone," said they. But I believed less in robbers and more in the immunity of the Briton, especially if mounted on so uncanny a steed as a bicycle. "Is it bad because the sand is deep?" "The sand "Is it bad "Then, if it is is deep." said they. "Then, if it is all deep," I replied, "I shall come back." "He will be back within the hour," they muttered, squatting down again content. I took a revolver (useless encumbrance!) and a water-flask

and rode away.

For some four miles I knew the track. It dropped from the gravelly ridge on which our tents were pitched, and struck northeastward over a flat stony stretch to cliffs which once bounded hereabouts the limit of cultivation in the Fayum. Beyond these a soft slope led up to the first plateau of the true Desert, and, that climbed, I should be in the Unknown. I came up to the crown of the slope after half-an-hour's alternate riding and walking, very hot and none too hopeful, and, looking back, espied on the mound beside our camp a white speck, one of the Bedawin watching for my return. And for a time it seemed as if he would not have to watch long. The slope and a light wind were both adverse, and the sun was beginning to emerge fiercely from the melting clouds. All the plateau seemed deep in loose gray sand, divided here and there by knifeedges of rock, the cosmic bones, as it were, breaking through. The chain which divides the Fayum basin from the Nile Valley rose far to the eastward, and equally far to the west groups of tumbled hillocks opened to admit a glimpse of the Lake. the remembrance of that white watching speck I must have thrown up the game after two miles; for these had to be walked every inch, though I made many and most heating attempts to sit my "skidding" steed. At last, unhoped-for joy I occurred an outcrop of clayey rock, and new hope dawned. Though the slope increased against me and the breeze freshened as I neared a chain of rocky hills, which bounded the view to the north, the going grew better and better. I kept high up to the left of my guide the deeply indented cattle track, which showed far on into the distance, a yellow band on the brown monotone, and now and again I seemed to descry human figures waiting by the roadside, but always they were turned to pillars of rock ere I came by. Rapidly little defile succeeded to little defile until many miles had fallen behind me, and I began to feel to the full the oppressive stillness of the Desert, that embryonic effort of creation, on which flesh has never come

up. One must go, as I had done, quite alone, far out of sight of the sharp edge of the green lands, to realize its utter death. There is surely no such silence, even on the ice-fields of the Pole, and little by little it instils a vague uneasiness into the brain, such a disquieting dread as might creep over a man contemplating a landscape in the moon.

Neither there nor elsewhere, until 1 reached Dahshur, did I see a living thing, man, beast, or bird. If, indeed, there were marauding Bedawin watching the road that day, they elected to leave unmolested so strange an object. In any case, I was suffered to pass on my solitary way, winding among the groups of hillocks whose undercut, striated flanks bore eloquent witness to the sand storms which now and again sweep through them. The occurrence of such a storm was what I had most to fear, for how afterward should I find my path? Sunstroke, also, or a mishap to the bicycle were possible evils of less moment, but formidable enough; and to add to these was the chance of robbers. It began to be borne in upon me with more insistence than was pleasant that the Bedawi's word was true, " No man should go alone in the Desert."

At last—and I must have traversed nearly half my road—I seemed to reach a watershed, but still looked ahead in vain for a glimpse of palms or pyra-The prospect was changed indeed, but not for the better. At my feet the ground fell away to a broad sandy basin, and beyond that rose again to hills as high as those on which I stood. What good after all in laboring on? It would be a little ignominious to return, but it would be done in two To proceed might be a matter of ten, perhaps of more. My mind was made up, but I cast a last look round the basin. A sharp triangular point arrested my eye among the jagged summits on the north. A second look, and the first impression was confirmed that this was no mountain-peak like the Nature does not hew her hilltops quite so clean. It could be nothing else than the apex of a pyramid, one of the royal tombs of Dahshur.

All thought of return was banished on the instant by that triangle. What

I could see I could reach. I skimmed down the hill and found the basin more firm of surface than its color had promised, and for further comfort could note the eastern trend of the dry watercourses, for, at the worst, those would lead me to the cultivated lands. The basin proved, however, quite heavy and hot enough. Thirst began to recur persistently as I mounted and dismounted and mounted again, and the water had sunk very low in my flask before I gained the crest of the northern rim, and saw with joy, that, although the pyramid had come no nearer, there showed a glimpse of palm tops far away in the northeast. In front stretched another basin with water glistening in its lowest hollow and all its surface alkaline mud cracked with sun rays, or churned up by driven cattle during recent rains. Bad going this at best, for now the tires skidded on grease, now every part of the machine was jarred by lumps and holes; but, assured of my direction by the point of the pyramid, I ventured presently to lose the cattle track and strike over the lateral spurs. Often these were too steep to ride up, but never too steep to ride down, and at no despicable pace I skirted round the basin, and, having attained to the brow of the ridge beyond it, saw for the first time my pyramid to its base. A second triangle had sprung up on the left, and still to the left another, which, misty though the air had become, I could identify with the famous Step Pyramid at Saggára. But all were still some miles away. The desert landscape had changed from hill-girt basins to a succession of billowy ridges, declining gently toward the Nile, and up each soft face I toiled to be rewarded by a delirious rush down the farther side and across the sandy intervening hollow and far up the next ascent. There was so little variety that minutes seemed hours, and I could hardly believe that my watch was not recording falsely, when at length I was stretched under the cool northern face of the first pyramid. A glance at the sun, however, vindicated the dial: from the camp to my resting-place, I had come in three and a quarter hours.

It will be long before I forget the joy of lying in that shade, serenely sure that the worst of the road was past, and that I could not fail to carry the venture through. And the view was so superb! Below me all the Nile Valley faded away beyond the familiar outline of Mokattam into the indefinite Delta. In all the middle distance lay the wonderful medley of the Memphite city of the dead, in which stood out above all other pyramids and mastabas the mysterious Step Pyramid which has exercised so much perverse ingenuity and addled so many brains. Westward rose ridge on ridge the slopes of the High Desert. A flock of goats began to pick their way over the nearest brow, followed presently by two Bedawi boys. I was just about to remount; they looked my way, hustled their charges together and disappeared incontinent-The pebbly plateau, which conly. tinues to within a little of Saqqára, afforded me better going than I had found yet-perhaps the improvement was in myself rather than the ground. Then ensued a toilsome interval of shifting sand and broken ground in the rifled necropolis, and shortly after midday I descended, a most unlooked-for apparition, on the clamorous crowd of parasites that besets the doorway of Mariette's house in Saggára.

Two parties of Americans were lunching silently. Their well filled tables stirred my dormant hunger, and seeking out the old Sheikh, I begged a little food. By all laws of Bedawi hospitality he should have given bread and water at least without demur, but such laws lose their sanction among the degraded Arabs of the Pyramids. "This is no city," he said, shortly, " for you to ask and find food!" "But am I to come from the Fayam-" I began. The Sheikh cut me short in amazement. "From the Fayûm? the Fayûm? When? How? Alone? Riding what?" I pointed to my sand-clogged steed. "And how long on the road?" he continued, when sufficiently recovered. "Four hours and a quarter." No adinration came to the assistance of the old man, but he sent at once for bread, cheese, and water; and a dragoman, more considerate than his masters,

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handed me the two most ambrosial oranges that I have ever eaten, or ever

shall cat this side the grave!

Half an hour later I was descending the beggar-haunted dyke which leads to the railway at Bedrashîn. To judge by the faces and words of the donkeyboys on the road and of the tillers in the fields, mine was here also the first But how different from the good-humored chaff of the Fayûmi sounded the insulting jeers and the professional whines on this tourist track! Let no sightseer in Egypt abuse the class of Arab that pesters him wherever the steamers stop, for it is he himself that, with his indiscriminate largess and his foolish sentiment, has made them even as they are.

The forty miles over rock and sand had well-nigh worn me out, and, in common prudence, I should have waited for the evening train at Bedrashin. But four hours seemed very long to stay in a Greek wineshop, and after two glasses of mastica I asked for the Cairo road. pointed to the railway track. There was the foot road and the riding road. What else did I want? No one knew

any other way, so, without more ado, I put the bicycle between the rails and set my face northward against a stiff breeze. The going was very fair, now on one side, now the other, the iron sleepers being well covered, but the most shifting sands of the Desert would have been less irksome than the eternal perspective of those steel parallels! The one diversion was supplied by a locomotive, painfully dragging an endless file of freight wagons. It began to slow down and whistle at me from a distance of half a mile, and finally pulled up altogether ere I passed, apparently in doubt which side I should elect to take—or was it the driver's curiosity? What with the monotony, what with the pitiless persistence of the head wind, I was going very slowly when I came up with the smart dogcarts on the Kasr el Nil bridge, and, hot though the air was, my hands and feet were growing chill and numb. doubt if I could have kept upright another half mile, and in the event it was The Greek for all answer. many days before I ceased to feel the effects of six and a half hours' ride. — National Review.

## A POLITICIAN'S ROMANCE.

BY R. C. SAVAGE.

RACHEL NEIL sat idle in her oldfashioned room in a quiet street—one of the few streets left in London where the houses date back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and witness silently to the deterioration of taste in building. Her rooms were at the top, and over a high stone wall on the other side of the road she could see a little garden where three trees made a brave show in summer, and stirred memories of the garden in Ireland where she had wondered and worshipped as a child, now lost forever. The room was rather like a cottage, but a cottage glorified. For too often the peasantry of to-day hang almanacs from the grocer of the nearest town, who advertises his teas at Christmastime by a crude chromo of some royalty, on their panelled walls, or mourning cards which, ad-

mirable as tributes to the wealth of the humble family in bereavements are yet unsuitable as adornments of the walls of antiquity. Now Rachel had a perfect sense of what was due to her sloping floor, wood panelling and formal Queen Anne window panes. Her furniture was old and plain, and her few prints matched it. They would not have stirred the envy of a collector, but they looked well enough in their old frames on the uneven walls, painted a warm red, which made a good background for Rachel's shining hair. That hair was her peculiar glory, and was almost an enemy to her well-featured earnest face, since no one could remember afterward what was the color of her eyes, or the shape of her nose, or if her mouth were a good or bad one. They only talked according to

their several ability of her hair. In sober truth it was as if nature had played the spider when Rachel came into the world, and had woven a mesh about her head to snare the sunlight of God and the souls of men "faster than gnats in cobwebs." than gnats in cobwebs." And one of the gnats was Bellersham. It was by the merest chance that Rachel had met him, for the world in which a brilliant politician of Cabinet rank moves was a barred world to her. She lived alone and worked for her living. Her family had never been one of any distinction in the past, unless it is distinguished to have lived in poverty for many centuries on the same plot of ground. No Neil had ever been heard of in history. None of them had won lustre for their name by a good marriage, and Rachel's father was not guilty of a mésalliance contrary to the traditions of his house, when he married a Jewish woman of great beauty but of parentage which did not invite scrutiny. Miriam Chaim gloried in being a Jewess, and never lost in her. Irish home a spirit of rebellion against Christians and the West, in which after a time Hugh Neil was scornfully included. The weak, good tempered Irishman soon found that he had bound himself to a firebrand, a woman imbued with an uncanny mediæval hatred of the powers which had made her people a degenerate race, and persecuted them through all the centuries. The poor brand soon burnt itself out, leaving Rachel as a spark to show it had been, and Hugh Neil married again, a Dublin girl, middle-class to her fingertips, who persuaded him to sell the tumble-down barn in Clare, and brought him a tribe of little Neils as the years went on. Then Rachel thought it was time to go out into the world. With the sale of Clandebarrow she seemed to lose her father, who was absorbed henceforth in the second Mrs. Neil's schemes—the brewery in Dublin, the villa in Kingstown—and forgot the windswept churchyard in stony Clare, where the wild daughter of the Hebrews lay buried. But that all happened a long while ago, and Rachel had been in London some years, struggling for success in the literary game at which there are too many players

nowadays, when Bellersham was introduced to her at an evening party at Lady Egeria Wyndham's. Lady Egeria dabbled in literature herself, and was pleased sometimes to patronize the workers. Still Rachel would never have been asked to this particular party if Lady Egeria had not wanted her hair for the "Living Pictures" she was getting up (shrewdly taking a leaf out of the book of the music-halls) to amuse her gnests. Bellersham's marked admiration of her protégée that night disturbed her, and as the weeks went on, and she suspected that he contrived to meet her elsewhere, she felt it her duty to warn Rachel.

"She mustn't have her head turned by Cecil Bellersham," she thought, "and Cecil Bellersham mustn't be distracted from Maud Scarisbrick."

" We hardly ever see Mr. Bellersham now," said Lady Randlemere one day when Rachel was having tea with Lady Egeria. Lady Randlemere was a funny old frump, chiefly famed for her bonnets, which always looked for all the world like jocund turbans. "When he is not at the House, where is he? Randlemere says he can never find him disengaged, yet people tell me they don't meet him anywhere." Now Lady Egeria noticed Rachel's flush at the mention of Bellersham's name, the sudden moistness of her blue eyes and a tell-tale curve about her lips which would have been a smile had it dared. So she rattled off:

"Oh, he is in immense request, Julia, especially among the women! You and I are quiet people, you know, and don't run about to the slap-dash smart functions where his butterfly propensities take him. I hear he has two or three flirtations on hand, but he can't make up his mind which lady he adores most any more than he can settle which party he will eventually He is so undependable. If he doesn't get steadier, and if he doesn't marry the right woman, he won't be in the next Conservative Cabinet." then Lady Egeria adroitly led the conversation on to political matters, feeling, though she never looked at Rachel, that her shaft had gone home. That was yesterday, and to-day poor Rachel, who was all too morbidly alive to Lady Egeria's innuendo, was waiting with a curious pain at her heart for Bellersham to come from the House, as he did almost daily, to have tea with her.

The waiting was a dreary business. Try as she would, she could not drive out a feeling of distrust Wasit true? Did Bellersham go from her to other women of more brilliant position and greater beauty and make them the confidences which she had dreamed were her inviolately solitary possession? He had told her once he could not take Perhaps he could politics seriously. not take friendship seriously either. Perhaps—Rachel's cheeks burned as she heard his step on the stairs—he was amusing himself, and would throw her aside when she had ceased to interest him.

"Dear, I am late," said Bellersham, and he kissed her flushed face. It was not the first time, but to-day it exas-

perated her.

"Don't kiss me," she cried almost angrily, "I thought your foible was originality, and it is certainly not original. You have often told me that what every one does is on the face of it to be avoided."

Bellersham looked at her curiously. He was too astute an observer not to see at once that something had troubled her, and put her on her guard. It annoyed him, for hitherto nothing had been more delightful to him than the simple, child-like way in which she had accepted his affection. She had never coquetted with him, and there had not been a shade of self-conscious embarrassment in her manner, when he had talked to her in the language of a lover.

"Rachel, you are vexed," he said

quietly.

"I did not know it," answered Rachel, making herself very busy with the tea-things. "I suppose I have a right to be cynical sometimes. You often are, yet I don't assume you are

out of temper because of it."

"All the same," said Bellersham, "I know something has troubled you. Why do you try to keep it from me? Is it a flash of the marvellous spirit which makes you turn a brave face to the world when you are harassed? But I am not the world. I want to

help you in your difficulties and sympathize with your sorrows. I hoped you would always confide in me. There is nothing I would not do for you!"

"That stock phrase!" exclaimed Rachel scornfully. "How much it says, how little it means! A man uses it to every woman to whom he wishes to be agreeable, but he would be very sorry if any one of them took him at his word. Keep that sentence for your other friends, who are sensible enough to know it means nothing. I am different and can't play at the game of high-sounding compliments. I tell you plainly that when you say there is nothing you would not do for me, I don't believe you! If I were to put you to the test!"

There was passion in Rachel's voice, her eyes were bright, and it was easy to see that the bitter contempt she affected was only a thin disguise of love. When she had finished speaking she went abruptly to the window and opened it, letting in the warm sum-

mer rain.

Bellersham got up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You are wrong, Rachel. I don't use empty words to you. Do you know why?"

Rachel stirred uneasily under his

hand, like a fretful child.

"Because," Bellersham went on eagerly, "you are the one woman in the world I love. I could not degrade my feeling for you by elaborate and meaningless compliments. Since I have known you all things and people have become insignificant and unreal. The political career which they say lies before me, but they overrate my capacities, might be snatched from me tomorrow—I should not care, if I had you. I despise all the pleasures which once tickled my appetite. The pleasure your companionship gives me, belittles them. Your friendship is the only possession for which I care a straw !"

Rachel's heart beat loud and fast. She was conscious of a sudden feeling of helplessness, as if she were drifting without sail or rudder on the fierce sea of Bellersham's emotion. She saw he was in earnest, yet she tried to doubt it.

"Don't talk rashly," she murmured,

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4.. \*\*\* ... \* \*\*\*\*\* grand sweeping feeling about riding on the wind, and conquering the stars which have fought against me so long."

"This comes of writing verse!" said Bellersham mischievously. "Well! I'll remember your wind and stars. There is something like them in you."

### II.

Rachel was not happy even during the first fortnight of her engagement to Bellersham. She was passionately and absurdly jealous of the part of his life of which she knew nothing. cause she would not, or could not, understand the gravity of the political situation, she resented Bellersham's being at the House oftener than he was with her. She reproached him with coldness because he only found time to send brief notes in answer to her daily outpourings of all that was in her heart. It was natural to her to put no constraint upon her feelings or upon the expression of them, and because she had some poetic power she could not help showing talent in these wild letters, but she showed as well a relaxed self-abandonment which jarred on Bellersham's reticent nature. He sympathized deeply with her intellectual passion for the beautiful, to the reality of which some of her verse testified. It almost annoyed him to see it overgrown by a sensuous and sentimental passion for him. The very fact that she had character and ability made Bellersham dislike all the more her writing and talking as a weakling who was listless and unhappy all the hours which were not spent with him. felt that the interests which had cheered her life before he came into it could not have been swept away in a few days. He remonstrated with her when she said she should never write again, and then she cried out that his love for her was a toy to play with when he was idle, while hers was her life itself. Against the flint of his reasonableness poor misguided Rachel scraped her sensitive skin again, and again.

"Have you told Lady Egeria you are going to marry me?" she asked suddenly one day when Bellersham was advising her more strongly than usual not to give up journalism.

"No," Bellersham answered quietly.

"From a political point of view it is unadvisable just now."

In a minute Rachel's hot jealousy

was up in arms.

"How can I belp hating politics," she said bitterly. "You are forever making them the excuse for treating me badly. I cannot see why they should prevent your telling an old friend that you are engaged. I often see Lady Egeria, and her inquisitive face when you are mentioned exasperates me! I am no diplomat, Cecil, and I can't pretend I don't see you. She worms it out of me, and then insults me by suggesting that it is 'not proper.'"

Rachel laughed, a hard little laugh, which touched Bellersham, and he repressed the sharp answer which he had thought for a minute her morbid sensitiveness deserved. She misunderstood his silence, and the tears thronged in burning battalions to her eyes.

"Why do you let me be exposed to this kind of thing," she cried out. "Is it honest and straightforward to keep our engagement secret? Women in your own rank of life would not submit to it. Why should I, because I am

poor and unknown?"

Bellersham's lips trembled. Every scene of this kind with the woman he loved left its mark. He recognized with something like despair that a chasm of misunderstanding yawned between them, and that he was powerless to bridge it. He had langhed at her, reasoned with her, scolded herall three courses had failed. If Rachel had not been absorbed in her own diseased fancies, she would have noticed the change which came over his face at her wild words. For a long time he stood motionless in front of the window, staring at the trees opposite. The silence of the quiet street was marked, not broken by the persevering twitter of the sparrows, and the distant hum of the busy life of a great city. last he drew his hand across his forehead as though he were dreaming, and wanted to wake.

"You hurt me by not trusting me," he said wearily; "but you hurt yourself the most. Where there is no trust explanations do no good, and you will not understand this one, if you cannot

identify yourself with my work and my ambitions."

All tone had gone out of the voice which sometimes recalled the mellow fulness of a clarionet.

"I can," Rachel said sullenly, with her face still turned away; "but I want you to love me above your work, above your life, above all things."

"Instead, I love you in all things, which is better, Rachel, dear; that is the love which is made of stuff which endures."

She came toward him, and knelt at his feet, burying her head on his knee. For one moment she was overwhelmed by a passion of remorse for having unreasonably doubted him. Bellersham felt the change in her mood, and went on:

"Lady Egeria is admittedly the biggest gossip in London. If I told her about our engagement it would involve making it public. It is not diplomatic to do that until the autumn. It is difficult for you to follow the tortuous labyrinth of political connections, but I think I can make this clear without burdensome detail. Lord Scarisbrick will undoubtedly form the next Government, if the Conservatives come in again after the dissolution in the autumn. He is favorably disposed toward me, and there seems no doubt that he will offer me something in the Cabinet. Possibly I might go to the Home Office, although the old Tory stagers would be indignant. So far it is all political. Now this is where my private life comes in, and where you come in. Scarisbrick has a daughter. a wild young woman of the new school. He has got it into his head that it would be very suitable and appropriate if I married her. Unfortunately a princess with golden locks" (here Bellersham stooped and kissed Rachel's bowed head fondly) "holds me in thrall. Besides I know Maud Scarisbrick well, and she doesn't care twopence about me. She is practically engaged to Dingwall—"
"Dingwall, the novelist!" inter-

"Dingwall, the novelist!" interrupted Rachel, looking up for the first time, her blue eyes shining. "Oh, Cecil, is he as splendid as his books?"

"Well, I always want a glossary for both," Bellersham answered, laugh-

ing; "if to be absolutely unintelligible is splendid, Dingwall is very splendid indeed. Scarisbrick is a bit of a martinet. He will be angry anyhow at his daughter not marrying as he wishes, but if he hears that I am engaged before he knows she is engaged, he will vent his disappointment on me. There are private eddies within the political eddies. My chances of office are small indeed if I offend Scarisbrick, who is about the only man who believes in me. Dear, I am sorry to bother your unpolitical mind with such a long story, but it is best you should be in my confidence, and know exactly why I do not tell the whole world at once that I am going to marry you next spring. Scarisbrick must believe that the blow to his hopes comes from Maud, not from me."

"I hope you hate her," cried Rachel vehemently. She remembered having seen Maud Scarisbrick at Lady Egeria's, and the memory was of beauty,

and wit, and vivacity.
"Oh, dear no!" Bellersham answered lightly. "Maud and I are excellent friends, she is my political adviser."

This was the most ill-advised thing Bellersham could have said to Rachel, who was incapable of understanding politics at all, and who morbidly construed these words as a reflection on her. She said nothing at the time, but day by day she nursed her jealousy of his political life in which his "excellent friend," that other woman, could advise him, and of which she knew nothing. She had gloried in her ignorance at one time, and had begged Bellersham not to talk about politics, as she did not know the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative. mirable inconsistency she was hurt and angry now that he never mentioned them. No doubt he would have done so at once if she had asked him, but she was foolishly proud and would not.

On the 20th of July it was Rachel's birthday, and Bellersham has made a point of coming to see her in the afternoon, although every moment of that day was important for him to be at the House. She was in a singularly sweet and winning mood, and not a remote discord sounded in their talk

until Bellersham got up and looked anxiously at his watch. Rachel's old clock was beautiful, but untrustworthy. "Good-bye, dear heart," he said, with real regret in his voice, "I must go now."

"Go!" cried Rachel, with exaggerated emphasis. "Go on my birthday! Oh, Cecil, you can't, you promised to dine with me somewhere and take me to a play. It will be cruel if you disappoint me."

"I ought to go back to the House,"

said Bellersham uneasily.

"The House! The House!" Rachel stamped her foot. "On the day you asked me to marry you, you said, 'There is nothing in the world I would not do for you.' It strikes me there is nothing you would do, if these wretch-

ed politics interfered."

"These wretched politics," said Bellersham sternly, and his face had grown pale, as hers flushed into passion, "are my career. I am not a man to use high-sounding phrases about ambition, but I am anxious to use every opportunity I have of getting on. I am thirty-seven and I have trilled away too much time already. This night is an important one in my life. It is for you to choose whether it works me good or harm."

"Don't talk so coldly, Cecil," Rachel said pleadingly. "Tell me about to-

night."

cause we fancy the opposition mean to try and close the debate and snatch a division. Lord William Hunting will speak as long as he can, but there is no one to follow him if I am not there. If the opposition conspire to be silent the debate will collapse and the Government will be beaten."

"What then?" asked Rachel.

Bellersham looked at her to see if she were acting. But apparently the question was asked quite ingenuously.

"You are a clever woman, Rachel. Unless I am explaining very badly you must understand. If we are beaten tonight, although it will really be the fault of the disorganization of our voting, it will be said to be mine. As it is, my undependableness is a byword, and this will be the finishing stroke.

It might take me years to regain peo-

ple's confidence."

"It is all very dull," yawned Rachel. But this time her indifference was affected. She was greatly excited, and almost insanely anxious to test her power.

"Dull or not," said Bellersham, "it

is a serious emergency."

The world of politics, of political men and political battles, of divisions, secretaries, whips and Cabinet making had seemed far off, unreal and unimportant during the last hour. Rachel and her old French songs, which she sang to a spinet whose wiry concord was her sole relic of Clandebarrow, had put him under a spell. The emotional side of his nature had forgotten in the dreamland of her music and her beauty the reality of the ambitions of public Her selfishness did not strike him in the presence of her overpowering attraction. As she pleaded with him for her birthday treat, the division lobby became shadowy. The sinews of his will as a man of sense and a man of honor relaxed. He began to reproach himself for having given her so few pleasures. He began to underrate the importance of his being at the House, to wonder that he had ever thought anything could signify but this woman, whose loveliness thrilled his blood, whose society was the centre of his interest, the only thing about which it was possible to care.

"Well, I'll take you to dine at the Savoy," he said at last. "It is running a dangerous risk, but rather than

disappoint you-"

Rachel flung her arms round his neck. Her eyes shone like stars. She was too drunk with triumph at having got her way to have any qualms about the risk.

"I must rush home and dress," Bellersham said, feeling at that moment no qualms either. But before he was half-way down the narrow stairs he began to be troubled.

As it was there was no serious harm done, but supposing it had really been a question of ruining his career, would Rachel still have behaved like an unreasonable child?

At the Albany he was met by a note

from the senior Government whip bearing outside the slarming words "Urgent-try Brooks' and then Albany." The politician woke again, as he tore it open. "Come at once," it ran.
"We are short-handed. Hunting
can't go on much longer. Division must be saved." He sat down and tried to write to Rachel to explain that from being unadvisable, it had now become impossible for him to disobey orders. But the pen, which could rattle off an article for a monthly, in an inconceivably short time, and never felt a clog on it, when it drew up the skeleton of a speech, now halted, hesitated and was lost. A second mandate came in, "If the debate collapses now, we shall be beaten. There is not a moment to be lost," and Bellersham hurried away leaving the unfinished note to Rachel lying on the table.

As he came under the shadows of Westminster, the political danger alone occupied his thoughts. Would he be in time? He sprang out of the cab and hurried along the corridor, feverishly afraid that he might hear the clatter of that ominous electric bell aunouncing a division. No! Hunting was still on his legs. The danger was

over.

"In half-an-hour there will be plenty of our people here," whispered a perspiring whip. "Not one of the opposition will speak. You must go on,

until we fill up."

Bellersham was not used to speaking to empty benches. He could have laughed as he caught the chairman's eye in the desert. At the end of the half-hour, although the subject was not one which particularly interested him, he was still speaking fluently, and apparently unexhausted. manœuvre of the opposition had failed, for when Bellersham sat down urgent messages had rallied the Government's scattered forces. Provincial opposition speakers had been induced to hold their peace for nothing. The division resulted in a victory for the Government. Bellersham's name was on every one's lips in the lobby. It was past ten before he could get away from congratulations. Once outside parliamentary precincts. Rachel rushed back upon his mind. It was late to go and see her.

He has always resisted the temptation of calling on her at an hour which might give rise to scandal. But the thought of the weary hours she must have spent waiting for him, with no message to explain his absence, stirred him into a remorse which overcame his scruples. For a long time he rang at her door in vain. Then at last the little servant who had admitted him often before, answered the ring. She had a candle in her hand, and had obviously huddled on her clothes again in a panic of hurry. The darkness of the hall behind her overwhelmed Bellersham with a sudden fear.

"I want to see Miss Neil on a matter of great importance," he said roughly, and he pushed past her.

It was customary for him to go up

unannounced.

"She's gone away, sir," said the maid.

"Gone away! What do you mean?" shouted Bellersham. "Why I was here at seven. She was not going away then."

"No, sir." half sobbed little Ellen. She was a drudge, a true London cub, untidy, with a perpetual cold in her head, but she cherished a feeling for Rachel which had in it the elements of worship.

"Something must 'ave 'appened. She packed 'er box all in a 'urry, and I was to order a keb, and she went off cryin'. I could see, though she pre-

tended to be laughin' at me."

There was something in the servant's simple words which tore Bellersham's heart.

"Do you know where she's gone?" he asked in a dull voice.

"No, sir, except it was Euston she drove to."

"I will go up," said Bellersham after a silence. "She may have left a note for me."

But she had not.

When Big Ben boomed out seven, and Bellersham did not come, a fever of unrest burned in Rachel's brain and body. Roving about her tiny room, as ill-luck would have it, she was arrested by a blue book which he had left lying on the table. She opened it angrily. It represented to her his harsh Parliamentary mood. She opened it, alas!

at a page where a letter to Bellersham in a large bold hand had been used for a marker.

"Dearest Cissy," it ran, "of course you are coming down to Richmond tonight, to my dinner. Back on the top of a bus 6d. all the way. Surely you can get away from the Westminster—(the next word was illegibly written, and Rachel's jaundiced fancy construed it as "woman") for one? Toute à toi.

Rachel sank heavily into a chair, staring wildly. It seemed to her as though her reason were palsied, for she could not steady it to think. It was a sultry night, and as the minutes wore on, and footsteps in the quiet street came out of the silence, passed her door, and went into it again, she grew physically feverish and ill. There was a noise in her ears like the tapping of a creeper on the window-pane on a gusty night. Eight o'clock! He was not coming then. She took a bit of paper and wrote a few words, but her hand trembled so violently that the lines ran together—all crooked down the page. Maud Scarisbrick's note caught her eye. Every word struck into her fevered brain like a heavy nail. A sensible woman would have thought it over, and remembered that it was entirely contrary to Bellersham's character to practise a deceit of this kind. A sensible woman would have recalled what she had heard of Maud Scarisbrick, and putting it together would have argued that she was the sort of woman who calls a dozen men her "pals," and writes in a strain of intimacy to them all. A sensible woman would have understood that some graver political emergency must have arisen, which explained Bellersham's failure to keep faith. But this was a woman who was at all times captions and unreasonable, and when her passions were inflamed, almost insane. She had lived an irresponsible life which had aggravated her natural temptation to act on wild impulses. In her blood was the blood of outcasts and rebels. In such a nature there was no chance for common-sense to assert that she was doing Bellersham a shameful injustice, by

rushing to the conclusion that he had deceived her all along, and that he did not mean to marry her. She was bitterly disappointed, and in her frenzy she hated him. She turned with relief to a dream of Ireland, and a quiet life there away from this cruel London which had stabbed her so often. She did not pause to reason, or deliberate or forgive. For the sake of another woman Bellersham had given her this agony. That was the only clear thought in her poor disordered mind. Like an arrow to the bow of her fiery Eastern blood, she took her flight. And, with the iron sticking stubbornly in her soul, she believed she was acting for his happiness—always the last infirmity of morbid minds.

For three days Bellersham heard nothing. He shunned his work, he shunned his friends. His face was never seen at the House of Commons. nor at his clubs. He walked the streets day and night objectless and despairing. His inactivity struct him His inactivity stung him, spairing. yet he did not know what course to take to find Rachel. He heard rumors that the Government was gaining ground, and read with a sneer on his lips, that he had saved it from death. On the fourth day Rachel wrote. Rellersham recognized the beautiful handwriting on the envelope, and tore it open deliriously. He had not believed that anything could be worse than the suspense of the last few days yet as he read he could have cried out for his painful ignorance again. damning certainty that she was lost to him forever, froze his blood. uncertainty had racked him in a flame. The definite news stretched him on " fields of thick-ribbed ice."

The letter was very short.

"I went away because I was miserable. I could not bear the idea of seeing you again after that night. There is another woman in the world whom you want to marry. I found that out, and there is another man in the world whom I ought to marry—I have found that out. He has been faithful to me for six years. He is not clever or interesting, but he will love me, and I turn to the quiet humdrum life with him with immense relief. I am tired

of excitement. If one wants happiness, one must be content with homely things. Don't try to find me, for by the time you get this I shall be married.

R. N."

It was a baffling letter. Poor Bellersham tried to blame the writer. He tried to think harshly of the woman who could lightly leave him without a word, and bind herself irrevocably to some one else. But all his thoughts revolved on the axis, "I have lost her, and she is Rachel!"

# III.

He had tracked her at last. And in a dingy room in a dingy house in Clonmel they stood face to face. It was only a week since Bellersham had got the letter, yet by the change in his face it might have been years. One of his most striking characteristics had been an air of glowing health and vitality. It had always been in his favor, for men and women, marvelling at the brilliancy of his looks, were ready to believe in the brilliancy of his mind. A week's anxiety had extinguished the lamp. Eyes and skin were lustreless. The boy in Bellersham was dead.

"I am too late. You are married,

Rachel."

"Yes, I am married."

"Who is your husband?" asked Bellersham with an effort. Until he heard it from her own lips he had not

believed it possible.

"He is a lawyer here. He loved me when I was very young. When I left London, I came straight here, and asked him if he still wanted to marry me. Although it was a long time since we had met, he never hesitated. There must be some good in a man who is as faithful as that." She spoke jerkily.

"You will be happy then?"

"Yes," but as she said it, she raised her eyes, and there was a heartrending look in them, which taught Bellersham that not even yet had he drunk his cup of misery to the dregs.

"Oh, my love!" he cried passionately. "What have you done? Your life is wrecked, and so is mine. If you did not love me I could bear it, but you

do, you do, Rachel!"

He caught her in his arms and held her while she sobbed.

"It was all my wickedness," she said, suppressing her tears. "I saw a letter from Maud Scarisbrick which made me think you had gone to her instead of coming to me that night. I made myself believe that you had been making love to me to amuse yourself, that you— I was mad with my wretchedness. I could not stay and face it. Oh, don't be hard on me. I was mad, dear. If you had left one word, one single word—"

"Yes," cried Bellersham bitterly.

"Reproach me, I deserve it. I won't reproach you. What use are reproaches now? If they could undo what's done, I would pour them out until my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I would listen to them though they stung and lacerated. But they can't alter it. Nothing can. You are married."

As she heard the cruelly inevitable words from his lips, Rachel shivered. It seemed to her that she had never

realized it till now.

"Well." He spoke wearily. "There is nothing more to be said or done. Good-bye, Rachel."

"Good-bye."

He turned at the door and looked back at her, standing expressionless in the drab little room, upholstered in the hideously respectable fashion of twenty years ago. He thought of her exquisite taste, and how it would all jar on her, when she woke. He thought of her beauty wasted on this petty country town. He thought of her brilliant gifts which here must surely run to waste. He thought of the little graybearded homely man he had met on the steps outside, whom instinct told him now, was the husband. He thought of all these things, and then of what might have been. Ah, how terrible it was! With a quick exclamation he strode across the room and clasped her to his heart. She submitted, but her body felt chilly unresponsive.

"If you are unhappy, dearest, you must tell me. Only believe, if it does not add to your burden, that I shall always love you. That vow has been broken very often. I shall not break it. Every year you shall know that I

love you still."

Rachel was paralyzed, and could not He waited for a word in vain. It was an unsatisfactory parting.

And on the stairs he brushed past the gray-beard, a dried-up little lawyer, in snuff-colored clothes of a strange cut. He thought he heard a voice in the hideous accent of North Ireland, offering him "refreshment." But he took no notice.

That was the first of August. And on that day every year, Rachel got a box of roses, and in the middle of them

a slip of paper on which was written these words, "I love you still, C. B."

In time they were a Prime Minister's roses, and the woman who kissed them passionately was a poet whose identity was a secret, but whose verse was recognized far and wide to be of strange beauty and power.

Yet the world, which knows so much, did not know that the poet had made the statesman, and the statesman had

made the poet.—Temple Bar.

## TH' PLOUGHIN' O' TH' SUNNY-FIELDS.

#### BY M. E. FRANCIS.

"How does feyther find hissel' toneet?"

Mrs. Rainford, who had been bending over the fire, slowly stirring the steaming contents of a small black pot, tapped her wooden spoon against the

side, and turned round.

"Eh, mich same as he allus is," she responded, wearily. "Sometimes a bit better, an' sometimes a bit war. took me all my time to keep him abed when he heered you'd started ploughin' th' Sunnyfields. Eh, he were that takken to I 'ad to be vexed wi' him at th' last. He allus reckoned bein' at th' ploughin' o' yon hissel', thou knows —it's bin pasture iver sin' gron'feyther's time-"

"Well, it wanted turnin' up bad enough as how 'tis," interrupted her husband, with a roll of his bullet-head. He had been practically master of the Gate Farm for more than six months now, and did not see why his fatherin-law should interfere with his arrangements. Old Joe Orrell was indeed the nominal proprietor of the place, but quite incapable of managing his own affairs, having been ill, off and on, all the winter, and indeed kept to bed for a fortnight now.

At this moment a kind of husky roar was audible from above. Mary Rainford jerked her thumb over her shoulder and furned her head on one side.

The roar was repeated.

"'Ark at feyther," said the woman. "He's shoutin' for thee, Tom. Thou'd best nip up-it starts him coughin' awful when he gets excited."

Tom went creaking up the stairs willingly enough; he was a good-hearted fellow at the core, and anxious to humor the old man in everything that he considered reasonable. Mary paused to pour out a mugful of the gruel she had been preparing, and then followed. Old Joe Orrell was sitting up in bed, his broad bony shoulders showing square through his flannel shirt, his eyes bright under their shaggy brows, one huge hand gripping the bedclothes.

Tom stood still just inside the door,

and nodded.

"Well," he said, "an' how are yo', feyther? Yo' look a deal livelier this arternoon."

Joe stared at him fixedly for a minute or two.

"Thou's started ploughin' up Sunnyfields, I 'ear,' he growled. 'Thou met ha' waited a bit, I think. I reckoned to be at it mysel' this spring."

"Well, but yo' aren't able to, yo' see'n," replied Tom, mildly.

"I'm noan bahn to stop 'ere mich longer, though. How long dun yo' reckon to keep me shut up? I'm about tired of it, and so I tell vo'. I'll be about when warm weather cooms."

Tom gazed at him with a certain stolid compassion, and Mary, standing immediately behind him, heaved a deep sigh and slowly shook her head. Joe glanced at them sharply and resentfully.

"I see: yo' count to ha' me under ground afore owt's long," he observed; "but I tell yo' I wunnot dee just yet—so theer!" He sank back on his pillows. "I'm noan bahn to get out of yo'r road as soon as all that cooms to, Mester Tom," he continued, half jocularly.

larly.

"I dunnot want yo' to get out of no roads," returned Tom, visibly moved;
"a long life and a merry one to yo'. mon! But business is business, yo' known, and Sunnyfields has got that poor and mossy there isna welly pasture

for a goat on 'em."

"Eh, thou'rt a gradely farmer, thou art!" put in his father-in-law, sarcastically. "Thou'lt make a fortin soon, for sure! Wouderful clever thou art, Tom Rainford! Eh, thou'lt happen mak' shift to drive a straight drill afore thou's done."

"Ho, ho, ho!" came in stentorian tones from the stairs, and a broad red face appeared over Tom's shoulder. "Thou'rt in th' reet on't, mon! I can always tell when yo'r Tom's been ploughin'. The drills goes wrigglin' an' womblin' across the field till they

look mich same as snigs."

Tom laughed uneasily, and with a protesting "Nay, nay," moved to one side to make way for the new comer. This was Joe's special crony, Richard Woodcock, a big burly patriarch well on in the seventies, with a face so red that it positively seemed to glow from out its framework of white whisker, and a figure so broad that he was obliged to turn sideways to enter the door. The boards creaked as he crossed the room to Joe's bed. Taking up his position at the bottom, he leaned over the wooden rail and nodded. Joe nod-Richard, putting his hand ded back. in his pocket, produced a serviceable black pipe, which he silently proceeded to fill and light. Joe, catching Mary's eye, pointed to a similar pipe on the chimney-piece, and, drawing a tobaccopouch from under his pillow, nodded again, commandingly.

"Yo'd happen best sup your gruel first," insinuated Mary, approaching

with the mug aforementioned.

"Gruel!" said Joe, glancing indignantly toward Richard. "Gruel for a mon o' my years, and as wake as I feel mysel'! Theer, Dick, thot's how us owd folk gets put upon! Tom, theer, 'ull be sot down to a gradely bit o' beef in a two-three minutes, an' our Mary 'ull gi' him his quart o' beer reet enough; but theer's nobbut gruel for feyther."

"Ah," grouned Richard, commiseratingly, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very depths of his capacious waistcoat. Tom retired discreetly down-stairs; the dispute over Joe's gruel was of nightly occurrence, and he wished to avoid being drawn in by

either party.

"Well, yo' known," said Mary, persuasively, "doctor's orders mun be obeyed, else he'll be bargin' at us. An' th' gruel's lovely, feyther! eh, the groats—I never see sich fine ones!—"

"I never mak' mich count o' groats nobbut i' black-puddin's," retorted her parent. "Eh! I could fancy a black-puddin' rarely. I could do with summat a bit tasty if I could get it—but this here nasty sickly stuff— Eh! It fair turns my stoomach!"

Richard groaned again, and withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, point-

ed with the stem at Mary.

"Th' poor owd lad's welly clemmed," he observed, indignantly. "Clemmed he is! He wants nourishin' food—thot's what he wants. A bit of beefsteak wi' th' gravy in't—"
"Or a sassage," put in Joe, peering

"Or a sassage," put in Joe, peering at his daughter from under his eyelashes to see how she took the sugges-

tion.

"Or happen a pork-pic," resumed Farmer Woodcock, with a magisterial air. "Summat as 'ull ston' to him i' th' long weary neets as he lays awake coughin'."

"Well! doctor said," responded Mary, in a plaintive tone, for she was wounded at the implied reflection on her filial piety—" doctor said as he weren't to have nowt nobbut slops. 'Nothin' solid at all,' says he; 'no beer unless yo' want t' kill him straight off. Th' only stimulant mun be a tablespoonful or two o' brandy now an' then.'"

"Well, then," said Joe, somewhat reviving, "go an' fetch it now, theer's a good lass. Happen a drop or two in this here sloppy stuff 'ud mak' it slip down a bit easier—an' fetch a glass an' a sup of hot water for Dick here at Coom then," he added, same time turning toward his crony with a brightening face as she retired, "we'll have soom mak' of a do to 'earten oursel's up a bit 'as how 'tis."

Mrs. Rainford presently returned with a black bottle and a tumbler half full of hot water, and after measuring out a portion for each, again withdrew, closing the door after her. Old Dick followed her with his eyes.

"I know'd hoo'd tak' bottle wi' her !" he remarked, in dudgeon.

"Eh, hoo's noan the lass hoo used to be," returned Joe, falling to at his gruel with an aggrieved expression.

"It's my belief," pursued Richard, drawing a chair forward and scating himself, "as thou'd be a deal better wi'out so mich coddlin' an' doctorin'! Why, thou hasna bin out o' doors all winter, hasto?"

"Nawe," responded Joe, shaking his head. "I've bin fastened i' chim-

ney-corner ever sin' Christmas."

"I dunnot mak' so mich count o' Dr. Thring," pursued Richard. "I soomtimes think he doesn't understand thy constituotion. Eh, he is but a yoong whipper-snapper when all's said an' done! He hasn't 'ad the experience, lad. Eh, poor owd Dr. Wells, he were the mon fur my money! Never know'd nought when he coom, an' larn't it all practisin' o' th' cottagefolk. I've 'eard him say so hissel' mony a time. 'That's the way to larn,' he'd say, so jov'al-like, 'buy yo'r experience for yor'sel', he'd say.

"Ah, he were a man o' the reet mak'," agreed Joe. " Allus that friendly an' pleasant, ready for a joke wi' ony one, an' thankful fur a glass o' summat warm jest same as oursel's. mind him here when our missus were layin'-in' wi' our Mary, theer he sot i' th' nook suppin' at's tumbler, and lookin' round now an' again-' Cheer up, woman,' he'd say; 'it's a poor

'eart as niver rejoices,' says he."

"Ah!" resumed Richard, admiringly, "I have seen poor owd Dr. Wells as fuddled as I met be mysel'-mony a time I have! Allus so hearty-like! One o' th' better mak' he was, an' niver one 'or physickin' an' clemmin' a mon. I mind when my owd feyther were

NEW SERIES-VOL LXIV, No. 3.

agate o' deein' he coom an' stood a'side o' bed. 'Mon,' says he, 'yo'r time's up. I can do nought to mend ye,' says 'But mak' the best of a bad job! Con yo' fancy a mutton-chop?' my feyther shook's 'ead; he were past it, thou knows. 'Coom then,' says doctor, 'happen yo' could do wi' a drop o' beer?' An' my feyther made a shift to nod. 'Reet,' says doctor. 'Sup it up like a mon an' then fall to

at your prayers,' says he."

"Thot's th' mak' o' doctor that 'ud do a body good," observed Joe, regretfully; "but this here Mester Thring, eh, I welly lose patience wi' him. He coom yesterday, and oppened my shirt, and went thumpin' an' feelin' till I were tired, and then he whips out soom mak' o' trumpet lookin' thing wi' two handles 'as he stuck in his ears till his face looked fur all the world same as a Toby-mug, an' he listened at my breast, an' he sighed, an' took handle out o's ears, an' says he, 'Mester Orrell, yo'r 'eart's wore out!' 'How con you tell that?' says I, a bit rough-like, fur I were vexed wi' th' "We doctors 'as our ways o' knowin',' says he, lookin' very solemn. 'I fear I cannot do mich fur ye. Yo'r heart's the size of two, he says. 'Did yo' see it,' says I. 'Nay,' he says, an' he laughs a bit. 'Well, then,' I says, 'seein's believin'!' Ho, ho, ho! He couldn't say mich to that!"

"Nay," responded Richard, much tickled at his friend's astuteness. " 'Seein's believin', 'says thou, didn't thou? An' so 'tis, mon. Why, how could a body tell what mak' o' heart thou had, wi' nobbut feelin' o' th' outside? I allus thought Dr. Thring weren't up to mich, and now I am sure on't. But thou was in th' reet to ston up to him. If I were thee, Joe, I wouldn't be put upon no longer-I wouldn't be kept to bed if I felt mysel' able to get up, and I'd tell thy Mary straight out, if hoo were my lass, as I'd noan be put off wi' gruel and sichlike when there was owt else to be had."

Joe's wrinkled face flushed, and he rolled his head uneasily from side to

Richard gazed at him sternly through the clouds of tobacco-smoke which now encircled his ruddy countenance.

"I'd ha' thought thou'd 'ave had a bit more sperrit," he observed pres-

ently.

"Gruel isn't like to put mich sperrit into a mon," retorted Joe. "An' when me an' our Mary has words it starts me coughin', thou knows, au' my 'eart begins o' thumpin' till I am welly smoored."

Farmer Woodcock appeared unconvinced. "Well, if Mary were my lass," he was beginning, when a rush of hammering feet upon the stairs outside interrupted him, and the door bursting open, three or four sturdy little folks came rushing into the room.

"Coom now," said old Richard, with a good-natured change of tone, assisting the smaller fry as they clambered over his legs and made straight for their grandfather's bed, "Coom! What's all yo'r hurry? Gronfeyther's noan bahn to run away fro' yo'! Theer he lays, fast on's back, and like to stay theer for all as we know. Up hoo goes! Now, Teddy! Thot's a bonny mak' o' whip thou's getten, Joey !"

"Teddy an' me's been playin' we're " cried Joey, junior, marchploughin',' ing up and down the room and crack-'' Gee ing the implement in question. back, Blossom !"-with great energy-

"Coom up, Prince! Haw!"

Old Joe chuckled in his bed, raising himself on his elbow and craning forward his neck, the better to view his grandson's performance.

"Chip o' th' owd block, eh?" he laughed, winking with both eyes together at his crony. "'Ark at him."

"Eh! he do favvor thee, Joe," re-´"He do, plied Richard, admiringly. fur sure! He's coomin' on wonderful! Niver saw a little lad shap' so weel in all my life—"

"My daddy's ploughin' up Sunnyfields," announced Joey, pausing opposite Farmer Woodcock, and opening " Goin' his round blue eyes very wide. to mak' a good job of it, he says—"

"Yigh, thy dad's a gradely mon," growled Joe, rolling back on his pil-"All 'at thy dad says mun be reet, munnot it? Thy dad's gaffer now, and gronfeyther's fast on's back, as Mester Woodcock says."

The two smaller children, crawling about the bed, were prattling mean-

while of their doings out of doors. Joe absently stroked their tangled locks, and all at once put his horny hand under the chin of the little roly-poly girl and turned up her face.

"An' what says our little wench?" he asked tenderly, and fell to patting the dimpled cheek, fresh and cool from

the evening air.

"Daffies is ablow, grondad, daffydillies all yaller! An' Teddy an' me found some primroses this arternoon!"

"An' we saw the lickel lambs," put in Teddy; "they was jumpin'an' playin'!' immediately proceeding to simulate the lambs' antics till his grandfather's bed shook again.

The old man laughed, but with a "Lambin'-time a'puzzled look. ready!" he said, gazing inquiringly at

Richard.

Richard removed his pipe, stared stolidly at his friend, and put it back again without replying.

Joey now came prancing over to the

"Daisy's cauve is sich a pretty one, grondad; it's a wy-cauve, an' it's red wi' a little white star on its for'yead—"

Joe sat up. "Why, Daisy is noan due yet, sure? It's noan of Daisy's cauve, lad. Daisy wunnot cauve till end of March."

"The lad's in the reet on't," said Richard, indorsing Joey's shrill protest. "This here's the twenty-sixth o' March, thou knows. Yigh, March is going out like a lamb for sure."

"Eh dear o' me!" groaned the old man; "so it is. Eh, I reckoned to be about afore this."

"Thou'll be about soon enough," growled Richard, "once warm weather

cooms, thou knows."

Joe patted the little round cheek nearest him and sighed. The children chattered on. All their talk was of the budding life without: of posies in the grass, and blossom on the hedge, and chickens and downy ducklings in the yard; of how Bob was sowing "wuts" yonder in the five-acres, and Will'um of the Lone End, an' Gronny Makin was sot in the back kitchen cuttin' up "sets." Even in the stuffy little room, amid the reek of brandy and tobacco-smoke, there seemed to be a kind of atmosphere of spring.

Joe listened in silence, fingering his empty pipe, and sighing. At last Richard, extending an immense forefinger, pointed inquiringly, first at the pipe, and then at the well filled pouch beside it. But his friend shook his head.

"I donnot seem to want it to-neet," he said.

Richard gasped-

"Mon, thou'lt never rest wi'out thou smokes thy pipe," he said, in alarmed tones.

"I hannot th' 'eart fur't," persisted

"Coom, this 'ull never do! Here, little uns-be off wi' yo'! Gronfeyther's had enough o' yo' now."

"Nay, let them bide," said gronfeyther. "I'll happen not ha' them so long. Weel, Teddy, an' how many

chickens is yonder, saysto?"

He scarcely appeared to hear the answer, and presently Richard, much distressed in his mind, went ponderously down the stairs in search of Mary. The latter agreed with him that Joe's refusal to smoke his pipe was a very bad sign. So much alarmed indeed was the good woman that, after the children were duly fed and tucked up, she prepared with the most solemn of faces to sit up with her father during the night. Joe did not seem to find it easy to compose himself, in spite of his daughter's repeated adjurations that he would "try to settle off." At last, however, he fell into an uneasy doze, and though poor hard-working Mary made strenuous efforts to keep awake, her heavy eyelids drooped at last, and she too slept.

The dawn was breaking when Joe awoke. He sat up and glanced uneasily at Mary. Her head had fallen back, her sturdy outstretched legs were wide apart, and her portly bosom rose and fell, accompanied by a continuous sound of snoring, like the rumbling of a distant cannonade. Joe rubbed his chin—the bristles of his beard rasping his fingers—and nodded to himself.

"Hoo's dropped off, poor lass!" he muttered. "Welly tired out, I reckon. I could a'most wish I were out of her road for good—what wi's hiftin' me, an' physickin' me, an's sittin' up o'

neets, hoo mun be half killed."

The row of empty medicine-bottles on the chimney-piece next caught his

"Lord, to think as I 'ave 'ad to sup all as was i' yon! Why, it's a wonder

I am wick at all."

He clenched his fist, and thumped the bedclothes with a gathering sense of ill-usage. How could he ever get well if he was kept in bed during the beautiful spring weather, while every one else was out an' about, and Mester Tom gaffering the men, and giving his orders as free as if the place belonged to him?

"They tellen me nought," he muttered to himself. "I niver know what's doin' wi'out one o' th' childer

lets summat out."

His face worked a little at the recollection of his grievances. All the winter he had sat in the ingle-nook while other folks came and went, the laborers clumping in at meal-time with the smell of the soil clinging to their garments. Occasionally with a nod and a grin for "owd mester," they had talked of the jobs actually in hand, and "owd mester" had sometimes disapproved of his son-in-law's arrangements, and sometimes exhausted himself by giving advice; so that Tom and Mary deemed it best to discourage such communications, and indeed since Joe had been confined to his room, all intercourse with the outer world was necessarily stopped. Had it not been for a chance word let fall by his daughter that morning, he would never even have known of the ploughing of the Sunnyfields.

The light brightened and grew, spreading out fan like on the white walls, and reaching to the low ceiling; a branch of the little monthly-rose tree flapped against the window; louder even than Mary's snores came the trill of a lark. It was broad day, and no one yet was stirring about the place—not the clink of a pail, not the clatter of a clog.

Pretty times these! A nice hand Tom would make of his farming, if this was how he started! If Joe were not tied there like a log, he would soon make them tumble out of their beds and bustle about—he had a great mind, as it was, to go and pull the long ears

of that great lazy ne'er-do-weel, his son-in-law. What a start it would give him!

Out of bed came one long lean leg, then the other. Joe gasped a little as his feet touched the floor: he had not left his bed for more than a fortnight, and felt, as he would have expressed it, "a bit wumnicky." There was also a queer sense of oppression about his chest, but he congratulated himself on the fact that his cough had altogether ceased. Joe crossed the room, pausing to peer through the unshuttered window. What a glorious morning! golden and silver with sunshine What a sky! cloudless save and dew. for the rosy and purple streaks at the horizon. The new-budded trees were stirring in the morning breeze; yonder in the field the dairy-cows were trooping through the glistening grass to the gate, awaiting milking-time. This was a morning truly for folks to lie abed, with such a piece of business awaiting them too as the breaking up of the Sunnyfields! Eh, if Joe were only able to go out—

A sudden idea struck him. Why should he not go out? Why should he lie there just because Mary and the doctor said so? Mary was not likely to know better than her own father when all was said and done; and as for the doctor, "young whipper-snapper," as Richard said, who was he to be ordering about a man of seventy-six? Why, what Joe wanted was a good brisk walk, with a beefsteak and a tumbler of something hot when he came in.

"He doesn't understand my constituotion," said Joe, emphatically; "thot's where it is—and I'll ston' no more o' this mak' o' work!"

Creaking across the floor he went, moving unwieldily on tiptoe. There were his clothes in the cupboard—the familiar folds and creases of the well-worn garments greeting him like smiles on the face of an old friend. His fingers were stiff and trembling; but for all that, it did not take more than two or three minutes to don them. Next came the socks; his clogs and wide-awake were in the hall below; out of the room now, and down the stairs. "Lord!" how that lazy Tom snored! Joe could even hear him through his

closed door. There were the clogs, and yonder the hat; cautiously Joe withdrew the bolts of the back-door, standing at last under the free air of heaven. He made one or two faltering steps forward, and paused, hat in hand, his head tilted a little backward so that the breezes lifted his ragged gray hair. His eyes were sparkling, his lips parted in a long breath of rapture.

"Coom, now, I'm a mon again!" he muttered, and thumped his chest. "Ay, I can feel mysel' wick."

The old yard dog came limping to his feet, fawning on him with extravagant joy. Joe stooped and patted him. "Ay, Laddie, there's life i' th' owd mon yet! we're noan done for yet, neither of us! Coom, we'll have a bit of a do together afore onybody else is stirrin'."

He crossed the yard with feeble heavy steps, and opened the stable door. A gust of warm air greeted him, the familiar aroma being as incense to his nostrils.

There they stood, the great sleek beasts—Blossom and Daisy and Prince and Di'mond; thriving and hearty, every one, their shaggy manes plaited, their broad backs groomed till they shone. a simultaneous rattling and banging of ropes and weights sounding as they lifted their heads to look round at the new-comer. Joe made straight for his favorite mare, bestowing one or two resounding caresses on her round dappled flank; then going close up to her he fairly took her head in his arms.

"Eh, Blossom!" he said, "thou'rt here, arto? Coom, arto fain to see mester? I welly believe the poor owd lady knows me! Theer, Blossom, theer!"

Keeping one arm still round the creature's neck, he laid his cheek against her soft nose, whimpering a little, and uttering inarticulate phrases of endearment as the mare whinnied back. But recovering himself after a moment or two, he brushed his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and began to unfasten the animal's headstall.

"Thou an' me's bahn to do a bit o' wark afore breakfast," he observed. "Eh, an' Prince too. Ay, lad, we's addle our mate this mornin'."

One by one the horses came clattering forth, harnessed, ready for the plough.

Joe followed, staggering but determined, and Laddie brought up the rear, snifting uneasily at his master's heels, and turning up his old white muzzle inquiringly from time to time, as though to intimate his suspicion that something was amiss. But Joe's face beamed again with the rapture and triumph of his new-found freedom, and when the little company had crossed the yard, and passed through the gate, and found themselves fairly in the sandy lane which led to the Sunnyfields, he uttered a quavering whoop of joy.

"Coom, Blossom, lass, we'n stolen a march on 'em for once 'as how 'tis! We'll put 'em all to shame yonder! Ho! ho! theer'll be a bonny to-day when our Mary wakkens and finds 'at I've flitted! My word, Tom will be ashaned to look me i' th' face, I should think, when he sees me wortchin'! It'll larn him to lay abed, th' lazy lout! Now, Prince, step out, lad! eh, I could wish owd Richard could see me! How th' owd lad would stare! He'd scarce know what t' mak' on't."

He walked a little faster now, upheld by his inward excitement, and further exhilarated by the brisk keen morning The hedgerow beside him, white in patches with blossoming blackthorn, or sown with little folded green-tipped leaf-buds, was all asheen with glistening drops. Birds rose twittering from it as he passed; yonder on a newly fledged elder sapling a thrush was singing: a delicious smell of moist and fresh-bruised grasses greeted his nostrils as the heavy feet of Blossom and Prince fell rhythmically on the strip of sod that bordered the lane. The ditch alongside was golden with marshmallows flaming in the morning sunshine. Beyond the hedge lay the Sunnyfields, the yellowish mossy surface of the wide expanse veiled, as it were, in parts, with ethereal grayish green. The unreal aspect thus produced by the heavy dew was broken here and there by streaks of darker green, where the rabbits or pheasants had left tracks. At one end of the field two long narrow brown stripes marked the scene of Tom's labors of the preceding day. Joe glanced at them contemptuously from time to time, and when they

reached the gate, and entered the field, he paused, the better to consider them.

"Jist the same as Richard said," he observed with a disgusted air, "not a straight line between 'em! Coom, Prince an' Blossom, we's show 'em what we can do. Coom, we's start o' this side o' field so's Tom can see a bit of the better mak' o' work."

There lay the plough under the hedge. With a good deal of panting, and at the cost of more fatigue than he would have cared to own, Joe fastened the horses to it and began operations.

"Now then! steady! off we go."

Off they went, the ploughshare cutting into the sod with unerring accuracy, Joe plodding behind, crooning some old time ditty for very lightness The farther end of the field was reached, and Blossom and Prince strained their huge limbs as the plough creaked round. Now down they came, cutting a parallel line a few paces from the other; then they turned once more, Joe's feet sinking deep into the uncovered earth. He was not singing now, for his breath came rather short, and it required all his energy and resolution to withstand a gathering sense of weak-The end of the field was regained, however, and, throwing down the reins, he drew himself up and looked back, rubbing his hands and chuckling faintly. There was a furrow! clean and shapely—and straight as a dart.

"Theer, Mester Tom, match me that if thou con! Coom, Blossom, we's rest a bit, and then we'll be get-

tin' on again.'

He walked to the horses' heads, flinging an arm about the neck of each. Laddie, who had been pacing up and down in his wake, now squatted on his haunches, surveying the scene with a grave and judicial air. Suddenly he sprang forward. Joe's head had sunk on his chest, his hands were slipping slowly from the supporting crests, and all at once he fell heavily to the ground almost under Blossom's feet.

Old Richard Woodcock, comfortably jogging along the road an hour or so later, became suddenly aware that an old collie dog was limping after his low trap, uttering snuffling barks and

whines as though to attract his atten-

"Well, an' what dosto want, eh?" he said, looking back lazily. "Poor fellow, thou'rt lame enough! Wilto have a ride?"

But the dog, turning, hobbled a few steps in the contrary direction, and with a piteous backward glance whined

"Why, it's Laddie, I believe—Laddie o' th' Gate Farm! What brings thee here? Hasto lost thy road? Coom, jump in wi' thee, an' we's bring thee awhoam again."

He pulled up, patting his knee and whistling; but Laddie did not ap-

proach.

"Well, then, stay theer if thou wonnot," ejaculated Richard irritably; and he whipped up his pony, leaving the dog standing mournfully in the road, its tail drooping, its face wistful.

Farmer Woodcock glanced back and

shook his head.

"Soombry's bin ill-usin' you poor beast," he muttered. "I've a mind to go round by Orrell's an' tell Joe about it. It's a shame—as faithful as it's allus bin!"

He turned back, Laddie hobbling eagerly forward, and preceding the gig for some little way; but when they reached the lane which led to the Sunnyfields the animal again paused, barking.

Richard, looking over the hedge, discerned the plough and team of horses motionless in the far corner: no driver

was to be seen.

"Well, to be sure! Did anybody iver hear owt so knowin'? The poor brute's fur tellin' me as horses is left stonnin' 'ere wi' nobry to see to 'em. He knows th' owd gaffer 'ud niver ha' had sich doin's. It 'ull be yon wastril, Will'um o' th' Lone End—Mester Tom's too lazy t' be agate himsel' so early—it 'ull be Will'um, for sure, on the fuddle again! Theer, Laddie, we's see to't, mon! Hie thee yon, an' ston' by they 'orses till soombry cooms. Ha, ha! how th' poor owd fellow hobbles off! Now he's lookin' back. Reet, mon, I'm bahn to fetch soombry.'

He drove on, smiling to himself, and, turning into the yard of the Gate Farm, hallooed sturdily for Tom.

But his face changed when Mary, rushing out pale and distracted, announced that her father was nowhere to be found; and Tom, coming up breathless from the stack-yard, added that he had hunted everywhere he could think of about the place, and could not find a trace of him.

"He connot ha' gone far," wept Mary. "As wake as a kitlin he was—it's more nor a fortneet sin' he took to's bed, an' he hasn't bin out o' th'

'ouse all winter."

Old Dick flung the reins on the pony's back, and climbed out of the trap, his face redder than ever with

consternation.

"Eh!" he said, "e—e—eh! Poor owd lad! Wheer con he ha' getten to? I allus thought yo' was too 'ard wi' him—yo' kept him shut up too fast. He's bruk loose fur onst—that's what he's done!"

Just then "Will'um o' th' Lone End," with his eyes starting out of his head, but otherwise to all appearances as sober as ever he had been in his life, came running from the stable, announcing that Blossom and Prince were stolen. It never occurred to the honest fellow to connect their disappearance with that of his master; but Richard Woodcock clapped his hands to-

gether.

"Why!" he cried, "th' owd lad's takken them—thot's what he's done. He's takken them off to Sunnyfields!—I see 'em mysel' theer a two-three minutes ago. He's started ploughin'—eh, he's a gradely owd chap! he would 'ave a finger i' th' poy, see'n yo'? Thot's where he is—an' Laddie wi' him. Laddie coom runnin' arter my trap—quite takken-to, poordog! he knowed his mester oughtn't to ha' bin theer, an' he coom runnin' and yowlin' arter me to fetch me to him. Ah, I see Blossom an' Prince mysel'."

"Eh, but did yo' see feyther?" cried Mary; "it's enough to gi him his death, it is. Did yo' noan see nobory

theer, Mester Woodcock?"

No, Richard had certainly not seen anybody. The jubilant expression left his face, and he looked from one to the other with a kind of fear. All began running, by a common impulse, in the

direction of the Sunnyfields, Mary leading the way.

"Yon's th' 'orses," gasped Tom, breathlessly, "an' yon's Laddie."

"Eh-what !-what's thot o' th' ground theer?" cried the woman, straining her eyes.

Almost under the horses' feet lay a dark heap, which Laddie sniffed and pulled at, but which did not move, even when every now and then Blossom, craning forward her long neck, touched it with her pendulous underlip.

Mary stopped suddenly, clutching her husband's arm, and Richard pushing past her, hastened forward.
"Mate!" he cried, and fell a-sob-

There lay his old crony, prone on the upturned soil, his gray head pillowed on the dewy sod, and a smile of triumph still on his upturned face; and yonder stretched his last furrow, clear-cut and straight, cleaving the field from end to end.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.\*

#### BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

Few modern writers have roused a stronger feeling of personal affection than O. W. Holmes. His friends, known and unknown, have naturally looked forward to a life which might be complementary to the autobiography implicitly contained in his writings. Mr. Moise, to whom it has fallen to supply this want, apologizes by anticipation for partially disappointing their expectations. They will ask, he thinks, for more correspondence, and his answer is the very conclusive one that more correspondence is not forthcoming. Dr. Holmes, it appears, disliked letter-writing; and, although he systematically replied to hosts of unknown admirers, wrote comparatively little to his own circle of intimates. The unknown admirers appear to have kept his answers to themselves, considering them as autographs or literary curiosities not to be dignified as "letters." I certainly regret with Mr. Morse that more of these documents have not been sent to him. He might have formed from them a book which I have often desiderated—a model letter-writer for the use of editors. It would have been exceedingly welcome. The problem how to tell a young author plainly that

his rhymes are rubbish, and yet give no pain to an innocent aspirant, has weighed upon the souls of many sitters in the critical chair. A young author once showed me letters from two of the most distinguished men of the time. one of whom, while not committing himself, somehow suggested that he might be addressing the coming Shakespeare; while the other roundly declared that most lads had put better work in their waste-paper basket. They meant much the same thing, and Dr. Holmes' was one of the few men who might have fused the two letters and combined the courtesy with the wholesome truth. I, for one, should have been glad to have had the secret communicated, or, at least, a few examples given of the method. It is some comfort to one who has failed to be told that even Holmes' good-nature was sometimes requited with abuse. In any case, as Mr. Morse had not the materials, his excuse is unanswerable. One good result is that the life is given in two volumes of modest size; and for the record of so simple a history that seems to be ample. We do not, perhaps, know very much more than an attentive reader could infer from Dr. Holmes' own writings; but the facts are brought together in a definite and authentic shape, and combined in a simple and agreeable narrative.

Every reader of the Autocrat has his own distinct image of the author.

<sup>\*</sup> Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By John T. Morse, Jun., author of The Life of Abraham Lincoln, etc. With Portraits, Facsimiles, and other Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, 900 pp., cloth extra, gilt top, 18s. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

he remarks himself in a characteristic passage, there are three people on each side of every dialogue; the real John, and John's ideal John, and Peter's John; and no doubt there may be a real Holmes, different both from the Holmes of Holmes' own imagination and the reader's Holmes. There are, however, very few people of whom one believes that the three have a more substantial identity. The true man, as every one remarks, shows himself with all his idiosyncrasies in every page of his writing. This suggests certain difficulties for the writer. Mr. Morse observes that the true Holmes was a New Englander "from the central thread of his marrow to his outermost rind." That is undeniable; but Mr. Morse proceeds to answer that nagging critic, who is invisibly present whenever one writes, and who hereupon suggests that Holmes was provincial. Mr. Morse replies that no creative writer, except Shakespeare, who has been cosmopolitan has also made himself a "place in the hearts of mankind." I should myself begin by denying that Shakespeare was an exception. Nobody, surely, ever reflected more fully and faithfully the great imaginative movement of his own time; and if we knew the people of Stratford-on-Avon and the frequenters of the Globe Theatre as we know the people of Scott's Edinburgh, I suspect that we should recognize the Shallows and the Falstaffs of the plays as clearly as we recognize Scott's friends in the Waverley Novels. Or to drop Shakespeare, who is apt, I sometimes fancy, to intrude a little too often, was there ever any one who was at once more full of personal and local idiosyncrasies, and, at the same time, more thoroughly "cosmopolitan," than Montaigne?—one of the numerous list of authors to whom, as Mr. Morse reminds us, Holmes has been compared. A man surely need not cease to be cosmopolitan because he is provincial, any more than he ceases to be an athlete because he plays the game of his country—cricket in England and baseball in America. What interests us in the sport is the display of strength and activity which may be shown in one game as well as another. The great writer is great because he

displays a powerful intellect or a vivid imagination, and does not cease to be great because he applies his reasoning to particular questions or casts his imagery into the artistic mould of the day. There are obvious dangers in "provincialism." A man shut up in a village may be ignorant of the thoughts that are stirring outside; he may express himself in a dialect unintelligible to the larger world, or his mind may be atrophied for want of collision and excitement, and he may therefore limit himself to trifles interesting to a petty circle alone. But every man has got to be incarnate at a particular time and place, and to apply his mind to the questions which are stirring there. Holmes was not the less a New Eng. lander because he was also an individual; nor the less a citizen of the great world because he belonged to this particular province. The New England of his day, whatever its limitations, was seething with important movements as interesting, in slightly different applications, on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other; and the fact that Holmes looked at them from a New England point of view does not show that he did not appreciate their wider significance.

His characteristic nationality has, however, one result; namely, that in criticising Holmes one seems to be criticising New England or the United States. That is always a little awkward for an Englishman. To speak of Americans is to steer between opposite difficulties. One fears to fall into the old tone, when poor Mrs. Trollope and the critics of her day roused all the wrath of the democrat under the sneers of kid-gloved gentility, while, on the opposite side, there are certain commonplaces about Shakespeare and community of race, which are not precisely true, and are apt to be flung back con-There is a temptuously in one's face. more personal difficulty for such Englishmen as have received the hospitality of the society which Holmes frequent-Those to whom the name recalls the actual presence or the vivid memory of Emerson and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Lowell, can hardly trust themselves to speak with due critical coolness. A writer, especially one

who has many recollections, which, for good reasons, he is unwilling to manufacture into "reminiscences," almost feels his tongue tied. I think of a young gentleman who, in the heat of the Civil War, was most courteously welcomed by the men I have mentioned, and who is half afraid to give full utterance to feelings which might seem overstrained, and yet equally anxious not to appear deficient in warmth of gratitude. I will, however, venture to make a few of the remarks about Holmes which are suggested by this biography; though I am not quite sure whether the vividness of certain very pleasant memories is a qualification or the reverse.

I have said that Holmes' career was singularly simple. He was born in 1809, and passed a long life almost continuously at Boston and the immediate neighborhood, his only long absence being caused by two years of medical studies at Paris. On returning he set up as a physician without obtaining much practice. He married in 1840. in 1847 became professor in the medical school at Harvard, and held the office for thirty-five years. He retired in 1882, at the age of seventy-three, and survived as a venerated and happy old man till 1894. His works are not voluminous; and, though he had published some of his best verses before he was thirty, he was nearly fifty before he began the series of essays which really made him famous. Few popular authors have had a narrower escape from obscurity. He would, in any case, have been remembered in his own circle as a brilliant talker, and there would have been some curiosity as to the writer of the Last Leaf and two or three other poems. But had it not been for the judicious impulse given by his friend Lowell which induced him to make his appearance as the "autocrat," his reputation would have resembled that of Wolfe, of "not a drum was beat" celebrity. Who, it would have been asked, was the author of the few lines which we all know by heart? and we should have turned up the article devoted to him in a biographical dictionary. But he would not have revealed himself with that curious completeness upon which all his

critics have remarked. He often heard, as he says in an interesting letter, that he "had unlocked the secret of some heart which others, infinitely more famous, infinitely more entitled to claim the freedom, have failed to find opening for them." He cannot help believing that "there is some human tone in his written voice which sometimes finds a chord not often set vibrat-The secret of this gift is not hard to penetrate, though this biography will enable readers to understand it a little more fully. He remarks in the same letter that his life was "rather solitary than social;" and the society which he did frequent was not in one of the greatest centres of intellectual movement. In certain ways, too, even Bostonians must admit that the social atmosphere was of a kind to nip some of the luxuriant growths congenial to older abodes of art and letters. Holmes' attachment to his surroundings was as keen as if the conditions had been of the most genial. Indeed, he illustrates what has become a commonplace. Americans, as Colonel Chester proved, often take with special enthusiasm to genealogy; although the interest of the study would at first sight appear to be less in a country where the claims of long descent are supposed to be ridiculous. This perhaps illustrates the principle which accounts for Scottish skill in gardening. The materials to be mastered are not so multitudinous, and when you cannot trust to nature your own energy may be stimulated. So Holmes cherished whatever could be called historically interesting in his own country, because the supply of the appropriate material was so limited. Men who live in the shadow of Westminster Abbey or go to universities which the great men of many centuries have filled with associations, are apt to become a little bored with the topic. Holmes loved the old gambrel-roofed house" in which he was born all the more because a house which existed at the time of Washington represented exceptional antiquity in America. The deluge of growing civilization sweeps away such relics of the past so rapidly that their scarcity gives them exceptional value. The buildings of Andover Academy and of

the Harvard University are not, in themselves, comparable to Eton or to King's College, Cambridge. But they represent the only persistent threat of historical continuity in the country, and the affection which they excite is proportioned, not to their absolute grandeur or antiquity, but to the degree in which they have to satisfy whatever instinctive affections there may be in their alumni. Holmes certainly loved his old home, and cherished his school and college associations as ardently as if he had been born in a Norman manor-house or played his boyish games under the statue of Henry VI. As he grew up his patriotism did not diminish in intensity. All that happened was that he became qualified to When the catch its comic aspects. "young fellow they call John" laid down the famous proposition that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system," and adds that "you couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar," the autocrat accepts the "satire of the remark," and admits that the "axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town and city." But he does not pretend to conceal that the sentiment, outrageous if literally accepted, tickles his fancy agreeably. When we drink a man's health after dinner, we often express an estimate of his virtues which we might sometimes shrink from maintaining in cold blood. Yet our sentiment may be essentially genuine, though we have dropped some implied qualifications. Holmes as a man shares the young fellow's enthusiasm, though he wishes us to understand that he is aware in cold blood that it is not quite the whole truth. The little deformed gentleman in the Professor gives a still more vigorous mouthpiece of the same sentiment. "A new race, and a whole new world for the newborn human soul to work in! And Boston is the brain of it, and has been any time these hundred years! That's all I claim for Boston, that it is the thinking centre of the continent and therefore of the planet!"-in which respect its supeniority to Philadelphia and New York is easily demonstrated. The little gen-

tleman is one of Holmes' most spirited characters, and makes a very convenient organ for the utterance of opinions not to be turned into serious dogmas—but also not to be overlooked. Boston is an ideal as well as a real city; it represents "the American principle," whatever that may precisely be. It is the three-hilled city as opposed to the seven-hilled city or reason against Rome. Democratic America has a different humanity from feudal Europe "and so must have a new divinity." Religion has to be "Americanized," and Boston is in the van of the struggle.

This might suggest a good many remarks for which Holmes would, perhaps, leave his deformed gentleman to reply. He has not committed himself to an unreserved support of a personage who reflects only one of his moods. One point, however, has to be noticed. Holmes, like others, had revolted against Calvinism as represented by the Westminster Confession. pages in his essays are directed against the old-fashioned creed; and, as we are told, made him the object of warm denunciations by the orthodox. Young people, Mr. Morse informs us, were forbidden to read the Autocrat, and Elsie Venner was regarded as a dangerous manifesto. This, it must be admitted, sounds strange at the present day. Were any books ever more obviously harmless? People who remember certain English controversies about Maurice, which happened a little before the appearance of the Autocrat, may succeed in understanding why, in the country of the Puritans, Holmes should have passed for a heresiarch. now requires an effort to put one's self in that position, and certainly Holmes' remarks would now hardly excite a shudder in the best-regulated families. Still they represented what seems to have been the most important passage of his mental history. The old Puritanism, one may guess, appeared to him in a new light when he had sat at the feet of Parisian professors. The old Boston, at any rate, was not quite the "hub of the universe" in the physiologist's point of view; and he fancied, when the old and the new currents met, a good deal of the sediment of

old-fashioned dogma would be precipitated. Still, the old problem which Calvinism had answered in its own way came up in a new form. The doctrine of hereditary sin might be abandoned, but the problems of scientific "heredity" took its place. Jonathan Edwards' discussions of moral responsibility have a serious meaning when they are dissociated from the ghastly visions of hell-fire. Holmes gave more place to these controversies than some of his readers liked; and I need say nothing as to the merit of his own conclusions. They interest us chiefly because they gave rise to that provoking book, Elsie Venner. I call it "provoking" merely because it will not square nicely with any orthodox canons of criticism. In the first place, it has an air of being didactic, or is a book with a tendency, or, in the old-fashioned phrase, is a novel with a purpose. I confess that I should have no objection to it upon that ground. I always found Sandford and Merton a delightful work in my childhood, and I partly preserve that degrading taste. l like books with a moral. Some authors, it is true, are cramped by their morals, and occasionally tripped up into flat absurdity. Still, a writer often gets a certain unction from the delusion that he is preaching as well as story-telling; and so long as any one is working with a will, and defying the critics and all their ways, he has the root of the matter in him. Holmes, it must be remarked, did not suppose that he was proving anything in Elsie Venner; he recognized the truth of the axiom propounded in the Rose and the Ring that blank verse is not argument; and the imaginary behavior of an impossible being cannot possibly lead to any conclusion. When we meet a being who is half woman and half a snake it will be time to settle the moral code for judging her. Holmes, in fact, says in his prefaces that he only took an imaginary case in order to call attention to the same difficulty in the common course of things. To that I can see no objection. Clearly, every great tragedy involves some interesting question of casuistry; and casuistry may repay the debt by suggesting a good plot for a novel. The only question is, whether

the extravagant hypothesis, be it purely fantastic or contrived to illustrate a point in ethics, has really been turned to good account. Here I confess to a conflict of feeling which, I suspect, is shared by others. The book makes me read it just whenever I take it up, and vet I am never satisfied. Perhaps it is that I want more rattlesnake; I want to have the thrill which my ancestors felt when they told legends of were-wolves; I wish the snake-woman to be as poetical as Coleridge's Geraldine, to tremble while I read, and to be encouraged in my belief by such an infusion of science as will reconcile me to the surroundings of the nineteenth century in New England. That is, no doubt, to wish at the lowest that Holmes could have been combined with Hawthorne—not to suggest the creator of Caliban—and that their qualities could have coalesced with as little interference as those of Elsie and the snake. So much is suggested that one wants a more complete achievement. The fact is simply, I suppose, that Holmes had not the essential quality of the inspired novelist. He did not get fairly absorbed in his story and feel as though he were watching, instead of contriving, the development of a situation. That, for example, is the way in which Richardson declares himself to have written, and which partly explains the fascination to our forefathers of his moralizing and long-winded narratives. Holmes is distinctly a spectator from outside, and his attention is too easily distracted. I do not, in the least, object to a novelist discoursing or supplying comments if it be his natural vein; I am not simple-minded enough to care for the loss of the illusion. But the novelist should not give an analysis in place of a concrete picture, or wander into irrelevant remarks. Now, Holmes' intellect is so lively and unruly that the poor snake-lady gets too often squeezed into the background. He is struck by the peculiarities of New England villages, their houses, or their "cólations," or their "hired men," and is immediately plunged into vivacious descriptions and disquisitions. We have to change moods too rapidly; to feel on one page a shudder at the uncanny being, with something not

human looking out of her eyes; and, on the next, to be laughing at the queer social jumble of a village gathering. If, in spite of these artistic defects, the book somehow takes so firm a grasp of one's memory, it is the stronger proof of the excellence of the materials which form so curious a mosaic. After all, the writer never goes to sleep, and that is a merit, which redeems a good many faults of design.

One condition of the excellence of the Autocrat and its successors is of course that in them this irrepressible vivacity and versatility finds in him a thoroughly appropriate field. They have, as we see at once, the merits of the best conversation. Mr. Morse, in speaking of this, assures us that Holmes' talk was still better than his writing. We have unfortunately to take such statements on faith. No one, except Boswell, has ever succeeded in the difficult task of giving us a convincingly accurate report of conversation, or rather of something better than a report—a dramatic presentation of the position which would be lost in a detailed account. Would the talk at the "club" have been as impressive as it appears if we could have it reproduced Locke, it is said, by phonograph? once wrote down the actual words of Shaftesbury and some great men of the day, to show them how trivial it looked on paper. The moral was, if I remember rightly, that they ought to talk about the origin of ideas instead of discussing their hands at cards. fear that the test, if applied to the very best of talk, would have a depressing The actual words would be depressingly flat when dribbled out at a century's distance. The brilliant things, even of the most brilliant talker, are exceptional flashes; they are the few diamonds among a mass of pebbles, and generally want a good deal of polishing before they get moulded into the famous gems which we ad-The actual talk includes all the approximations and the ramblings round about the point. The " masterbowman," as Tennyson puts it, may come at last and hit the target in the centre; but even he generally wastes a good many arrows in the process. Then, of course, half the effect of most

good talk is dramatic; its success depends not only upon what is said, but upon what is omitted and upon the mental attitude at the moment of the other players in the game. As Holmes says himself, "the whole force of conversation depends on how much you can take for granted"—that is, in your hearers. I have no doubt of the excellence of Holmes' talk; but it was, I guess, partly due to the fact that it was part of a spontaneous concert. Talking is, as Holmes said, "one of the fine arts," and it is one which requires above all things a harmonious co-operation. The hearers must join themselves, and must also act as an effective sounding-board. They must catch the ball quickly, and return it nimbly, or

the best performer will flag.

Holmes found his best co-operators in his famous "Saturday Club." He was always referring to it fondly, and Mr. Morse produces various testimonies to its merits. Lowell said that he had never seen equally good society in London. Colonel Higginson observes that Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant talkers he ever heard, but suggests qualification of this comparison. They had not, he says, "the London art of repression," and monopolized the talk too much. They could, he intimates, overlook the claims of their interlocutors. He once heard Lowell demonstrating to the author of Uncle Tom's Cubin that Tom Jones was the best novel ever written; while Holmes was proving to her husband, the divinity professor, that the pulpit was responsible for all the swearing. Dr. and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it is implied, must have been reduced to ciphers before they could be the passive recipients of such doctrine. In spite of this, I can easily believe that the Club deserved its fame. The "art of repression," I fancy, is very often superfluous in London. Conversation in evershifting crowds requires stimulation more often than restraint, and it is sometimes as hard to set talk going in the fortuitous concurrence of human atoms at a large party as to start a real exchange of ideas in an excursion train. The best talk that I have ever heard has certainly been in obscure corners, where a few friends meet habitually,

and distribute their parts instinctively. A society which included all the best scholars and men of genius within reach of Boston had abundance of the raw material of talk. They might be compared in point of talent even with the men who met Johnson at the "Turk's Head," and certainly had as great a variety of interests in men and books. They had, it would seem, fewer jealousies, or, as the sneerer would put it, were readier for "mutual admiration;" and such admiration, when it has a fair excuse, is the best security for forming the kind of soil in which the flower of talk grows spontaneously.

Talk, said Holmes, is "to me only spading up the ground for crops of thought." He was half the time "interviewing himself" and looking for his own thoughts, "as a school-boy turns his pockets inside out to find what is in them." The Autocrat is the outcome of this investigation. might have been more amusing to watch the actual process; but a reader may be content to get the fine extract. Holmes, as he intimates himself, was his own Boswell. He had a quaint satisfaction in following the career of Johnson, whose age differed by exactly a century from his own, and missed an old companion when he outlived his parallel. It would be absurd to make a comparison, as a Johnson fused with a Boswell would have been a singularly different person. Indeed, the most obvious peculiarity of Holmes' mind is one to which his ponderous predecessor could make no pretension. Johnson went into conversation like a gladiator into the arena; and if Holmes could have met him the pair would have been like a Spanish bull encountered by a dexterous picador. Holmes would have been over his head and behind his back, and stabbing him on the flank with all manner of ingenious analogics, and with squibs and crackers of fancy instead of meeting the massive charge face to face. To invent an imaginary conversation between the two is altogether beyond my powers, and I can only hope that it is taking place somewhere in Elysium. Holmes' most peculiar excellence is foreshadowed in a passage which Boswell quotes from Barrow's sermons as applicable to Wilkes.

"Facetiousness," as Barrow says, among other things, "raiseth admiration as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable: a notable skill that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humor, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle-" but there I had better stop. Barrow probably knew Holmes as pre-existing in one of the ancestors who transmitted to him the power of "fetching in remote conceits." The Autocrat might suggest a series of riddles or problems for some future examiner in English literature. Why is controversy like the Hydrostatic Paradox? Why is a poem like a meerschaum? What is the "very obvious" resemblance between the pupil of the eye and the mind of the bigot? In what respects may truths be properly compared to dice and lies to marbles? Why should a trustworthy friend be like a cheap watch? How does the proper treatment for Guinea-worm illustrate the best mode of treating habitual drunkards? The answers to these and many equally ingenious parallels illustrate Holmes' power of perceiving analogies; and show, too, how his talent had been polished in the conversational arena. The commonest weakness of popular writers in the eyes of severe critics is that they resemble barristers addressing dull juries. Such a one feels that he must not simply state a reason, but pound it into a thick head by repetition. If a joke seems to be answering, he makes it again and again till the stare of puzzled suspicion that the man may be not quite serious passes into the broad grin of steady conviction that he is actually making a joke. The instrument upon which Holmes had performed, the circle of congenial friends, was, of course, far more responsive. Still an after-dinner criticism requires to be played with and flashed in different lights if it is to win the ear of the In that act of dexterously manipulating a subtle analogy, playing with it long enough to excite attention,

and yet not so long as to bore the intelligent, Holmes had certainly become a master.

Wit of this kind has a close affinity to logic; and Holmes is the man of science playing with a weapon available for more serious purposes. cording to himself, he played with it a little too much in his professional capacity. A man who could say that the "smallest fevers would be thankfully received" had not the excessive gravity which we desire in our medical advisers. In some hands the danger would be rather that the wit would be too heavily weighted with the logic. Holmes succeeded in making his logic sparkle and play over the surface of his sentiment; and achieved the feat happily described by his friend Thomas Appleton—famous for many good sayings-by the remark that he had " put the electricity of the climate into words." The force which may crush a fallacy can also coruscate like mild summer lightning. This logical tendency makes a characteristic difference between Holmes and Charles Lamb, the most obvious parallel to him in our own language. Holmes, as became a quick logician, was an unequivocal lover of clearness and common-sense. He may play with an extravagance, as in the case of Boston, but he is anxious always to show that he sees its extravagance. Lamb loves the quaint and grotesque for its own sake; falls in love with his prejudices; delights in vielding to them unreservedly, and caressing them and flouting the reasonable matter-of-fact person, the solid Scot who demonstrates that an absurdity is absurd. He may be quite reasonable at bottom, but he will not condescend to interpret his meaning to the hopelessly commonplace. So, for example, he dilutes upon his "imperfect sympathy" with the Jews. He has, "in the abstract, no disrespect for They are a piece of stubborn antiquity compared with which Stone. henge is in its nonage." But he adds, "old prejudices cling about me. cannot shake off the old story of Hugh of Lincoln." Holmes meets some Jews "at the pantomime" and remembers the same legend :-

"Up came their murderous deeds of old, The grisly story Chaucer told; And many an ugly tale beside, Of children caught and crucified."

But Holmes makes this merely a pretext for a reproach to narrow prejudices, and for pointing out the superlative claims of the race upon the regard of Christians. No doubt Lamb would have been heartily pleased with Holmes' application of the story; but for his own part is content to allow his readers to find out that he is not an embodiment of stupid antipathies. This is, perhaps, to say that Lamb's humor was more thoroughly ingrained in his character; and the effect appears in their literary tastes. Lamb delights in the quaintness and mysticism of the seventeenth century; likes to lose himself with Sir Thomas Browne in an O Altitudo; and so loves the splendid audacities of the old dramatists that he half loves even their ex-Holmes, on the other travagance. hand, though born when Lamb was thirty-five, adheres to the tradition against which Lamb and his friend had revolted. His real affinities are with the wits from Addison to Goldsmith, the believers in reason and commonsense, who had sharpened their brains, as he had done, in small social gather-He liked to call the hotel where his club met after Will's Coffeehouse sacred to Dryden; and he seems to have regarded Emerson and his disciples much as his English predecessors looked upon the "enthusiasts" of their One of his most characteristic letters is a very courteous reply, written in 1846, to a remonstrance from Lowell, who had complained that he did not attack war and slavery in his poems. He does not differ from Lowell in his judgment of those evils; but he must follow his natural bent, and was glad to leave these burning problems to more eloquent advocates. is quite clear, in fact, that his natural predisposition made believers in what we call "fads" uncongenial. He saw their absurdities, their one-sided extravagances, and their appeals to a kind of inspired authority from the common sense point of view. vehemence and their blindness to the

practical shocked his taste and kept him for the time at arm's length. And so, in spite of his thorough patriotism, he was, in some directions, a conservative and even an aristocrat. He was for "Americanizing" religion - for that meant making religion reasonable; but not for Americanizing literature, for the phrase had been used to mean vulgarizing. "I go politically for equality," says he, "and socially for the quality." He wished, in short, to preserve the traditions of refinement and harmony, suavity and tact, which can, as he held, only be produced in two or three generations lifted above squalor and the hardening influences of coarse manual labor. In literature, therefore, he was naturally a purist; he was simply disgusted when it was proposed to make a literary declaration of independence by introducing broad jokes in slang suited to a western backwoodsman. He shuddered at the thought of a possible President of the Republic saying "haow" instead of "what," or "urritation" for "irrita-tion." Some lovely woman, he hopes, will playfully withdraw the knife which the great man is about to use as a fork. or sacrifice herself by imitating his use of the implement—" how much harder than to plunge it into her bosom like Lucretia!" The true canons of good literature as of good behavior are founded upon the eternal laws of good sense and good feeling: and therefore a revolt against them is not the way to independence, but to degeneration. Holmes, of course, maintained that refinement was compatible with democracy, and that a thorough American might also be the most polished of gentlemen. But he had the keenest contempt for the confusion of mere eccentricity with originality, or the theory that man gains real selfrespect by forgetting his manners. When the Civil War broke out, Holmes most heartily adopted the patriotic view of the situation, and spoke, too, in the language of a thorough political republican. He uses the familiar shibboleth without hesitation. His old sympathy with abolitionists had been tempered by his fear that their excessive devotion to a good cause might, as he told Lowell, precipitate a frightful future of "war and bloodshed." Now the sympathy could have full play, and the enthusiast be at one with the man of reason and commonsense.

Whether, as Holmes hoped, democracy will prove to be the reign of reason and of true refinement of respect for man as man, and also of respect for the traditional culture is not a question to be asked here. The shorter and more answerable problem concerns his own character. Holmes shocked the orthodox by some of his theories: and perhaps, if he had fully perceived or uttered some of their consequences he would have shocked them more. might have been respected: but to the ordinary reader he would have appeared as a scoffer, or at least as a blast from the nipping northeast air, blighting the fairest flowers of old tradition. can perhaps fancy Holmes under other surroundings, producing a book not unlike Candide, incomparably witty, but not exactly conciliatory to the other side. But with all his power of ridicule Holmes had not a touch of the satirist about him. He shrinks from painting even his enemies in too black He can denounce bigotry, but he always prefers to point out that the bigot in theory may be the kindliest of men in practice. In one of his early bits of pure fun, he tells how his servant was thrown into fits by reading some of his merry lines :-

"Ten days and nights with sleepless eye
I watched that wretched man;
Since then I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

Certainly he never wrote as sharply as it is abundantly plain that he could. He always remembered that the other person was a human being. It was very shocking to burn the witches, but he could not find it in his heart to sentence the burner to his own flames.

If Holmes, that is, had revolted from his early teachers, he had never become bitter. This was, perhaps, because he never grew to manhood. He requests all but youthful readers to abstain from one of his papers, and explains that "youthful" includes some "from the age of twelve to that of four-score years and ten." Youth is "something in the soul which has no

more to do with the color of the hair than the vein of gold in a rock has to do with the grass a thousand feet above it." No one has ever insisted upon that text so emphatically and persistently. The "poems of the class of 1829" have no doubt been surpassed in the highest qualities by some autobiographical series that might be mentioned, but, besides their merits as occasional verse, they have an almost unique personal interest. Every year from 1851 till 1889 sees the laureate of the old set of friends proclaiming—as long as it can be done by even a poetical fiction—that they are still "boys," and when even the fiction would be too sad, still claiming undying youth for the old affection. So, as he says in 1884, after setting forth a characteristic analogy:—

"So, link by link, our friendships part,
To loosen, break and fall,
A narrowing zone; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all."

Although when Lamb wrote his pathetic Old Familiar Faces, bewaiting the loss of school-friends, he was a little over twenty, his mood seems appropriate to one who, in the decline of life, feels his solitude to be almost unbearable. Humor which reveals the seamy side of life generally goes with a melancholy temperament, and Lamb's sweetness is generally toned by the sadness, due both to circumstance and to disposition. It is Holmes' special peculiarity that the childish buoyancy remains almost to the end, unbroken and irrepressible. He could hardly indeed have sympathized with the doctrine that heaven lies about us in our infancy, for we do not cherish thatillusion is it? or faith, till we are forced to admit that we can only see the light of common day. Holmes never seems to have lost the early buoyancy—only to have acquired new toys; even physiology which he studied seriously enough, and which is not generally regarded as amusing, supplies him with intellectual playthings, quaint fancies, and startling analogies to be tossed about like balls by a skilful jug-The early poems, written in the pure extravagance of boyish fun, like the Spectre Pig and The Mysterious Visitor, show characteristics which

may be overlaid but are never obliterated. I don't know that any of his poems are more thoroughly himself than the early lines on a portrait:—

"That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose, Unsightly though it be,— In spite of all the world's cold scorn, It may be much to thee."

The inimitable One-Horse Shay was written when he was near fifty, and the Broomstick Train, almost equally full of fun, when he was over eighty, and had sorrows enough to quench most men's last sparkles of vivacity. No human being ever fought more gallantly with the old enemy who defeats us all in the end.

Holmes' boyishness appears in his quaint love of athletic sports, more eccentric in America when he wrote than it seems to be at present: his love of boxing and rowing and walking. We can almost believe the Autocrat when he says that he was tempted to put on the gloves with the "Benicia Boy," though that hero was of twice his weight and half his age. His exuberant feelings betray him into some bacchanalian lyrics, for which he half apologizes. He goes back in spirit to the jovial old British squires who once possessed his punch-bowl:—

"I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English cheer,

I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here!

'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul,

The fault is in thy shallow brain, not in my silver bowl."

This, indeed, may remind us that the everlasting "boy" in Holmes is not to be confounded with the young of the human species as known to us by actual experience. The real boy is sometimes a brute, who loves boxing and the punch-bowl after the manner of brutes. Holmes' boyishness means the actual possession of such qualities as are attributed to boys-rashly sometimes-by loving mothers; the perfect simplicity, the confiding trustfulness of a nature which has not been soured into cynicism; and the confident assumption that their own happiness implies the general goodness of all their fellow-creatures. Holmes' early revolt against Calvinism had left to him, as

I have said, the belief that a Calvinist was a really good man with an offensive dogma floating on the surface of his mind. His heretical outbursts may be taken in good part by the judicious, because they remind even the orthodox not so much of the assaults of a determined enemy as of the naïve irreverence of a child who expresses in pure simplicity his view of some accepted dogma. He may have hit upon a really grave objection, but it implies no personal antipathies. This, as it requires no wizard to say, is the secret of the method by which Holmes unlocked the doors of so many hearts. The tenderness and simplicity combined were irresistible passports to admittance; even his logic appeared in the form of a dazzling display of wit; and the pathos touches us because it is presented without the slightest tinge of affectation. Nobody can be at once more feeling and more free from sentimentalism. His compliments, always delicately turned and sometimes exquisite, often remind me of Boswell's portrait of Garrick "playing round" Johnson with a "fond vivacity" and looking up in his face with a lively archness, till the old gentleman was warmed into "gentle complacency." If Garrick was presumably a better actor, he could not have been more dexterous in administering praise.

But I need not try to expound what every one perceives who has read his poems, such especially as the famous Last Leaf and Dorothy Q., and the Chambered Nautilus. The last of these, I humbly confess, does not quite touch me as it should, because it seems too ingenious. Like Blanco White's famous sonnet, it rather tempts me, at least, to think what reply I could make to the argument. But the Last Leaf might be made into the text of all that I wish to say. The exquisite pathos of the verse about the mossy marbles linked to the fun of the irresistible though sinful "grin" is the typical instance of Holmes' special combination of qualities. He is one of the writers who is destined to live long-longer, it may be, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination, because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid and yet gets rid of the mawkishness which sometimes makes good morality terribly insipid. biography, in spite of the scantiness of material, falls in at every point with the impression derived from the books, and leaves us with the satisfactory conviction that we have no errata to correct in our previous judgment.—National Review.

### ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

#### BY HENRY HARRIES.

DURING the past couple of years the general public, as well as the strictly scientific members of the community, have been greatly interested in the success which has attended the attempts made by Professor Dewar, at the Royal Institution, to liquefy and solidify atmospheric air. The difficult and costly operation is one which has engaged the closest attention of physicists for generations, and numerous have been the experiments in our own country and abroad to bring the question stage by stage nearer and nearer the hopedfor solution. However, the nineteenth century was nearing its close before it

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was rendered possible for the unaided human eye to look upon the air we breathe in the form of a tangible body ·--something much more substantial than "the airy nothing" in which we are enveloped—something which is as obvious to our senses of sight and feeling as a lump of coal, and can just as easily be weighed on an ordinary balance. Of course we all know, or ought to know, that in spite of its invisibility and great tenuity, and of our own unconsciousness of continuously bearing upon our bodies many tons of it. the atmosphere, as it exists freely in Nature, is a ponderable gas. Two and a half centuries before Professor Dewar presented us with blocks of solid air, means had been devised for weighing it in its normal, free state, and there are now few parts of the world, at sea as well as on land, where the operation of weighing the air is not performed regularly and systematically every day.

To the earlier philosophers the investigations connected with our atmosphere presented insuperable difficulties, for the all sufficient reason that they had not the advantages we possess in the matter of delicately constructed instruments to aid them in their researches. All they could do was to make what to us now may seem the wildest of wild guesses as to the nature and properties of the subtle medium surrounding our globe. We pass down the long vista of ages to find that in olden days the most learned men in each successive generation groped about in the darkness; the desire then, as it is now, and as it will continue to be till the end of time, being to "rifle Nature even to her very nudities." They did their best, each in his own way, to offer more or less feasible explanations of the phenomena which they and others witnessed; but practically nothing more than theorizing was accomplished until the middle of the seventeenth century.

Like so many other important scientific discoveries, that of the unearthing of the fact that the atmosphere has weight may be regarded as brought about by accidental and very simple circumstances. The immortal Galileo was ignorant of the physics of the atmosphere until quite the closing years of his eventful life. Workmen in the employ of the Duke of Tuscany, having occasion to pump water to a considerable height, found to their great surprise that, do what they would, and work as hard as they could, the water simply refused to ascend in the pipe to a greater height than about 32 feet. Ascertaining that the pump was free from all faults of construction, they, in their perplexity, decided to appeal to the famous philosopher Galileo to learn what could possibly be the explanation of such an extraordinary fact. His answer was a measure of his knowledge of the subject at that time. He

assured his questioners that the water rose to a height of 32 feet and no higher because Nature abhorred a vacuum, but that this horror was limited and did not operate above 32 feet! Before his death, in 1642, he seems, however, to have thought over this curious problem a good deal, and to have arrived at the conclusion that the atmosphere has weight, and that it must play some important part in the operation. doubt he communicated his views on the subject to his favorite disciple, Evangelista Torricelli, who is found soon after the master's death to be trying to discover how to obtain the weight of the air. Toward the end of the year 1643 he mentioned to his colleague Viviani that he was conducting some experiments with quicksilveresperienza dell' argento vivo-and in the following year, in two letters written at Florence, on June 11 and 28, 1644, he informed his friend Ricci, at Rome, of the success which had attended his investigation, diagrams being given to show the construction of the instrument.

From these communications it is evident that Torricelli had devoted much thought to the solution of the difficulty. Finally he had taken a glass tube, about a yard long, hermetically closed at one end, open at the other, and filling it with mercury, plunged. the open end into a bowl of the same liquid. It was then seen that the mercury in the tube was sinking gradually, and it continued to do so until the top of the column was at about 30 inches above the level of the contents of the bowl, when the descent stopped, and the mercury was apparently at rest. There was, therefore, a space between the mercury and the sealed end of the tube which contained nothing, not Torricelli's first idea seems even air. to have been that the instrument was a means of obtaining just what Nature was supposed to abhor—a vacuum-and the empty space thus obtained has ever since been known as the Torricellian vacuum. But another point immediately presented itself to him as requiring some explanation. Here was the best part of a yard of a heavy fluid suspended in mid air without any visible support—there was no deception,

no sleight of hand to confuse him and to draw his attention from the main What could it all mean? Watching the column carefully, he found that, although to the casual observer it was perfectly still, it was in reality perpetually on the move, rising and falling, but at an exceedingly slow rate, the ascent or descent varying in rapidity from time to time. After meditating on this interesting feature for some time, he rightly conjectured that it was to be explained by changes in the air, which he supposed to be sometimes heavy and dense, at other times light and rarefied. He also reasoned from it that our globe is enveloped in an ocean of air exerting a certain amount of pressure, being heaviest in the lowest strata, at the earth's surface, where he computed it to be 400 times lighter than water. (It is about 800 times lighter.) We are also left in no doubt that he had detected another element of disturbance influencing the length of the mercurial column, for he noticed that it was affected by changes of temperature as well as changes of weight, so that, as a matter of fact, he determined the fundamental principles upon which the construction of this invaluable instrument de-

To say that the news regarding this grand discovery spread like wildfire would be an exaggeration. Nowadays the philosopher has but to casually mention that he has advanced some particular subject by a single step, and next morning practically the whole civilized world, from China to Peru, sits down to breakfast provided with a more or less complete account of the new topic in the daily newspapers. Two and a half centuries ago, however, the world was content to jog along at an infinitely slower pace than A description of Torricelli's strange device does not appear to have reached Pascal, at Rouen, until the The young Frenchman year 1646. immediately set himself to study the whole question, and he was soon in a position to carry out a series of experiments in the presence of a number of savants who were firm believers in the idea of Nature's horror of a vacuum. Producing two long tubes, each closed

at one end, he filled one with water, the other with wine. Inverting them and immersing the lower ends in water and in wine respectively, the assembled critics beheld the water sink until the top of the column came to about 32 feet from the level of the water in the vessel below, while the column of wine, being the lighter fluid, ceased falling at a point about two feet higher than the water. The experiments clearly established, in Pascal's opinion, the truth that the air alone maintained the columns of various liquids in suspension; that 30 inches of mercury, 32 feet of water, 34 feet of wine, and so on, were of equal weight, each being exactly balanced by the superincumbent atmosphere.

But those were not the days when scientific truths could be accepted without something more than a mild protest. Religious people were shocked at the manner in which philosophers trifled with the profound secrets of Nature. The leading Church authorities saw, or pretended to see, in that innocent but excellent instrument principles subversive of religion, and they condemned the Torricellian vacuum as altogether repugnant to Nature. At least to his own satisfaction, Linus proved that the space was not a vacuum, attributing the suspension of the mercury to an invisible film or thread of mercury depending from the dome of the tube, which, although so infinitely fine, was strong enough to support the whole 30 inches below. Kircher also joined in the fray, advancing other and equally absurd reasons for dismissing with contempt the theories in support of the vacuum, which he considered to be prejudicial to the orthodox For a time, therefore, it was difficult to get any one to believe in the success of the new instrument.

Pascal's experiments aroused intense hostility among the French clergy, and " all the prejudices of a bad philosophy and all the virulence of error were summoned to the attack" by Father Noel, who wrote a scatning denunciation of the entire business. To Pascal, however, the whole thing was so genuine that the more his work was condemned the more determined was he to discover some more convincing proofs.

He argued that if the air really supported the mercury, then, as there must be less air at the top of a mountain than at the base, the column would sink in the tube much lower at the summit than on the lowland at the The idea was put to the test as soon as he could induce his brother-inlaw, Perier, to assist him. On September 19, 1648, Perier, provided with a tube of mercury, made the ascent of the Puy-de-Dôme, over 3,000 feet above Clermont. By the time the summit was reached the quicksilver had gradually cropped until it was more than 3 inches lower than at starting, but on descending again to Clermont it regained its original level. This interesting experiment was several times repeated by ascending and descending the mountain on different sides, the results being always the same. After this proof, so entirely in favor of his views, Pascal was content to give practical demonstrations of the truth of his theory by experiments on a much smaller scale, a church steeple being utilized to show that the mercurial column sank or rose in the tube according as it was carried up from or down toward the earth. By these simple means his opponents were completely silenced, for it became obvious to the meanest intellect among them that the farfetched ideas they had advanced as explanations of why the mercury remained suspended were untenable against the doctrines propounded by Pascal.

Apparently the first instrument of the kind known in Germany was at Regensburg, in 1654; and four or five years later some of the members of the scientific club then in course of formation, and subsequently known as "the Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge," were delighted to become possessed of one. It was one of the founders of the Royal Society, the Honorable Robert Boyle, who, on carefully studying the new instrument, gave it the name barometer (from the Greek baros, weight, and metron, measure), because it measured the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere.

It did not take long for those who watched the behavior of the instru-

ment closely to discover that, even when it was kept in a fixed position, the mercurial column was practically never at rest, rising and falling just as in the experiments on the slopes of the Puy-de-Dôme, but not to the same ex-The weight of the atmosphere at any one spot was therefore taken to be a very variable quantity, and after a little experience observers came to connect these irregular fluctuations of the mercury with the changes which were taking place almost simultaneously in the weather. Speaking generally, the decline of the column was marked by damp southerly breezes, and its elevation by dry northerly This discovery soon led to the barometer being popularly recognized, not as "the air-weigher" but as "the weather-glass," or simply "the glass." However, the relationship which exists between atmospheric pressure and our daily weather changes will not be dealt with in this article. Quite apart from the purely meteorological aspect, there are many other very interesting features connected with the subject which are not by any means familiar to the public at large.

First of all, let us get some idea as to the weight of the atmosphere. From what has already been said as to the origin of the barometer, there should be no difficulty in understanding that the principle underlying the construction of the instrument is that the free and unfettered air balances a column of mercury varying in height according to the circumstances of the moment, but whose average elevation at the level of the sea is 30 inches. But we know, because we can ascertain directly, that 30 cubic inches of mercury weigh close upon 15 pounds avoirdupois, and therefore we say that, under normal conditions, the pressure of the atmosphere is 15 pounds on every square inch, an amount which does not at first sight strike the casual reader as deserving of much consideration. If, however, instead of taking such a tiny space as a square inch for our base, we adopt some larger area, even the dullest intellect is immediately struck by the importance of the point, for the facts at once begin to assume gigantic proportions. Thus, on a

square foot the weight of the air is little short of a ton; on a square yard it exceeds 8½ tons; and on a square of 101 feet side it is 100 tons. Extend the calculation to an acre, and to a ten-acre field, to the area of your own parish, town, or county, and then see how be wildering the results are. What is known as Inner London, an area of 122 square miles, supports an aerial pressure of 3,250,000,000 tons, or considerably over 600 tons to each inhab-The metropolis, however, is only the thousandth part of the area of the United Kingdom, the superincumbent atmosphere over the entire country weighing the mere bagatelle of 3,200,000,000,000 tons. To arrive at some approximate conception of the immensity of such a weight, we will assume the air over our islands to be converted into coal in the bowels of the earth. Our coalfields now yield about 180,000,000 tons of coal annually and give employment to 600,000 workmen. To bring to the surface the whole of the air which we have supposed turned into coal would occupy this vast army of miners a matter of 18,000 years!

But the British Isles, again, form only a very small fraction of the surface of the globe, the aggregate weight of the atmospheric envelope surround. ing the world being about 5,000 billions of tons, which has been represented as the weight of a solid leaden ball having a diameter of 60 miles. Such figures are really beyond the human comprehension; we become confused and bewildered in contemplating Their magnitude will be vaguely comprehended from the following significant figures. Our atmosphere is composed almost exclusively of nitrogen and oxygen-76.9 per cent. of the former to 23 1 of the latter, with "very minute" proportions of carbonic acid, water vapor, and argon. Now the scarcely measurable quantity of aqueous vapor floating in the air has, for the whole world, a gross weight of about 55,000,000,000 tons, a prodigious quantity, which we refer to as only part of a "very minute" fraction of the entire atmosphere.

Thus far we have looked upon the air as being equally distributed all

round the world, balancing 30 inches of mercury at every spot on the earth's We must now go a step fursurface. ther, and consider the atmosphere as it is in its natural state. It is well known to every reader of the daily papers who takes the smallest interest in the weather reports that the barometer is perpetually in motion, at one time rising, at another falling; rising in one locality, falling in another; and that the aerial envelope is consequently never uniform in weight over any considerable portion of the earth. If we take a map, say of Europe, and place on it in proper position the barometric readings, reduced to sea-level, at a large number of well-distributed stations, and at a set hour on any day, we shall find that the values group themselves into more or less well-defined areas—perhaps over Russia all would be high, and those over the British Isles an inch or two lower; or it may be the other way about; or the highest readings may be grouped over Central Europe, and very low ones be found in the extreme west and extreme east; or low readings over the central countries may be flanked on either side by much higher values. Changes are continually in progress, and there is an endless variety of combinations, so that no two successive days present identically the same picture. Although people are familiar enough with the names "cyclone" and "anti-cyclone," few can explain their precise significa-Here it will be sufficient to state merely that cyclonic areas are areas of low barometric pressure, and anticyclones areas of high pressure.

As the weight of the air when the mercury stands at a height of 30 inches is 15 pounds per square inch, it will be evident that a cubic inch of mercury weighs half a pound; so that if the barometric column rises or falls 1 inch we know that the weight of the atmosphere increases or decreases by half a pound. Now, the absolutely highest and lowest barometer readings, corrected and reduced to sea-level, which are on record, have occurred in Asia. On January 14, 1893, the register at Irkutsk, in Siberia, touched 31.792 inches, while at False Point, on the coast of Orissa, on September 22, 1885,

the reading was 27.124 inches. These extremes are nearly 42 inches apart, and represent a possible change of atmospheric weight of more than 21 pounds on the square inch. Within the British Isles the extreme values thus far have been 31.09 inches at Ardrossan on January 9, 1896, and 27.24 inches at Omagh, Tyrone, on December 8, 1886, showing a range of 3.85 inches, equal to nearly 2 pounds per square inch.

When applied to extensive regions, these figures really indicate tremendous weights moved about the earth's As an illustration of the important shifting of weights which is ceaselessly in progress, we will compare the anti-cyclone of January 9, 1896, with the cyclone of December 8, In the former the average of the barometer readings over the whole of the United Kingdom was 30.96 inches, and in the latter 28 05 inches, a difference of 2.91 inches. Now if we covered the land area with a layer of mercury 2.91 inches in thickness, such a coating would weigh 308,000,-000,000 tons. Barometric fluctuations of an inch in extent are comparatively frequent in this country, and an inch of mercury means 108,000,000,000 tons of air more or less, as the case may be, over the kingdom.

There are good reasons for believing that the earth—"this too, too solid earth" as many of us suppose it to be -feels these enormous changes of weight, and responds to them much in the same way as an orange would respond to the pressure and the withdrawal of a finger. It must be remembered that the surface of the globe is dotted all over with moving cyclones and anti-cyclones differing in weight to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of millions of tons, so that the idea that the earth's outer crust is about as unstable as a jelly is not so absurd as it might appear at first sight. Professor G. H. Darwin, after some careful experiments conducted at Cambridge, has calculated that even if the earth were so solid as to have the rigidity of glass, it would still mean that with a barometric range of only 2 inches we should be at least 3 or 4 inches nearer the centre of the earth

when the mercury is at its highest than when it touches its lowest point. The experiments of the late Dr. von Rebeur Paschwitz strongly confirm Professor Darwin's conclusions, for they show that even when the barometer rises such a short distance as one-twentyfifth part of an inch there is a perceptible deflection of the plumb-line. In the determination of the geographical position of places observers have been puzzled at the discrepancies in the results obtained at different periods, but it now seems to be recognized that they must be largely attributed to the tilting of the ground in one direction or another, according to the disposition of atmospheric pressure, and that this is sufficient to introduce a difference of several miles in the results. It is true we are not conscious of this sinking and elevating process; it takes place at such a very imperceptible rate, perhaps occasionally 2 or 3 inches in twenty-four hours, but delicate and carefully balanced astronomical and seismological instruments tell us very clearly that the ground is never at perfect rest; it has, in fact, been likened to a jelly. Whether the variations of barometric pressure contribute directly to the production of earth tremors and earthquakes has not been definitely determined, although the connection is more than suspected. Thus in Japan, where the barometric fluctuations are more frequent and of greater extent in winter than in summer, earthquakes are fully twice as numerous in the former as in the latter season.

It is probably easier to understand that water would be influenced by changes in the weight of the superincumbent air. Our tide-tables predict the height of the tide every day, but under normal barometric conditions, the actual height being regulated by circumstances, so that corrections are necessary according as the barometer is above or below the average. In the official "Channel Pilot," published by the Admiralty, it is said of Dover Harbor that "it is on record that during equinoctial spring tides with a high barometer and strong northeasterly wind, the tide at high water has receded 4½ feet below the datum of low water, ordinary springs." Under the great anti-cyclone of January, 1882, the Mediterraneau at Antibes was low-ered about a foot, M. Faye attributing this to the exceptionally high pressure. Curiously enough, inland lakes were similarly depressed at this time, Constance being lower than at any time during three-quarters of a century previously, the result being that lacustrine habitations were laid bare, and nephrite axes and other ancient objects were

brought to light.

The most interesting and important feature of the meteorology of the North Atlantic Ocean is the great anti-oyclone which lies over the Horse Latitudes practically all the year round. doubt this permanent area of high atmospheric pressure accounts for the saucer-like depression of the surface of the ocean known as the Sargasso Sea, a region where large quantities of socalled Gulf weed accumulate, very little of the fucus escaping into higher One of the derelict ships about which so much has been heard of late in and out of Parliament was the schooner Fannie E. Wolston, abandoned off Cape Hatteras on October 15, 1891. Drifting down into the Sargasso Sea the helpless wanderer simply moved hither and thither within this shallow depression for more than three years before she finally disappeared.

In ballooning we have a practical illustration of the decrease of atmospheric pressure with elevation. No aëronaut would dream of filling a balloon to its utmost capacity with gas before starting on an expedition, for this would mean certain destruction. Rising higher and higher into much more attenuated air, the contained gas expands as the resistance of the atmosphere decreases, and if by miscalculation too much gas has been stored in the interior, the balloon will burst unless the aëronaut takes the necessary precaution of opening the escape valve Parachutists afford us occasionally. examples of another phase of the importance of atmospheric weight. man drops free from a balloon at a great height from the ground, but instead of descending at a frightful velocity and being dashed to pieces, he holds above his head a strongly constructed umbrella, and the resistance of the air is so great that the descent becomes a most leisurely performance.

An interesting phenomenon related to the weight or density of the air is the variation in what is known as its diathermancy, or heat passing through it without being appreciably absorbed, The greater the tenuity of the air, the more nearly diathermanous is it. Supposing the sun's rays to be directed down a deep mine shaft, the air at the bottom would absorb more heat directly from the rays than the air at the surface, and the latter absorb more than the air at the top of a mountain, a fact which has nothing to do with the climate of a place. Thus, in the soft, warm weather of the Riviera, at sea-level, the solar rays are much less fierce than they are in the freezing atmosphere of Davos Platz, at an elevation of over 5,000 feet. When the solar radiation thermometer rises to 130 degrees in London, we consider it a scorching day, but at Leh, in Ladakh, at a height of 11,000 feet above sealevel, and with the weight of the air about 6 pounds per square inch less than it is in the metropolis, the sun's rays, falling on the thermometer, send it up above the boiling-point of water. Many thousands of people visit the Alps every holiday season and are surprised to find how quickly, unless gloves and veils are used, the hands and face are scorched in the sunshine, but they are quite unconscious of any change in the weight or tenuity of the air, which is the principal contributory factor in encouraging the blistering effects of the solar rays.

Another physical fact depending upon barometric pressure is the temperature at which water boils. less the weight of the air, the more readily does the vapor escape from the water, and the sooner is the point of ebullition attained. It is usual with us to say that the boiling point of water is at 212° Fahrenheit, but this is so only at the normal pressure indicated by 30 inches of mercury in the barom-So long as the harometer remains at this height no amount of firing and stoking will alter the boilingpoint a fraction of a degree; but increase or reduce the pressure, and the boiling-point is immediately increased. or reduced. Taking the extreme barometric limits for the British Isles already quoted, it is found that in Scotland, in January, 1896, water had to be raised to a temperature of 214° before ebullition was complete, while in the north of Ireland, in December, 1886, it only required to be raised to 207°. Ben Nevis being our highest mountain, 4,406 feet, the barometer there is nearly five inches lower than it is on the Caledonian Canal at the base, and the boiling-point on the summit is consequently lowered to an average of about 204°; on the top of Mont Blanc it is 185°; and at 20,000 feet and upward, in the Andes and Himalayas, 175° and under. As the boilingpoint is dependent upon pressure, it has often been used as a ready means for ascertaining the heights of places visited by travellers. However, the lowering of the boiling point is not without its inconveniences, for at altitudes of 8,000 feet and upward eggs, meat, potatoes, and such things cannot be boiled. Darwin relates, in this connection, an incident during his travels in the Andes sixty years ago, when an attempt was made to boil potatoes for the party. The fire was kept going all the afternoon and evening, all through the night, and away into next day, but it was useless; the potatoes simply could not boil-it was a physical impossibility in the rarefied atmosphere of the elevated situation.

Sound travels better and farther when the barometer is high than when it is low.

Nor is the variation of atmospheric pressure without direct influences on mankind. Of late years many medical men have devoted a considerable amount of attention to the density of the air as a valuable therapeutic agent in the treatment of disease, and the more advanced have urged that practitioners should regularly study the daily official weather reports so as to know the disposition of cyclones and anti-cyclones over our own and neighboring countries, and to note the corresponding changes in the condition of their patients. As Dr. Lauder Brunton remarked on this point in his address to the North London Medico-Chirurgical Society, in December, 1891,

"We may well fancy that the day is not far distant when warnings will be published in the newspapers, not only to seamen of approaching storms, but to invalids and people in general of the meteorological changes which will induce pain in some and nervous excitability in others, with perhaps an added hint that extra flannel should be worn by the former, and bromide of potassium, or some other nervine sedative, taken freely by the latter."

For some diseases physicians now prescribe compressed air baths, the treatment consisting of an occasional brief imprisonment in an air-tight room into which air is pumped until the barometer rises to 50 inches, or a pressure of 25 pounds per square inch, as against 15 pounds in the open. In this dense atmosphere the lung capacity is increased, breathing becomes easier, and respiration deeper and slower, while a very curious result is an increase in the shrillness of the voice, singers being able to rise a tone or two higher than under the ordinary conditions of existence.

Other patients are ordered to live in a more attenuated instead of in a denser atmosphere, and for this no specially constructed chamber is necessary. Invalids of this class go to reside in sheltered nooks high up in the mountains—in the Alps, the Rockies, the Andes, etc.—where the barometer is always several inches lower than it is at sea-level. In these elevated resorts the invalids find the natives provided with much larger chests than the lowlanders, and that this peculiarity is due more to the tenuity of the atmosphere than to the mode of life of the people is demonstrated by the gradual distension of the thorax of visitors who remain a few months, the chest measurement increasing by as much as 3 inches in some cases. On descending to the plain, however, the thorax, under the increased pressure, gradually contracts to its original dimensions.

When the increase or decrease of atmospheric pressure is confined within moderate limits, we are practically unconscious of any unpleasant consequences resulting therefrom. We seldom experience such a long spell of

high barometer as we had in January and February, 1882. At the time it was noted that complaints of headache were exceedingly frequent throughout the country, doctors attributing it to the unusual weight of the air. Under extremes of pressure, however, the consequences are not only very disagreeable, but oftentimes dangerous. In the construction of the Tower and Forth Bridges, the Blackwall Tunnel, and other great engineering feats, it has been necessary for much of the work to be done in compressed-air shafts or cylinders, known as caissons, sunk in the water or the ground. these chambers air is forced until it is of sufficient density to support a column of mercury 120 inches or even 150 inches high—that is, equal to four or five normal "atmospheres." Elaborate precautions have to be taken in passing the workmen in and out of these structures, otherwise distressing effects are felt by even the strongest and healthiest. Spite of all the care taken, many men contract what has now come to be recognized as "caisson disease," resulting from congestion of the brain and spinal cord. There are excruciating pains from the knees upward, headache and vertigo, and occasionally paralysis of various parts of the body. Divers suffer from similar complaints through working in compressed air under great depths of water.

Some readers will recollect the very important part played by the mere resistance of the atmosphere in insuring the safety of the five miners who, in April, 1877, were imprisoned in the Tynewydd Colliery, South Wales. through the inundation of the mine. Fortunately the water rose so suddenly that the mouth of the heading was closed before the air could escape, and the men found themselves immured in a compressed-air dungeon, the great density of the air keeping the flood water at a distance. All were saved after eight days of ceaseless hewing at the solid rock by the rescuing parties.

Balloonists and mountain-climbers find they have special difficulties brought about by breathing the very thin atmosphere of the higher regions. Many accounts are on record describing the experiences of travellers at

great elevations-how they have suffered from drowsiness, fatigue, difficulty in breathing, intense thirst, exhaustion, mountain-sickness, and so Some have described the symptoms as being of a more painful nature than even angina pectoris. With novices mountain sickness may come on at almost any elevation; no doubt, as in sea-sickness, the constitution of the individual has much to do with its early or late attack. Mr. Whymper, one of the most hardened of mountaineers, suffered from a severe attack in the Andes when he had attained an elevation at which his barometer had descended to the low level of 14 inches. representing an atmospheric pressure of only 7 pounds on the square inch. Of course, the climbing of mountain slopes and precipices involves much bodily exertion, and this probably intensifies the depressing sensations. Balloonists, however, are not free from the discomforts and dangers incident to an existence in a greatly rarefied In the balloon ascent of September, 1838, Messrs. Green and Rush feit no great inconvenience in attaining an altitude of 27,000 feet-probably because there was no time to feel the full effect of the changes, for they had shot up 11,000 feet in the short space of seven minutes—but immediately Mr. Green attempted to exert himself he found that his respiration became hurried. Just twenty-four years later Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell attained the greatest elevation ever reached by man, the balloon going up to an estimated height of 37,000 feet. At 19.000 feet they were panting for breath, at 29,000 feet their sight was failing, and later insensibility stole over them. It is a marvel how they came back again, alive and well, to what we have hitherto known as terra firma.

Both under excessively high and low pressure persons are liable to bleed at the nose and ears.

Enough has been said in the foregoing to show the thoughtful reader that to treat the barometer merely as a weather-glass, placing it on a level with a piece of seaweed or with the pair of figures whose movements depend upon the dryness or dampness of a piece of catgut, looking upon its frequent variations as having no other meaning than indicating some change of wind or weather, is to restrict its usefulness within very narrow limits indeed The interest in this remarkable, although simple, instrument will be greatly increased if it is always borne in mind that the "barometer" is still what it was when that name was first given to it by Boylc—not a weather glass, but a weight-measurer.—

Longman's Magazine.

### ART AND LIFE.

#### BY VERNON LEE.

III.

"To use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upward, going from one to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair actions, and from fair actions to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is; this, my dear Socrates," said the prophetess of Mantineia, "is that life, above all others, which man should live, in the contemplation of beauty absolute. Do you not see that in that communion only, beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, he will be enabled to bring forth not images of beauty, but realities; for he has hold not of an image, but of a reality; and bringing forth and educating true virtue to become the friend of God, and be immortal, if mortal man

Such are the æsthetics of Plato, put into the mouth of that mysterious Diotima, who was a wise woman in many branches of knowledge. As we read them nowadays we are apt to smile with incredulity not unmixed with bitterness. Is all this not mere talk, charming and momentarily elating us like so much music; mere beauty which, because we like it, we half voluntarily confuse with truth? And, on the other hand, is not the truth of æsthetics, the bare, hard fact, a very different matter? For we have learned that we human creatures shall never know the absolute or the essence, that notions, which Plato took for realities, are mere relative conceptions; that virtue and truth are intellectual abstractions, while beauty is a complex physical, or mainly physical, quality;

and every day we are hearing of new discoveries connecting our æsthetic emotions with the structure of eye and ear, the movement of muscles, the functions of nerve centres, nay, even with the action of heart and lungs and vis-Moreover, all round us schools of criticism and cliques of artists are telling us forever that so far from bringing forth and educating true virtue, art has the sovereign power, by mere skill and subtlety, of investing good and evil, healthy and unwholesome, with equal merit, and obliterating the distinctions drawn by the immortal gods, instead of helping the immortal gods to their observance.

Thus we are apt to think, and to take the words of Diotima as merely so much lovely rhetoric. But—as my previous chapters have indicated -I think we are so far mistaken. I believe that, although explained in the terms of fantastic, almost mythical metaphysic, the speech of Diotima contains a great truth, deposited in the heart of man by the unnoticed innumerable experiences of centuries and peoples; a truth which exists in ourselves also as an instinctive expectation, and which the advance of knowledge will confirm and explain. For in that pellucid atmosphere of the Greek mind, untroubled as yet by theoretic mists, there may have been visible the very things which our scientific instruments are enabling us to see and reconstruct piecemeal, great groupings of reality metamorphosed into Fata Morgana cities seemingly built by the gods.

And thus I am going to try to reinstate in others' belief, as it is fully reinstated in my own, the theory of higher æsthetic harmonies, which the prophetess of Mantineia taught Soc-

rates: to wit, that through the contemplation of true beauty we may attain, by the constant purification—or, in more modern language, the constant selecting and enriching—of our nature, to that which transcends material beauty; because the desire for harmony begets the habit of harmony, and the habit thereof begets its imperative desire, and thus on in never-ending alternation.

Perhaps the best way of expounding my reasons will be to follow the process by which I reached them; for so far from having started with the theory of Diotima, I found the theory of Diotima, when I re-read it accidentally after many years' forgetfulness, to bring to convergence the result of my gradual experience.

Thinking about the Hermes of Olympia, and the fact that so far he is pretty well the only Greek statue which historical evidence unhesitatingly gives us as an original masterpiece, it struck me that, could one become really familiar with him, could eye and soul learn all the fulness of his perfection, we should have the true-starting-point for knowledge of the antique, for knowledge, in great measure, of all art.

Yes, and of more than art, or rather of art in more than one relation.

Is this a superstition, a mere myth, perhaps, born of words? I think not. Surely if we could really arrive at knowing such a masterpiece, so as to feel rather than see its most intimate organic principles, and the great main reasons separating it from all inferior works and making it be itself-could we do this, we should know not merely what art is and should be, but, in a measure, what life should be and might become: what are the methods of true greatness, the sensations of true san-It would teach us the eternal organic strivings and tendencies of our soul, those leading in the direction of life, leading away from death.

If this seems mere allegory and wild talk, let us look at facts and see what art is. For is not art—inasmuch as it is untroubled by the practical difficulties of existence, inasmuch as it is the free, unconscious attempt of all nations and generations to satisfy outside life, those cravings which life still leaves unsatisfied—is not art an exquisite, sensitive instrument, showing in its delicate oscillations the most intimate movements and habits of the soul? Does it not reveal our most recondite necessities and possibilities, by sifting and selecting, reinforcing or attenuating, among the impressions received from without; showing us thereby how we must stand toward nature and life, how we must feel and be?

And this most particularly in those spontaneous arts which, first in the field, without need of adaptations of material or avoidance of the already done, without having to use up the rejected possibilities of previous art, or awaken yet unknown emotions, are the simple, straightforward expression, each the earliest satisfactory one in its own line, of the long unexpressed, long integrated, organic wants and wishes of great races of men: the arts, for instance, which have given us that Hermes, Titian's pictures and Michael Angelo's and Raphael's frescoes; given us Bach, Gluck, Mozart, certain serener passages of Beethoven, music of yet reserved pathos, of braced, spring-like strength, learned, select: arts which never go beyond the universal, averaged expression of the soul's desires, because the desires themselves are sifted, limited to the imperishable and unchangeable, like the artistic methods which embody them, reduced to the essential by the long delay of utterance, the long—century long—efforts to utter.

Becoming intimate with such a statue as the Olympia Hermes, and comparing the impressions received from it with the impressions both of inferior works in the same branch of art and with the impressions of equally great works—pictures, buildings, musical compositions—in other branches of art, becoming conversant with the difference between great art and poor art, we gradually become aware of a quality which exists in all good art and is absent in all bad art, and without whose presence those impressions summed up as beauty, dignity, grandeur, are never

to be had. This peculiarity, which most people perceive and few people define—explaining it away sometimes as truth, or taking it for granted under the name of quality—this peculiarity I shall call for convenience' sake style; for I think we all admit that the absence or presence of style is what distinguishes bad art from good. Style, in this sense—and remember that it is this which connoisseurs most usually allude to as quality—style may be roughly defined as the organic correspondence between the various parts of a work of art, the functional interchange and interdependence thereof. In this sense there is style in every really living thing, for otherwise it could not live. If the muscles and limbs, nav, the viscera and tissues, did not adjust themselves to work together, if they did not in this combination establish a rhythm, a backwardforward, contraction-relaxation, taking-in-giving-out, diastole-systole in all their movements, there would be, instead of a living organism, only an inert mass. In all living things, and just in proportion as they are really alive (for in most real things there is presumably some defect of rhythm tending to stoppage of life), there is bound to be this organic interdependence and interchange. Natural selection, the survival of such individuals and species as best work in with, and are most rhythmical to, their surroundings-natural selection sees to that.

Now in art that which takes the place of natural selection is man's selection; and all forms of art which man keeps and does not send into limbo, all art which man finds suitable to his wants, rhythmical with his habits, must have that same quality of interdependence of parts, of interchange of function. But in the case of art, the organic necessity refers not to outer surroundings, but to man's feeling; in fact, man's emotion constitutes necessity toward art, as surrounding nature constitutes necessity for natural productions. Now man, accustomed to organic harmony, to congruity of action because his own existence, nay, the existence of every cell of him, depends upon it; man, who

is accustomed to style because it is only thanks to style that he exists, cannot do without congruity in the impressions he receives from art, cannot do without style. Man is one complete microcosm of interchange, of give-andtake, diastole-systole, of rhythm and harmony; and therefore all such things as give him impressions of the reverse thereof, go against him, and in a greater or lesser degree threaten, disturb, paralyze, in a way poison or maim him. Hence he is forever seeking such congruity, such style; and his artistic creativeness is conditioned by the desire for it, nay, is perhaps mainly seeking to obtain it. ever he spontaneously and truly creates artistic forms, he obeys the imperious vital instinct for congruity; nay, he seeks to eke out the insufficient harmony between himself and the things which he cannot command, the insufficient harmony between the uncontrollable parts of himself, by a harmony created on purpose in the things which he can control. To a large extent man feels himself tortured by discordant impressions coming from the world outside and the world inside him; and he seeks comfort and medicine in harmonious impressions of his own making, in his own strange inward-outward world of art.

This, I think, is the true explanation of that much disputed-over ideal, which, according to definitions, is perpetually being enthroned and dethroned as the ultimate aim of all art: the ideal, the imperatively clamoredfor mysterious something, is neither conformity to an abstract idea, nor conformity to actual reality, nor conformity to the typical, nor conformity to the individual; it is, I take it, simply conformity to man's requirements, to man's inborn and peremptory demand for greater harmony, for more perfect co-ordination and congruity in his feelings.

Now, when mankind are, in the exercise of the artistic instincts, partially obeying some other call than this one—the desire for money, for fame, or for some intellectual formula—things are quite different, and there is no production of what I have called style. There is no style when even great peo-

ple set about doing pseudo-antique sculpture in Canova-Thorwaldsen fashion because Winckelmann and Goethe have made antique sculpture fashionable; there is no style when people set to building pseudo-Gothic in obedi-ence to the Romantic movement and to Ruskin. For neither the desire for making a mark, nor the most conscientious pressure of formula, gives that instinct of artistic congruity which marks even the most rudimentary artistic efforts in the most barbarous ages, when men are impelled merely and solely by the æsthetic instinct. over, where people do not want and need (as they want and need food or drink or warmth or coolness) one sort of effect, that is to say, one arrangement of impressions rather than another, they are sure to be deluded by the mere arbitrary classification, the niere names of things. They will think that smooth cheeks, wavy hair, straight noses, limbs of such or such measure, attitude, and expression, set so, constitute the Antique; that clustered pillars, cross vaulting, spandrils, and Tudor roses make Gothic. But the Antique is the particular and all permeating relation between these items; and Gothic the particular and all permeating relation between those other ones; and unless you aim at the specific emotion of Antique or Gothic, unless you feel the imperious call for the special harmony of either, all the measurements and all the formulas will not avail. While, on the contrary, people without any formula or any attempt at imitation, like the Byzantine architects and those of the lifteenth century, merely because they are obeying their own passionate desire for congruity of impressions, for harmony of structure and function, will succeed in creating brand-new, harmonious, organic art out of the actual details, sometimes the material ruins, of an art which has passed away.

What I have tried to analyze and explain we shall find, by a mere synthetic intuition, in all great art, and most of all, of course, in the very greatest art, in the works of the greatest masters of the greatest artistic periods, in the paintings of Giorgione, Titian, Michael Angelo, Leonardo; in the music of

Bach, Gluck, Mozart, and the happier Beethoven; most typically, perhaps, in such a statue as the Olympia Hermes. If we walk round that statue. allowing by this means the statue, so to speak, to assume its attitude, andby the indications of muscles which have just fallen into use, and muscles which are just going to leave it—to perform its action, we shall realize that connection, interdependent of parts, that rhythm of interest and importance, which, preventing the spectator from becoming absorbed in any one detail, forcing him to follow the whole life of the figure, makes not only the work itself, but the mind perceiving it, to participate in the fulness of

Moreover, if we become intimate with this statue, and intimate in so far with the thoughts and emotions it awakens in ourselves, we shall find that it possesses, besides this congruity within itself which assimilates it to all really living things, a further congruity, not necessarily found in real objects, but which forms the peculiarity of the work of art, a congruity with ourselves; for the great work of art is vitally connected with the habits and wants, the whole causality and rhythm of mankind; it has been adapted thereto as the boat to the sea, as the sea itself to its rocky bed.

In this manner can we learn from art the chief secret of life: the secret of action and reaction, of causal connection, of suitability of part to part, of organism, interchange, and growth.

And when I say learn, I mean learn in the least official and the most efficacious way. I do not mean merely that, looking at a statue like the Hermes, a certain fact is borne in upon our intelligence, the fact of all vitality being dependent on harmony. I mean that perhaps, nay probably, without any such formula, without the intellectual perception of any such fact, our whole nature becomes accustomed to a certain repeated experience, our whole nature becomes adapted thereunto, and acts and reacts in consequence, by what we call intuition, instinct. It is not with our intellect alone that we possess such a fact, as we might intellectually possess the fact that twice two is four, or that Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII., knowing casually what we may casually also forget; we possess, in such a way that forgetting becomes impossible, with our whole soul and our whole being, re-living that fact with every breath that we draw, with every movement we make, the first great lesson of art, that vitality means harmony. Let us look at this fact, and at its practical applications, apart from all æsthetic experience.

All life is harmony; and all improvement in ourselves is therefore, however unconsciously, the perceiving, the realizing, or the establishing of harmonies, more minute or more universal.

Yes, curious and unpractical as it may seem, harmonies, or, under their humbler separate names — arrangements, schemes, classifications, are the chief means for getting the most out of all things, and particularly the most out of ourselves.

For they mean, first of all, unity of means for the attaining of unity of effect, that is to say, incalculable economy of material, of time, and of effort; and secondly, unity of effect produced, that is to say, economy even greater in our power of perceiving and feeling: nothing to eliminate, nothing against whose interruptions we waste our energy, that is, our power of being impressed in the progress of strug-

Where there exists harmony one impression leads to, enhances another; we, on the other hand, unconsciously recognize at once what is doing to us, what we in return must do; the mood is indicated, fulfilled, consummated; in plenitude we feel, we are; and in plenitude of feeling and being, we, in our turn, do. Neither is such habit of harmony, of scheme, of congruity, a mere device for sucking the full sweetness out of life, although, heaven knows, that were important enough. As much as such a habit husbands, and in a way multiplies, life's sweetness; so likewise does it husband and multiply man's power. For there is no quicker and more thorough mode of selecting among our feelings and thoughts than submitting them to a

standard of congruity; nothing more efficacious than the question: "Is such or such a notion or proceeding harmonions with what we have made the rest of our life, with what we wish our life to be?" This is, in other words, the power of the ideal, the force of ideas, of thought-out, recognized habits, as distinguished from blind helter-skelter impulse. This is what welds life into one, making its forces work not in opposition but in concordance; this is what makes life consecutive, using the earlier act to produce the later, tying together existence in an organic fatality of must be: the fatality not of the outside and the unconscious, but of the conscious, inner, upper man. Nay, it is what makes up the ego. For the ego, as we are beginning to understand, is no mysterious separate entity, still less a succession of disconnected, conflicting, blind impulses; the ego is the congruous, perceived, nay, thought-out system of habits, which perceives all incongruity toward itself as accidental and exter-Hence, when we ask which are the statements we believe in, we answer instinctively (logic being but a form of congruity) those statements which accord with themselves and with other statements; when we ask, which are the persons we trust? we answer, those persons whose feelings and actions are congruous with themselves and with the feelings and actions of others. And, on the contrary, it is in the worthless, in the degenerate creature, that we note moods which are destructive to one another's object, ideas which are in flagrant contradiction; and it is in the idiot, the maniac, the criminal, that we see thoughts disconnected among themselves, perceptions disconnected with surrounding objects, and instincts and habits incompatible with those of other human beings. Nay, if we look closely, we shall recognize, moreover, that those emotions of pleasure are the healthy, the safe ones, which are harmonious not merely in themselves (as a musical note is composed of even vibrations), but harmonious with all preceding and succeeding pleasures in ourselves, and harmonious, congruous, with the present and future pleasures of others.

The instinct of congruity, of subordination of part to whole, the desire for harmony which is fostered above all things by art, is one of the most precious parts of our nature, if only, obeying its own tendency to expand, weapply it to ever wider circles of being; not merely to the accessories of living, but to life itself.

For this love of harmony and order leads us to seek what is most necessary in our living: a selection of the congruous, an arrangement of the mutually dependent in our thoughts and feelings.

Much of the work of the universe is done, no doubt, by what seems the exercise of mere random energy, by the thinking of apparently disconnected thoughts and the feeling of apparently sporadic impulses; but if the thought and the impulse remained really disconnected and sporadic, half would be lost and half would be distorted. one of the economical adaptations of nature that every part of us tends not merely to be congruous with itself, to eliminate the hostile, to beget the similar, but tends also to be connected with other parts; so that, action coming in contact with action, thought in contact with thought, and feeling in contact with feeling, each single one will be strengthened or neutralized by the other. And it is the especial business of what we may call the central consciousness, the dominant thought or emotion, to bring these separate thoughts and impulses, these separate groups thereof, into more complex relations, to continue on a far vaster scale that vital contact, that trying of all things by the great trial of affinity or repulsion, of congruity or incongruity. Thus we try ourselves; and by the self-same process, by the trial of affinity and congruity, the silent forces of the universe try us, rejecting or accepting, allowing us, our thoughts, our feelings to live and be fruitful, or condemning us and them to die in barren-

Whither are we going? In what shape shall the various members of our soul proceed on their journey; which forming the van, which the rear and centre? Or shall there be neither van, nor rear, nor wedge-like forward flight?

If this question remains unasked or unanswered, our best qualities, our truest thoughts and purest impulses, may be hopelessly scattered into distant regions, become defiled in bad company, or, at least, barren in isolation; the universal life rejecting or

annihilating them. How often do we

How often do we not see this! Natures whose various parts have rambled asunder, or have come to live, like strangers in an inn, casually, promiscuously, each refusing to be his brother's keeper: instincts of kindliness at various ends, unconnected, unable to coalesce and conquer; thoughts separated from their kind, incapable of application; and, in consequence, strange superficial comradeships, shoulder-rubbings of true and false, good and evil, become indifferent to one another, incapable of looking each other in the face, careless, unblushing. Nay, worse. For lack of all word of command, of all higher control, hostile tendencies accommodating themselves to reign alternate, sharing the individual in dis-tinct halves, till he becomes like unto that hero of Gautier's witch story, who was a pious priest one half of the twenty-four hours and a wicked libertine the other: all power of selection, of reaction, gone in this passive endurance of conflicting tendencies, all identity gone, save that of a mere feeble ontsider looking on at the alternations of intentions and lapses, of good and And the soul of such a person if, indeed, we can speak of one soul or one person where there exists no unity -becomes like a jangle of notes belonging to different tonalities, alternating and mingling in hideous confusion for lack of a clear thread of melody, a consistent system of harmony, to select, reject, and keep all things in place.

Melody, harmony: the two great halves of the most purely æsthetic of all arts, symbolize, as we might expect, the two great forces of life: consecutiveness and congruity, under their different names of intention, fitness, selection, adaptation. These are what make the human soul like a conquering army, a fleet freighted with riches, a band of priests celebrating a rite. And this is what art, by no paltry formula,

but by the indelible teaching of habit, of requirement, and expectation, become part of our very fibre—this is what art can teach to those who will receive its highest lesson.

Those who can receive that lesson, that is to say, those in whom it can expand and ramify to the fulness and complexity which is its very essencefor it happens frequently enough that we learn only a portion of this truth, which by this means is distorted into error. We accept the æsthetic instinct as a great force of Nature; but, instead of acknowledging it as our master, as one of the great lords of life, of whom Emerson spoke, we try to make it our servant. We attempt to get congruity in the details of our every-day existence, and refuse to seek for congruity between ourselves and the life which is greater than ours.

A friend of mine, who had many better ways of spending her money, was unable one day to resist the temptation of buying a beautiful old majolica inkstand, which, not without a slight qualm of conscience, she put into a very delightful old room of her house. The room had an inkstand already, but "This it was of glass, and modern. one is in harmony with the rest of the room," she said, and felt fully justified in her extravagance. It is this form, or rather this degree, of aestheticism, of finer perception, which so often prevents our realizing the higher æsthetic harmonies. In obedience to a perception of what is congruous on a small scale we often do oddly incongruous things: spend money we ought to invest, give time and thought to trifles while neglecting to come to conclusions about matters of importance; endure, or even cultivate, persons with whom we have less than no sympathy; nay, sometimes, from a keen sense of incongruity, tune down our thoughts and feelings to the flatness of our surround-The phenomenon of what may thus result from a certain æsthetic sensitiveness is discouraging, and I confess that it used sometimes to discourage and humiliate me profoundly. But the philosophy which the prophetess of Mantineia taught Socrates settles the matter, and solves satisfactorily what in my mind I always think of as the question of the majolica inkstand.

Diotima, you will remember, did not allow her disciple to remain engrossed in the contemplation of one kind of beauty, but particularly insisted that he should use various fair forms as steps by which to ascend to the knowledge of ever higher beauties. And this I should translate into more practical language by saying that, in questions like that of the majolica inkstand, we require not a lesser sensitiveness to congruity, but a greater; that we must look not merely at the smaller, but at the larger items of our life, asking ourselves, "Is this harmonious? or is it, seen in some wider connection, even like that clumsy glass inkstand in the oak panelled and brocade hung room?" If we ask ourselves this, and endeavor to answer it faithfully-with that truthfulness which is itself an item of congruity—we may find that, strange as it may seem, the glass inkstand, ugly as it is in itself, and out of harmony with the furniture, is yet more congruous, and that we actually prefer it to the one of majolica.

And it is in connection with this that I think that many persons who are really æsthetic, and many more who imagine themselves to be so, should foster a wholesome suspicion of the theory which makes it a duty to accumulate certain kinds of possessions, to exclusively seek certain kinds of impressions, on the score of putting beauty

and dignity into our lives.

Put beauty, dignity, harmony, serenity into our lives. It sounds very fine. But can we? I doubt it. We may put beautiful objects, dignified manners, harmonious colors and shapes, but can we put dignity, harmony, or Can we put them into an individual life; can anything be put into an individual life save furniture and garments, intellectual as well as mate-For an individual life, taken rial? separately, is a narrow, weak thing at the very best; and everything we can put into it, everything we lay hold of for the sake of putting in, must needs be small also, merely the chips or dust of great things; or if it have life, must be squeezed, cut down, made so small before it can fit into that little receptacle of our egoism, that it will speedily be a dead, dry thing: thoughts once thought, feelings once felt, now neither thought nor felt, merely lying there inert, as a dead fact, in our sterile self. Do we not see this on all sides, examples of life into which all the dignified things have been crammed and all the beautiful ones, and which yet, despite the statues, pictures, poems, and symphonies within its narrow compass, is yet so far from dignified or beautiful?

But we need not trouble about dignity and beauty coming to our life so long as we veritably and thoroughly live; that is to say, so long as we try not to put anything into our life, but to put our life into the life universal. The true, expanding, multiplying life of the spirit will bring us in contact, we need not fear, with beauty and dignity enough, for there is plenty such in creation, in things around us, and in other people's souls; nay, if we but live to our utmost power the life of all things and all men, seeing, feeling, understanding for the mere joy thereof, even our individual life will be invested with dignity and beauty in our own eyes.

But furniture will not do it, nor dress, nor exquisite household appointments; nor any of the things, books, pictures, houses, parks, of which we can call ourselves owners. I say call ourselves: for can we be sure we really possess them? And thus, if we think only of our life, and the decking thereof, it is only furniture, garments, and household appointments we can deal with; for beauty and dignity cannot be confined in so narrow a compass.

I have spoken so far of the conscious habit of harmony, and of its conscious effect upon our conduct. I have tried to show that the desire for congruity, which may seem so trivial a part of mere dilettante's superfineness, may expand and develop into such love of harmony between ourselves and the ways of the universe as shall make us wince at other folks' loss united to our gain, at our deterioration united to our pleasure, even as we wince at a false note or a discordant arrangement of colors.

But there is something more impor-New Series.—Vol. LXIV., No 3 tant than conscious choice, and something more tremendous than definite conduct, because conscious choice and conduct are but its separate and plainly visible results. I mean the unconscious way of feeling and organic way of living: that which, in the language of old-fashioned medicine, we might call the complexion or habit of the soul.

This is undoubtedly affected by conscious knowledge and reason, as it undoubtedly manifests itself in both. But it is, I believe, much more what we might call a permanent emotional condition, a particular way of feeling, of reacting toward the impressions given us by the universe. And I believe that the individual is sound, that he is capable of being happy while increasing the happiness of others, or the reverse, according as he reacts harmoniously or inharmoniously toward those universal impressions. And here comes in what seems to me the highest benefit we can receive from art and from all the activities, however little manifested, in visible or audible works, which, as I have said before, are in art merely specialized and made publicly manifest.

The habit of beauty, of style, is but the habit, engrained in our nature by the unnoticed experiences of centuries, of life in our surroundings and in ourselves; the habit of beauty is the habit, I believe we shall find, by scientific analysis of Nature's ways and means, of the growing of trees, the flowing of water, the perfect play of perfect muscles, all registered unconsciously in the very structure of our soul. And for this reason every time we experience afresh the particular emotion associated with the quality beautiful, we are adding to that rhythm of life within ourselves by recognizing the life of all There is not room within us things. for two conflicting waves of emotion, for two conflicting rhythms of life, one sane and one unsound. The two may possibly alternate, but in most cases the weaker will be neutralized by the stronger; and, at all events, they cannot co-exist. We can account only in this manner for the indisputable fact that great emotion of a really and purely esthetic nature has a morally 25

elevating quality, that as long as it endures—and in finer organizations its effect is never entirely lost—the soul is more clean and vigorous, more fit for high thoughts and high decisions. understanding, in the wider and more philosophical sense, is but a kind of becoming: our soul experiences the modes of being which it apprehends. Hence the particular religious quality (all faiths and rituals taking advantage thereof) of a high and complex æsthetic emotion; whenever we come in contact with real beauty, we become aware, in an unformulated but overwhelming manner, of some of the immense harmonies of which all beauty is the product; of which all separate beautiful things are, so to speak, the single patterns happening to be in our line of vision, while all around other patterns connect with them, meshes and meshes of harmonies, spread out, outside our narrow field of momentary vision, an endless web, like the constellations which, strung on their threads of mutual dependence, cover and fill up infinitude.

In the moments of such emotional perception, our souls also, ourselves, become in a higher degree organic, alive, receiving and giving out the life of the universe; come to be woven into the patterns of harmonics, made of the stuff of reality, homogeneous with themselves, consubstantial with the universe, like the living plant, the flowing stream, the flying cloud, the great picture or statue.

And in this way is realized, momentarily, but with ever-increasing power of repetition, that which, after the teaching of Diotima, Socrates prayed for—"the harmony between the outer and the inner man."

But this, I know, many will say, is but a delusion. Rapture is pleasant, but it is not necessarily, as the men of the Middle Ages thought, a union with God. And is this the time to revive, or seek to revive it, when science is forever pressing upon us the conclusion that soul is a function of matter—is this the time to revive discredited optimistic idealisms of an unscientific philosophy?

But if science become omniscient, it will surely recognize and explain the

value of such recurring optimistic idealisms; and if the soul be a function of matter, will not science recognize but the more, that the soul is an integral and vitally dependent portion of the material universe?

Be this as it may, one thing seems certain, that the artistic activities are those which bring man into emotional communion with external Nature; and that such emotional communion is necessary for man's thorough spiritual Perception of cause and effect, health. generalization of law, reduces the universe indeed to what man's intellect can grasp; but in the process of such reduction to the laws of man's thought, the universe is shorn of its very power to move man's emotion and overwhelm his soul. The abstract which we have made does not vivify us sufficiently. And the emotional communion of man with Nature is through those various faculties which we call æsthetic. It is not to no purpose that poetry has forever talked to us of skies and mountains and waters; we require, for our soul's health, to think about them otherwise than with reference to our material comfort and discomfort; we require to feel that they and ourselves are brethren united by one great law of life. And what poetry suggests in explicit words, bidding us love and be united in love to external Nature; art, in a more irresistible because more instinctive manner, forces upon our feelings, by extracting, according to its various kinds, the various vital qualities of the universe, and making them act directly upon our nerves: rhythms of all sorts, static and dynamic, in the spatial arts of painting and sculpture; in the half spatial, half temporal art of architecture; in music, which is most akin to life, because it is the art of movement and change.

We can all remember moments when we have seemed conscious, even to overwhelming, of this fact. In my own mind it has become indissolubly connected with a certain morning at Venice, listening to the organ in St. Mark's.

Any old and beautiful church gives us all that is most moving and noblest —organiem, beauty, absence of all things momentary and worthless, exclusion of grossness, of brute utility and mean compromise, equality of all men before God; moreover, time, eternity, the past, and the great dead. All noble churches give us this; how much more, therefore, this one, which is noblest and most venerable!

It has, like no other building, been handed over by man to Nature; Time moulding and tinting into life this structure already so absolutely organic, so fit to live. For its curves and vaultings, its cupolas mutually supported, the weight of each carried by all; the very color of the marbles, brown, blond, living colors, and the irregular symmetry, flower-like, of their natural patterning, are all seemingly organic and ready for vitality. Time has added that, with the polish and dimming alternately of the marbles, the billowing of the pavement, the slanting of the columns, and last, but not least, the tarnishing of the gold and the granulating of the mosaic into an uneven surface: the gold seeming to have become alive and in a way vegetable, and to have faded and shrunk like autumn leaves.

The morning I speak of they were singing some fugued composition, by I know not whom. How well that music suited St. Mark's! The con-

stant interchange of vault and vault, cupola and cupola, column and column, handing on their energies to one another; the springing up of new details gathered at once into the great general balance of lines and forces; all this seemed to find its natural voice in that fugue, to express, in that continuous revolution of theme chasing, enveloping theme, its own grave emotion of life everlasting: Being, becoming; Becoming, being.

It is such an alternation as this, ceaseless, rhythmic, which constitutes the upward life of the soul: that life of which the wise woman of Mantineia told Socrates that it might be learned through faithful and strenuous search for ever widening kinds of beauty, the "life above all," in the words of Diotima, "which a man should live." The life which vibrates forever between being better and conceiving of something better still; between satisfaction in harmony and craving therefor. The life whose rhythm is that of happiness actual and happiness ideal, alternating forever, forever pressing one another into being, as the parts of a fugue, the dominant and the tonic. Being, becoming; becoming, being; idealizing, realizing; realizing, idealizing.—Contemporary Review.

# TRESPASSING ON THE TSAR.

### A CRIMBAN EXPERIENCE.

#### BY YEGOR YEGOREVITSCH.

"You had better get out here," said the Countess, as the britzka came out on the edge of the Crimean plateau, above the broad belt of undercliff which sloped away below us, a confusion of gray rock and green forest, to the distant blue rim of the Black Sea.

"You English like walking; besides, I want some wild peonies, which you can bring to the Villa W——. We lunch at two. Then this view has always the same effect on strangers; you will be silent or sentimental the rest of the way, and it is an hour's drive

I thought marooning in a Crimean forest a severe penalty even for such offences against the social code; but I knew the Countess too well to object, though our acquaintance only dated from that morning, when she had rescued me from the posting master at Simpheropol. He had asked me for a drink out of my railway reading-lamp, under the impression it was a flask. Being a nervous Englishman, I had not the courage to refuse, nor the Russian to explain. Besides, I thought it could not be nastier than vodky; but it was, and he gave me in charge for

an attempt to drug him, though the paraffin had certainly not acted as a sedative. If the Countess had not appeared, and settled everything out of hand by offering me a lift over the mountains to Yalta, I might have become an international incident.

"That path will take you straight down to the coast," continued the Countess. "You had better not leave it, because of the Jewish vineyards; the elders sit on stages in the middle and shoot. Oh, no! they don't ask you to go, because, of course, no one would do anything a Jew asked him. The Count—he is procureur of the district-was so puzzled last week because an elder's gun burst when firing at a trespasser, and he was killed. The Oh, widow and six children— Sad? you don't understand. It was the Jew that was killed. Well, they all came and accused the trespasser of murder; but the Count let him off Siberia, because he agreed to marry the widow. Yes, I think the poor fellow was wrong But then, if the worst came to the worst, it would only be Siberia again, and it's only ten years for a Jewess. You will keep on the path, unless you meet people with packs, especially if they look like Greeks; they are always dangerous when smuggling. And if you come to a house keep away if it looks like a Tartar farm, for the men are abroad all day, and the women shut up, and the dogs go about in packs. Once they ate a Turk, all but his boots; and when the relatives claimed them the Tartar said they were his, because he owned the dogs, and the Turk belonged to them and the boots to the Turk; so the Count had them given to the pack, and restored them to the original owner. Then when you come to the coast follow the track along the cliffs, and it will bring you to the Villa W-Don't go the other way, or you will come to Livadia, the Emperor's villa. There are three cordons of soldiers round it, and the neighborhood is very unhealthy, especially for strangers. It is really very dangerous the way you Englishmen will walk about in strange countries. Be sure and remember about the Jew watchmen and the Greek smugglers, and the Tartar dogs, and

the peonies and Livadia, and luncheon at two. I hope you will enjoy your walk. Au revoir! Poskoryëi, Ivan!"

I hoped so, too, but not confidently, having suffered much abroad from the national reputation for love of adventure. In appearance I knew the nationalities of the Crimea to be equally disreputable, and I should have liked a clearer indication of viciousness in watchmen, smugglers, and watchdogs

than their religion.

After an hour's walk through the woods I came out on the sea at the mouth of a wooded glen between two low scurped headlands. Wherever the cliffs were not absolutely sheer, undergrowth and rank plants grew down to the shingle beach. The path was unmistakable, a rough track leading up , over the bluff on either side; but in one direction it led to luncheon and the Countess, in the other to Livadia and the cordons. Scarcely was I securely impaled on the horns of this dilemma when I heard a clattering above, and a pony appeared over the eastern bluff. On the pony sat a portly personage in a blue caftan and a red fez. In one hand he held a large white umbrella open over his head; in the other he held a closed green one, with which he banged the pony when it made a false step. Behind him a long cavalcade of pack ponies successively topped the sky-line; every third or fourth was led by a picturesque ruffian with an armory of small arms in his

My rapidity of decision often increases with the emergency. In a moment I had decided, and had swiftly ascended the western bluff. At the top I turned. The cavalcade had halted, and the men were gathered round the man on the pony, who was gesticulating with the closed umbrella and enforcing important points with the open one.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly smugglers, and probably Greeks. I shall surely be taken prisoner, and probably held to ransom. I wish I had never left Ennismore Gardens. Better an August in London, where police are, than a villégiature with smugglers." So I turned to go down the other slope, when below in the

next glen I saw a flat-roofed building in a court-yard. Not a soul was to be seen, but the yard was full of dogs

asleep in the sun or prowling.

"Well," I thought, "they are certainly watchdogs and probably Tartar. I shall surely be bitten and possibly devoured. I wish I had walked from Simpheropol. Better have worn out one's boots than have preserved them at the expense of one's person." turned again, and went into the woods on the right. After pushing some way through the grass I came out on a clearing planted with vines. In the middle was a staging, and on it stood an unkempt elderly individual. sun glinted on the barrel of a long firelock as he moved from side to side, uttering at intervals a melodious bellow.

"Well," thought I, "he is certainly a watchman, and he looks like a Jew. If he sees me I shall surely be shot, and possibly prosecuted. Better any fate than a Jewish widow with six children." So I returned to the cliffs, and made my way over the rocks, which were piled halfway up their face, through very thick scrub. When I reached the next headland I saw growing above, on the top of the cliff, a grand bed of wild peonies. I climbed up a steep rock couloir to the top of the bluff, and sitting down among the peonies looked back on the supposed Tartar farm lying below in the full blaze of a Crimean sun. Nothing stirred except some restless or flea-bitten dog, but in the strip of shade under the eaves, on a bench which ran the length of the house, lounged yellow serge-clad soldiers in every attitude of heat and boredom. Along the glen, in the shade of rock and tree, stood sentries, as invisible to me when on the opposite bluff as I was then to them, but now as painfully apparent to me as I But I was in the middle of the peonies before this thought had had time to take shape. Unfortunately in moving I started a stone, which fell over the cliffs on to the rocks below, ringing through the still air like a pistol shot. It was instantly answered by a hoarse challenge from the beach, repeated a few yards farther on, and again further until the file-fire of Russian gutturals died away round the next headland, and far inland up the

glen.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly sentries, and evidently a cordon. I wish I had never seen the Countess. Better be convicted of poisoning a postmaster than arrested for trespassing on the Tsar. I shall surely be shot and probably sent to Siberia, for this is the Livadia cordon, and I am inside it."

I carefully parted the peonies which screened me from the beach, and looked down. A soldier was standing ankledeep in the ripple in an odd, constrained attitude. I wondered what he was doing, until I noticed that a little bright "o" under his cheek was a rifle barrel, and that I was looking down the muzzle. I withdrew to the depth of the peony bed. A half-hour, I should say, passed; I held my breath all the time. I was roused by a noise of clambering below, and slid one eye toward the edge of the peony bed. Close underneath the round red face of a Russian private rose over the rocks; he clambered steadily up, holding his rifle over his head, and stopping occasionally to wipe the sweat out of his eyes; for the rocks were steep and held the heat like a furnace, and he was a Northerner and a man of the Plains. At the foot of the little cliff he stopped; he looked at the peony bed at the top, he looked at the twenty feet of steep rock below it, then picked up a pebble and threw it up as a dep-" Hoosh!" said he. uty. I scuttled among the peonies, to represent a startled animal, and he sat down with his back to the cliffs, with the air of a man who has done more than his duty and means to neglect it a little. picked a bunch of the peonies and looked out again; he still, like a good Russian, had his eyes fixed on Constantinople.

I crept into the woods and through them, keeping a line which would take me out of the angle of the cordon within which I was caught. In the woods I passed the other two cordons without difficulty, for I was on the lookout and they were not. Presently I came against a holly hedge, broke through it, and found myself in a labyrinth of gardens, through which I wan-

TRESPASSING ON THE TSAR.

dered for hours, feeling like a character in the "Arabian Nights." Never again shall I see such a sight as those

acres of undercliff.

'I frequently passed gardeners, but they disturbed me no further than by their profound bows; finally, in a Greek temple arranged as an orchid house, I came upon two young ladies cutting flowers. My peonies appeared to draw their attention, and after a little whispering one asked in Russian, "Pray, sir, would you tell us where you found those peonies? My sister and I have often looked for them in the park, but in vain. Oh, thank you! Indeed, we did not mean to deprive you—but if they were really intended for us—at least you must allow us to compensate you;" and she handed me her basket of orchids.

"The peonies," said I, "grow on the bluff inside the outside cordon; but they are difficult of access, and if I

might sometimes bring some—"

"To General V——'s quarters, in the left wing," said she. "We will exchange them for some of these flowers which—are also difficult of access."

A harsh voice outside called, "Sonya,

Masha!"

"That is the General; we must not

stay; do svidanya," said they.

I thought I must not either, and hurried away through the other end of the temple; but I now had a purpose. A bunch of peonies had brought me into Livadia; a basket of orchids

should get me out of it.

I walked as quickly as dignity would permit toward a distant stone wall in which was a gate and a grille faced outside with sheet iron. Beside it stood a guard-house, before it two sentries, and the great golden double-headed eagle sprawled and gaped above. As I came up the two soldiers crossed bayonets before the gate.

"Why haven't you opened the gate?" said I; "I shall positively have to

wait."

"Your well-bornship will pardon,"

said one; "none may pass."

"Absurd!" said I. "You know

who I am; open at once."

"Your high-well-bornship will deign to have patience; it is an order. His Majesty arrives to-morrow." "Of course, but I hasten to her Supreme Excellency the Countess W—, with these flowers from the noble ladies, the daughters of his Excellency the highly honored General V——."

"But I have not the key, your Excellency," said the poor man in great

distress.

"Disgraceful negligence!" said I;

"go, get it at once."

"But the sergeant has it; and he is digging potatoes, and I dare not leave

my post.

I turned away in despair, to try somewhere else, when in the distance, up the vista of gardens, I saw the two young ladies of the temple, standing with a big man in a large white cap and the uniform of a general of the Guard. One of them held the fatal peonies in her hand, and the big man appeared to be interested in the conversation. Suddenly he wheeled round and strode swiftly in the direction of the gate.

"There is General V——," said I to the sentries, pointing out the white cap in the distance, as it appeared over an intervening cluster rose. "If he comes and finds me waiting here, there will be a terrible row. Now I do not like getting anybody into trouble, so I will incommode myself so far as to

climb over the gate."

"Thank your high-well-born Supreme Excellency," said the guards.

I went up that gate like a squirrel, orchids and all, for the General's steps were already crunching the gravel of the path behind. As I bestrode the golden eagle he saw me, picked up his sword, and ran, his spurs winking over the grass in the sunlight and the orders twinkling on his tunic. I pride myself on being the first foreigner who ever made a Russian general run.

I cut the descent short, picked myself up, and hurried down the avenue, praying that the iron gate might be bullet-proof and the potato garden not convenient to the guard-house. I did not run, but that was on account of the patrols. Some of them barred the way, but I waved them aside with the orchids, and they fell back apologetically, and saluted. Presently I met a well-appointed brougham, empty; I stopped it, got in, and told the coach-

man to drive quickly to the Villa W——. At sunset I entered the Countess's hall.

I was met by the Count. "You're safe, then," said he; "that will save trouble; but." he asked anxiously, "have you the wild peonies of the Countess?"

"No, but I have the hothouse orchids of the General's daughter," I replied. He shook his head dubiously, and we went into the drawing-room.

"You are late for luncheon," said the Countess, "and you have not the peonies. Don't explain; it will bore me— Oh! how lovely! You Englishmen are wonderful: at noon I leave you in the forest on foot, looking for peonies; at sunset you come out of it in a carriage and pair, with priceless orchids. Pray explain how you came by them. No, it will not bore me. Why, Livadia has not their like! What, you think it has? Very well, then the Count shall take you there to-morrow—you could not get in otherwise—with an introduction to General V—, the Groom of the Palace, who will show you the gardens. He has very pretty daughters; take them a bouquet, and they will give you flowers, which you can bring to me."

But I did not explain; nor did I go to Livadia, not seeing any point in which I could improve on my first

visit .- Cornhill Magazine.

# NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON.

#### BY ROWLAND E. PROTRERO.

EDWARD GIBBON has hitherto been known to the world by his history, his autobiography, and a selection from his letters. In the stately style of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire every word has been weighed and measured for its appropriate place in the balance period. His autobiography is an elaborate composition, written and rewritten to satisfy a fastidious taste, and finally put together by Lord Sheffield and Lady Maria Holroyd from the different drafts which he left behind him. His letters have been carefully selected, edited, and arranged, in order to show him in the light which his friend and executor thought most becoming to the dignity of a great his-Everywhere it is Gibbon dressed for effect; the natural man behind is practically unknown. It is Gibbon "the fine gentleman," as he appeared when equipped for Boodle's Masquerade at the Pantheon, in "a fine Velvet Coat, with ruffles of My Lady's chusing," and in a "sincerely pretty Wastecoat" sent him by his stepmother.

But Gibbon is one of the greatest names in our prose literature, and what the world wants is to see the man in his unguarded moments, when he is

most true to himself; to know him as he was known to his valet Caplen, or his housekeeper Mrs. Ford; to catch him in some natural attitude, as when he forgot the presence of the Princesses at Turin, and "grew so very free and easy, that I drew my snuffbox, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence-chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude of my body bent forwards, and my forefinger stretched out." This autumn the This autumn the world will have the opportunity of learning something of the real Gibbon. A mass of his letters will be published, most of which have never before been printed, ranging over a variety of subjects, and touching upon the social gossip of the day, his literary pursuits, his friendships, tastes, and domestic affairs, his parliamentary career, and his political opinions. The letters cover the period from 1753 to 1794. They begin with the time when, as a boy of sixteen, he had become a Roman Catholic, had left Oxford, and was sent to Lausanne to be placed under the care of Pastor Pavillard. end with his death in London in 1794. Almost every detail of his life is laid bare, and the general result of the selfrevelation of his character will undoubtedly be to raise the popular estimate of Gibbon as a man.

Suzanne Curchod, afterward Madame Nocker, has left a picture of Gibbon as he was at the age of twenty. "It a de beaux cheveux"—it must be remembered that, at the time she wrote, she was engaged to the youth whom she describes—

la main jolie, et l'air d'une personne de condition. Sa physionomie est si spirituelle et singulière que je ne connois personne qui lui ressemble. Elle a tant d'expression qu'on y découvre presque toujours quelque chose de nouvean. Ses gestes sont si à propos, qu'ils ajoutent beaucoup à ce qu il dit. En un mot, c'est une de ces physionomies si extraordinaires, qu'on ne se lasse presque point de l'examiner de le peindre et de le contrefaire. Il connoît les égards que l'on doit aux femmes. Sa politesse est aisée sans être trop familière. Il danse mediocrement.

In this picture it would be difficult to recognize the unwieldy figure of the man who fell on his knees to propose to Madame de Montolieu, and could only rise with the assistance of a servant when he had received his refusal. Nor could M. de Bièvre, who was wont to say that he took his daily exercise by walking three times round M. Gibbon, have imagined that the corpulent critic of Christian dogma was ever "the thin little figure with a large head," who astonished M. Pavillard by "disputing and urging with the utmost ability all the best arguments that had ever been used in favor of popery."

Gibbon did not long remain a Roman Catholic. The second letter in the forthcoming collection describes his re-conversion. It is amusing to find that he was sufficiently a boy to practise the ingenuous stratagems of artless youth, and to base on the good news of his return to Protestantism an appeal to the generosity of his relations. The letter dated February, 1755, is addressed to this maternal aunt, Miss Catherine Porten, "Aunt Kitty" who in his childhood supplied the place of his mother. first part, which has been already printed, states that he is " now a good Protestant," and in stilted language remarks on the difficulty of a Church of England man resolving on "Com-

munion with Presbyterians." second part, which is new, confesses in a cutious jargon of English and French his loss of 110 guineas at faro. In his despair he bought a horse from the rook who had plucked him, and set out to ride to England to raise the money. He had only reached Geneva when his tutor recaptured him and brought him back to Lausanne. Would Miss Porten lend him the money? His aunt refused to pay his debt of honor, and the letter is indorsed by his stepmother, Mrs. Gibbon, with the note: " Pray remember this letter was not addressed to his mother-in-law (sic), but his aunt, an old cat as she was to refuse his request."

Aunt Kitty's refusal did not, however, impair her nephew's affection. In almost the next letter he tells her, with evident delight, that the bird of prey by whom he had been plucked had fallen into the hands of the "famous Mr. Taff" at Paris, and had been stripped of 8,200l. This is, in all probability, the Mr. Tauffe who, four years before, had made himself notorious at Paris. With his friends Edward Wortley Montagu and Lord Southwell he invited to his rooms one Abraham Payba, a Jew money-lender, made him drunk, and in less than an hour won from him 800 louis d'or. Payba paid his debt with bills which he took care should be dishonored. Finding themselves outwitted, Traffe and Wortley Montagu broke into his house and helped themselves to a much larger sum in cash and jewelry. For the robbery they were imprisoned for three months in the Grand Châtelet.

For five years (1753–58) Gibbon lived at Lausanne. Here he pursued the literary studies which bore fruit in his Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature, published in French in 1761. joined too in the social amusements of the town, and in philandering with the young girls who called themselves La Société du Printemps, or were associated in the Académie de la Poudrière. So long as he was in love with the multitude he was safe; but at these social gatherings he met Suzanne Uurchod, the only child of the Pastor of Crassy. In his unpublished journal for June, 1757, occurs the entry: "I saw Mademoiselle Curchod; Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori." The following lines, quoted from some indifferent verses addressed by him to the object of his worship, expand the idea of the Latin line:

Tôt ou tard il faut aimer,
C'est en vain qu'on façonne;
Tout fléchit sous l'amour,
Il n'exempte personne,
Car Gib. a succombé en ce jour
Aux attraits d'une beauté,
Qui parmi les douceurs d'un tranquille silence
Repusait sur un fauteuil, etc.

The affection of Mademoiselle Curchod was deeply engaged, and he was sufficiently in love to implore her to marry him without waiting for his father's sanction. But his passion seems always to have had the exaggeration of unreality, for Julie von Bondeli, the friend of Rousseau and of Wieland, describes him as waylaying the country people on their way to or from Lausanne, and demanding, at the point of a naked dagger, whether there existed a more adorable creature than Suzanne Curchod.

In April, 1758, Gibbon, engaged to be married to Mademoiselle Curchod, left Lausanne to return to England. The Seven Years' War, which, as Horace Walpole says, "reaches from Muscovy to Alsace and from Madras to California," rendered all roads more or less impracticable, and Gibbon tells his father that he shall travel as "a Swiss officer," with "Dutch regimentals and a passport from the Canton of I am pretty sure," he adds, "that my tongue won't betray me." He had been in England two months when he wrote to his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon, a letter which is interesting from the foretaste which it affords of the future historian's style, a style that is strikingly contrasted with the ease of his ordinary correspondence. Miss Hester Gibbon, it should be said, had taken William Law, the author of the Serious Call, for her spiritual adviser and almoner, and supported by her charities various educational and philanthropic institutions which Law administered at King's Cliff in North-"Though the public amptonshire. voice," writes her nephew and natural heir in July, 1758,

had long since accustomed me to think myself honored in calling Mrs. Gibbon my aunt, yet I never enjoyed the happiness of living near her, and of instructing myself not less by her example than by her precepts. Your piety, Madam, has engaged you to prefer a retreat to the world. Errors, justifiable only in their principle, forced my father to give me a foreign education. Fully disabused of the unhappy ideas I had taken up, and at last restred to myself, I am happy in the affection of the tenderest of fathers. May I not hope, Madam, to see my felicity compleat by the acquisition of your esteem and friendship? Duty and Inclination engage me equally to solicit them, all my endeavors shall tend to deserve them, and with Mrs. Gibbon I know that to deserve is to obtain.

Gibbon's mode of life would not perhaps have satisfied Miss Hester Gibbon. He had intended to pass his winters in London, and his summers with his father and stepmother at Beriton, near Petersfield in Hampshire. The first winter after his return from Lausanne was spent, according to this plan, in London, where he was negotiating the publication of his Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature He was without acquaintances in the fashionable world. though it was, even at this time, his ambition to be treated as a man of fashion. His few friends were chiefly literary men, whom he knew through David Mallet. The coffee-house which he frequented was the Smyrna in Pall Mall, the haunt of writers, and still tenanted by the shades of the Spectator and the Tatler. He belonged to no club, and lodged over a "linnen draper's" in New Bond Street, where he had "a very good first floor diningroom, bed-chamber, and light closet, with many conveniences, for a guinea and a half." His "very handsome chair" cost him twenty-seven shillings. His one fashionable acquaintance was Lady Hervey, the "beautiful Molly Lepel" of the Hanoverian Court in the early quarter of the century, the widow of the "Sporus" of Pope and the Boswell of Queen Caroline and George the Second, and the mother of three successive earls of Bristol.

His plans for the summer were disturbed by the calling out of the militia as a permanent force. The South Battalion of the Hampshire Militia, which he joined as captain, and of which he ultimately became colonel, was kept continuously "under arms, in constant pay and duty," from June, 1759, to December, 1762. No stranger position could be imagined for the future Francis Osbaldeston himhistorian. self was not more out of his element among his cock-fighting, fox-hunting, horse-couping cousins than was Gibbon in the society in which he was compelled to live. In his unpublished Diary he thus describes his brother officers: "no manners, no conversation, they were only a set of fellows all whose behavior was low, and most of whose characters were despicable." The sarcastic lines of Dryden might have been the motto of the battalion:

Of seeming arms they make a short essay; Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day.

His Diary is a curious mixture of criticism of Greek and Latin authors, analyses of the books which he read, reflections on historical characters, excursuses on Greek particles, and of such entries as the following:

August 22, 1762.—Last night Captain Perkins led us into an intemperance we have not known for some time past. I could do nothing this morning but spew. I scarce wonder at the Confessor who enjoined getting drunk as a penance.

August 28, 1762. —To-day Sir Thomas [Worsley, the Colonel of the Battalion] came to us to dinner. Pleased to see him, we kept bumperizing till after roll calling, Sir Thomas assuring us every fresh bottle how infinitely soberer he was grown.

September 29, 1762.—We drank a vast deal too much wine to-day, and had a most disagreeable proof of the pernicious consequences of it. I quarrelled when I was drunk with my good friend Harrison (the Lord knows for what), and had not some of the company been sober, it might have been a very serious affair.

Yet Gibbon had the good sense to see that his military training was an advantage to him. If it initiated him into one of the vices of the age, it also taught the raw youth, "quiet, retired, somewhat reserved" as he describes himself, to hold his own in the world. He agreed with Dr. Johnson in thinking that "a camp, however familiarly we may speak of it, is one of the great scenes of human life," and, from his own experience, he might have said with Lord Chesterfield that "Courts

and camps are the only places to learn the world in."

In the summer of 1762 the Seven Years' War began to draw to an end. Peace was in the air. Gibbon was preparing for the Grand Tour, on which his heart had long been set. His first step was to break off his engagement with Mademoiselle Curchod, for part of his plan was a visit to Lausanne. An attempt has been recently made to show that he behaved badly toward the girl whose affection he had won. Probably there were faults on both sides. He had heard from his friend M. d'Evverdun that Mademoiselle Curchod had been inconstant, and there is no reason to suppose that he did not be-When he reached lieve the report. Lausanne he received a letter from her in which she said that she had never ceased to love him. He thus comments upon it in his unpublished Diary:

J'ai reçu une lettre des moins attendues. C'étoit de Mademoiselle C. Fille dangereuse et artificielle! Elle fait une apologie de sa conduite depuis le premier moment qu'elle m'a connû, sa constance pour moi, son mepris de M. de Montplaisir, et la fidelité delicate et soutenue qu'elle a cru voir dans la lettre oû je lui annoncois qu'il n'y avoit plus d'espérance. Les voyages à Lausanne, les adorations qu'elle y a eû, et la complaisance avec laquelle elle les a ecouté formoient l'article le plus difficile à justifier. Ni d'Eyverdun (dit elle), ni personne, n'ont effacé pendant un moment mon image de son cœur. Elle s'amusoit à Lau-sanne sans y attacher. Je le veux. Mais ces amusements la convainquent toujours de la dissimulation la plus odieuse, et, si l'infidelité est quelquefois une foiblesse, la duplicité est toujours un vice. Cette affaire singulière en toutes ses parties m'a été très utile ; elle m'a ouvert les yeux sur le caractère des femmes et elle me servira longtemps de preservatif contre les seductions de l'amour.

In January, 1763, Gibbon left England for the Continent. His letters are not mere topographical descriptions, but are full of interest from their notes on men and things. In the eighteenth century we were almost continuously at war with France; yet we were then as popular with our avowed enemies as we are now disliked by our so-called friends.

What Cromwell wished [he writes from Paris] is now literally the case. The name of Englishman inspires as great an idea at Paris as that of Roman could at Carthage after the defeat of Hannibal. Indeed, the French are

almost excessive. From being very unjustly esteemed a set of pirates and Barbarians, we are now, by a more agreeable injustice, looked upon as a nation of Philosophers and Patriots.

His own position at Paris is interesting. On the score of his Essai, which in England was ignored, he was received as a man of letters. fly in the amber of his pleasure was that he could not satisfy his ambition to be regarded as a man of fushion. The salon at which he was most welcomed was that of Madame Geoffrin, the widow of a wealthy ice-merchant, and nicknamed by Madame du Deffand la mère des philosophes. His reception at Paris in 1777 was very different, and marks the advance that he had made in the social position, which he valued more highly than literary fame.

At Lausanne he lingered several months, engaged, as he tells his step-mother. "in a considerable work, which will be a most useful preparation to my tour of Italy." It is the first hint of the design which took shape at Rome in the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. "It is," he continues,

a description of the ancient Geography of Italy, taken from the Original writers. If I go into Italy with a work of that kind tolerably executed, I shall carry everywhere about with me an accurate and lively idea of the country, and shall have nothing to do but to insert in their proper places my own observations as they tend to confirm, to confute, or to illustrate what I have met with in books. I should not even despair, but that this mixture of study and observation, properly digested upon my return to England, might produce something not entirely unworthy the eye of the publick on a subject upon which we have no regular or compleat treatise.

With this object in view he worked hard at Lausanne and subsequently travelled through Italy. Scarcely a detail of his plan appears in his letters, which are rather written to distract his own mind from such serious subjects than to instruct his father and step-Here, for example, is a picture of Voltaire in his retirement at Ferney, which will serve as a sample of his letters from abroad. It should be mentioned that in 1757-58, when Voltaire was settled at Monrepos, Gibbon had seen him act in his tragedies of Zaire Alzire, Zulime, and his sentimental comedy, L'Enfant Prodigue.

After a life passed in courts and Capitals, the Great Voltaire is now become a meer country Gentleman, and even (for the honor of the profession) something of a farmer. He says he never enjoyed so much true happiness. He has got rid of most of his infirmities, and tho' very old and lean, enjoys a much better state of health than he did twenty years ago. His playhouse is very neat and well contrived, situated just by his Chappel, which is far inferior to it, tho, he says himself, "que son Christ est du meilleur faiseur de tout le pays de Gex." The play they acted was my favorite Orphan of China. Voltaire himself acted Gengis, and Madame Denys Idamé : but I do not know how it happened : either my taste is improved or Voltaire's talents are impaired since I last saw him. He appeared to me now a very ranting unnatural performer. Perhaps indeed as I was come from Paris, I rather judged him by an unfair comparaison than by his own independent value. Perhaps too I was too much struck with the ridiculous figure of Voltaire at seventy acting a Tartar Conqueror with a hollow broken voice, and making love to a very ugly niece of fifty. The play began at eight in the evening, and ended (entertainment and all) about half an hour after eleven. The whole Company was asked to stay and set Down about twelve to a very elegant supper of a hundred Covers. The supper ended about two, the company danced till four, when we broke up, got into our Coaches, and came back to Geneva just as the Gates were opened. Show me in history or fable a famous poet of Seventy who has acted, in his own plays, and has closed the scene with a supper and ball for a hundred people. I think the last is the more extraordinary of the

After Gibbon's return to England in June, 1765, he resumed his old manner of life, spending his summer months at Beriton and the winter in London, occupied either in literary work or in the less congenial task of endeavoring to extricate his father from his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1770 the elder Mr. Gibbon died, and the son succeeded to the wreck of what had once been an ample fortune. "Economy," he tells his aunt, Miss Hester Gibbon,

was not among my father's Virtues. The expences of the more early part of his life, the miscarriage of several promising schemes, and a general want of order and exactness involved him in such difficulties as constrained him to dispose of Putney, and to contract a mortgage so very considerable that it cannot be paid unless by the sale of our Buckinghamshire Estate. The only share that I have ever taken in these transactions has been by my sensibility to my father's wants and my compliance with his inclinations, a conduct

which has cost me very dear, but which I cannot repent. It is a satisfaction to reflect that I have fulfilled, perhaps exceeded, my filial duties; and it is still in my power with the remains of our fortunes to lead an agreeable and rational life.

Even this satisfaction he was at first denied. His stepmother had heard a rumor that his own imprudence was the cause of the financial difficulties. He repudiates the suggestion with some warmth and considerable diguity. "As a raw lad of one-and-twenty, unacquainted with law or business, and desirous of obliging" his father, he had consented to join in cutting off the entail and raising a mortgage of 10,000l. But he had none of the money for himself, neither was it raised to pay his His allowance was never more than 300l. a year, and on that he lived. He had never had any other debts than common tradesmen's bills, trifling in amount and annually paid. "I have never lost at play a hundred pounds at any one time; perhaps not in the course of my life. Play I neither love nor understand." He had probably. for the moment, forgotten his losses as a boy at Lausanne. "I should deserve the imputation," he continues, " could I submit to it with patience. As long as you credit it, you must view me in the light of a specious Hypocrite, who meanly cloaked his own extravagancies under his father's imprudence, and who ascribed to filial piety what had been the consequence of folly and necessity."

Gibbon was now a landed proprietor, and no man could be more unlitted for the part. For a few weeks the novelty of the position amused him, and he asks with some show of interest after the breaking in of the colt, the progress of the rot among the sheep, or the prospect of improved prices in wheat. He even hugs himself with self-satisfaction at the shrewd bargains which "Farmer Gibbon" has driven in letting his farms, or at the judgment with which he has sold his hops. But to a man of his tastes and temper the details of estate management and the strenuous idleness of country life grew intolerably irksome. Dilatory in his habits, his letters are a treasury of excuses for unpunctuality in correspondence. He had no country pur-

suits. His sporting friends are sav-" Neither a ages who hunt foxes. pack of hounds, nor a stable of running horses, nor a large farm" had any interest for him. Magisterial work did not appeal to him. "I detest," he says, "your races. I abhor your assizes." The rustic mind was unintelligible to him, and he to it. If his tenants wished to see him, he would make any concession to avoid a deputation of the "savages." While he is negotiating the sale of one of his estates, he has an interview with the agent and the proposed purchaser: "though we did not speak the same language," he says, "yet by the help of signs, such as that of putting about the bottle, the natives seemed well satisfied." In all matters of business he was careless, forgetful, impatient of legal forms, helpless as a child. If his signature is required to a deed, he is sure to sign his name in the wrong place. If he is asked to make interest on behalf of a friend, the letter is probably placed in the wrong enclosure, and "Lord Milton's heir was ordered to send me without delay a brown Ratteen Frock, and the Taylor was destired to use his interest with his cousin the Duke of Dor-It is not therefore surprising that he soon grew "tired of sticking to the earth by so many Roots," or that before many months Beriton was let, and Gibbon settled in London.

In 1773 he took from Lady Rous the lease of No 7 Bentinck Street. It was now that his real life began. was like a child with a new toy, immersed in the mysteries of furnishing, and closeted for hours with "Ireland, the Upholder." His library especially was to be a triumph of art. Mahogany "The pabookcases were proscribed. per of the Room will be a fine, shag, flock paper, light blue with a gold border, the Book-cases painted white, ornamented with a light frize: neither Doric nor Dentulated Adamic." Once settled in his house, with his books round him, he left his library with reluctance except for society.

This abominable fine weather [he says] will not allow me a quiet hour at home without being liable to the reproaches of my friends and of my own conscience. It is the more prov king as it drives me out of my own new, clean, comfortable, dear house, which I like better

every week I pass in it. I now live, which I never did before, and if it would but rain, should enjoy that unity of study and society in which I have always placed my prospect, of happiness.

London was to him never dull; there at least he could keep "the monster Ennui at a respectfull distance." For him its heat was always tempered; even its solitude was "delicious." In "the soft retirement of my bocage de Bentinck Street," the dog days pass unheeded.

Charming hot Weather! I am just going to dine alone. Afterward I shall walk till dark in my gardens at Kensington, and shall then return to a frugal supper and early bed in Bentinck Street. I lead the life of a true Philosopher, without any regard to the world or to fashion.

Master of a good house, possessed of rare conversational powers, as an Amphitryon où l'on dine, the giver of the prettiest little dinners imaginable," Gibbon soon made his way in London society. He had come up to the metropolis knowing only a few second-rate men of letters. His militia training had made him acquainted with the county members and a few of the county gentlemen of Hampshire and Berkshire. His grand tour had widened the circle of his friends. Now he was a welcome guest in London houses. The doors of exclusive clubs, though he was a bad whist-player and never gambled, were opened to him. joined the Catch Club; he became a member of Boodle's, of Almack's, and of Brooks's. At the latter he was a well-known figure. In some verses written by Richard Tickell in 1780 to celebrate the election of the Hon. John Townshend for the University of Cambridge occur the lines :-

Soon as to Brookes's thence they footsteps bend,

What gratulations thy approach attend! See Gibbon rap his box: auspicious sign That wit and classic compliment combine.

As M.P. for Liskeard and subsequently for Lymington (1774-84), his position was still more assured. The publication of the first volume of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in 1776 made him a literary lion. "I have the satisfaction," he writes to his stepmother, a month after the appearance of his book, "of telling you that

my book has been very well received by men of letters, men of the world, and even by fine feathered Ladies, in short by every set of people except perhaps by the Clergy, who seem (I know not why) to show their teeth on the occasion. A thousand Copies are sold, and we are preparing a second Edition, which in so short a time is, for a book of that price, a very uncommon event." Men of letters and men of fashion had been, for at least a hundred years, divided by a gulf which patronage scarcely pretended to span. Horace Walpole, indeed, dabbled in literature, though scholars unfairly sneered at his literary pretensions. Gibbon, on the other hand, forced the learned to admit that he was their master with their own weapons, and that his knowledge and industry were equal to his natural On the whole he bore his honors meekly. He makes no secret that his vanity was flattered by his success; but he remained the same goodnatured, kind-hearted man that he was before he woke to find himself famous throughout Europe.

His correspondence ripens under the pleasant sun of prosperity. For the amusement of his stepmother he becomes the Court newsman, the theatrical critic, the literary adviser, and even the retailer of gossip. It is for her benefit, for instance, that he tells the story of the duel to which Lord Bellamont challenged Lord Townshend, and its amusing sequel.

I am so unfashionable as not to have fought a duel yet. I suppose all the Nation will admire Lord B.'s behavior. I will give you one instance of his—call it what you please. Lord T's pistol was raised when he called out, "One moment, my Lord; Mr. Dillon, I have undertaken a commission from the French Embassador—to get him some Irish poplins. Should I fall, be so good as to execute it. Your Lordship may now fire."

Six weeks later, he writes again:

This morning, the fact is certain, an Address was delivered to Lord B. from the Grand Jury of the County of Dublin, thanking him for his proper and spirited behavior Incomparable Hibernians! A Judicial Body, appointed to maintain and execute the Laws, publicly appland a man for having broke them.

For his friend Holroyd, afterward Lord Sheffield, he collects the latest political intelligence, and flavors his reports with the most recent scandal of the clubs or the green room. Gibbon sat in Parliament throughout the American War; he was an intimate friend of Lord North, Charles James Fox, and Lord George Germain; he witnessed the overthrow of the favorite minister of George the Third, and the commencement of Pitt's parliamentary career. The times were full of excitement, and Gibbon, though a silent member, was a shrewd observer. Onlookers often see the most of the game. Some of the interest of the political letters lies in the restoration of passages which Lord Sheffield had suppressed. One example must suffice. In 1788 Fox paid Gibbon a visit at Lausanne, and he describes with enthusiasm the charm of that statesman's conversation. But Lord Sheffield omits the account of Mrs. Armstead, who was travelling with Fox, and of the effect which her "The wit and presence produced. beauty of his Companion," writes Gib-"are not sufficient to excuse the scandalous impropriety of showing her to all Europe, and you will not easily conceive how he has lost himself in the public opinion, which was already more favorable to his Rival. Will Fox never know the importance of character?"

Gibbon carefully studied for himself the questions at issue in the American War. From Israel Mauduit, the agent of Massachusetts Bay, and from Governor Hutchinson, he gathered material for forming an independent judg-"I think," he says, "I have sucked them very dry; and if my confidence was equal to my eloquence, and my eloquence to my knowledge, perhaps I might make no very intolerable Speaker." It is curious to note in his letters the apathy of Parliament on the "In this season and on America," he writes in May, 1775, "the Archangel Gabriel would not be heard." His own opinion was, on several points, adverse to the policy of the Government, which, except on one occasion, he steadily supported. was one of those indolent men who attach themselves to political leaders rather than to political principles. Lord North he felt a warm affection, and throughout voted with him, sometimes against his better judgment.

His speech would probably have been silver; his silence was certainly golden. In 1778 he was appointed a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, with a salary of 750l. a year. Fox believed that he had been bribed by office, and expressed the belief in the lines:—

King George, in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The story of England s diagrace,
Thought no way so sure
His pen to secure
As to give the historian place.

Gibbon held the appointment till the abolition of the office in 1782. The loss of it decided him to leave England, though his friends were influential and active, and he might have secured another post. He was rapidly getting into debt, and he was anxious to finish his History. In 1784 he settled at Lausanne, and there passed the remainder of his life. It was on his second visit to England, in 1793-94, that he died on the 16th of January, 1794, at 76 St. James's Street, the house of Peter Elmsley, the bookseller.

It may be asked, in what way do these letters raise the popular view of Gibbon's character? Indolent and easy-going as he was, he was capable of making moral resolutions and of adhering to them with determination. At one time Gibbon fell into the habit of excessive drinking, which was a vice of social life. But in 1764 at Lausanne, after a drunken orgy, he was made aware that he had forfeited the respect of his better friends, and he cured himself of the vic, without adopting the desperate remedy of total abstinence. It was an age when men staked their fortunes on the fall of Gibbon never gambled. was an age when the tone of society was grossly immoral. Gibbon could say in 1774: "You once mentioned Miss F[uller]. I give you my honor, that I have not either with her, or any other woman, any connection that could alarm a wife." He went into Parliament with the intention of obtaining a lucrative office. But he valued his own independence so highly that, to secure it, he not only toiled laboriously with his pen, but voluntarily exiled himself from England when, to a man of his age and tastes, such a wrench must have been severe.

For friendship he had a true genius. No trouble was too great to be taken for a friend, and this by a man who To be by the loved his ease to excess. side of Lord Sheffield, who had recently lost his wife, he hurried home to England from Lausanne at a time when the beginning of the Revolutionary War made his journey difficult, if not hazardous. He was a friend of children and a lover of dogs. letters about little "Datch" Holroyd, a son of his friend who died in childhood, shows his tender nature. dogs to which he attached himself were not the breeds that appeal to sportsmen; but the following passage from a letter, written to thank his stepmother for the gift of a Pomeranian, shows that he loved canine society:-

After drinking coffee in the Library, we went downstairs again, and as we entered the Parlor, our ears were saluted with a very harmonious barking, and our eyes gratified by the sight of one of the prettiest animals I ever saw. Her figure and coat are perfect, her manners genteel and lively, and her teeth (as a pair of ruffles have already experienced) most remarkably sharp. She is not the least fatigued with her voyage, and compleatly at home in Bentinck Street. I call her Bath. Gibbon would be ambiguous, and Dorothea\* disrespectful.

In a note accepting an invitation to Twickenham, he calls the Thames an "amiable creature." It is pleasing to relate that on his way he was upset into the water, and received a ducking for the affectation. But an affected manner could not conceal his kindness of heart. For his housekeeper, Mrs. Ford, he was careful to provide a support in her old age; his butler, Caplen, though he could not speak a word of French, refused a proffered pension

and insisted on following him to Lausanne. To young men and boys he took the pains, even when he was famous, to make himself agreeable. recollections of the younger Colman ິ" The great may be quoted as a proof. historian," says Colman, writing of a time when he was himself a boy, "was bright and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy: but it was done more sua (sic); still his mannerisms prevailed: still he tapped his snuff-box; still he smirked, and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good-breeding, as if he was conversing with men."

Above all, Gibbon was a straightforward, strictly honorable man. His relations and Lady Shetfield were always seeking him a wife, nor, as his letters show, was Gibbon averse to the idea of matrimony. But he made no secret of his opinions on questions of religion, and was careful that, if inquired into, they should be known. "The Lady Mother," he writes,

has given as proper an answer as can be expected. There is only one part of it which distresses me - Religion. Your evasion was very able; but will not prudence as well as honor require us being more explicit in the suite? Ought I to give them room to think that I should patiently conform to family prayers and Bishop Hooper's Sermons? I would not marry an Empress on those conditions.

After all, what occasion is there to inquire into my profession of faith? It is surely much more to the purpose for them to ask, how I have already acted in life—whether as a good son, a good friend, whether I game, drink, etc. You know I never practised the one, and in spite of my old *Dorsetshire* character, I have left off the other.

Gibbon had his faults; but, judged by the contents of these letters, and by the standard which he himself proposes, there can be but one answer to the questions he suggests, and that answer is emphatically in his favor.—

Nineteenth Century.

<sup>\*</sup> The Christian name of his stepmother.

### A HEROINE OF THE RENAISSANCE.

#### BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

In the Capella Feo of SS. Biagio and Girolamo at Forli is a fine fresco, painted by the great native artist Melozzo degli Ambrosoli. The picture, crowded with figures, represents the miracle wrought by St. James of Compostella, when he recalled into life some hens and hares that were already roasted for the table at which he sat As witnesses of this miracle, after the quaint fashion of the century, are represented, kneeling, Girolamo Riario, the elderly nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., and his wife Caterina Sforza. Bending over her, as though to ask an explanation of the wonder, is their eldest son, who resembles his mother—a fine curly-headed lad; while behind her, in the haughty pride of virile manhood, leans carelessly against a pillar Giacomo Feo, the hotly loved second husband of Caterina, to whose memory this picture was painted by her order after his cruel murder. Caterina is clad in the modest garb of a pilgrim, with staff and shoon; her head is swathed, so that we merely see her. profile. But what a head is this! What splendid energy in the large piercing eye, the small well-cut mouth, the strongly developed chin! beautiful was this woman, even in the early thirties, when this portrait was limned! How much more beautiful must she have been when young! No wonder that, gifted with every good gift of fate, fortune, beauty, intelligence, she turned the heads of her contemporaries, was known as la prima donna d'Italia, and has left her mark for all time. Moreover, was she not the ancestress of all the Medicean Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and hence of all the Bourbons from Louis XIII. downward? It is not surprising that such a figure has tempted many a biographer's hand; but it has been reserved for a modern Italian to do full justice to this remarkable woman, and he has raised to her memory a monu-mental work that leaves no 100m for a future word to be said on the subject. In fulfilling this pious act in favor of a

lady often maligned, much misunderstood, Count Pasolini almost effects a work of expiation. It would seem that when the great family of Sforza was as yet but named Attendoli, inhabiting Cotignola—a hamlet that lies betwixt Ravenna and Castel Bologuese —there arose at the end of the fourteenth century a bitter feud between the Pasolini and the Attendoli, who both desired the hand of a rich heiress The Sforza were conof those parts. quered in the strife. Now that no descendants of the Sforza remain on earth, the direct heir of the victor has devoted to the daughter of the man to whom his forebears did mortal injury, some years of earnest study as a species of atavistic expiation.

Caterina Sforza is certainly one of the most characteristic figures of thatrich and remarkable epoch, the fifteenth century—that great, glorious, terrible cinque cento when art, war, and adventure seemed to reach their zenith. The discovery of a new world, and the rapidly progressing corruption and disintegration of the Papal Church, were factors which could not fail to leave an indelible mark upon their age. woman whose eventful life forms the subject of this article lived through the reigns of three Popes-Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. Her sister married the Emperor Maximilian II., and she herself became by her marriage with Giovanni de' Medici, the ancestress of the later Stuarts, of the direct line of the kings of France, and of the present King of Spain. When the brutal Cæsar Borgia was devastating Italy, and neither the Duke of Milan nor the King of Naples dared oppose him, this woman, who knew not the word fear, intrenching herself in her castle of Forli, defied and resisted him. No soldier could fight better than she, no strategist could better defend and fortify a position, and yet she remained through all the vicissitudes of her most eventful life a true woman - beautiful, fascinating,

and admired. When she died at the early age of forty-six, three times a widow, she had touched during her lifetime the extremes of human splendor and human miserv. Her life is a compendium of that strange life of the middle ages whose wonderful remains greet the eye at every turn in modern Italy. lvy-mantled ruins, magnificent temples, glorious works of art, wild stories of battle and of crime, produce upon the mind of the student an impression which can perhaps be brought into coherence in no better way than by the exhaustive study of some one central figure, which, like the one before us, stands out unique and forcible, distinguished from the rest by qualities exclusively its own.

Caterina Sforza's strange individuality cannot be properly appreciated without an account of her ancestry, on the father's side at least, for her mother was an obscure personage. Her paternal great-grandfather was Giacomo, He was or Giacomuzzo, Attendolo. born in Cotignola, in the province of Faenza in Romagna, of a rich and noble family. His mother gave birth to twenty-one sons, who were all "nurtured in such a manner that they despised rich vestments, delicate food, and soft couches; and all had a certain valorous vigor of soul and body, by which they maintained the reputation of the family, which they often did by deeds of arms." This martial-minded ancestress unquestionably handed down some of her qualities to her descendant Caterina, the most perfect type of the Amazon of the middle ages, as sung by Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. narrated that one day in the year 1382, as Muzzo Attendolo, then thirteen years old, was quietly working on his father's land, he heard the sounds of fife and drum. These warlike strains announced the advent of some soldiers belonging to the Company of Boldrino da Panicale, who were out searching "Oh, Muzzo!" they for recruits. cried, "away with the spade, and come with us in search of fortune." Muzzo listened to them, hesitated awhile, and then flung his spade against a tree, resolved if it adhered there to follow the soldiers, but if it dropped to the ground, to stay at home. The spade,

NEW SERIES - VOL. LXIV., No. 3.

flung by so powerful an arm, remained in the tree, and Muzzo, helping himself to one of his father's horses, stole off that same night and joined the camp. After two years he returned to visit his family. "I left them without taking leave," he said; "let me at least give them the satisfaction of knowing that I am alive and well." But he thought, spoke, and dreamt only of arms and armies. " Be then a man-at arms," said his father, and, mortgaging a farm, he bought him four horses, arms, and accoutrements. With these Muzzo set off again, taking with him a train of relations, young and martial like himself. He was so strong and fierce that his comrades speedily bestowed on him the nickname of Sforza, per certo indomito vigor d'animo, little dreaming how worldfamous that name was to become. Restless by nature, he would listen eagerly to the tales told of the valiant captains of his day-Broglie di Chieri, Biordo, and Acuto (as the Italians call-Sir John Hawkswood). "I am as good as they," he thought; "can I not drive out the strangers who have turned Romagna into a lake of blood?" For horrible massacres had devastated the land and filled it with terror. Now among the Italians who had risen in revolt against the foreign mercenaries Ziberigo di Balbiano was conspicuous, and it was he who drew Sforza and his Attendoli after him to war. Recruiting companies passed from house to house, rousing the youths with tales of the pleasures that waited on the soldier's trade, until the fields were abandoned to old men and women. Sforza joined the "Company of St. George," composed entirely of Italians who had sworn never to turn their backs upon their foreign enemies. Thus it was that the fortunes of the House of Sforza arose with the new birth of . Italian valor. And Sforza was to prove the greatest and most fortunate of these capitani di ventura, serving alternately four Popes and four kings. On the death of Ladislaus of Naples he attached himself to his sister, Queen Joanna, who "consulted him in all matters of importance, and treated most familiarly and affectionately" the handsome soldier. Indeed he became

her lover, and she created him Commander-in-Chief of her troops. though he rose so high, Muzzo always retained traces of his peasant origin. Thus he knew well the value of money, though he used it as a means, not an He never wrote down his accounts, but also never made a mistake in figures. He could have money whenever he needed it, because, according to a chronicler of the period, "of the singular love which all the bankers bore to him." His camp discipline was severe: no robbing was allowed; traitors were straightway strung up to the nearest tree and abandoned to the birds of the air. A stain or rust on armor or accourrements provoked a beating. He who had not a fine plume upon his helmet was hissed and disgraced. Sforza would have his nien-at-arms be splendid in their equipment. No gambling or swearing was permitted. On leisure days the captain joined his men in gymnastic feats, surpassing all in strength and agility. He encouraged the reading aloud of tales of chivalry, and offered rewards for translations of the warlike histories of Greece and Rome. The art of writing he never mastered. If he needed to communicate he would dictate, signing his letters with a cipher he had invented while shut up in the Castel del He employed no Ovo at Naples. clerks but friars, saying they were the best spies, for under the excuse of rego anywhere. ligion they could "Have you three enemies?" he said. " Make peace with the first, a truce with the second, then come down with all your might on the third and smuch him well." In battle he was rash. Often his soldiers had, like those of Victor Emmanuel, to rush after him into the thick of combat, forcing him with oaths and tears to save himself. He contended that a good soldier must look out for a good cause and not fight for pay only, yet he should never exult at the death of his enemies. vant of all religious forms, and hearing mass daily, he yet objected to all exaggerations, deeming it "hypocrisy and stupidity to bother the Almighty with long ceremonies." His matrimonial relations were, to say the least, irregular. Francesco, his heir and mental

successor, was the son of one of his mistresses.

In January, 1424, Sforza, then aged fifty-five, was fighting a battle at the mouth of the river Pescara, when suddenly a strong north wind sprang up, the sea rolled heavily, and the river rose. Certain of his squadrons had remained on the farther bank, afraid to pass. Sforza, who had already crossed, signed to them to come on, and when they still hesitated, dashed into the stream to encourage them. Half-way across he looked back, and saw that his favorite page, who had followed him, was sinking. "Ah, poor boy !" he cried, "is there no one to help you?" and learning sideways from his horse, he caught him by the hair. But in so doing he had jerked the reins—the horse, a fiery young charger, reared, and caught his heels in the river-mud, causing his rider to lose his seat. Impeded by his heavy armor, Sforza was unable to regain the shore, drowning just where the impetuous current of the river joined the billows of the sea. Twice his mailed hands were seen to clasp themselves together above the waves. No one dared brave the raging flood to rescue him. All this took place just when the victory was all but certain, for the enemy had been driven back into the walls of Pescara. At that moment a soldier, pale and gasping, ran up to Francesco Attendolo, and told him of his father's fate. Instantly on every side arose lamentations and cries of discouragement. Francesco, unmoved, continued to fight until the victory was assured. A few hours after he sought the fatal flood, crossing it in a crazy little boat, and rowing with an oar he had rudely shaped from the branch of Kneeling barcheaded, unmoved by the darts which the enemy, who caught sight of him, directed at his frail bark, he pushed to the opposite bank, where the old soldiers of Sforza crowded weeping around him. "Be faithful to me," he said, "as you have been to my father; follow me, and with God's help I will lead you to glory and fortune." They accepted his offer then and there. But of the first great Sforza's body no trace was ever found.

Francesco's first move was to offer his services to Joanna of Naples. The quéen came riding out to meet the returning army. Scarcely did she catch sight of him than she burst into tears. "Oh Sforza, Sforza!" she cried, "at least your name shall live. You shall be Francesco Sforza; this shall be the name of your brothers and your sons until all time." Such was the origin of the great and noble name.

Francesco retained no trace of the rusticity which had characterized his A distinguished soldier, he had already won twenty-two battles. More than once he might have been made prisoner; but when he appeared his presence carried all before it, his enemies threw down their weapons and hailed him "the common father of all men-at-arms." Like his sire, he held before his mental vision one constant His was to acquire a crown. What valor and success in arms had initiated matrimony completed. Bianca Maria, daughter of Filippo Maria, the last of the Visconti, brought him the rights and privileges of an ancient The death of Filand princely name. ippo Maria found Francesco Sforza and his wife at Francesco's ancestral home of Cotignola. With 4000 horse and 2000 foot-soldiers he instantly set off for Cremona, which was his wife's by right of dowry. Filippo's widow, Maria of Savoy, was still living; but Bianca, the wife of Sforza, was not her Her mother was Agnese daughter. del Maino, a mistress of the late duke. It must always be borne in mind that in the middle ages the position of illegitimate children was entirely different from what it is to-day. Catherine Sforza herself was, as we shall see, the illegitimate daughter of a married woman. Natural children were generally treated as on a par with those born wedlock. Consequently Bianca Maria Visconti could bring with her all the prestige and rights of a legiti-The widow, who wished mate heiress. to dispute her rights, called in the aid of her family, the House of Savoy. Francesco, then Captain-General of the Milanese forces, allied himself with the Venetians, and, after the victory of Caravaggio, laid siege to Milan and entered it, victorious, in February,

1450. His entry was made in the most republican style; he allowed the famished multitude to pillage his soldiers, whom he compensated for their The Milanese, proud of having the great chief for their ruler, had prepared a triumphal car and a robe of cloth-of-gold; but he refused them, saving that he was going to church to thank God, before whom all men were equal, and that such honors were "su-

perstitions of kings."

Francesco Sforza was certainly the ideal soldier of fortune. At seventy he appeared at a congress of princes in Mantua, riding erect like a young man, and mentally fresher than many there He was grave, handsome. affable, and calm. None ever left his presence angry or disappointed. tried his best to maintain justice, and was always respectful to religion. In an age of bitter feuds and intolerance he founded the great hospital at Milan for the benefit of all sick persons, irrespective of distinctions of country or of creed. He recognized every one of his subjects and soldiers, and called them by their Christian names (his father remembered the names even of his soldiers' horses). To his wife Bianca he was a loving husband; he liked to have his sons about him whenever possible, and interested himself carefully in their education and train-Certainly Bianca Maria was a woman to love—beautiful, brave, and intelligent. Once, during her hasband's absence, hearing that the castle of Monza had revolted, she assembled her soldiers, saving, "Who loves me will follow me," and on foot, at the head of her troops, she appeared before the rebels, who promptly yielded up the stronghold. She it was who counselled the Milanese to receive her husband and herself, promising that in Francesco they would find a father and a brother. Thus it was she who won for him her paternal State. observance of her religious duties she was strict, "fasting like a nun." So carefully had she been educated that she was able to direct her sons' education, setting them themes in Latin. Yet she never overlooked that they were "to be brought up as princes, and not as litterati. The manners of

these youths were the wonder of all who visited the Court. Some flaw there must have been, however, in the system, for none of them did credit to it in later life. Francesco Sforza died the 8th March, 1466. That same night Bianca convoked the Milanese princes and exacted their oaths of fealty to her person. She also notified the sad event to the other Italian rulers-in fact did all that was needful; but, says an eye-witness, "her aspect moved all men to pity." At once she took up the reins of that Government which she had saved for her son, and held them with such wisdom that in all Italy she was spoken of with reverence. But the new Duke was rebellious-he complained that "he was treated like a boy;" and rendered yet more haughty by his marriage with Bona of Savoy, through whom he had become connected with the King of France, he grew at last so insolent that his unhappy mother left Milan to seek shelter in her own city of Cremona. Halting at Melegnano, she was taken ill, and died blessing her children and commending her servants to their care.

Such were the paternal antecedents of Caterina Sforza, characters who, both by heredity and tradition, exercised a strong influence upon her nature, which especially bore strongly the impress of her great-grandfather, Muzzo Attendolo, the peasant of Cotignola.

Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Caterina's father, was not the equal of either his father or grandfather. He was rash, brutal, ferocious. Never having had to overcome obstacles, his character was without balance or self-control. He was ambitious of outshining every other Court in splendor and profusion, knowing that thus he could render himself popular with the multitude, Hence he surrounded himself with learned men and artists, and, like many modern sovereigns, was himself desirons of literary fame. He certainly did not lack all civic virtues: thus he permitted no robbery in public offices, and he protected the freedom Nevertheless he wrote to one of trade. of his treasurers, "Take care that our subjects do not obtain the liberty which exists in Savoy," where at this time (1474) a representative system of

government already prevailed. contemporary called him "a monster of vice and virtue." Little by little the Court and city became corrupted by his example, until "niodesty was reputed uncivilized." Galeazzo lies under the suspicion of having poisoned his mother. His deeds in Milan do not contradict this imputation. fore marrying Bona of Savoy he was contracted to another bride, Dorotea of Mantua. This Dorotea "died suddenly" at the age of nineteen in a convent at Cremona. Her death was, to say the least of it, so convenient that Galeazzo is also suggested to have had a hand in it. His marriage with Bona was celebrated by proxy. She proved an excellent wife for the eccentric and capricious Galeazzo. Many were the victims saved by her intercession from his wrath. By her he had three sons and two daughters, besides his five natural children, one of whom was the great and famous Caterina Sforza.

Caterina's mother was a certain Lucrezia, the wife of a Court official, a most beautiful woman, who was Galeazzo's first love, for his connection with her dated from his seventeenth year. The first mention of this favorite daughter occurs in a letter written by Galeazzo when in camp to his mother, Bianca Maria Visconti. The five-yearold child was ill, and had been left in the care of her paternal grandmother, and the anxious father sent two special messengers to ask for her news. had already legitimatized her and The date adopted her in every sense. of Caterina's birth is uncertain. was about 1463, and occurred either at Pavia or Milan. Notwithstanding the fact that the child was taken from her, Caterina's mother always remained on friendly terms with her daughter. was with her in Forli when Caterina's first husband was murdered, and also at the time Caterina defended the citadel against Cæsar Borgia, and it seems likely that she survived her heroic This domestic arrangement, which would seem so peculiar at the present day, produced no scandal at that period of easy-going morals, when the word of a father rendered the position of a natural child absolutely equal to that of those born in wedlock.

The pious Bona of Savoy knew and accepted the situation, and always treated Caterina in all respects like her own daughter. From earliest childhood she must have been exceedingly beautiful and intelligent, and seems to have been a general favorite. She was promised in marriage by her father, while still a child, to Count Onorato Torelli, son of the Captain-General of the ducal troops; but Onorato died, and a more brilliant horizon opened out before our heroine. Caterina was most carefully educated. The Duke. her father, prided himself on his culture, and his Court was filled with learned men. Hence masters were easily found for the children. Italian princesses of the humanistic epoch were without exception well educated, enjoying the same privileges as their brothers, and receiving the same At the Italian classical training. courts of that period the position of women was in no way inferior to that of men. Matrimony was considered more as the alliance of two equal Powers than the merging of one individuality in another; and women were often called upon to reign, either independently or as regents for husbands or sons, and this had to be borne in mind in their education.

The first important event of Caterina's life was a visit she paid to Florence with her father. 'Lorenzo de' Medici was then ruling, and Galcazzo, who had possessed himself of Imola, was anxious to secure the Medici sanction to the proceeding; so, on pretext of a vow made to the Santissima Annunziata, he voyaged to the Medician On this occasion Caterina figured as the eldest daughter of the house of Sforza. The journey was long in those days, the entertainment magnificent, so that the child never forgot it, retaining to her life's end a warm attachment to Florence and the Florentines.

Sixtus IV, that papal libertine, best remembered in these latter days in connection with the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, which he founded, enjoys the unenviable reputation of having been the first Pope who set the example of aggrandizing his own family at the expense of the Church treasury, and in

defiance of all principle and example. According to Macchiavelli, he was the Pope who was to show the world how many matters, hitherto judged as wrong, could be committed under the ægis of papal authority. His predecessor had been a miser, and was known to have left the coffers of the Holy See Nevertheless Sixtus well plenished. averred that there was no money in the coffers. He had sprung from a fisherman's family called Rovere, and it was thanks to Galeazzo that he had been chosen as one of the cardinals to whose papal election the Duke would oppose no veto. Hardly was he Pope than the papal Court was crowded with Rovere, collected there in order to bask under the shadow of this oak tree\* whose golden acorns fell into their lap. He had several real or supposed nephews, one of whom afterward became the famous Pope Julius II. other nephews, the reputed sons of a sister married to a cobbler called Riario, soon after the Pope's accession began to display so much luxury and wealthy profusion that it was felt certain this could only be maintained at the expense of the treasures of the Church. Cardinal Pietro Riario even went so far as to shock the Court of Romenot easily scandalized—by his vices and frantic expenditure. Another, Girolamo Riario, was so all-powerful that he was nicknamed the Arch-Pope. Galeazzo Sforza, in his capacity of Duke of Milan, had undertaken to arrange a marriage for this Girolamo, which marriage, owing to the bridegroom's behavior, came to nothing. The Duke, fearing the Pope's displeasure, offered to give instead his own daughter Caterina, then ten years old. The offer was accepted, and the beautiful child became the betrothed bride of this dissolute relative of the head of the Church. " No scruple, no consideration, no respect, no pity, was evinced for Caterina in all this," says Pasolini. "She was but the docile instrument of the paternal policy." The betrothal took place with the usual ceremonies of ring and kiss, and in September of the same year (1473) the magnificent young cardinal, Pietro Riario, paid a

<sup>\*</sup> The Rovere crest was an oak.



On this occasion the visit to Milan. marriage contract between his brother and the young Caterina was signed, while Galeazzo on his part signed an instrument by virtue of which the city of Imola, of which the Dukes of Milan had obtained possession, was to become the property of the Church, to be held in vassalage thereunto. Thus arose the pretensions of the Borgias, which were to prove so fatal to Caterina in later years. From Milan Cardinal Pietro went to Venice, where his doings were "the cause of wonder and scandal." Soon after his return to Rome he died, to the great grief of the His death placed Girolamo Riario at the very summit of greatness. He inherited his brother's wealth and all his influence over Sixtus.

It was soon after this that occurred the tragic event whose memory dominated Caterina's entire life. There lived at the Court of Milan a certain professor, Cola Montana. He was one of those beings who, lacking all practical sense, nevertheless presume to revolutionize the world without any understanding of logical sequence and the irresistible necessity of facts. Nowadays we should perhaps call him a revolutionary nihilist. He had been publicly chastised for a satire he published on the Duke, ill-advised certainly, even if perhaps but too well deserved, for Galeazzo had become after his manifold successes a very monster of violence and tyranny. Cola Montana, who had many pupils, instilled into them the most inflammatory doctrines. For him Catiline was the first of heroes, and the slaying of a tyrant the noblest of actions. Among his pupils there were three to whom these doctrines especially commended themselves. was Carlo Visconti, of the family that had been dispossessed by the Sforza; another was Andrea Lampugnani, who had been condemned to death by Francesco Sforza, and pardoned by Galeazzo; and yet another was Girolamo This last was a weak-mind-Olgiati. ed, romantic creature, whose head had been turned by dreaming over the examples of classical heroism, and who was probably of much the same temperament as Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. These three

personages concocted a conspiracy against the life of Galeazzo. They resolved to murder him during some public festival. They knew that it was not safe to attack him in his castle, nor while hunting or banqueting. What place so appropriate as a church? So the plan was resolved on, and the three invoked St. Stephen to bless the success of their undertaking, which they had resolved should take place in his church. . A detailed account of Galeazzo's murder was given by a servant of the Duchess, an eyewitness. He tells how it was always the habit of the Sforzas to spend Christmas with their family. At Christmas-time. 1476, Galeazzo was fighting for Filibert of Savoy against Charles the Bold. He had been warned at Rome by astrologers that danger threatened him. A comet had been seen, three ravens ominously flew over his head, nevertheless he kept on his journey toward But his attendants noticed Milan. that he seemed in "a black humor," and entered the city gates without a word of welcome to his dependents. He further commanded that mass should be said in mourning vestments in place of those gay ones proper to the festal day, and he would only listen to lugubrious chants. The day after Christmas, St. Stephen's Day, Duchess Bona dreamed a bad dream. She begged her spouse not to visit St. Stephen's Church, but to hear mass elsewhere. However, it was found that the Court chaplain had already gone, so Galeazzo set out on foot from the castle to follow him and attend to his devotions. Before he went he sent for his children, and it seemed as though he could not kiss them enough. The streets were slippery with ice and snow, so that he repented of his resolve to walk, and decided to proceed on horseback. His body-servant, who had taken a short cut, reached the church before him. He noticed that Lampugnani, Visconti, and Olgiati were all standing by the door together, and could not imagine why. He was soon to know. Galeazzo Maria Sforza, at the time a handsome man of thirtytwo, came riding up, dismounted from his steed, and entered the church just as the choir was singing " Sic transit gloria mundi." Lampugnani pressed forward, calling out, "Make way! make way!" Arrived in front of the Duke, he bent his knee as if to present a petition, and in doing so he stabbed him in the stomach with a dagger he had hidden in his sleeve. Instantly the two other conspirators rushed upon their prey, who had called out just once "Oh, our Lady!" and then spoke no more. Lampugnani was instantly seized by the Duke's Moorish groom and slain on the spot. A terrible fight ensued in the church. The women, who had come in full dress to this festal service, were robbed of their jewels. At last the Duke's guard succeeded in driving out the crowd, when three corpses were found on the pavement-that of the Duke, of his groom, and of Lampugnani. The Duke's body was carefully tended, and laid out in the sacristy. A troop of roughs entered the building, seized the body of Lampugnani, tied a cord to its leg, and dragged it through the streets. Bona of Savoy heard the dread news, like a true daughter of her House, ever noted for its civil courage, she did not lose her head. She sent the ducal ornaments and a pall of cloth-of-gold, which her husband had given her "in case of his sudden death," to the church, whence the Duke's body was carried and buried that same night in the cathedral. The Milanese, meanwhile, instead of rising in favor of the conspirators, were furious at the murder of the Duke. The hired assassins who had assisted the murderers were all killed on the spot, Visconti and Olgiati were tortured and executed. Olgiati confessed the whole story, whose details, full of interest, are given in extenso in the pages of Pasolini. This unhappy youth consoled himself for his torments by writing Latin verses, and by anticipating for himself "deathless fame" as the reward of his exploit. He said that had he had ten lives, he would have given them all in Cola Montana, the such a cause. original instigator, was, after many vicissitudes, taken and hung.

When Pope Sixtus IV. heard of the foul end of Galeazzo, he exclaimed, "The peace of Italy is dead!" In very truth this event was the signal for

the outbreak of new wars, internal feuds, and foreign invasions. Bona, the fervent Catholic, deeply distressed that her husband should have died unconfessed and unabsolved, obtained from the Pope his posthumous absolution, and in return for this favor she paid out a very heavy sum of money to be spent for pious and charitable purposes. At the time of this tragedy Caterina Sforza was fourteen. mourned her father sincerely, and she also trembled for her own fate. But the Pope and his nephew, thinking, perchance, that there was a prospect of securing the Duchy of Milan by means of this marriage with Caterina, showed themselves quite willing to fulfil their part of the contract. ceremony was performed by proxy, without pomp, owing to the Duke's recent death. On April 24, 1477, Caterina Riario Sforza left Milan for her From Parma she husband's house. wrote an affectionate letter to the Duchess Bona, in which she commends herself to her good mother's prayers, and a yet longer one from Imola to her sister, in which she gives an account of her solemn reception there as the wife of the city's lord. She writes that she was greeted with "verses and representations, after the Florentine fashion." She commends her servants, and especially her nurse, in the kindest manner to the Duchess's good care, and she expresses herself as unhappy beyond words at her absence from On the 13th of May Caterina set out from Imola for Rome. and her whole suite accomplished the journey on horseback. In all the towns in which they halted she was received with regal honors. On the 24th she was met by the Bishop of Parma, the representative of the Duchy of Milan at Rome. The next morning she was met, seven miles from the city, by her husband. On meeting they both dismounted and exchanged kisses. Then they rode together to Ponte Molle, where curious crowds came out to meet them. They halted that night at Ponte Mario, and next day the Pope in person remarried his nephew, with all the pomp of the Church, to the girl-bride, whom the Pope styled his nipote santissima. The mass sung on

this occasion lasted three hours, the banquet no less than five. The wedding presents were estimated at a value of 14,000 ducats. The bridegroom's gift, a pearl necklace, was in itself worth alone 5000 ducats.

Caterina was at the time accounted the most beautiful woman in all Europe, and as clever as she was handsome. Her worldly position was splendid, and until the death of Sixtus IV. her outer life consisted of one long series of feles and pleasures. But the surroundings were not sympathetic to the young girl. Moreover, her husband was a weak cowardly being, absolutely unfitted to be the companion of a fearless daughter of the Sforzas. Further, he was treacherous and wicked, and not a man to inspire her with respect or love. In 1479 there were great rejoicings in the Riario palace over the birth of Caterina's eldest son, who was baptized Ottaviano (she had already borne her husband a daughter). His godfather was Rodrigo Borgia, the Spanish cardinal, who became the infamous Alexander VI., Caterina's most cruel enemy in years to come. In August, 1480, Girolamo Riario was made lord of Forli, displacing the family of Ordelaffi, who had hitherto reigned there—an event which proved to be the letting out of troubled waters in later years. In 1481 Caterina accompanied her husband in a solemn progress through the Romagna, on which occasion they also visited Venice. The young wife delighted every one by her beauty, the splendor of her apparel, her affability, modesty, and intelligence. She moved fearlessly and unaccompanied among the people, whose goodwill she speedily won; while her husband, who had been connected discreditably with the Pazzi conspiracy, shut himself up in the Forli citadel, timid and afraid. In order to win the good graces of his new subject, however, Girolamo played the liberal. Thus certain taxes were abolished, with after consequences of a grave charac-At Venice the Riarii were received with immense splendor, nevertheless they did not accomplish the political objects of their mission. than one conspiracy was unmasked, and groups of victims dangled by the

neck from the battlements. Lorenzino de' Medici is suspected of having had a hand in these plots. After some months spent in skirmishes, plots, and counter-plots, schemes and discussions, the Riario couple returned to Rome. How active an interest Caterina already took in the political events of her day is proved by a letter written by her to the Signoria of Genoa, in which she announces the news of the victory of Campo Morto, just brought her from the camp by special envoy. the years spent by Caterina at Riario's side formed her political education. When she was called upon, after his death, to fend for herself, we find her a complete mistress of the art of statesmanship-astute, cautious, intrepid, far-sighted, of male during, veiled at times, for her own purposes, with a feint of female shyness and timidity. It was not for nothing that Caterina boasted herself the true descendant of Galeazzo Maria, and that she bore his brain under her female head of hair.

Meanwhile, as time went on, Girolamo grew yet more treacherous and cruel. A dramatic story is told of another nephew of the Pope's, Antonio Bassi, who, when dying of fever, sent for Girolamo and spoke his mind to him once for all, accusing his cousin of such a list of crimes that those present left the room lest they might be compromised by hearing more. Caterina, meanwhile, was negotiating on her own account with her relatives at Milan, and with Lorenzino de' Medici at Florence, willing, and able too, to make friends and alliances apart from her husband. At the same time she attended to her already numerous family of children and to her household, and found, besides, the time for serious reading.

Meantime Sixtus, the Pope "without religion or conscience," as a contemporary called him, was dying. Some ill-success in arms had distressed him so greatly as to induce fever, which was followed by gout; and when he at last learned of the peace of Bagnolo, which left him and his nephew with empty hands, he was broken down and gave up the ghost. His corpse was carried with scant ceremony into St. Peter's Church, and watched all night

only by one Franciscan friar. Girolamo Riario was in camp at the time. By this death, from virtual ruler of Rome he sank to be simply a captain in the service of the States of the Church, bound to obey the orders of the College of Cardinals, who bade him desist from besieging the stronghold of the Colonnas and return to protect Rome, thrown into confusion by the Pope's demise. Girolamo obeyed. But Caterina had her own views on the When the Pope's death occurred she was with her husband at Paliano, and when he received the order to proceed to Ponte Molle she rode back to Rome, and, boldly entering Castel Sant' Angelo, announced her intention of remaining there, in com-mand of the castle as her husband's deputy, until the election of the new Pope should be over. Full well did this clever woman know that whoever was master of the Castle of St. Augelo was also master of Rome. By her own authority she deposed the governor of the citadel, and announced to the College of Cardinals, without much ceremony or great circumlocution of speech, that she should defend the castle if need be by force of arms, and should deliver it up only to the new Pontiff. This, she declared, was the will of Six-When an envoy from the Cardinals came to harass her she said, "Oh, I see he wishes to try which is the cleverest of us both. It seems he does not know that I carry the brain of Duke Galeazzo and am as headstrong as he The Cardinals saw that they must reckon with this energetic wom-Many of them refused to attend the conclave until "that female" should have evacuated the castle, declaring they would not defile past her. Caterina refused to budge. The Cardinals then resorted to Girolamo. They promised him, if he would induce his wife to evacuate the fortress and return to Romagna, that he should have 8000 ducats, the arrears of pay due to him for his soldiers from Sixtus, as well as compensation for his palace, which had been sacked by the mob. Girolamo was tempted by this bait and yielded, and in order to expedite matters the Cardinals themselves advanced the necessary moneys for the promised

But Girolamo had reckoned sum. without lris wife. Caterina still would not budge. He had made the compact, but she did not consider herself bound to abide by it. She reprovisioned the castle and brought in some 150 more foot-soldiers. When the Cardinals searned this, they were beside themselves with anger. They threatened not to keep to the rest of their bargain, and sent her a deputation of eight Cardinals, among whom was her uncle, Ascanio Sforza. Out of consideration for her blood-relation she let down the drawbridge, and from that moment she was forced to yield. The prelates were unanimous in insisting on her departure. On August 25th Caterina stepped on the drawbridge, looking pale and wan, and no wonder. She was surrounded by her familyfor she had had all her children with her, her servants, and her men-atarms. On September 4th she entered Forli together with her husband, and on the 7th the Riario received from the new Pope, Innocent VIII., the reconfirmation of their rights over Imola and Forli, with the stipulation, however, that the couple must henceforth abide in the Romagna, and avoid Rome.

Meantime all Rome was rejoicing that the iniquitous Girolamo had been forced to leave the city which had been the theatre of his crimes. Pope Innocent VIII. and Cardinal della Rovere, afterward Julius II., were now the real rulers of Rome.

But bad times were in store for the Riario couple. Even while Sixtus was living, and Girolamo could draw without limit on the papal coffers and the papal authority, he had found it difficult to hold the Romagna, always even to this day a turbulent province. He found the towns divided among themselves, at feud with one another, and surrounded by envious foes, who only waited their opportunity to bear down The inhabitants were even on them. poorer than when Girolamo, in the first flush of possession, had remitted their taxes. Discontent stalked abroad, danger lurked in the air; and, to aggravate matters, there was famine in the land. In vain did Girolamo dispense coins, lower the tax on wheat, and spend money on buildings.

enemies could always find support from Lorenzino de' Medici, who had allied himself to the new Pope by giving a daughter in marriage to one of the Pope's sons. Hence the need for always keeping a large army. After a year Girolamo's coffers were exhaust-The taxes had to be reimposed. At this the famished impoverished people naturally revolted, and, but for Caterina's pluck and her ascendancy over them, a general massacre might have occurred. Meanwhile the cowardly Girolamo took fear and quitted Forli for Imola, which he deemed more loyal, leaving a substitute who was charged to oppress the people in every way. Caterina happened to be absent at the time, enlisting the support of her powerful relatives at Milan. On reaching Imola she found Girolamo very ill. "What will become of Forli if my husband dies?" she asked herself, for she mistrusted the man who held the citadel in their name. owed him money, too, which made matters worse. Should Girolamo die he might easily make himself master of the city, and oust Caterina's son. She resolved on stratagem. Mounting her horse, she rode in one night over to Forli, appeared before the fortress, and summoned the governor to admit her in the name of her husband and deliver up the keys. This he refused He called down to his mistress that he had heard his master was dead; he would not deliver up the castle until he was paid, nor should he perchance do so even then. Now Caterina knew how matters stood. She rode back again to Imola, but not before she had concocted a little trap for this unruly servant, into which he fell, and which resulted in his murder in a drunken brawl. His murderer took possession of the fortress, drew up the drawbridge, and intrenched himself. When a breathless rider brought the news to Imola, Caterina, although she was near her confinement, at once mounted her horse and galloped as hard as its feet would go to Forli, and appeared at the foot of the castle ere ever its inmates could have deemed it She commanded the new governor, who was an old acquaintance -no less than the governor of the Cas-

tle of St. Angelo, whom she had deposed—to deliver up the stronghold. After a long debate he yielded at last to Caterina's imperiousness, and the following day Caterina, attended by only one female servant, took possession, rode back to Imola, then rode back again to Forli, bringing with her as new governor Tommaso Feo of Savona, one of her trusty servants, whom she installed, and announcing to the astonished population that there was a governor in the castle now after her own heart, remounted her horse, never halting for ten hours till she reached Imola, to give birth after a few days to her son Francesco Sforza. Nor was this all. Not many days had passed since this confinement before the trusty new governor announced to his mistress that a conspiracy, instigated by the Ordelaffi, had been discovered. Instantly this brave woman arose from her sick-bed, remounted her steed, and flew to Forli. The six chief conspirators were beheaded by her orders, and their heads gibbeted on the city gate, and the rest punished according to their deserts.

Now since the real lord of Forli was never seen, and no one but his wife was permitted to enter his sick-room, the news very naturally spread that he was dead, and that Caterina was concealing the fact in order to ensure dominion to herself. That this was not so, however, was soon to be seen. One day in November, though still weak and ailing, Girolamo rode to Forli to see how matters stood with his own eyes. It was but a poor look-out. The winter proved hard; the burghers had lost respect for their master; he could not pay his way, and angry rumors were heard on all sides whenever he showed himself. Even Caterina's presence could no longer stem the rising tide of discontent. Prime leaders of the turbulent faction were the powerful family of Orsi, and it was they who resolved on the murder of Girolamo. The deed was done with great audacity. On April 14, 1488, Checco d'Orsi, captain of the watch, with two hirelings, walked unannounced into the apartment where the Duke was at supper. The meal was just over, and Girolamo was talking with his guests.

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When he saw Checco enter he stretched out his hand to him and asked what he desired at this unwonted hour. co muttered some words of reply, rushed on the unwitting and unarmed man and stabbed him to the heart. With a cry of "Ah, traitor!" Girolamo sank down, and in a few minutes he was dead. The Duke's people, unarmed as they were, at once ran to Caterina's apartments to bring her the dread news. Not for one moment did she lose her head. Without armed protection, having with her only her mother, her sister, her children, and two wet-nurses, she at once commanded that her doors be barricaded with every available heavy object. It was in vain. An angry mob had already invaded the castle, a bloody tussle ensued under Caterina's windows in the courtyard, and in the end she had to yield herself up to her husband's assassins. She was led a prisoner to the palace of the Orsi. But such was the majesty of her presence and the respect she inspired, that, as she marched through the drunken and infuriated mob, not a person dared to insult by act or speech the handsome woman who but a few hours before had been their ruler. When a man tried to be rude to her sister, she boxed his ears in such fashion that he staggered.

The Orsi were not long to remain masters of the situation, however. The news of Forli's revolt reached Rome and Milan, and the former hastened to reclaim the fief for the States of the Church, while the latter reminded Caterina's enemies that they would have to reckon with the strong House of Sforza did they touch a hair of her And as soon as the papal envoy arrived he treated Caterina with all respect, withdrew her from the house of the Orsi, where she was treated with scant kindness, and placed a guard of honor before her dwelling to protect her life and position. In return it was demanded, however, that she should command the governors of the various fortresses to render up their keys to the papal authorities; and though it was politely asked, Caterina knew she must obey, for might was against her, and she was still to all intents and purposes a prisoner. Surrounded by her husband's murderers. Caterina appeared before each of the citadels and bade their commanders resign their office into her hands. They respectively appeared on the battlements and cried down they could not obey. "In that case they will murder me," shouted back the dauntless woman, and indeed a soldier already pointed a gun at her breast. "Let them beware of the wrath of the Duke of Milan an' they do," cried back the fearless Feo. Caterina pleaded in vain, and had to retreat discomfited.

When the papal envoy, Monsignore Savelli, saw that these attempts were futile, he sought to gain his ends by But the citadels were well force. stocked with arms and provisions, and were able to sustain a long siege. Meantime Caterina had found means of communicating with her trusty Tommaso Feo. She persuaded him to send a messenger to Monsignore, telling him he could not give up the citadel—it would be a breach of trust; but if Caterina was admitted, and he was convinced that she demanded this concession of her own freewill and not because pressure was brought to bear on her by her enemies, he would evacu-Savelli was willing to consent, but the Orsi suspected in this reply a wile of the clever Caterina. more they dragged her before the fortress walls. Caterina implored Tommaso amid tears and sobs to deliver up The governor remained the citadel. firm in his negative attitude. versation was naturally difficult between a governor on the battlements and a person outside the moat and drawbridge; so Caterina cried, "If they would only let me go into the castle, I know I could explain everything to you." "In that case," replied Feo, "I hardly know what I should do, but certainly it would be easier to negotiate. I have already proposed this, but with the condition that you come alone." The peace. loving Savelli was taken in; and remembering that he held Caterina's children as hostages, he consented that the Duchess should enter the castle for three hours in order to arrange details with Feo. The drawbridge was

lowered, and Caterina sprang upon it Scarcely was she with one bound. across than she made a gesture to those at the other side which still betokens the highest point of insult and derision to Italian eyes. The three hours over, when Orsi demanded her exit, Feo's son replied that only if the two foremost burghers of Forli were given as hostages would his mistress return. Maddened by this betrayal, the besiegers rode off to seek aid. Caterina meantime had sunk into a dead sleep, and was reposing placidly after the excitement and fatigue of the last davs.

But Savelli and the Orsi were not so easily daunted and befooled. had only gone to fetch Caterina's children and relatives. Her sister Stella, her boy Ottaviano, were bade to plead with her, reminding her that their own lives were at stake did she remain obdurate. Fee did not even trouble to wake his mistress. When the cries from without after awhile became too strident, Caterina awoke and. undressed as she was, rushed to the tower to see what it all meant. When she convinced herself that there was no danger she withdrew without a word. Her quick intelligence had told her that since her children had not been massacred in the first fury of her enemies, they were safe, and that it was clear the Orsi dared not brave the wrath of the formidable Ludovico il Moro. So, to prove that she was the mistress of the citadel, she caused shots to be fired at the town at intervals, night and day, directing them particularly at the Communal Palace.

And truly Caterina was soon to be the actual mistress of the situation. Shortly after her clever manœuvre heralds arrived from the Bentivoglio of Bologna and the Sforza of Milan demanding to see Riario's children, and announcing that the Milanese troops were within a day's march. Meanwhile Orsi and Savelli maintained their defiant attitude, saying the children whom they had imprisoned were dead, and that they could and would resist. But when a powerful army of some 12,000 men really stood at the city gates, they recognized that their game was lost. As a last revenge they tried to penetrate to the children and murder them, but their faithful guards beat back the attack. There remained nothing but flight for the Orsi. dead of night they stole away, seventeen in number, leaving behind them their old father and womenfolk. that same night the counter-revolution was accomplished, and the people patrolled the streets of Forli shouting "Ottaviano! Ottaviano!" The only dread that now weighed on the inhabitants was the fear of the soldiers of the Duke of Milan, to whom it had been promised, if Caterina consented, that they should sack the city. Caterina refused to allow this, to the fierce indignation of the troops. This she did for the sake of the women, for whom she had a consideration wholly in advance of her time. When the magnates of the city came to the castle to tender their homage and excuses to Caterina she received them graciously, clad in mourning weeds. But when, a few hours later, her young son, Ottaviano, now lord of Forli, was led into her presence and fell weeping into his mother's arms, he found her clad in all her royal splendor, magnificent in her beauty and her radiant attitude of triumph.

And in triumph she re-entered Forli. surrounded by the lords of Mantua, Bologna, Bergamo, Milan, and others, and triumphantly she resumed the reins of government; for though 'Ottaviano was nominally the lord, in reality it was his mother who reigned. Her first steps were directed to the church of the city's patron saint, Mercuriale. It happened to be his feastday. After hearing mass and thanking heaven for its protection, Caterina at once occupied herself with worldly affairs. To begin with, she sought to punish the rebels and the murderers of her husband. She demanded and received the value of what had been stolen from their palace; she banished, executed, tortured in the most relentless mode, all who had been directly or indirectly concerned in the upris-Orsi's old father was killed in ing. the most abominable fashion, after he had been morally and physically tortured. There was no end to the bloodshed, the reprisals, the revenge.

terrible was Caterina's vengeance that it overshot its mark, and made her fresh enemies among her subjects. Even the most pessimist of moderns, reading these accounts, must admit that a change for the better has taken

place in human progress.

Alas for heroic Caterina! She might build and endow as many churches as she would to prove her pious spirit, she might remit taxes, she might enjoy the protection of Pope and Duke, nevertheless her edifice was but reared Not withstanding, sand. doughty woman managed for yet another twelve years to uphold her authority, and only ceded to brute force. Perhaps she would not even have ceded to that, had she not ceded before to a yet stronger force, though apparently more gentle. It was the little god of love with his bow and dart who was to- her authority. cause the mischief.

At the time of her widowhood Caterina was but twenty-five years oldhandsome, respected, admired, feared. No wonder that she was soon surrounded with aspirants to her affection affection that she had hitherto never bestowed; for though she could not possibly have loved the cowardly cruel Girolamo, she made him a faithful wife. Even though he had of late left all the cares and responsibilities of government in her hands, yet he was an apparent support to her nevertheless: she could shield herself in face of her foes under his fictitious will. Now she was all alone, and a widow. On the other hand, Caterina, however much she might long, with her fiery Romagnolo blood, to love and be loved, never lost her keen insight. She knew that should she marry she would lose the guardianship over her children, and would no longer reign as their proxy-would have to resign them, into the hands of guardians, who would more than probably oust them from their possessions; and this, for their sake, whom she tenderly loved, and for her own, she could not contemplate. But many conflicts must have waged their angry fights in that woman's proud breast. Girolamo had not been long dead ere rumor said that his widow was about to wed the handsome young Ordelatti of Forli. And her

behavior to him certainly gave color to this report. When she heard it, however, she was furious, and punished with imprisonment and banishment those who had dared to spread or report it—punished them so severely, so out of all proportion to the crime, that forever after no one dared to open their mouths concerning her loveaffairs; and even when she openly flaunted them, they acted the part of the emperor's new clothes. moderns could wish they could put down idle and cankerous cackle concerning their private affairs with an equally drastic hand. For the report, like too many such reports, bad done her real harm. The governors of her citadels, who, after all, had sworn allegiance to Ottaviano, not to her, grew restless, and seemed inclined to dispute Even Tommaso Feo grew suspicious and disobedient. conciliate him she married him to her step-sister Bianca. Even this did not Then she feigned love for him herself, and tricked him out of the castle by her seductive ways. Scarcely had he fallen into the trap than she took him prisoner in another sense from what he expected, and elevated his younger brother Giacomo in his stead. It was on Giacomo that she had really set her eyes. As he appears in the Forli fresco, he was certainly just the kind of man to catch the fancy of an amazon like Caterina—a ruddycheeked, curly haired giant. Thus this young man, barely twenty, found himself in a moment governor of the two chief forts of the domain, commander-in-chief of the troops, as well as Caterina's proxy and lover. He was the Ruy Blas of his age. "Fortune carried this man at one and the same time into the heaven of Venus and of Mars," says a contemporary chronieler. After a time she secretly married him, but woe to her subject who would have dared to state the fact!

After this event, and after she had given over to trusty dependents the other important outposts of her domain, Caterina felt more at ease. Yet it was not long ere she became the slave of the young tyrant she had chosen for herself. Giacomo, like all

upstarts, lost his head at the splendor of the position into which he had so suddenly been elevated. He treated the ancient families of Forli with haughty disdain; he even treated the real lord of Forli, Ottaviano, with such arrogance that the boy detested him and vowed revenge for these in-And since every one deemed him Caterina's lover and not her husband, his insolent attitude was held

the more unpardonable. While these things were happening in Forli, on the larger stage of Italian affairs there were new difficulties and dangers to meet. Innocent VIII. was dead, and Alexander Borgia reigned in his place. He had been Ottaviano's godfather, and promised Caterina that he would care for her boy as Sixtus had cared for her. He even offered crezia Borgia, to wife; but this Catering refused, much to the Pope's displeasure. Lorenzo de' Medici too was dead, and with his disappearance from politics these were thrown into yet greater confusion; for no doubt, with all his faults, he had known how to steer the ship of State. His death threw the peninsula into two hostile camps, both of whom sought to win over the alliance of Caterina, whose army they knew to be well organized, and whose little State was important as lying on the highroad from Upper Caterina, like the to Lower Italy. wise helmswoman she was, tacked her course, waiting to see which party would offer her most advantages; but when Charles VIII. of France came into Italy as the ally of the Pope, Caterina, after some dubious attempts at a neutral attitude, put herself on the side of the French. When the latter did not maintain their compacts, and plundered and sacked friendly cities, Caterina boldly entered their camp, and saved her city from the claws of the hungered and booty-craving Gallic Then, later, when events took yet another turn, Caterina, without a moment's hesitation, made a volte face and tacked cleverly between the contending parties.

Could she but have tacked as cleverly in her own family, where matters were going from bad to worse! Otta-

viano, who was now sixteen, and who chafed under the arrogant bearing of Feo, whom he regarded as merely his servant, was confirmed and strengthened in his aggressive attitude by Feo's enemies—and they were many, provoked by his insolent bearing. Though by nature weak and timid, there were limits beyond which Ottaviano could not endure; and when on one occasion the lad contradicted him, the parvenu-gave his young lord a sounding box on the ear. This was too much for even the lackeys. One of these put himself in accord with certain noblemen of Forli to plot the murder of Giacomo Feo. In those days it was easy to find bravi to execute these little jobs; indeed their race is not quite extinct in modern Italy. One August evening (1495) Caterina, her daughter him his daughter, the notorious Lu- . Bianca, her Court ladies, her sons Ottaviano and Cesare, and a large following of retainers, returned to the city from a hunting excursion. Caterina drove, the rest were on horseback. The day's sport had been good, the booty was large, the party merry, and, singing and laughing, they pursued their way through the crooked streets. A halt was made by a bridge. all had passed except Feo, an accomplice stopped him to ask a trivial question, and at that signal the murderers fell upon him, killed and mutilated him, and then threw him into the moat. Caterina, when she heard his first cry, left her carriage, and seizing the first horse that came to hand, sprang upon it and galloped to the citadel. Her guilty sons sought shelter in a friendly house. Only two of all the suite turned upon the murderers, who coolly replied that they had but executed the orders of Caterina and her sons. Caterina, when she heard this, was beside herself. Indeed both her fury and her grief were great, for she had loved Feo devotedly. vengeance on his murderers was terri-Never in all her life had she been so cruel, so merciless. On this occasion she spared neither women nor children: it seemed as though she would extirpate the whole clan of her Indeed so great was her cruelty that, iron woman though she was, relentless and with no trace of mawkishness in her composition, yet nevertheless remorse for her actions at this time is said to have embittered all her later life. As for the real instigator of the murder, Ottaviano, she shut him up in solitary confinement, and it wanted little but he would have died under her hands.

Happily her attention was necessarily distracted by politics. Madonna di Forli was a great personage, respected and feared in the political world. soldiers, whom she trained herself, were the most skilful in Central Italy. Her alliance was worth winning. The Medici, being reinstated in the government of Florence, whence Savonarola had evicted them, sought to win her over to their side and that of the French. To this end they sent her an envoy in the shape of Giovanni de' They could have made no wiser move. Giovanni was clever, but what was more, Giovanni was the handsomest man of his day. He had not long been at Forli ere rumor said he was Caterina's lover. Of course she denied it—denied it even after she had borne him a son, even after he and all his suite openly lived in her castle. At last, however, she had to admit the fact to her relations and her son. who sanctioned the marriage, but comprehended the need for continued secrecy, lest Caterina should lose the guardianship of her first children. The danger of this was great, and to stem it Caterina and all her progeny present and to come were created Flor entine citizens; and this act legitimized the firstborn of her connection with Giovanni, he who afterward became the famous condottiere. Giovanni delle Bande Nere, called "the first colonel of a regiment," and who was unquestionably the father of modern military discipline. On another occasion there was sent to Caterina as Florentine envoy no less a personage than Niccolo Macchiavelli. He found, it seems, her diplomatic talents a match for his own, for in his letters to the signoria he tells, among other things, how on certain days Madonna was not visible because "the baby was ill."

The union with Giovanni was not to be of long duration. To aid the Florentines, sore pressed by Pisa, Caterina sent her husband and son with a picked army to join her allies. While in camp Giovanni was taken seriously ill. Caterina hastened to his side, and he died in her arms. She was inconsolable; and indeed she had lost much in him, and from this time forward her star was on the wane. It is characteristic of the times that after his death Caterina male her marriage publicly known.

Alexander VI. was, if possible, even more ambitious for his family than Sixtus IV. It was his desire to found a kingdom for his favorite son, Cæsar Borgia, and to this end he wished to stir up dissatisfactions in Italy, to oust the Sforzas from Milan, Caterina from the Romagna, and pass the whole under one head. A pretext for dissension was soon found in those days, and after a while the Venetians and the Borgias, in alliance with the French, grew menacing for Caterina's little realm. At first she clung to her old alliance with Florence, but soon found that this was a broken reed. In those days her life was that of the camp. She herself led her troops to battle; and it was due solely to her personal watchfulness and military stratagem that Forli was not taken by a military Clad in a full suite of chain-armor, she rode with her captains. this day there is shown at the Museum of Bologna a suit of lady's armor believed to be hers. It is said that she kept her accounts when in camp with the greatest accuracy, and that her soldiers were always well paid and well And she had need of them, left thus alone to defy single-handed the power of the allied forces of Cæsar Borgia and the King of France, who were devastating Italy. On every side treachery surrounded the dauntless woman, and many a statesman would have given in in despair under such circumstances, nor would any have But Caterina was not blamed him. made of stuff that could so easily be Notwithstanding the heavy daunted. odds against her, not withstanding that the plague raged in her litt'e kingdom, and that her youngest and dearly-loved boy lay sick unto death, she prepared her men-at-arms and her fortress for resistance, and at the same time, by

measures as swift and effectual as any that could be used at the present day, she checked the progress of the plague before it had taken too vast propor-The strong places were provisioned and ammunitioned for a siege, the advance of the enemy was rendered by artificial inundations. difficult Daily Caterina passed her army in review; she attended to everything herself, great or small. A ride across the Apennines to Florence convinced her that she could hope for no help thence —the Florentines were themselves in an ugly difficulty with Pope Borgia; but as she still deemed them her best friends, she sent all her children ex-cept her eldest sons, all her jewels and valuables, to a country house of her late husband's, close by the Arno city, for safe-keeping.

Then, absolutely alone and unsupported, this heroic woman intrenched herself in her citadel and awaited the approach of Cæsar Borgia and his hordes, resolved to uphold, while breath and strength were in her, the noble condottiere traditions of the great Sforza name, to which her uncle of Milan had proved untrue. Nearer and nearer drew the Borgia troops. first point of attack was Imola, which, though it was strongly walled and defended, they were able to take at once owing to treachery. Their next march was on to Forli, where Caterina herself held the stronghold. Up to the last moment of the foe's approach she had contrived to fortify her position, sparing nothing-no garden, however dear to her, no house that might prove of value as a point of vantage. Still she did not wholly trust her citizens, though they had sworn they would They stand by her to the bitter end. knew, too, as well as she the reputation borne by Cæsar's soldiers-verily no good one—and what awaited their city did it fall into his clutches when the critical moment approached, Caterina, who expected no deeds of heroism from her subjects, deemed it well to ask the city magnates what it was they meant to do: they had better tell her candidly. A candid and direct answer it is always difficult to get from an Italian. They sent vacillating and ambiguous replies. Caterina

should consider well ere acting; was it not perhaps better to yield to superior force? there might be a change of Popes, and then she and her family would be reinstated; all the cardinals had not voted in favor of Cæsar—and suchlike empty phrases. Then Caterina spoke up. "Oh, chicken-livered, do you not comprehend that a ruined State is still better than none? what you please with your city, but with regard to the citadel I will show the Borgia that a woman is also capable of shooting cannons." After this defiant speech the city fathers held council, with the result that they resolved to abandon any attempts at resistance. Caterina received their messengers graciously, bade them a courteous farewell, and then, as soon as they had re-entered the city gates, let her cannons play over them a little as a sign that she was resolved to resist to the uttermost. And indeed her army and stores were large, and Caterina's courage, which she diffused to all about her, seemed inexhaustible as well.

On December 19, 1499, amid streaming rain, Cæsar Borgia, mounted on a white horse, rode into Forli at the head of his 4000 men. The standard of the Church was borne before him; beside him rode Frenchmen of high standing and honor. Scarcely, however, were the men disbanded than their wild work of rapine, plunder, and loot began, and was pursued with the more vigor because, owing to the heavy rain, the men sought shelter in the houses. Cæsar, who did not wish to make a bad impression on his new citizens, tried to stem their excesses in a measure, but it was quite in vain. They were beyond his control, or rather they were acting as he had ever al-Meantime Caterina lowed them to do. held the fortress, and Cæsar could not even begin his attack, for his battering ammunition had not yet arrived. On Christmas Day Caterina displayed a flag bearing a lion on its field. This was a ruse on her part, and it succeeded; for the sight of this lion spread terror among her enemies, who held it for the standard of St. Mark, and deemed that Caterina had that powerful republic behind her. To further

enforce this idea, Caterina sent continual volleys of cannon into her late city. Cæsar began to think discretion the better part of valor, and resolved to attempt a friendly solution of the He humiliated himself so far as to ride out one evening to the fortress, attended only by a trumpeter, and asked for a personal colloquy with the Countess. Caterina instantly appeared on the battlements above the drawbridge. Cæsar lifted his helmet respectfully and addressed her. What the two foes said to one another the contemporary chroniclers do not know, while later historians give the conversation in great detail. After a time Caterina bowed politely and withdrew, while Cæsar turned his horse about and His mission cannot have rode off. seemed entirely hopeless to him, for next day he again rode out to the castle and offered to give Caterina his three French captains as hostages of his word. But this offer too Caterina refused. She did not trust the word of a Cæsar Borgia, and no wonder. Consequently no solution but war to the knife was possible. On December 28, 1499, he opened his attack on the citadel, and Caterina answered bravely. This went on for some days. Caterina herself inhabited the topmost tower of the citadel, whence she could survey the whole neighboring country and the movements of her foes. Thence she saw the sun set on the century, a fin de siècle not effete and exhausted like our own, but fierce and bloody, like a wounded beast at bay. The situation was pretty desperate. There was no retrogression possible. Cæsar placed a price of 10,000 ducats on her head; she answered, offering 150,000 for his. For a time all went well. What the besiegers destroyed in the day, Caterina and her men repaired at night. was indefatigable, and, a cuirass over her dress, she passed from point to point, advising, encouraging, helping. But at last the besiegers got the upper hand and penetrated into the fortress. Even then Caterina did not yield. caused a tower in which they had intrenched themselves to be undermined and exploded. But more and ever more of the enemies' men entered the castle, and at last it was only Cater-

NEW SERIES, -- VOL. LXIV., No. 3.

ina's dwelling-place that was not in their hands. Then she resolved on taking a desperate measure. rounded by her brothers and suite, she burst in among her enemies, wounding, killing, trampling them down in their frantic efforts to cut their way through. A wild scene of murderous confusion ensued. Caterina was taken several times, but her people succeeded in rescuing her again from the hands of Borgia's men. For two hours the wildest confusion reigned in the courtyard; yet even when she knew full well that the game was lost, Caterina would not give herself up. She made a last forlorn effort to evict the fee by smoking him out, causing every available bit of wood to be lighted. And it almost seemed as if this measure was to meet with some success, when suddenly the wind veered and the thick waves of smoke were turned on the besieged in hen of the besiegers. Even then Caterina was not crushed. Under cover of the smoke she still fought desperately; but when the fumes lifted for a moment, she saw to her dismay that without her orders a white flag of truce had been drawn up on her towers, and that white handkerchiefs were waving from the stems of lances and firelocks. Then, and then only, Caterina admitted she was vanquished, and retired from the scene of action into her fastness. Meanwhile, though the fighting was ended, murder and plundering continued till far into the night; and when all was over 450 corpses were picked up from the courtyard floor, not to mention the hundreds of wounded men who lav about on all sides.

Cæsar Borgia was not on the spot when the fortress surrendered. the news he instantly took to horse, and gave orders to watch closely, for he feared his prey might still escape Then he summoned Caterina to him. When she heard the treat with him. notes of his trumpeter, she appeared at a window of her eyrie. Cæsar bade her peremptorily to issue orders that the murdering below should cease. She was about to answer him when an iron hand seized her by the nape of her neck. A landsknecht had penetrated into her last retreat and declared her his prisoner. She bowed a courteous leave-taking to Cæsar Borgia, as though saying she had to quit him against her will, and gave herself up to the captain-general of the French Borgia claimed her as his After some squabbling, the prey. Frenchman yielded her up in return for a large sum of money. Then Caterina was led out of the citadel, a prisoner, to Borgia's palace at Forli. What a different entry was this to that which she had made erewhile! path lay over the wounded and dying, and past ruins, desolation, and misery. Up to this point Cæsar Borgia had behaved with all due politeness and respect to his foe. But when he found that she had not ber children with her, as he deemed, when he had searched in vain for them among the ruins of the stronghold, and listened to Caterina's triumphant tones, telling him that these victims had at least escaped his wrath, then his true nature asserted itself, and he subjected her to every indignity and shame and abomination, of which only a Borgia could be capable. His worthy father, the Pope, had bidden him kill Caterina; but when he too learnt the news that her children were safe, he countermanded the order, and bade his son bring their prisoner to Rome. Clad in a handsome gown of black satin, her head wreathed in black, Caterina rode beside her enemy out of the city that had been hers, only two servants and two maids of honor accompanying her. Cæsar had not well started on his journey when he was stopped by the French captain-general, who declared that he must deliver up Caterina, as it was against the French law to take prisoner a woman. This sudden outburst of knightly feeling rested, however, on no sounder basis than the fact that Borgia had not paid out in full the sum he had promised in return for his prisoner. After some wretched haggling among these worthy comrades, Uaterina was at last handed over again to Borgia, and the custodian of French honor went off satisfied with a pocketful of ducats.

The indignities Caterina had to suffer at the Borgias' hands on this ride to Rome passes words. On February

25, 1500, the Eternal City was at last reached. It has been told that Cæsar Borgia led his prisoner in triumph through the streets of Rome as erst the Emperor Aurelian led Queen Zenobia : but this is not true. The Pope himself came out to meet her, and received her courteously, confining her in the Belvedere of the Vatican with twenty men to guard her. It was while in this place that she learnt the dread news of the discomfiture of the whole House of Sforza, her uncle the Cardinal and Ludovico il Moro having both been carried prisoners to France. even this blow broke the dauntless She busied herself in planning spirit. a mode of escape. It failed, however, and coming to the Borgias' ears, they deemed it wiser to put her in safer keeping; so she was removed to the Castle of St. Angelo, which she had once held defiantly against the whole College of Cardinals. There was an ironv of fate truly in this, which doubtless did not escape the notice of this clever woman. That the Borgias did not employ their favorite methods of poison upon her is a marvel. That they desired her death is certain; for when after a while, owing to confinement and harsh treatment, she fell seriously ill, they could hardly conceal their disappointment that she did not They even went so far as to accuse her of trying to poison them, and had her tried on this plea; but at the trial, besides roundly denying the accusation, she made such revelations as to the manner in which the Pope and his worthy son had behaved to her, that the Pope caused the trial to be swiftly broken off, and bade that no further reference be made to it. But besides physical sufferings and privations, Caterina had to endure mental Her eldest sons urged her to cede her rights on Imola and Forli in return for money and a cardinal's hat and bishop's mitre respectively. Further, she mourned the absence of her adored youngest son, Giovanni, whom Lorenzino de' Medici tried to withdraw from his mother's guardianship. For eighteen months did she thus languish in prison, nor would she have been released perchance even then but for a curious incident. In June, 1501, the same captain-general of the French troops who had delivered her over to Cæsar Borgia as a hostage passed through Rome on his march against Naples. While going through Upper Italy he had heard the people singing the tragic fate of Caterina in many a folk-song—for Caterina, her adventures, her joys, and her sorrows, had already become legendary, and inflamed the poetic imagination of the Italian people. The most popular of these songs was entitled "Lamento." The verse of this long lament is rough, but not without melody. Its burden goes—

"Scolta questa sconsolata Caterina da Forlivo."

" Listen to the broken hearted Caterina of Forlivo."

"I who wore scarlet," she says, "must now wear mourning. No armed knight comes to help me. All the world murmurs against ungrateful Italy. I do not mind dying if I die in my own strong citadel." She sings of her sons Ottaviano and Galeazzo, of her uncle the Duke of Milan, of the King of France, of the Duke of Savoy, of the She men-Venetians, the Genoese. It is tions all her captains by name. easy to fancy the women singing these melancholy verses in the long winter evenings as they sit spinning round their flickering oil-lamps, singing it to those curious half Arabic tunes of theirs, which have a long-drawn note at the end—tunes that are always echoing among the Italian hills. It was thus that the French captain learnt that Cæsar Borgia had not kept his word, and that Caterina was, after all, He knew, further, that a prisoner. his master the King of France, like all Europe, for the matter of that, was indignant at the general behavior of the Borgias. Arrived in Rome, he instantly demanded Caterina's liberation in the name of the King of France, and under the plea that she had become his subject when taken prisoner, and that Frenchmen did not imprison Cæsar, like the coward he was, blustered and swore and protested, but yielded at last, because he could not do otherwise. Caterina had to sign a document renouncing for herself and her sons their rights over their realm, had to pay 2000 ducats to the Borgia for expenses, and was then free to leave her dungeon. She took up her abode in Rome in the splendid palace of Cardinal Riario, known as the Cancelleria to this day.

When she had ridden forth, thin and pale, from her prison, she was so changed that she was almost unrecognizable; for beside the havoc wrought on her person by the damp cells of the Castle of St. Angelo and the tortures to which the Borgias had subjected her, the solitary confinement, the want of active employment, had given her time for thought, and she remembered and repented many of her deeds of blood with a remorse that took so acute a form that her sons had frequently to implore her not to let herself "be thus tempted by the devil to despair, and remember that one drop of Christ's blood would suffice to justify your Excellency and to wipe out all the sins of hell." These haunting fears made her restless, her longing after her youngest born made her desire to be near him, and she therefore asked and obtained a safe-conduct from the Pope to travel to Florence. In the end she did not make use of it. She mistrusted Cæsar Borgia, and feared he might cause her to be taken by some of his minions. At dead of night she stole away by sea to Ostia, and thence to Leghorn. Florence her brother-in-law Lorenzino received her courteously, and installed her in the house of her dead husband Giovanni, the beautiful Villa di Castello, which lies at the foot of Monte Morello, and which is now a royal Between this house country-house. and a cooler residence in the Casentino, where she pursued her favorite occupations of agriculture and cattlebreeding, were passed the last years of this heroic warrior-woman. But even here peace was not hers. was implored by her late subjects, who groaned under Cæsar Borgia's rule, to come to their aid; a new marriage was projected for her, that should strengthen her rights to Forli. rejected these offers. Even her energy was somewhat broken. Then her sons harassed her with demands for money and with reproaches. Further, she

was anxious about the fate of Giovanni. Lorenzino de' Medici had tampired with the boy's patrimony, and in order to hide this, he meditated attacks upon his nephew's life. She appealed against her brother-in-law and won her cause; but as she did not trust either him or the law, she hid the boy, dressed in girl's clothes, in a Florentine convent. The character and career of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, it has been remarked, has much analogy with that of Achilles. This circumstance makes the analogy yet closer. The education of this wild ungovernable boy, over whom alone his mother had some control, was the chief occupation and anx-

iety of her latter years.

Caterina never regained for her eldest son the possessions he had lost. The Borgias were dead, it is true, but the grasp of the Church relaxed not upon the lordships they had gained by every species of crime. Ottaviano meanwhile had become a cardinal. Caterina's life as a widow was certainly exemplary, even if it was not peaceful or free from care. In April, 1509, she was taken seriously ill, but to all appearance recovered. Her son Ottaviano wrote affectionately to inquire for her at this time. In May she fell ill once more, and after ten days lay dead in the Florentine palace of the Her illness seems to have Medici. been renal calculus, from which she suffered acute pain; but her intelligence was keen to the last. She knew she was dying, and declared her intention of making her will. She provided carefully for all her dependents, and, as a citizen of Florence, left a large sum toward the building of the cathe-Her faithful confessor was charged to say a thousand masses for Her son, Giovanni de' her soul. Medici, was left sole heir of all her Florentine possessions. Only her daughter Bianca, her eldest child, is not mentioned. She had probably received her portion at her marriage. This will was considered by her contemporaries as "a marvel of prudence and justice." When she had fulfilled this act she received the sacraments, and shortly after the tolling of the bell of San Lorenzo warned the Florentines that the "Lady of Imola" was dying.

It is not known whether any of her children were with her at the crisis. She was buried by her own desire in the convent of the Murate. An inscription was placed over the spot where her remains were laid, but this, with the remains themselves, disappeared when the convent, in 1835, was turned into a prison. Sic transit gloria mundi.

No sketch of Caterina Sforza's life is complete without a reference to her wonderful recipe-book, which Pasolini prints almost entire, and which proves that Caterina was as capable a housekeeper as a warrior. Some are omitted, not, says Pasolini, because they are immoral, but because they are expressed in terms inconsistent with the usages of the present day. A notable feature is the number of disinfectants and preventives against contagion it contains. Upon this important point Caterina was very far in advance of her age. Many of the recipes are for enhancing and preserving beauty. Some are for concocting poisons.

After Caterina's death the wildest legends crystallized about her person. "Superhuman strength, angelic beauty, ferocious and vindictive character," such are the attributes of the legendary Caterina Sforza of whom the populace of Imola still retain the tradition. Pasolini holds that the explanation is to be found in the fact that in her image are personified all the strange tales of the warlike ladies of great families who succeeded each other in the government of the Romagna during the middle ages (Tranversari, Da Polenta, Malatesta, Ordelaffi, Manfredi, Pagani), and also the strange female companions of the papal legates who succeeded them. At Forli there still lingers the tradition of a subterranean passage which led from the citadel to the palace and to other castles in the vicinity. At Imola, especially among the peasants of the mountains, there exist many wonderful legends. There is a ruined castle, which was never hers, but which tradition gives to Caterina, and a column is shown which is said to stand over the trap-door of the pit into which she flung her victims. Monte Poggiolo and Castrocaro pits are shown, called the "Queen's Well," said to have been used for the same purpose. At Pancaldoli, a village on the frontier between Tuscany and Romagna, where Caterina is stated to have retired after she lost Forli, the people even to this day state that she is often seen, beautiful and terrible, holding a lantern in her hand which shoots out sparks of fire. Especially at Christmas-time does she appear, at the hour of the midnight Mass. Further, she is said to have given balls in the citadel of Riolo, from which none of the guests ever returned.\* Even in the city of Imola strange tales are told. About twenty years ago a groom fled frightened from the stables of the Palazzo Sforza, declaring that he had seen the apparition of an armed female war-This palace, the story goes, was built by Caterina in one night with the help of the devil. A large chest full of gold is supposed to exist in its recesses, and Caterina's ghost wanders through its vast halls. Sometimes she carries a lamp. If any one tries to explore its dark staircases she appears and extinguishes the light they bear. The foundation of these legends is the more strange, as Caterina never possessed Forione, Monte Poggiolo, or Castrocaro.

Caterina was the last lay ruler of Imola and Foili. Three hundred and fifty-nine years of papal rule followed. Her arms are the last which remain without triple crown or keys, and her priestly successors have chosen to stigmatize her rule as the antithesis of their own mild and beneficent government. Little by little these arms grew to be the object of hatred and terror, and the Viscouti viper, which she carried in right of her grandmother, came to be regarded as a symbol of the devil. To-day, however, all this mystery is vanishing. A more just judgment has made its way, and Caterina's memory is vindicated. When we remember the time in which she lived, we are forced to admit that her rule was, on the whole, wise and benevolent, though imperious and sometimes tyrannical. Personally she had some resemblance

to that Napoleonic heroine, "Madame Sans Gêne," but she never fell below the level of the greatest ladies of her An interesting document given by Pasolini is a letter from Savonarola to Caterina, in answer to one of heis, which unfortunately is lost. dated June 18, 1497, the very day on which the friar's excommunication by Alexander VI. was published in the Church of Santo Spirito at Florence. In this letter Savonarola encourages Caterina in the hope that God will hear her prayers, and exhorts her to continuance in prayer, to justice toward her subjects, to almsgiving, and to the consideration of the shortness and misery of this present life, with promises to pray to God for her without ceasing. Fragments of Caterina's own letters, addressed often to the most notable men of her time, evince her great shrewdness and keen knowledge of men and things. She writes, for instance: "It is better not to trust any living creature, because when things of importance begin to be treated, it seems as if they then came of necessity to light, and more is always said than the real truth." "No bonds can hold men who are driven to despair." "It does not seem to me honest to make contracts in matters ecclesiastical." "When preparing for war, we must get rid of words and painted horses." "With words no State can be defended." To Lorenzo de' Medici she once wrote, "Sum prima per sentire le botte che bavere paura" ("I must first feel blows ere I am afraid"), a phrase that struck Pasolini as so characteristic of the woman that he prefixed it as a motto to his book. Whenever she wore woman's dress she was very grand and splendid in her attire, and insisted that her women should be so too. She was devoted to animals, in an age when love of animals was little known, especially fond

of horses and dogs.

Caterina has had at various times biographers who have given most diverse accounts of her; but all agree in the description of her pious and repentant widowhood at Florence. She had the misfortune to live at a time when those endowed with power were of necessity led into violence; yet she

<sup>\*</sup> Similar legends are related of Giovanna of Naples.

always retained a strong, almost a spiritual faith. When preparing for her defence against Cæsar Borgia, she writes to the nuns of the Murate, imploring their prayers in her extremity. The letter to which that of Savonarola is an answer must have been of the same tenor. Perhaps we cannot better close this article than by quoting, as Pasolini has done, the conclusion of the earliest biography of Caterina, written not long after her death:—

"Caterina, thus liberated from her long captivity of eighteen months, borne with the strongest patience, proceeded to Florence, where her children were, and there, welcomed and caressed by the Signory, worn out, and satiated with the affairs of this false world, she turned her ideas wholly to thoughts of a more safe and tranquil life. And as in the management of temporal rule, to the rare and unusual credit of the female sex, she was the equal of the bravest and most prudent men of that age, so when given to the Spirit and to holiness in both the active and the contemplative life, she surpassed all the examples of

her time. Whence, when the course of her years was ended, it is not forbidden to a pious and Christian soul to believe that the angels received that blessed soul into the kingdom of heaven, and gave it up, purged and purified, to its Creator, where in the calm state of eternal glory it may enjoy the most blissful vision of God, the Three in One, who liveth and reigneth forever and ever."

Certainly for her there was "light at evening time." She had borne a son who was to carry on during his brief life the noblest traditions of her heroic line, and time was given her in which to dispose as she desired of all her worldly goods. Peace to her memory! Her virtues were her own, her crimes those of her age and surroundings, and no woman certainly can reflect, without a thrill of pride, upon the fact that the only being who dared to make a stand against the resistless might of the Borgia was one of themselves, a lonely unaided widow. -Blackwood's Magazine.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

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THE Norwegians have recently done away with the study of Greek and Latin in their higher schools, which means, of course, the abolition of classical education altogether.

THE Romanes Lecture which Bishop Creighton delivered at Oxford recently, on "The English National Character," has been published in pamphlet form by Mr. Henry Frowde. Like his Rede (or Reade) Lecture of two years ago, it is full of wit and anecdote. Here is his report of what an informant told him of the characteristics of different nationalities at a technical college on the Continent, when the students had to solve a practical problem in the workshops:

"The German took out a note book, and immersed himself in long calculations. The Frenchman walked about, and indulged from time to time in ingenious and often brilliant suggestions. The Englishman looked out of the window and whistled for a while; then he turned round and did the problem, while the others were still thinking about it."

In the preface to his "History of the Horn-Book," Mr. Andrew Tuer said: "The writer has pestered countless people for information about the horn-book. Mr. Gladstone's reply

was unexpected, but to the point; he said that he knew nothing at all about it." In acknowledging a presentation copy of the work, Mr. Gladstone has now written to the author: "I thank you very much for your highly interesting gift. It has already disabled me from repeating the confession which I formerly made, with perfect truth, but I hope not in the terms given in the preface, for they seem to convey disparagement; and it is a gross and vulgar error to disparage that which one does not know." With regard to certain suggestions made at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, that the facsimiles of horn-books encased in the covers of the History might be sold by unscrupulous persons as originals, Mr. Tuer has explained that they are ear-marked in such a manner that to the initiated their recognition will always be a matter of certainty.

THE number of students frequenting, during the present term, the German universities, has reached the unprecedented total of upward of 29,700. The law students stand at the top, and the students of dentistry at the foot of the list.

THE dissolution of really great libraries is

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still going on. Two more are on the eve of dispersal. The celebrated Buoncompagni Library, now housed in the Cenci Palace at Rome, and comprising over 70,000 volumes, is in the market. It is rich in incunabula. The second great library in the market is that at Ashburnham Palace,

HENCEFORTH Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will be the publishers of all the works of Mr. William Morris, both verse and prose. They propose to issue shortly a cheap library edition of his poems, in ten volumes, of which "The Earthly Paradise" will fill four.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY says: "Dickens wrote a 'Child's History of England,' which is probably the worst book ever written by a man of genius, except Shelley's novels, and has not, like them, the excuse of extreme youth."

In order to mark the Hungarian millennial celebration, the University of Buda-Peath has decided to honor six of the most distinguished Englishmen. The six it has chosen are Mr. Brye, Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Lister, Professor Max Müller, Professor Henry Sidgwick, and Herbert Spencer.

THE University of Strasburg contained in 1883 three men, each unknown to the other and each of whom has since achieved international fame. The trio consisted of Paderewski, then musical instructor at the university; Professor Roentgen, professor of physics, and Nicola Tesla, who was installing an electric plant for the university.

THOMAS HARDY, the novelist, is thus described by a writer who has recently met him: "His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sedentary labors, the midnight lamp, and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale, and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory remarks must be that he is mentally as robust as he is physically delicate."

R. D. BLACKMORE says he had offered his famous novel, "Lorna Doone," to nineteen publishers before it was taken. When brought out it fell flat, but soon after came the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquise of Lorne, and society people, thinking Lorna had somehow had something to do with Lorne, bought the book, read it and liked it, then recommended it to their friends.

. W. T. STEAD confesses that when he in-

cluded a selection from Matthew Arnold in his "Penny Poets," he "wondered greatly whether a poet so exclusive and so cultured would meet with a welcome from the masses." The result has been eminently satisfactory, for in less than six months nearly 200,000 copies have been sold.

#### MISCELLANY.

PESTS IN BARBADOES.—If there be anywhere upon earth a paradise for the animal kingdom -carefully excluding the human race and the whole family of the beasts of burden-it should be found in Barbadoes. Into this terrestrial paradise man has introduced one devil very worthy of the name - the mongoose. In Jamaica and Martinique he was of some use in killing venomous snakes; but in Barbadoes there never were any venomous snakes to kill. and only one very rare variety of the harmless kind. So, as the negro is fond of keeping fowls, and the mongoose of eating their eggs and chickens, it would seem a pity to have allowed him to land. One would have thought that, with every man's hand against him in an island with a population of about eleven hundred to the square mile, he would have been exterminated long ago; but he has certainly not been. A pair of very fine ones prowled about in our back garden for a while, till we set a trap with an egg for bait, and in an hour had the female secured. She was very angry -not in the least terrified, but simply furious. She ate the egg in the trap while we looked on, and spat and snarled like an angry cat, every hair on her back bristling with rage. We admired her pluck, and released her. She and her mate took the hint, and were seen no more.

Probably the mongoose lives chiefly on the green lizards which swarm on every tree, and which certainly have the hardest life of any creatures in Barbadoes, since their flesh is so delicate that everything eats them which can catch them. Cats, fowls, birds, monkeys, and snakes, all devour the poor lizards, which have only two methods of defending themselves, both very inadequate for the purpose. One is their power of changing their color, whereby they can appear bright green at one moment on the leaf of an aloe, and then dark chocolate brown on a piece of damp earth. If this does not conceal them from their enemy, they drop their tails. The caudal appendage jumps from the ground, and makes a frantic

dance all by itself, and if the pursuer is deluded into seizing it, the lizard avails itself of the chance to escape and grow another tail. But we are bound to confess that we have never yet seen a quadruped taken in by the artifice, though it may deceive a bird now and then. For the rest, the poor lizards are harmless things, with pathetic eyes, in which lurks an expression of weariness and disillusion, as though they were as old as the world itself. and had found it all vanity and vexation of spirit. They are fond of plaintive music, and will enter at the open windows when a piano is playing, and sit listening, and nodding their queer flat heads, and looking out of those wistful eyes at the player, till he, or she, if of an imaginative temperament, might fancy he was playing to an audience of transmigrated souls.

The mongoose loves the rat -that is to say, he generally eats him; though hybrids between the two animals are not unknown. Into whatever hole the rat can go, the mongoose can follow, so that the poor rate are driven to take refuge in the trees and become arborescent animals. They eke out a precarious existence on the eggs and young of birds which are foolish enough to build their nests in trees whose trunks are undefended by thorns. While the pair of mongooses lived in our back garden, we found there one day an unfortunate rat, which had taken refuge in the hollow stem of an old Spanish Bayonet (Yucca draconis). He was very gaunt and starved, so had probably been hiding there for some days. It would be as much as any mongoose's or rat's life was worth to enter one of the great holes which, like a rabbit warren, honeycomb the sand under the tamarind trees by the sea. there live the great land crabs in endless variety, from the old brown warrior (Gelasimus bellator) with a claw six inches long and as large as his whole body, which claw he uses as a defence for his home, by placing his wife in safety at the bottom of his burrow, and then sitting just inside the mouth of the hole, with this powerful pair of pincers filling the opening; down to the little scarlet foragers which scamper about among the dead leaves. like living pieces of cloth from a soldier's tunic; or the hermit-crabs, which appear to spend their lives in looking for better shells than those they occupy, and never refuse an offer of a larger and more roomy habitation, wherein they show themselves singularly undeserving their name of Cenobila Diogenes.

Your land-crab is a carnivorous animal, and a cannibal in all senses of the word. If you

shoot him from a window with an air-gun, you may see his comrades eat him there and then. The road to Charles' Fort, in the garrison, runs for some distance along the hedge bounding the military cemetery. On a dark and rainy night the field-officer on duty on his way to turn out the fort guard hears on all sides of him uncanny noises of rattling claws and scurrying feet, and knows the crabs are at work! It really requires nerve, or rather the absence of nerves, and the sense of security imparted by the wearing of jackboots, to face the perilous passage in the wet season. If the crab eats man, the negro eats him. The approved method for his capture is to sally forth on a dark night after heavy rain with a sack and a lantern. To this equipment the negro adds a stick, but we prefer a landingnet. Walking slowly through the wet grass, one observes a great claw, and a pair of goggle eyes staring in a bewildered manner at the light. While he is dazzled is the time to secure him. If you give him time to recover his wits, he will be into a hole or up a tree. A grim and awesome sight is one of these uncanny monsters climbing a tree by the fitful light of a lantern! When the sack is heavy with a crawling, fighting mass, it is emptied into a cask, with the top removed, as the bulging sides are beyond the scaling powers of even a crab. The negro cooks and eats him forthwith, not being squeamish. The white man prefers to feed his captives for a fortnight or so on corn-meal, after which he makes soup The flavor is said to be excellent, of them. but of this we cannot speak from personal experience. Many strange things have we eaten in the West Indies, but we draw the line at carnivorous land-crabs! -- Major Buttersby, F.R.A.S., in Chambers's Journal.

THE SPARROW AND THE RHINOCEROS. - It is not easy to astonish a sparrow. You can scare them -" often scared as oft return, a pert. voracious kind"-and make them fly away; but that is only because the sparrow has the bump of self-preservation very prominently developed, and takes a hint as to personal danger with extraordinary promptitude. But though it may remove its small body out of harm's way for the time being it is not disconcerted. You can see that by the way in which it immediately goes on with its toilet. Its nerves have not been shaken that is evident from its obvious self possession, and the way it scratches its head and makes a note of the fly which went by. It would not com-

mence at once a frivolous altercation with another of its kind if it had been disconcerted. And really, it is not to be wondered at that the sparrow should be beyond the reach of astonishment Think of what it sees, and sees quite unconcernedly, in the streets of Loudon. Put a tiger into Fleet Street, or a bear at the Bank, and the poor beasts would go crazy with terror. A single omnibus would stampede a troop of lions. Yet a sparrow surveys the approaching fire-engine undismayed, and it sits with its back to the street when a runaway van comes thundering death down Ludgate Hill. The small bird's life is, in fact, so made up of surprises that it regards the astounding as commonplace So a fly, sitting down in a train, thinks nothing of finding itself in the next county when it gets up. Its whole existence is volcanic and seismic. It cannot settle on a hand without the hand moving. What would a dog think if, on going into a ten acre field, the field suddenly turned over? But the fly is not put out of countenance by such "phenomena." It comes back to the hand again. It is the same with the sparrow. It thinks no more of another wonder than the Seven Champions did of an extra dragon in the day's work.

All the same, I have seen a sparrow totally confounded and all to pieces. It was, I confess, only a young one, with just the promise of a tail, nothing more; and some odds and ends of fluff still clinging between the red feathers. I was looking at the rhinoceros, which was lying down close to the railings, and a very sleepy rhinoceros it was. Except for slight twitches of the tail and an occasional fidget of the ears, it was quite motionless. And the young sparrow hopping about in the enclosure, coming to the beast, hopped on to it, looking in the chinks of its skin for chance grains or insects. And it hopped all along its back on to its head (the rhinoceros winked), and along its head on to the little horn, and from the little horn on to the big one (and it blinked), and then off the horn on to its nose. And then the rhinoceros snorted. The sparrow was a sight to see. Exploded is no word for it. And it sat all in a heap on the corner of the house, and chirped the mournfullest chirps. "I badn't the smallest notion the thing was alive," it said. dear! oh, dear!" and it wouldn't be pacified for a long time. Its astonishment had been severe and had got "into the system." I remembered the story of the boy who sat on the whale's blow-hole. Behemoth had got stranded on the Shetland coast. While the population were admiring it, an urchin climbed on to the head of the distressful monster, and exultantly seated his graceless person on its forehead. He had but a short time to enjoy his triumph, and the next instant the whale, filling itself with air, blew such a blast through its blow-hole that the toy was blown up into the air and out to sea. So said the veracious chronicler of the day—and I hope it was true, for little boys should not, under any circumstances, sit on the blow-holes of whales. Nor young sparrows on the nostrils of a rhinoceros.—Phil Robinson, in the English Illustrated Magazine.

Indian Anecdotes. —It is some weeks past since our business brought us within the precincts of Katwa. If ever a visit to an Indian town from the Sanitary Commissioner was needed commend him to this spot. The question naturally arises, What is the mortality of the place? How do people live in it at all? Does the sanctity of the river partially protect them, or is it that, being bred to the atmosphere, effluvia act only as a kind of sauce and give a relish to the air of heaven which in its pure and unadulterated state would prove tame and unnatural to the denizens of this favored city? It is, we were told, one of the oldest towns in Bengal, and well can we believe the story. But what are the Municipal Commissioners doing to allow all this? Influenced no doubt by what might fairly be described as the motto of many in Bengal: "Never do to-day what you can put off to another day, and especially so if you run a fair chance of not being found out." Glad were we not to have to spend a night at the place; a few hours and we had left it, never, we trust, to enter it again. At a dak bungalow the other day when the remains of our dinner was thrown out we were surprised to see two pariah dogs (both hen dogs, as the lady said) peacefully discussing the food. Usually on such occasions canine language of a most Billingsgate type is to be heard. We asked our servant the reason why there was peace, and his reply amused us not a little : "The dogs are of the same jat." Trust a native to give a reason for anything!

Stories of children are frequently of an entertaining character, so we may be pardoned if we repeat some which recently came under our notice. A brother writing from home tells of a little mite who was found with a pair of scissors about to cut the wings off a large parrot "to make angels' wings for myself," and of another little one (æt. four and a half) who, pervaded by a kind of universal charity, prayed devoutly for "the Devil and all other Roman Catholics." A friend some time ago told us the story of his little boy of five who had a toy bow and arrow with which he tried to shoot the birds in the garden. One Sunday afternoon Jacky was sitting on his father's lap, engaged in edifying talk, when he suddenly said, "Father, where's your father?" "Oh, my father's dead!" "But where is he?" "Oh, I suppose he's in heaven!" "How did he get there?" "Oh, I suppose he flew!" At this Jacky's eyes opened wide, a look of intelligence appeared in his face such as had never been seen there before, and he said with childlike simplicity, and in evident seriousness: "Oh, father, do you think could I have hit him while he was flying?" The idea of having a shot at his grandfather on his passage heavenward could only have occurred to a boy of more than ordinary intelligence. His father is a well-known member of the Calcutta Bar. A dear little grandniece of our own used on Sundays to listen to Bible stories from her mother, who one day said: "And now, Doatie, when you go to heaven who would you like to see there ?" expecting that the child would say she would like to see her father and mother there answer was, "I would like to see Elijah." "And why do you want to see Elijah?" "Because I have a question to ask him." "Oh, indeed; and what do you want to ask him?" Then very slowly and in a deliberate way, which the child has: "I want to ask Elijah when the ravens fed him in the wilderness did they give him his bread buttered or plain." The same little girl, a somewhat determined little lassie, when just going to bed, was called by her mother: "Come, Doatie, and say your prayers," and replied, " No. I said them this morning." "Oh, but that won't do! you must say them at night as well as in the morning." To this she answered, with her head on one side and a resigned look in her face: "Very well, I'll gabble them," at which she knelt down and proceeded to suit the action to the word.—A White Pilgrim, in the Calcutta Englishman.

A GUIDE TO POLITE OPINIONS IN LITERATURE.

—The literary fashions of the hour really bear
a quite perceptible likeness to the strange and
onmbrous millinery of the moment. A lady's
hair must be crowned not only with flowers,

feathers, or ribbons, but with a quite portentous mixture of all three, very often with fur, velvet, and lace in addition. Glaring contrasts, utterly inartistic coloring, allied to the crowning bad taste of a glittering array of mock jewels, are to be seen in every direction. The odd, the unusual, the bizarre, reign triumphant; and grace, beauty, and that subtle, delightful quality we clumsily call becomingness, are thrust to the wall by the ignoble am. bition to be original, conspicuous at all hazards. Unhappily, the novelist, the poet, even the essayist, and, above all, the journalist, are bitten by this same overmastering desire to be "new" at all costs. Ephemeral work that has little but sheer boldness to recommend it is very much the mode, and secures the transient success that attends the daring wearer who is pretty and charming despite, and not because of, the conservatory and aviary she carries above her elaborately tortured locks. So rapidly, indeed, do literary fashions come and go that it is nearly as impossible for the ordinary mortal to keep pace with them as for the humble country cousin to flatter herself that her gown and bonnet are not hopelessly out of date in Regent Street, and utterly impossible in that Rue de la Paix beloved of the really smart. But there is a good time coming for the slow reader who does not want to feel himself utterly out of it when books come under discussion. A kindly and accomplished Gaul has proved that there is yet another thing they do better in France by penning a suggestive and practical "Brief Guide to Elegant Opinions for 1896,"

Monsieur Lalo, it is true, writes for Paris, not for London, but his idea is so excellent that it is to be hoped it will at once be copied. let us say, by Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Richard le Gallienne. A few examples will illustrate the really efficient manner in which the tiresome necessity of studying the older writers is avoided. Shakespeare, Lalo tells his French patrons, "you will still do well to praise moderately; all you need to know is that Lear was not a gay young lover, and that Lady Macheth was, for some reason, desperately anxious to wash her hands." "As for Goethe's works, all you need remember is that they contain a complete philosophy of life; to read the books themselves would be a wholly unnecessary trouble." But when we get to Ibsen, that, as Mr. Kipling would have said in earlier days, is another story. "At the mention of that name a sacred enthusiasm should glow upon your face, and broken in-



terjections—'What daring!' 'What force!'
—should fall from your lips. It will be considered the thing this year to call him Hendrik the Norseman, and to speak of the vast intellect of the modern sea king." "Shelley and Swinburne will be casually mentioned, but the Russians are quite gone out." So no one need now harrow his soul over Toletoi, and "Peace and War" may be forgotten.

There is only one fault to find with the Lalo guide. Such a handbook should come out monthly at least, if not weekly. The forced blossoms of the modern spring do not last a whole year. Already the mauve peonies, the emerald carnations, the golden asters, are nearly as rococo as the works of Laureate Pye, with less chance of being remembered, inasmuch as there is no Byron to keep their names green by a single scornful line. The presentday critic helps us wonderfully little. He is too apt to degenerate into a mere "appreciator." Now, appreciation of the talent of others is an amiable trait enough, but when it finds a Thackeray, an Austen, a Browning, or a Tennyson in every clever beginner, it grows tiresome. Over-praise is as unwholesome as over blame, and if Keats died of his critics, several very promising young reputations have perished from indiscreet cherishing We live in an age of books about books, and, worse still, an age of everlasting paragraphs about the men and women who write them ous, quiet, leisurely enjoyment of the matured fruit of a master mind is too slow for this bustling desire to read and know everything. Nor do we want to give our writers time to mature. We tempt them with the rattle of money bags until they write by the mile, until they lose most of the craftsman's pleasure in creation in a perpetual race against time and publishers. On the whole, it would certainly be wise just to run through some such handbook as clever Pierre Lalo's for social purposes, for it would leave us time to do a little real reading instead of wasting our hours over the all-pervading novel of the very newest school. - Nottingham Daily Express.

A SPANISH CAFÉ-CHANTANT.—There are few Cafés-Chantant, in Madrid, says a writer in the Sketch, and they are all bad. Yet they are true Cafés-Chantants, and not gorgeous and oppressive music halls. The Café del Pez is in the workmen's quarter. At the square tables arranged on the dingy floor, the workmen, and occasionally workwomen, are sitting smoking cigarettes, imbibing very crude wines or cof-

fee, and gossiping gravely On the stage - a narrow affair, raised just above the floor-a company of dancers appear, one man playing a viol, another a guitar, three young women, one of extraordinary beauty, also a couple of very small girls (sisters), and a couple of boys. All are in the costume appropriate to the dance, the young women wearing mantillas and a sort of polonaise, and the little girls the gay Sevillian attire. One of the little girls dances first, with one of the little boys, a cachuca. What lively flings, what dramatic gestures, what fire in the movements, while the audience remained almost impassable, smiling gravely! The youngsters seemed to dance by instinct. Applause !- during which the unconcerned and innocent little Sevillienne pulled up her stocking and readjusted her garter. Then the young women danced in succession The first of them was dark as a Moor; and looking at the dance, listening to the sharp pitched din of the music, and the tom-tom-like beating of the little drum, and gazing round at the types sitting at the tables, I could realize the force of the proverb, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees." The Moors have left their traces in the swarthy complexions, the grim mouth, the suggestion of sauvagerie that seems to lower beneath the Spaniard's grave visage. Also in the dramatic dances, with their pantomime of coquetry. and in the slow, voluptuous, sweeping movements, whose only burden once again is love, and in the sharp pitch of the songs, and in the tom-tom beating, and the castanet-crackling. Only the Turks and the Moors possess in common with the Spaniards the rolling supple motions of the body, as well as the fire and energy of that dumb eloquence. A Spanish dance is a drama, a poem.

The Moorish blood has improved the stock, and in Cordova and Granada especially the finest women in Spain may be found. And Carmen Garcia was a gem among beauties. Carmen rose to dance. The dance of Carmen was a slow Oriental dance-languorous, voluptuous, a dance not of the feet or legs only. but of the whole body. And as the dance progressed the undulations of her body deepened, the sinuous movements enveloped her whole form, acquired more force and power. Her dance was received with a silence which was more expressive than the applause that had greeted the lively and dashing steps of the others. Carmen's costume consisted of a mantilla on the shoulders, a robe covered with a kind of open-worked polonaise dotted with black balls, which beat lightly as she danced, and white satin shoes. Her hair was done in an elaborate coiffure-dark brown, rich thick hair, rolled and coiled, and drawn up high behind. Her features were regular, all good; the eyes deep and black and lustrous; and the whole countenance at once restful, calm, and full of the possibilities of fire, animation, and passion. One had time to observe all these matters as Carmen danced; but now the dance increased in vigor - or, perhaps one should say, in intensity-the movements became a little more complicated, the swaying and bending of the body less reserved, the feet moved more freely, and finally, with a bold and dramatic finish, the dance came to a sudden end.

Afterward I invited Carmen and her two young friends to have a cup of coffee at my table. They did so. Also several copilas of crude wines and many cigarettes. Carmen smoked and drank, and spat on the floor in the calmest manner in the world, reposeful and content, yet giving intimations of fire, of animation, and of passion. She was from Seville, she told me, where it was a sort of natural right of the ladies to be very good-looking. She was content, but not unduly proud. And she asked for another copila, and spat calmly on the floor.

Spring Cleaning. -It was given to Mrs. Carlyle to write the epic of house cleaning. Until Mr. Froude gave that vivacious little lady's "Letters and Memorials" to the public, we do not remember that the torments and the triumphs of house cleaning were recognized as experiences of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of in literature or discussed in polite society. But all the world revelled in Mrs. Carlyle's description of her gallant battle with the accumulated dirt of years, and murderous onslaught on flights of moths and gangs of "bogues." And everybody was filled with the most tremendous pity for the heroic woman who cleaned so well and wrote still better, and with still more heroic indignation against the dastardly philosopher who took a holiday and left her to manage the cleaning alone. But, upon the ears of some of us, this tremendous pity and tremendous indignation rang with the humorous incongruity of a sentence in which the principal words have got themselves transposed. It was as funny as if we had heard Wellington pitied for having had to stand fire at Waterloo, and his Duchess reviled for keeping off the field. For who is there that lives and does not know that when the days of cleansing come round every house mistress worth her salt desires nothing so much as that her husband will dine at his club and sleep anywhere he pleases so it be not on her premises? and that the wife in need of compassion is she whose good man stays, not she whose husband goes? The old Prince in Tolstor's "War and Peace" gave a pleasant turn to a discussion of the wrongs and disabilities of women by submitting that he was disqualified as a man for taking a nurse's place. He might have added, as another title to commiseration, that he was disabled by the same condition from making himself happy, useful, or agreeable during a spring cleaning. While, on the other hand, it is certain that every rightminded woman is never quite so gloriously happy as when she has turned her house upside down preparatory to making it particularly clean and tidy. We cannot all be happy at the same time; and the final philosophy of spring cleaning is to regard it as the wellmerited humiliation and penance of man, but the high festival-almost the apotheosis-of woman.

Let us say at once that the kind of housecleaning we have in mind is no mere matter of putting new paint on the outside of the house, and new papers on the walls, and washes on the ceilings within; such cleanings we see, indeed, being carried on by red handed housemaids and hireling workmen in half a dozen houses of every fashionable street or square in London during the recess weeks when the world is out of town. In such cleanings as these, over which no house-mistress presides, there is neither poetry nor pathos, and certainly no scope for such tragic passions and desperate energies as inspired first the broom and afterward the pen of Jane Welsh Carlyle. No. For human interest we must go to the old houses where the old-fashioned people live-the houses that have been "home" to successive generations of the family, and still harbor among their household gods almost as many objects that have never been used within memory of living man as tnings necessary to the lives of the actual occupants; the houses that shelter complicated families with varying tastes and differently directed energies, all developing themselves more or less at cross purposes and filling all the corners of the house with heterogeneous collections, every item of which is dear to its particular owner and very much the reverse of dear to everybody who is not its owner; the houses where somebody collects old books and somebody else collects new ones, where one member of the family is scientific and another artistic; where the shelves in one room harbor chrysalises that may not be shaken, and the vessels in another are full of tadpoles in course of development; where the small children have devotions to broken toys and the bigger ones cherish pets, who have to be guarded against each other's destructive instincts; and where the master of the house combines self-indulgent habits with professional labors of a literary kind, and fills his study with the double litter of the work he is obliged to do and the wastepaper he has a whimsical prejudice against destroying. The man who boasts that he "burns nothing" is invariably the man whose wife will tell you that neither does he keep anything in its proper place; and that is the man whose house is beyond comparison the most difficult to clean. And yet, most obviously, the houses of such men need cleaning, and indeed are cleaned year after year, in town and country, by mute, inglorious housewives, who have learned, in long apprenticeship to other people's hobbies, how to mingle sympathy with severity in dealing with consecrated rubbish. The woman who successfully carries through the cleaning of a house of this description not only deserves and gets the general reward of a good conscience, but scores all sorts of definite points highly satisfactory to her mural and intellectual pride. When the time comes for sitting down and saying with Mrs. Carlyle, "Soul, take thine ease, or at all events thy swing, for thou hast carpets nailed down and furniture rubbed for many days," she will be able to count among the results of the campaign a husband, father, or brother more than consoled for temporary deprivation of the right of access to his books by their restoration in the identical order or disorder that he loves, minus the dust which the most untidy man really dislikes-though he pretends to like it in order to stave off the dreaded day of cleaning-and plus the longmourned priceless pamphlet or missing page of a tumble to pieces old library favorite that had "slipped behind" nobody quite knew when, what or how, and furnished the text of a whole year's sermons against house-cleanings and house-cleaners. For the joy of such recoveries there are no words. But the woman who has crowned all the material triumphs of her cleaning by conferring such beatitude on her lord and master may well be happy,

and take her fill of satisfaction so high, so deep, and so lasting, that for her at any rate there is no danger of falling into the slough of desponding thought about the degradation of her sex in matrimony.

There is really no occasion in life that ministers to a woman's pride—and especially to her intellectual pride-like that of spring cleaning, especially when there is a considerable collection of books to be dealt with, For it is a fact incontrovertibly established by the experience of scores of households that only an educated woman can be trusted to turn out a library. The housemaid has not yet been created who can put a whole row of books back in precisely the same order she found them in. A very superior housemaid may, perhaps, be taught not to reduce the whole mass to sheer chaos; but she will never be cured of a trick of reversing the order either of the entire row, or of each of the separate piles she makes as she takes the volumes down in handfuls. It seems absolutely necessary to have some understanding and sympathy with the insides of books in order to deal properly with their outsides. then it is also absolutely necessary, while dusting the outsides of books, to abstain religiously from looking at their insides that is what a man who loves his books can never be drilled into doing. As the volume he knows so well is handed to him to be banged against its neighbor before undergoing the smart rubbing that is the last stage of its purification, he instinctively opens it at a favorite passage, and falls upon reading it to himself, or possibly declaiming it to the womankind he has volunteered to help is fatal to progress, and more than any housemistress's temper can bear-not at all because she has a soul below the enjoyment of fine writing, but because for the moment the soul of the honsewife has risen within her above the soul of the woman of culture. In her mind the whole scheme of the domestic campaign is mapped out fair and clear-to each day its portion of work has been allotted with careful calculation of the necessary succession of events in every chamber of the house, from attic to basement. She knows, for instance, that before breakfast to morrow morning the sweep will be doing his dark and dirty work in the library where she and her staff are now dismantling the shelves, and that unless the task of dusting, banging, and rubbing be carried on with unremitting application, those many hundreds of volumes

will never be put away in calculated order, each book reposing upon its customary neighbor, and every shelf-full marked off with a distinct label, to sleep under white wrappers -as last year's bulbs sleep beneath the snow -till the day of resurrection shall come, when the sweep and the carpenter and the whitewasher and the housemaid have all done their several parts, and it is time for every book to go back to its own place on a shelf deliciously smelling of fresh soapsuds. With a plan so comprehensive and so intricate filling her mind, she has not a thought to spare for the most exquisite passage of prose or poetry. A book, for the nonce, is to her only a thing that must be dusted, and the sight of some one who is pretending to help her, frivolously peeping between its pages, jars upon her nerves like a false note in a symphony on the ear of the composer. She is in a region of thought and action into which no man can follow her, and she must be more or less than human if she does not realize her superiority with conscious pride.

But we have not exhausted the tale of the truly great housewife's delights in spring cleaning when we have classed some of them as high moral satisfactions and set down others to the score of gratified intellectual pride. It is a joy to tuck up sleeves and plunge favorite china into a bowl of scalding water, and then snatch it out quickly and wipe it with a hot glass cloth so that it is dry and glistening in the twinkling of an eye. It is exhibitating to hear the report of the big books as you clap them together, and the dust flies out of window. It is almost too agitating to watch the great empty bookcase totter and lurch and right itself again as the carpenter moves it from the corner where it has stood till its plinth has stuck to the beeswaxed floor. And the sight of the "flue" hanging in ragged flakes upon the wall behind it is worth more than the ransom of many a king we have read of. Those soft, mysterious tuits, brown, black, or gray, are the trophies of the victorious housewife, over which she gloats for one rapturous moment before condemning them to be dissolved in the housemaid's pail or consumed in the kitchen fire.

There are, who puritanically maintain that the spring cleaning is a superfluity; and that, were life properly ordered and man diurnally clean and tidy, "the dust of an earthy to-day" would not live to become "the earth of a dusty to-morrow"—that the diligent

housemaid, plying her duster and broom as she should do, would keep the enemy down by a dull monotony of daily scourings and scrubbings. This seems to us flat heresy not to be tolerated for a moment in a Christian country where time is measured and man's life governed by a calendar of Fasts and Festivals. It is not in the nature of man to be always clean and tidy. It is not to be expected of woman to wage a never flagging warfare against an enemy so contemptible as the dust of each day's gathering. Besides, who could live in a world where tall steps, and brooms, whitewashers, chimney-sweeps, and carpet beaters, were in continual occupation, as they must be if house-cleaning became chronic instead of periodic? By all means let the surface dust be removed day by day, but in mercy leave the dark corners behind the bookcases and the wardrobes to collect the symbolic flue, in which the spirited housewife meets at least once a year her insidious adversary in a form sufficiently grim and substantial to make her feel it worth while to have made the assault with a full staff of maid servants and an armory of mops and brooms. Besides, even if the world could be kept clean and all housewives happy without spring cleaning, society cannot afford to let the institution go. For it affords us once a year a topic of conversation as universally interesting as the weather, and even more beneficial as an ontlet for everybody's need of grumbling. - The Spectator.

WOODCRAFT IN THE WEALD. - The Weald -that is to say, the range of forest-country lying between the South Downs and the North Downs, and reaching from Tunbridge Wells on the east to Haslemere on the west-is often spoken of as the Kingdom of the Oak. And the name is much more than a literary phrase. The more one enters into the life and history of the district, the more one realizes that its oak trees are not only-though that is much—an invaluable factor in the beauty of its woodland scenery, but also the royal protectors of the rights of that beauty to endure. The oak-crop of the Weald continues to be a source of wealth to the district in these days of agricultural depression, and though the timber-trade has not escaped the "ups and downs," with a preponderance of "downs," which have been felt by all trades during the last thirty years, there is little fear of the "Sussex weed" not holding its own in the market against the cheaper and

more rapidly grown article imported from abroad; for the Sussex oak, as the world is beginning to find out, makes up for its slower growth by having more heart, and consequently more lasting power. It is good to know this, because it is, of course, a point in the economical prospects of the country. But in this beautiful spring weather, the wanderer in the Weald must be forgiven if he is tempted chiefly to give thanks for the persistence of the oak-crop and the profitableness of the timber trade and the minor woodland industries that develop round it, because they are in a manner guarantees for the preservation of one of the most picturesque tracts of Eng lish scenery within easy access of the Londoner. Not only do the old Tudor houses of this country owe much of their beauty and all their durability to the toughness of the beams of native oak embedded in their structure; not only is the actual work of felling and flawing the timber exceedingly picturesque; but the clearing of the woods acts as a recurring stimulus to the growth of the wild-flowers. As the natives know well, the coppice where the oaks were felled last May is the place where we may confidently count this spring on finding the finest primroses and dog-violets and the richest crop of "lady's smock," as they call the lilac cuckooflower in these parts—where it flourishes with extraordinary vigor and in such quantities that it colors whole acres with its bright and delicate mauve. The recently cleared coppice is a gay flower garden for a year or two; but by degrees, and not slow degrees, the underwood springs up, and, instead of an easy gathering-ground, we have a thicket of blackthorn, hazel, ash, hornbeam, and spindlewood, among which the oak seedlings shoot up, safe from the axe till another century shall have passed over their heads. But the colored scene will only have shifted, and other coppices will be bright with lady's smock and primroses, while this one grows thicker and taller, till, in a dozen years or so. it is worth cutting for the profit of its underwood. Timber-felling hardly ever begins in the Weald till the latter end of April; but "copsing," or the cutting of the underwood, goes on from November to mid-April, and copsing is a delightfully picturesque occupation as well as a craft requiring not a little skill and experience. Some knowledge of trees is required in order to know and spare the oak seedlings in the covert. Moreover, there goes method to the actual cutting.

Where the wood is severed with a clean sharp stroke it shoots again quickly and strongly; but where a workman has hacked the stems and left them ragged, the wet gets into the wood and rots the stool.

Different branches of woodcraft are practised in different parts of the district. On the Kent side the ash and hazel saplings are cut into hop poles. Toward Haslemere they make mop-handles, broomsticks, and hurdles; and, pretty nearly all over the district. the tramp cuts skewers from the spindlewood to sell to the London butchers. But here, in the heart of the Weald, the most characteristic minor branch of woodcraft is that known as "hoop shaving." And a group of workmen engaged in this industry, seen as we saw them on an early day in April, when the thickets were all in flower, and the slopes of the gylls enamelled (as the French word-painters say) with primroses and dog-violets and blue and white periwinkles, made a scene of human labor so entirely in harmony with its natural setting, that one gave involuntary thanks for the providential dispensation which makes it improbable that our civilization will ever be quite independent of the woodman's craft. Flashing white in the sunshine were the long bundles of shaved poles, propped against the surrounding trees. All about upon the ground lay the rough fagots of newly cut wood. And in the middle of the clearing were set up the "breaks" upon which the hoop-shaver works. The "break" itself is a picturesque object, which may be roughly described as a wooden vice very simply constructed, and propped slantwise with stakes stuck into the ground so as to stand about 6 feet high. A hinge worked by a noose and pulley of flexible hazel-twigs allows a certain amount of play to one end of the narrow board upon which the split poles are laid to be shaved, and the other end of this board is left free to be propped against the chest of the woodman, who generally protects himself and his garments from injury by wearing a leather belt broad enough to serve as a waistcoat. He cannot hold the board with his hands, because both hands are required to wield the two handled "hoopshave" with which he strips the back from the wood. He selects a pole from the fagots lying about, splits it with an axe, then lays it on the board and passes the shave rapidly along it, throws it away and takes another, carrying on his work with great rapidity, and also with a stolidity which is as much a local characteristic as the sturdiness of the native

Hoops are wanted in many trades and for a great variety of purposes by wine growers and tea-growers, by butter and oyster merchants, in cement and lime factories -- and they have to be cut and packed according to a graduated scale of exactly calculated lengths. ranging from 21 feet to 14 feet. Of the shortest, a great number are sent to India to bind tea casks; and of the longest, many were, once upon a time, used as trellis to train vines on in the vineyards of France. But wire is rapidly taking the place of wood for this purpose; moreover, during the last six years the French woodlanders and their wives and children have taken to cutting and shaving their own hoops, with the result not only of a lessened demand for Sussex hoops among the French vine growers, but of an invasion of the English markets by French hoops. The underwoods grow more rapidly in France than in England, and this natural circumstance, working with others, makes it possible for the French hoop-shaver to turn out his work at a less cost than the English woodman can - and so, for a time at any rate, the English trade is suffering by foreign com-The cheaper French hoops serve petition. as well as the English ones for many purposes; but the English underwood, like the English oak, makes up for its slower growth by tougher quality, and there remain certain uses for which it is preferred. So we may hope that the hopp-shaver of the Weald is not doomed to disappear in the course of progress.

"Copsing" begins in November and goes on till the middle of April. It is now draw. ing to an end and the timber-felling is about to begin. Those who like to keep count of the occupations of the countryman, side by side with a chronicle of opening leaves and flowers, may remember that the underwood is cat in November, when the woods are bare and the sap is not flowing; that hoop shaving goes on through all the winter months, and finishes when the blackthorn, the primrose, the dog violet, and the lady's smock are in flower; that the timber begins to fall as the cowslip and the bluebell are coming into bloom; and, inasmuch as it is necessary to flaw the wood before the flow of the sap has been arrested, the whole work of felling and flawing has to be got through in a very few weeks and is generally over by the middle of May, when the standing oaks are in leaf, and

the hawthorn, the lilac, and the laburnum are in blossom.—The Spectator.

MISCELLANY.

CATERPILLAR ERYTHEMA - Many of the common hairy caterpillars in this country when handled "sting" with their hairs just as the nettle and primula do. The hair penetrates some layers of the skin and breaks off, leaving a little piece projecting. If the hand is passed over the face the stumps of the hair projecting from the skin sting the face in a similar manner. Soon an intolerable itching begins, more extensive than the parts actually irritated; vigorous rubbing goes on until in a short time the arms, face, neck, and often chest become covered with a red eruption in which minute nodules can be detected. The hairs and the poison may even be transferred (as Mr. Lawford has shown in the case of Bombyx rubi) to the conjunctiva, the hair ultimately becoming encapsuled in a little nodule of fibrous tis-The rash is often attended with considerable swelling and slight rise of temperature, and, as Dr. Dukes of Rugby pointed out, may lead to an erroneous diagnosis of rötheln. would be well if medical officers of schools warned the boys of the caterpillars, which should not be handled, and of the risk they run in rubbing themselves when the skin is irritated. The chief British offenders are the common "woolly bear," the caterpillar of the tiger moth (Arctia caia), and its near relations : almost all the Bombyx group, including the oak eggar, fox moth, drinker and lappet moths; and the Liparis group, including the common "gold tail" and "brown tail." The hair of some foreign caterpillars has much more severe effects. - Luncet.

PICTURE OF THE ARTERIES MADE BY X RAYS. -It is well known that the bones are relatively opaque to the X rays, and that this opacity is due to the chemical composition of the fundamental bony tissues, which are made up of calcium salts (phosphates, carbonates, and fluorids). The question would then be a natural one, whether, by introducing a salt of lime into the veins, they could be made to leave a shadow on the photographic plate. The Physical Institute at Rome has performed this experiment. Into the brachial artery of a dead body was injected a paste of sulphate of lime, sufficiently liquid to penetrate all the bloodvessels, and then, after it had hardened, the hand was photographed, the Crookes tube being held at a great distance so that the shadows would be very sharp, - Cosmos (Paris).



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## THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS IN AMERICA.

I.

## WAR TO THE KNIFE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

THE optimism of the American people blinds them to the approach of any great political crisis until it is close at hand. Up to the very hour when the Secessionists fired on Fort Sumter, the Northern press ridiculed the possibility of civil war. It was conceded that there were a few fanatics in the South who clamored for secession, and a few fanatics in the North who would welcome civil war, but that the South would secede, and the North fight, was thought to be incredible. But in the flash of the guns of Charleston harbor it was suddenly seen that the whole South was united in defence of the right of secession, and that the North was unanimous in the determination that secession should be crushed on the battlefield.

Two months before the Democratic Convention met last July, the Eastern States fancied that the movement in behalf of free silver coinage was of small importance, and that there was not the slightest danger that the Silverites could triumph in a national election. To-day it is apparent that the silver craze has seized upon the entire West and South, and is spreading with ominous rapidity even in the

NEW SERIES-VOL, LXIV., No. 4.

East. As the North was blind to the danger of secession, so the American people have been blind to the steadily growing danger that the Federal Government may, at no distant day, fall into the hands of the Silverites, and that the Eastern States will then be compelled to choose between utter ruin and withdrawal from the Union.

In the early days of the Southern rebellion, an eminent Democratic leader, one of the few Americans of the period who had a right to be ranked as a statesman, said, in the course of a confidential conversation, that the East has signed its death warrant by joining with the West to crush the South. "When the war is over," said he, "the West will dominate the Union. will rapidly grow in population and power, while the East will remain stationary. In a few years the East will be powerless, and the crazy financial legislation which the ignorance and arrogance of the West is certain to bring about, will make it necessary for the East to accept bankruptcy or civil war." The speaker was not in the slightest degree in sympathy with the Southern secessionists, and had supported to the best of his abilty the Lin-28

coln Government. Nevertheless, he saw that the East had missed its one great opportunity by not following the example of the South, and withdrawing from the shattered Union. A little more than thirty-four years have passed since he made this prediction, and the time of its fulfilment draws near.

The average Western American is a man of unbounded energy, unbounded self-conceit, and unbounded ignorance. The ignorance of the Western man is not the natural ignorance of the Calabijan peasant. The latter can neither read nor write, and he knows nothing except what passes before his eyes in his little mountain village, but with this ignorance there is the humility that accepts the superiority and welcomes the leadership of intelligent The ignorance of the Western American is an artificial and acquired ignorance. He absorbs it from the newspapers which form his only read-These not only teach him the most absurdly false doctrines in matters of political economy and finance, but they also flatter his vanity, and convince him that he is infinitely superior to the men of the effete East. He firmly believes that if the East advocates a revenue tariff and a gold standard, it is because of the influence of British teachings and of British The West, in its own opinion, has the only true, the only American political gospel, and its mission is to impose it not only on the East, but on the world. It is to the ignorant West that the United States owe the Greenback folly, the Protectionist delusion, and the silver craze.

Soon after the civil war was ended, the West made the discovery that an unlimited and irredeemable paper currency was the panacea for all public and private woes. For a time the "Greenback craze," as it was called, threatened the American Republic much as the silver craze threatens it to day. Fortunately, the West had then nothing like the strength that it has to-day, and the efforts of the East to maintain an honest currency were successful. Both the great political parties saw themselves compelled to take firm ground against the Green-

back movement, although the Democratic party had at one time showed a disposition to attract Greenback votes by framing platforms that could be interpreted in favor of either honest or dishonest currency. The failure of the Greenback movement was, however, due solely to the fact that the centre of population had not yet shifted so far westward as to make it possible to elect a president without the votes of the two great Eastern States -New York and Pennsylvania. That change has now taken place, and a president can be elected even if he loses both New York and Pennsylvania.

It was natural that a community capable of believing that the fiat of the government could make an irredcemable paper dollar worth as much as a gold dollar, should accept the doctrine of the Protectionist, that the American who pays two dollars for a home-made blanket instead of one dollar for an imported blanket is on the high road to wealth. The West is to a large extent an agricultural community, and as such Protection had nothing to offer it except an immense increase of the cost of living. The Western farmer had everything to lose and nothing to gain by Protection, but nevertheless he voted blindly for it, and fustened the McKinley tariff on his back. It is true that there are Protectionists in the Eastern States, but they are certainly in a minority. The strength of Protection lies in the West, and it was by Western votes that it was forced upon the country.

In its beginning, the silver heresy took the shape of a demand for bimetallic currency. It owed its origin to the discovery of large silver mines in certain of the far Western States. chief promoters were the mine owners, who sought a market for their silver, but it soon enlisted the support of all who had formerly demanded "cheap money" in the shape of greenbacks. The silver party was at first confined almost wholly to the West, but it soon enlisted adherents in the South. Its progress was watched with languid interest by the East, where it was believed to be only a weak echo of the greenback movement. It achieved its greatest victory in the passage of the Sherman Law, which provided that the Government should coin every month a certain quantity of silver dollars. In spite of the verbiage with which the Sherman Law was clothed, it meant simply that the Government should be compelled to buy a fixed quantity of silver annually, and pay for it in gold at a price far above its true value. The inevitable result of such a law might easily have been foreseen, but, inasmuch as the purchased silver remained in the vaults of the Federal Treasury, for the very sufficient reason that no creditor would accept it in the place of gold, the people of the East flattered themselves that it would do no harm, and trusted that it would satisfy the Silverites. Of course it brought about the steady depreciation of the price of silver, and the steady flow of gold to other countries, while the Silverites, so far from being satisfied with the Law; were encouraged to demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The heresy infects both the great political parties in the West, and there are to-day nearly as many Western Republicans who are in favor of free silver, as there are Western silver Democrats. The recent Republican Convention, knowing that in any event the South was certain to remain Democratic, and that no Republican candidate could possibly be elected without the nearly unanimous support of the East, wisely placed itself fully and fairly on the side of honest money, and for the moment the Eastern people fancied that an overwhelming Republican victory had been thereby made certain. It was not until the Democratic Convention met, and the wild enthusiasm of the advocates of free silver carried all before it, that the East began to think that possibly the strength of the silver craze had been underestimated.

At the present writing it seems hardly probable that the Democrats will carry the next presidential election, but the supporters of Mr. McKinley no longer feel the absolute confidence which was theirs only a few weeks ago. It is true that in the East all "gold Democrats" will either vote for McKinley, or will abstain from voting. That this will give every one of the Eastern

States to the Republicans is reasonably sure. On the other hand, no man can predict to what extent the "silver Republicans" of the West will abandon McKinley, and vote for the Democratic candidate. If they are sufficient in number to carry Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, in addition to most of the other Western States, and the solid South, the Republicans may be defeated in spite of their victories in the East. It should not be forgotten that it is not merely the silver question which will influence Western voters. For the first time in the history of the United States the West is arrayed avowedly against the East, and the dislike of the Eastern people, which is universal at the West, will be an im-

portant factor in the election.

American optimism shirks the confession that the West dislikes the East. No one, however, who has any thorough knowledge of the American people, can doubt that for some years the East and the West have been steadily growing farther and farther apart, until they are now fairly in the attitude of hostile communities. The West dislikes the East for two reasons. Western man is haunted by the fear that his Eastern fellow citizen looks upon him as a social inferior, and in revenge he sneers bitterly at what he calls the "culchaw" of the East. point of fact the Eastern American does not care a particle what sort of clothes the Western man wears, or in what fashion he trims his hair and That there is a certain rusticity in Western speech and manners is sufficiently obvious when the West and the East meet socially, but the man from Chicago is mistaken in supposing that by reason of these things he is despised by the man from New The Eastern press may occasionally express its amusement at Western ways, but this is rarely done in Western malice. Nevertheless the man, with the painful self-consciousness of the rustic who finds himself in a drawing-room, believes that he is an object of ridicule, and therefore cordially hates the innocent Eastern man. Childish as this feeling may seem, it still exists, and no one can converse half an hour with a Western American without being informed that no Western man cares a straw for the opinion of the East, which is a sure proof that

the contrary is the fact.

But the chief cause of the animosity of the West toward the East is the fact that the former is heavily in debt to the latter. The Western cities have been built with Eastern money, and the Western railways and Western mines owe their existence either to Eastern or English capital. The debtor rarely likes his creditor, especially when it is inconvenient to pay him. Chicago was rebuilt after the great fire by money furnished by the East; but when the lenders ventured to suggest that payment of interest was desirable, Chicago became bitterly indignant at the New York and Boston "Shylocks," who were represented as clamoring for their respective pounds of The Western press uniformly takes a like attitude toward all Eastern creditors, and the mildest epithets given to them "sharks," and are "Shylocks," " bloodsuckers." Gradually the Western man has convinced himself that it is a hard and merciless thing for a creditor to ask for payment, and he is quite ready to take advantage of any method of legally avoiding payment of his debts. advocates of free silver offer him precisely what he is seeking. If silver becomes the only currency, the Eastern "Shylock" can be paid in silver dollars that are worth only fifty cents The Western debtor can thus each. rid himself of one-half of his indebtedness, and can at the same time punish the presumptuous East for its insolence in expecting full payment. The West does not favor the free coinage of silver merely because of its ignorant belief that "cheap money" will make every-Not the least of the charms body rich. of free silver is the expectation that it will serve as an instrument for the chastisement of the East.

The result of the present political campaign will be to intensify the hostility of the West toward the East. For months to come the two great divisions of the country will be in battle array, one against the other. The East will stand for gold and honesty—the West for silver and knavery. The

question of the tariff will pass out sight, and the honest Eastern Der crat will vote for the author of most preposterous Protectionist me ure the world has ever seen, beca his only alternative will be to vote the candidate who represents a pol of highway robbery. Whatever the sult of the election may be, the W and the East will have been for mon in the attitude of enemies, and Eastern and Western press will he constantly reviled one another "Shylocks" and thieves. If the W dislikes the East to-day, dislike v have grown into the bitterest hat by next November.

As has been said, the probabilit are at present in favor of the elect: of McKinley. But a defeat of the verites this year simply postpones th victory for four brief years. The publicans are pledged to re-enact McKinley tariff, and two, or at m three, years of Protection of the I Kinley variety will bring about an evitable industrial and commerc panic, precisely as the panic of 18 was brought about. Under the unn ural stimulus of a high Protective ta manufactories of protected articles v spring up everywhere, and their eag ness to fill the market will ensure over-production that Protection in riably fosters. Then will follow closing of manufactories, the idlen and discontent of workmen, and financial stringency and distress wh were, a year ago, the direct results the McKinley tariff, but which the thinking voter absurdly charges to account of the most honest and ca ble man that has occupied the Pro dential chair during the present c When this panic occurs, tury. Silverites will insist that it has be the result of the failure to adopt free coinage of silver. The voters either be convinced that this is tr or, at all events, they will be ready give the silver panacea a trial. defeat of the silver candidate in 1 will be followed by his triumph election in 1900, and the East will prostrate at the mercy of the West.

That the free and unlimited coin of silver means the utter ruin of East, goes without saying. When

Silverites gain possession of the Federal Government, the East must submit, with what grace it can muster, to complete and hopeless bankruptcy, or it must withdraw from the Union, and endeavor to maintain its independence

by arms. It may fail as the South failed a generation ago, but it will at least have perished honorably, and its skirts will be free from the stain of fraud and robbery with which the West will have blackened the Federal Union.

II.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR A COMPROMISE.

#### BY WILLIAM DILLON.

THE Republican party has declared explicitly for the maintenance of the existing gold standard, and the Democratic party, at its convention recently held in Chicago, has declared with equal explicitness for the free coinage of silver by this country alone. The great issue is therefore fairly and squarely joined. And it is the first time in the history of the Republic that a clearly defined issue on this great question has been put before the The electoral battle which will be waged between now and November will be beyond all comparison the most important that has been fought in this country since the Civil War.

Which side is going to win? read the great daily papers in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, one would suppose that there was really no question about it, and that the victory of the Gold men by an overwhelming majority was a foregone conclusion. But these papers can be no more relied on to correctly represent the sentiment of the American people than the daily papers of London can be relied on to correctly represent the sentiment of the English people outside of London. In the prophecies which they make regarding the result, the wish is largely father to the thought.

For my own part, I am convinced that, if every other issue save that of gold against silver were eliminated from the campaign, silver would win. But gold goes into this fight with two great advantages. It is tied to the Republican reaction, and it is tied to the cause of Protection. Roughly speaking, the South and the States and Ter-

ritories west of the Missouri River are for silver, and the North-Eastern States are decisively for gold. The great agricultural States of the North-West constitute the doubtful territory in which the real battle will be fought. At the State Conventions held in preparation for the National Conventions. the Republicans succeeded in securing gold delegations in these States, but it was evident that there was a strong minority in favor of silver. In nearly all of these States, the Democratic party selected delegations instructed for silver. I am satisfied that, if the money issue were not in any way complicated by other issues, the Silver party would carry most of the North-Western States and that the electoral vote of these States, added to that which they would receive from the West and South, would suffice to give them a majority. But these North-Western States, and in particular the great States of Illinois and Iowa, have always been Banner Republican States. Some of them suffered a temporary aberration during the landslide to Democracy which took place at the last national election. But this seems to have only intensified the violence of the reaction in favor of their old love. The gold standard now presents itself to the Republicans in these States as the policy of their party, and they have to choose between voting for it and leaving the party. Again, there is undoubtedly a great reaction in this country in favor of Protection; and, strange as it may seem to people in England, this reaction is specially strong in the States of the North-West. cause now comes before the voters of these States linked to the cause of

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and that the right lies somewhere between the two. To illustrate this by

a few examples. The point about which the controversy rages most fiercely is the question as to what would be the effect on the purchasing power of the silver dollar if this country were to threw open its mints to silver at the ratio of sixteen to one with gold. At present, as your readers know, the silver dollar of the United States has a purchasing power equal to nearly double the bullion value of the silver contained in it. Of course, if silver were admitted to free coinage, the bullion value and the coin value could not keep apart in this They would have to come together somewhere. The great question at issue is—where would they come The Silver men say that together? this country alone, by opening its mints to silver at the ratio of sixteen to one with gold, and making the silver dollars unlimited legal tender at that ratio, could fix and maintain that as the ratio of bullion value. In other words, they aftirm that the effect of free coinage would be to nearly double the present bullion value of silver relatively to gold. On the other hand, the Gold men say that free coinage means a fifty cent dollar, which is the same thing as saying that the adoption of free coinage by this country would not raise the bullion value of silver at all, but would leave it just where it is at present. It is obvious that there is plenty of room for a via media between these two extremes. There is a good deal of difference between doubling the value of silver and not affecting it at all. For my part, I have not the smallest doubt but that, in regard to this question, as in regard to most of the other questions at issue, the truth lies somewhere between the extremes advocated on either side. I do not believe that this country alone could raise the par of exchange to sixteen to one and keep it at that point, but I am quite convinced that the adoption of free coinage by such a country as this would cause a very substantial rise in the bullion value of silver, and that, therefore, the fifty-cent dollar argument, which is constantly dinned into our ears, is wide of the truth. I am not going to argue the question now, but I will merely say that the experience of the past, and more especially the marked effect on the price of silver recently produced by the shutting of the Indian mints, seems to me to make it as certain as anything of the kind can be that the opening of the mints of this country to free coinage would very materially affect the bullion price of silver.

To take another example. Closely connected with the fifty-cent dollar argument is the question of the honesty of free coinage, about which the controversy also rages with great fierce-On this question the position of the Silver men is that a great wrong was done to the debtor classes by the demonetization of silver, and the consequent appreciation of gold, and that the restoring of the right of free coinage to silver is the only way by which that wrong can be undone. They will not admit that there is any dishonesty about it. On the contrary, they say the dishonesty is to leave things as they are. On the other hand, the Gold men use their strongest language on this point. They deny vigorously that any wrong has been done at all, and they say that free coinage would simply mean a wholesale fraud on creditors, and that this is the object which its promoters really have at heart.

Here, again, I think the right lies between the two extremes. If the value of gold relatively to commodities in general has appreciated during the past twenty years, and if that appreciation of gold has been artificially caused by the action of the governments of the commercial nations in demonetizing silver, then most certainly a wrong has been done to debtors precisely similar in kind to the wrong which would now be done to creditors by allowing their debtors to pay them in money having a less purchasing power than the money in which the debts were contracted. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that by far the greater part of the private debts at present existing in the country have been contracted within the past few years, and that there has been very little, if any, increase in the purchasing power of gold since these debts were contracted.

To allow these debts to be paid in depreciated silver dollars would be clearly and unquestionably dishonest. cause a great wrong has been done to the debtor class in the past, it does not follow that it is just to now do a great wrong to the creditor class. process of falling prices seems to have spent itself, and it is impossible now to remedy the wrong that was done while that process was going on. The friends of the free coinage of silver would very much strengthen their cause with those people who attach any importance to the honest payment of debts if they would consent to have it provided that, if gold did go to a premium, creditors should be entitled to be paid in gold coin or in the silver equivalent of gold coin of the present weight and fineness.

It would be easy to give other cases in which both sides are wrong and the truth lies between them. I may briefly refer, in closing this part of the subject, to the great controversy as to the sufficiency of the gold supply to form a safe basis for the currency systems of the leading commercial nations. According to the Gold men, it is a complete delusion to suppose that there ever has been any mischief-working scramble for gold, or that any of the evils we have been and are suffering from are in any degree due to an insufficiency of the gold supply for the work it is now called on to do. hold that the general adoption of the gold standard has been a process of natural selection of the fittest, so to speak, and has been entirely beneficial. Of the Silver men it is enough to say that their view is the diametrical opposite of this in every respect. They commonly represent the gold standard in their cheap literature as a hideous octopus fastening the deadly grasp of its many arms upon all the quarters of the earth. Both sides are wrong, and it is by no means easy to say which is the farthest from the truth.

War to the knife and no compromise is now the motto of both of the contending parties. While believing, as hinted above, that the extremists on both sides are wrong, and that the right lies between them. I admit that the ferocious and radical character which the conflict has now assumed has its advantages. Whichever system -the single gold standard or the double standard-may be more in accordance with the principles of sound finance, there can be no doubt as to the fact that uncertainty as to the standard is ruinous. And this stage of uncertainty as to the standard of exchange value is precisely the condition in which this country has been for the past few years. The result has been hard times, far harder, relatively to the average condition, than the nations of Europe have been having. Nothing but the vast natural resources of the country could have enabled us to live through such a condition of things as well as we have done. It is satisfactory to know that the people are now thoroughly aroused to the desperate need of settling this question one way or the other. Macaulay's line, "One of us two, Herminius, shall never more go home," expresses very well the spirit by which both sides now seem to be animated; and there is good reason to hope that, when the ballots have been counted in November, the people will feel that one of the most formidable issues which this Republic has ever had to face is in a fair way of being finally settled.—Nineteenth Century.

#### THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT.

#### BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

A STUDY of the complicated machinery of a presidential election in the United States suggests the idea that a president, to borrow the words of the psalmist, "is fearfully and wonder-

fully made." Perhaps the negro rendering of the text is better, "fretfully and woefully made." For Republican simplicity, about which so much is said, condemns the people of the

United States, once in every four years, to hold more than fifty thousand separate electoral contests in order that a chief magistrate may be elected from the fourteen million citizens, native born, and therefore legally qualified to hold the office. Thirteen months is the measure of time covered by the various stages, and at least three million pounds sterling is legitimately expended in campaign work. yet, in spite of this elaborate system, devised to secure for all citizens an equal voice in the choice of chief magistrate, at least three million men who in theory should be allowed to vote, are forbidden the franchise, while it is possible for men who are not citizens, and who never do become citizens, to vote at two presidential elections without committing a crime.

An electoral system of such magnitude, and showing such curious contradictions as the two just mentioned, is worthy of study even by people happy in living beyond its scope. this study by the stranger is made difficult through the circumstance that the whole system is contrary to the spirit of the American Constitution, and cannot therefore be understood from the text-books. Further, the whole system lacking this constitutional control, is changing year by year. It is my purpose, therefore, to try and place the system before the reader by briefly describing a presidential campaign from its opening down to its closing scene.

The process of selecting a chief magistrate is divided into two parts of equal importance—the primary elections and the general election. The object of the primaries is slowly to "concentrate" party sentiment as to leadership and platform or "confession of faith." The English plan of allowing a committee to choose a candidate is not followed; and it is this attempt to let the American voter nominate a candidate—select one man out of fourteen millions—as well as vote for one candidate of five at the real election, that has made the system slow and expensive.

Let me take the case of one political party in one State, to illustrate the system, for it is the plan very closely followed by all five parties—Republican, Democrat, Populist, Labor, and Prohibitionist.

Early in the year the Democratic State Committee in Minnesota issued notice to hold primaries in each elec-And in response to toral division. this notice such an election was held in 759 districts, each district electing one delegate. At this primary election a voter must possess one of two qualifications. He must have voted the regular Democratic ticket at the last election, or he must now pledge himself to vote for the candidate of the Democratic party in the coming Now these 759 delegates election. who represent the views of 105,000 Democratic voters meet in convention, and elect eighteen delegates to the National Democratic Convention. Here, you see, in two stages, there is a concentration from 105,000 to eighteen. This process is supplemented by the adoption of a State " party platform," which is in fact merely a suggestion from the State Convention to the National Convention of what it believes would best aid the party in this locality.

The eighteen delegates and the one platform, representing this one political party in this one State, now go to the National Democratic Convention, to which all the other forty-four States have sent a delegation and a "platform." This National Convention consists of 930 delegates, and is the "concentrate" of the voice of the 5,250,000 Democratic voters in the Republic. It is the business of these 930 men to concentrate party choice into one man, who shall be the party candidate for President. And this last process will complete the "concentration" from 5,250,000 Democratic voters into one Democratic candidate. The Convention, in theory, will also concentrate the forty-five expressions of State Democratic political creed into one expression of National Democratic political creed. This process of concentration to find a mean or average party sentiment on man and policy, having been completed by all political parties, in all the States, the work of the primaries is over, and we are ready for that general election which will concentrate the five rival

candidates for the Presidency into one President of the whole people. the first step in this general election is a ridiculous farce enacted to keep within the letter of the law-the selection of men to be voted for as presi-At the opening of dential electors. the campaign the State Convention select the requisite number—a number equal to the State's representation in Congress. The only qualification demanded by policy is that each elector be of unquestioned honor. For once chosen he can vote for any candidate he wishes, and no power can hold him loyal to his party candidate should treachery be his decision. The Constitution, however, provides that no Senator or Representative, or person holding position of honor or trust under the National Government, shall be This proviso points to the an elector. real constitutional idea, which was, that the masses should have even less voice in the choice of a President than they were to have in the selection of United States Senators. Presidential electors were to be "appointed" by each State. They were to meet, and after careful, perhaps prayerful, deliberations, elect a President, the deliberations of the Electoral College being kept meanwhile free both from the clamor of the passionate masses, and the pressure of the official classes. The Electoral College at the present election numbers 447 votes. Consequently each of the five political parties nominate 447 electors. We have retrograded, it would seem, at this point of our "concentration," the five candidates having swelled to 2235 elect-But this is only an apparent loss, for the contest is really narrowed down to two men-the candidate of the Republican party and that of the Democratic party. For the Populist, Labor, and Socialist candidates are beaten before the race begins.

Four months of hot and hearty campaign work brings us to the day of voting—the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. This is the real but not the legal election of a President, and the result is known generally within twelve hours after the polls close; but while the result is known and accepted the election is two

stages short of completion. On the second Monday in January (sixty days after the voting), the electoral college of each state assembles in that state and casts its vote for President and Vice-President. A record of this ballot is then sent to Washington. On the second Wednesday in February Congress meets in joint session, and the President of the Senate opens each of the forty-five state records. If a candidate has received a majority of all votes cast, then he is declared elected, and thirty days later, March 4th, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court administers the oath of office and the long process of choosing a new chief

magistrate is over at last.

But on the other hand should no candidate receive a clear majority of all votes cast in the electoral colleges, then the House of Representatives selects a president. This would at first sight appear to be throwing the choice back to the people, for the "House" is elected directly by the people and representation is measured by popula-But in this election by the tion. House of Representatives, the members do not vote as individuals but as delegations from each state, that is each state delegation has one vote. New York, with thirty-four members representing six and a half million people, has no more power than Nevada with its one member representing sixty thousand people. No; this is less Democratic than the Electoral College, for in that body power goes with population, here it is a mere conference of forty-five sovereign states all on an equality. The House moreover is limited in its choice to one of the three men that received the highest number of votes in the Electoral College, and it must cast a majority for some candidate before March 4th, or there is no election, and the vice-president, chosen by vote of Senators, becomes the President of the United States.

In the electoral contests which I have briefly described, about 12,500,000 people resident in the United States have exercised that privilege upon which Democracy claims to set the highest value, the franchise. And yet in the United States at the time of this election reside at least 19,000,000 men

of voting age. Why have these 6,500,-000 men failed to vote? Why is the entire vote at the most important election in the Republic less than 66 per cent. of the voting strength of the people on a basis of universal manhood suffrage? A part of this falling off is due to indifference, but only a small The real reason will appear after a study of the election laws of the various states; for the franchise is the gift of the individual state and not of the nation. Let me show a few of these state limitations. The old New England state of Connecticut refuses a vote to all who cannot read the Constitution or statutes. Massachusetts and Maine shut out all who cannot read the Constitution in English and write their name. In the South, Georgia only confers the franchise on a citizen who has paid all taxes since This provision disfranchises thousands of negro voters. Mississippi limits the franchise to men who can read or understand the Constitution; this gives the election officer power to reject negro votes and accept illiterate white votes. South Carolina, which only adopted its constitution in December last, and may thus be taken as a very recent expression of Southern sentiment, gives a vote to any citizen who has paid two years' poll tax and who "can read any section of this constitution submitted to them by the registration officer, or understand and explain it when read to them by the registration officer." This proviso will disfranchise 100,000 negro voters at the next election without shutting out illiterate white votes. The new Western states of Wyoming and Utah allow women to vote; but in the former all voters must be able to read the Constitution. In the state of Vermont, an ex-confederate soldier or sailor is still denied the franchise. five of the states duelists are disfranchised. In all, conviction of felony, and in a few of lesser crimes, disfranchises; save where a pardon is granted a criminal before his term of imprisonment expires. There is a clearly marked tendency to curtail the franchise all over the Republic: in the North and East and West by a taxpaying and educational test; in the

South by practically the same test, but with alternative tests intended to be operative only on the negro population.

On the other hand, the curious liberality shown to the alien in many states, is due to the fact that naturalization is the gift of the Union, the franchise the gift of the individual states. For under this law, as I have before mentioned, an alien may vote at two Presidential elections and yet never become a citizen. And this curious position develops as follows. It requires five years' continuous residence in the United States for an alien to become a citizen of the United But the first step in the process of naturalization may be taken the day he lands in America—the filing of his "declaration of intent." Now, in nearly one half of the states this "filing of declaration" is accepted as constituting a man a citizen, and in thirteen of the states a citizen, after six months' residence, can vote. Consequently six months after an alien arrives in one of those states he may vote; and as five years must elapse before he becomes a citizen of the United States, it is possible for two elections to take place for chief magistrate before that five years' probation And before that comes to an end. time does come round he may decide not to complete his citizenship.

Such is the system under which Democracy, at great expenditure of time, money, and vitality, seeks to give the highest office to that man who is the choice of the greatest number. That the whole system breaks down in practice is proved by this one fact. The man chosen for President in November is frequently a man whose name, in the previous May, had never been associated with that office in the mind of one elector in the whole broad land.

I have shown you the legal skeleton, let me now show the heart of the campaign. To rightly understand the absorbing and intense nature of a Presidential contest in the United States, it must be remembered that in every election during the last forty years, the issue has been one which appealed to passion, prejudice, and the pocket. Opposition to slavery was rising to a white heat in 1856. The campaign of

1860 was fought under the shadow of secession, and facing a certain appeal to arms. The second election of Lincoln in 1864 was during the progress of a great civil war, and war passions possessed the electorate wholly. Grant in 1868 embodied the passionate and delicate question of the reconstruction of the conquered and impoverished South. In 1872 that reconstruction was in operation and sectional animosity burning hot and sharp. In 1876 a currency madness possessed the people -a madness which led men to talk openly of murder as the proper punishment for men of property. In 1880 Chinese immigration to the Pacific Coast, and low-class Italian immigration in the East, combined with bitter anti-railway sentiment in the Middlewest to make a bitter and angry strug-In 1884 Cleveland and Blaine were both so open to vulgar abuse, and the issue—" Freer" Trade—threatened so many incomes, that party spirit ran very high. In 1888 this same "Freer" Trade issue ran in double harness with a new currency madness—Free Silver -and brought passion into the election, passion of a selfish, sordid character. In 1892 a third element joined "Freer" Trade and Free Silver, namely, a Northern resentment against the prominent part which men lately in rebellion now took in the administration of the very Government they had fought to destroy.

An excitable people and a passionate issue can produce but one result, namely, a feverish, intense partisanship which lends to each electoral contest the ferocity of a life and death struggle. Consequently in a Presidential election year business, as well as national nerve, always suffers; and the whole thought, as well as the whole talk of the people, centres on and is absorbed by campaign work.

In no part of this campaign work does this terrible excitement show more clearly than in the nominating conventions of the two great parties—the Re-

publican and Democratic. For the result of such conventions is often in doubt up to the very last moment. It is a great lottery in which the greatest electoral office ways often goes to a

electoral office very often goes to a "dark horse," or unexpected man.

Much has been written of the omnipotence, in things political, of the po-litical "boss." But history shows clearly that in a nominating convention they are generally powerless; they are beaten three times for every victory which is secured by them. In 1872 all the professional politicians opposed Grant; he was nominated. In 1876 they were in favor of Blaine; he was defeated. In 1880 they wanted Grant. but Garfield, a man they hated as well as feared, secured the great prize. Cleveland in 1884 was an enemy of the "bosses," a greater enemy in 1888; he succeeded in both instances. Blaine was backed by the two most powerful political "bosses"—Platt of New York and Quay of Pennsylvania—for the nomination in 1892, but Harrison won the battle and the leadership. same "bosses" opposed McKinley this year; he won the "nomination stakes" in a canter. Take the case of Garfield as an apt illustration of this lottery He made a speech offering his idea. friend Sherman in nomination. speech was so charged with the strange power which compels, that the whole convention went crazy; and in a mad stampede voted the nomination to the advocate rather than his distinguished

And yet mere eloquence does not always work such wonders. In 1876 Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, admittedly the most eloquent speaker in the Republican party, nominated Blaine in a speech which was a model in every way; and yet it did not change one Senator Conkling, a man of navote. tional reputation for eloquence and persuasive speech, presented Grant's name to the Convention of 1880. speech is held to have been the most eloquent ever delivered at a political convention. It stirred the convention deeply, but it failed to win over one delegate. No; it is all a great lottery. And this is the reason why every man in the convention runs to nerves, and the very air borrows new electricity when the actual voting for candidates This roll call of the states in alphabetical order will sometimes consume forty minutes; and from first to last the great hall bubbles and boils with enthusiasm, for the wild cheering, which began with the first vote, never ceases for a moment, although it rises and falls in volume, until the last When that final and devote is cast. cisive vote is announced, a scene is enacted which leaves a picture in memory for all time. For every man of the twenty thousand people present seems to have suddenly gone raving Ten thousand hats are tossed high in the air, as many men leap on their chairs and stand waving their arms in frantic fashion. Hundreds just stand still and yell, yell as if possessed of personal animosity against their own lungs and determined to use them up in one grand assault. All over the great hall you will see men fling arms around the neck of some masculine neighbor. From their vocal exercise faces assume the ruddy hue of the genial tomato. Meanwhile to aid in the pandemonium, two or three bands are braying in that irritating and brassy fashion common to bands when they meet a rival noise-producer stronger than they. Then, too, from the crowd outside of the Convention Hall comes a hideous roar, as cheer follows cheer for the new leader of party hosts. The coldest heart quickens in such surroundings, and something within flames hot and exhilarat-For, remember, this great crowd is not a common crowd, but chiefly composed of men who have often swayed, and stirred, and kindled other and larger crowds. When men who have this power to carry others beyond self-control, let themselves go, the effect is startling.

In the real electoral contest the campaign work is hard, exhaustive, and expensive. Public speakers, at such a time, are usually volunteers, but in many cases the speaker is some noted lawyer who is paid a high price for his services. I have known one speaker to receive £100 for one address; and one political meeting, with its attendant torchlight procession, to cost over £10,000.

These torchlight processions are now less prominent and picturesque than in the days immediately after the Civil War. Then military training had cultivated a love of martial display in the whole people. The men loved to play

at soldiering, and the party leader could appeal more surely to the voter through eye than ear. These processions were, of course, at night, and each man carried a flaming oil-torch. Part were mounted, part on foot, all were uniformed and drilled. quently as many as 50,000 men would be in line. From thirty to eighty brass bands were an essential feature. and every few hundred yards a wagon was introduced in the procession, from which, as it moved along, rockets and Roman candles were exploded and colored fire burned. In Neu of flags, painted transparencies were carried on poles—pictures of candidates, party sentiments, coarse caricatures of opponents, sometimes short and witty verse.

Along the route taken by the procession every house was illuminated, many having three rows of candles, ten in a row, at each window. Even political opponents thus lit up their houses. For experience had shown that a dark "Democratic" window was an invitation strong to some rude "Republican" rock; and candles were cheaper than new window panes.

The nucleus of this procession was the political torchlight club which every town or district was sure to possess, and in which each town took special pride. These clubs were divided into cavalry and infantry. The cavalry club, to which I once belonged, mustered never less than 300 horse, and we had a fine band of twenty Each man wore a uniform pieces. consisting of peaked cap, long cape. and top boots, carrying his torch as a lance. The cap and cape were made of yellow oil-cloth, which at night, under the torchlight, took the color of gold. This cape was not only effective from a spectacular point of view, but it protected us from the oil which dripped from the torch, and also from the rain in stormy times.

Frequently we would ride twenty miles across the country to some small village or town, to take part in a local demonstration. Our arrival in such a place was often the great event of the year. We were first banqueted in right royal fashion. Then we gave the crowd, what they always called a great treat, by going through our drill

The movement in some big field. which the crowd liked best was the "charge in line," horses at full gallop, our torches trailing ribbons of flame, and making queer effects in light and shadow. The central or "tactical" idea of this spectacular move was to rouse the dull, easy-going folk, and tempt them out of comfortable houses. Once, at the meeting, our public speakers were trusted to win over the wavering, and strengthen the weak-kneed brethren of our own party. I have lived life at a pretty broad swing, vet I fail to recall happier days than the days in which I did this political soldiering. And one result of this work which I admit appears foolish work, is often forgotten or ignored—the pleasure such processions and good music and good speaking bring to the people in small farming towns or in farming districts. It is the one bit of color in a colorless life; a note of harmony in a life full of discord. Town and country shake hands, sectional prejudice is lessened, and the whole nation becomes more homogeneous.

In the public speaking the work is divided into two classes, men who appeal to reason, and men who appeal to The former prejudice and passion. are sent into what are called the "hard-headed" or thinking district of a city and the well-read country dis-The latter take the "plain masses," and they often take them by storm. Humor, however, is the strongest card, and is a power with all classes. I remember two cases in which it did splendid work. Colonel Ingersoll was speaking to a body of broad-minded, genial, companionable Western men, and he described his political opponent, Tilden, as "a man as genial as a wet umbrella, and as hospitable as an empty beer-barrel." Again, out in Minnesota, they were holding a joint debate. The Republican had spoken first, and being the ablest lawyer in the state, had made a fine speech in defence of the Republican party. When the Democrat stood up to answer his friends were fearful, he had such a small opening for his attack. But he said, "Friends, whenever there is a great criminal to be defended, my friend, who is the greatest criminal

lawyer in the state, is always retained to conduct that defence. To-night the Republican party is on trial for its life; how desperate is the case is clearly shown by the fact, that our greatest criminal lawyer has been called in to work the old wonder with his eloquent tongue." Then he sat down; and that district went against the Republicans at the next election. The public had always associated the lawyer with the defence of desperate criminals, and the fact that he came a great distance to defend the Republican candidate worked injury to the man he tried to All very trivial, very foolish. Yes. But a broad electorate is moved by just such trivial things, as all men who know the inside history of politics have long since discovered. The campaign in favor of Cleveland in 1884 was splendidly managed, and yet the man who had the real control of the whole matter told me that Cleveland was beaten, until the Rev. Dr. Burchard, a warm friend of Blaine, made use of four short words, the words in which he said that he was sure Blaine was an enemy of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." That one sentence changed 30,000 votes, and Cleveland only won by 1,047, the plurality by which he carried the State of New York, which was the deciding vote in the Electoral College.

So much for the manner in which the great prize of the Presidency is won; may I add a few words about two prominent prize winners?

It was my good fortune to be visiting at the house of a man when he received news of his election to the Presidency. To my young mind the mere thought of such high honor was bewildering; I could not picture how I would act in such circumstances. But I did have a vague notion that a man at such a time would act in "dramatic" fashion—call to the gods for aid—ask High Heaven to witness his gratitude; register his vow of loyalty to duty and Deity. Here, then, was an opportunity to test my theory, and I awaited results with keen anxiety. We were at breakfast when the telegram arrived. His wife tore it open, and, her voice all in a tremble, read, "You are elected beyond shadow of a doubt." I looked closely at the lucky man. Not a muscle moved, not the slightest change in his expression was visible. He was silent for a few seconds, and then, as he broke open an egg, he quietly observed, "Mother, that egg would suffer no injury if kept another year." Really, I was tempted to throw my cup of coffee at him, his levity seemed so sacrilegious. I hated him because he was so lacking in human Half an hour later I was passing the stables. Looking in, I saw the "cold-blooded" President-elect standing by the side of his favorite horse. One arm was thrown over its neck, his face was buried in the mane, and his That very whole frame was convulsed. human side of his nature which he kept out of sight, even when surrounded by his own family, he had revealed to his dear old horse. As I passed on I realized that my boyhood idol was again on its old pedestal, and knew that the making of a President had not, in this case, been the unmaking of a man.

Let me close with this one page from Garfield's life. He had won the great prize. Three months of bitter strife with politicians over spoils of office followed his inauguration, and exhausted the little store of nervous energy which remained after a long and exciting electoral campaign. Hest was an absolute necessity, and he started on a brief holiday—a visit to his Alma Mater in the New England hills. Smiling, as he walked into the railway-station, at

a witty speech of his friend Blaine, he fell mortally wounded at the hands of a half-crazed assassin. They carried him to the White House—the political Mecca of so many millions—and for weeks his suffering was beyond description. I had a friend who was with him from first to last, and he gave me this little picture of the closing days of Garfield's life. Suffering bred fever, and fever revived his old love of the He begged to be carried to the Atlantic, and his wish was law. One morning my friend, at Garfield's request, lifted him so that his dying eyes might take in a wider sweep of the old Atlantic. And while my friend held in his arms the wasted figure of his old friend, he told the President how the whole nation was also looking toward the sea. Yes, and praying that God would help and bless their chief magistrate. Garfield pressed the hand of his friend, and whispered, "He has blessed me; could man ask more than such love and sympathy from such a people?" A few hours later the President had put aside forever place and power-paid with his life the awful price of success.

The prize is great, the prize-winners are the envy of the many. But I have it on the word of six Presidents of the United States, that even the winning of this great prize in the lottery of life but throws into clearer relief the great truth, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"—Fortnightly Review.

#### THE ETHICAL IMPULSE OF MRS. BROWNING'S POETRY.

BY THOMAS BRADFIELD.

THOSE familiar with the noblest, as well as the sweetest, productions of English poetesses up to nearly the middle of the present century must be conscious that in most of these works, however pleasing and felicitous otherwise, there is a noticeable absence of sustained creative vigor and incisive thought. The subjects of our gentler singers' special delight belong more to the ordinary emotions of daily life than to the imaginatively daring or passion-

ately eventful; and the art which enshrines their fancies does not, as a rule, lift them into regions of enduring loveliness. It would be easy to point to other characteristics peculiar to their genius, and to compare or contrast these with the strength, vehemence, and versatility of their brother bards; but such considerations would lead us too far from our present purpose. Up to the time we have stated, however, scarcely any Englishwoman

had been held worthy to rank among the foremost minstrels of our land. But, as regards the present century, two or three instances stand out with a distinction which requires us in some respects to modify this judgment. It is impossible to pass over, when we review the various gifted singers of recent years, the tender, pathetic, and graceful poetess, who at her death was referred to as—

"that holy spirit Sweet as the spring—as Ocean deep."

If this, coming from so deliberate a writer as Wordsworth, appears extravagant, by its side may be placed Landor's admiration, which is equally enthusiastic and also more definite:

Who shrouded Cass Biancs, she who cast The iron mould of Ivan: yet whose song Was soft and varied as the nighingale's, And heard above all others."

Before the grave had, in 1835, closed over Felicia Hemans, at the comparatively early age of forty-one, the poetess who was to take rank among the most vigorous and original singers of the new generation had already given to the world several instances of her striking and versatile powers. In her first volume, published 1826, Elizabeth Barrett not only evinced very early instances of her rare gift, but struck the key-note of the position to be hers subsequently as a poetical teacher. the preface to this volume she affirms that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all objects is moral truth."

The assertion here broadly stated would require some qualification to accept in connection with the imaginative work of the singers of the world, and will admit of definite application only after distinguishing the aims of art and of ethics. Later, in the preface to a collected edition of her poems, published 1844, Miss Barrett speaks of her work as a poetess as an effort to give the completest expression to her The thread which conown being. nects two passages which at first may appear distinct is to be sought in the mental conception of the writer, who believed herself charged with a special message from "the Infinite," to discover which she had only to survey the workings of her own vivid consciousness. This is one reason why we must regard her ethical impulse as an essential of her poetry.

We will now proceed to illustrate, as briefly as possible, the tendency to which we have referred, and to show how in her various poems spiritual conviction merges into moral enthusiasm, and moral enthusiasm develops social philanthropy, and then political aspirations and sympathy, until we find these various phases displayed together in her most sustained and elaborate effort—Aurora Leigh—and made the starting points of a conception to

unite the ideal and the real.

If we regard the leading idea of Mrs. Browning's two most imposing religious works, "A Drama of Exile" and "The Seraphim," as being in harmony with a sense of awe and reverence, akin to that which in the world's earlier days produced some of the most wonderful of the Hebrew poems, we shall not be far wrong in referring these efforts to a state of mind and feeling when impressions are only partially developed; when the spirit is experiencing its first thrill of ecstasy at the realization of Divine communion. The spiritual state which has given rise to these two poetical essays is, in a word, immature. As the expression of the earliest phase of Mrs. Browning's religious enthusiasm they are noticeable not because they represent a developed, harmonious, spiritual vision, but on account of their daring and unconventional spirit, their largeness of treatment, and the beauty and soaring energy of isolated passages, one of the most striking of which is the magnificently conceived speech of Adam to Eve at the close of "A Drama of Exile." In considering these pieces we must not forget that Mrs. Browning's mind had been nurtured in a school of religious thought which, liberal and advanced in one sense, was nevertheless severely orthodox in profession. Here, no doubt, lay the source of strength and sympathy in respect to one aspect of her subjects; but also it may be in part owing to this that they are never lifted into the higher regions of universality of interest.

We may now turn from these early imaginative efforts and glance for a moment at some smaller religious pieces, in which the views and conceptions of the poet are of a more direct and emphatic character; poems in which her soul's experiences are the springs of profound convictions, expressed in rapturous language as of one who had been communing in moments of adoration with the Divine. higher, more inward, more practically devout utterances are the result, it seems borne in upon us, of those hours of wakefulness which belong to the long watches of the night-time of pain and tribulation of which early she had so much experience. Perhaps the profound truthfulness and encouraging sympathy of the writer's faith are to be seen in their most penetrating sweetness in such pieces as "A Child's Thought of God," with the confiding beauty of the verses:

"God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

"But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things
made
Through sight and sound of every place."

In one of the noblest of her earlier pieces—one full of the tenderest music, and marked throughout with deep insight into the experiences of a gifted and troubled nature—the lines on "Cowper's Grave," we have another beautiful illustration of her trustfulness:

"But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding, And things provided came without the

sweet sense of providing, He testified this solemn truth, though frenzy

He testified this solemn truth, though frenzy
desolated—

Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created."

In the ballads and romantic pieces, evidences of the ethical tendency of Mrs. Browning's genius are naturally less distinct and prominent than in those which touch upon social wrongs, political aspirations, or spiritual trustfulness. The ideas in her romantic poems are, however, noticeable for the purity and loftiness of their tone, many of which have also a distinctly progressive ring.

NEW SERIES. -- VOL. LXIV., No. 4

As a noble instance of her profound insight into one mystery of life, we may quote the following from "A Vision of Poets":

"'God!' he cried,
'Be praised for anguish which has tried;
For Beauty which has satisfied:

"'For the world's presence, half within
And half without me—sound and scene—
This sense of Being and Having been.

"'I thank Thee that my soul hath room
For Thy grand world! Both guests may
come—
Beauty, to soul—Body, to tomb!

"'I am content to be so weak—
Put strength into the words I speak,
And I am strong in what I seek.

"' 'I am content to be so bare Before the archers, everywhere, My wounds being stroked by heavenly air.

"' I know—is all the mourner saith— Knowledge by suffering entereth; And Life is perfected by Death.'"

The lesson of "The Poet's Vow" the error of trying to live apart from humanity, and escaping life's ordinary ills—is thus expressed in the closing lines of the poem:

"That God's own unity compresses
One into one, the human many,
And that His everlastingness is
The bond that is not loosed by any.
For thou thyself this law must keep,
If not in love, in sorrow then;
Though smiling not like other men,
Yet, like them, thou must weep."

But, as we have hinted, it is in her treatment generally more than in particular passages that the tendency of Mrs. Browning's profound moral nature is to be most thoroughly appreciated; and in our references to her stately and elaborate ballad-poems, we shall indicate this as briefly as possible. In "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," some of the egotistical outpourings of which recall part of "Locksley Hall," and the poise of its rhythmical melody at times that of "The Raven"-we have, in the conflict of individual passion with the social surroundings which seem at first to stand in the way of its realization, an extravagant, wrought picture; but relieved by higher notes and aspirations, such as the throb of noble thought and feeling,

which dignifies the passage in which the heroine refers to the marble statue of Silence, and explains how "the essential meaning growing may exceed the special symbol," or in some of the beneficent lines of the conclusion, which lift the impulse of the piece into a serener atmosphere of tenderness and "The Lay of the Brown restraint. Rosary," one of the noblest of her conceptions, and in execution, although unequal, containing some of her finest work, is based upon an idea, mediæval in origin and elaborated with an ethical severity that closes the poem in tragic gloom. The "Rhyme of the Duchess May" is also remarkable for passages of pre-eminent splendor, illustrative not only of the poet's rare genius, but of her admiration; of the courage and fidelity which is so nobly displayed by the Duchess. The music and rhythm of some parts of the poem seem to us to attain an excellence and finish rare in Mrs. Browning's earlier efforts, some of which are often hasty and unequal in manner of execution. But here the workmanship is admirable, especially toward the end, with the fine epilogue and its crowning suggestive thought, as inspiring as beautiful:

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—

Toll slowly.

And I said in underbreath—all our life is mixed with death, And who knoweth which is best?

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—

Toll slowly.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

We have no space to more than indicate that the same tendency runs through other instances of Mrs. Browning's ballad verse. From these also may be gathered her profound admiration of the devotion so characteristic of the women of noble mediæval legend; and a verse in "The Romaunt of the Page" sets its seal with exquisite distinctness upon the exalted nature of this tendency:

"Look up—there is a small bright cloud Alone amid the skies! So high, so pure, and so apart A woman's glory lies."

Passing from the narrative and ballad poems to those which are essentially reflective and didactic in their scope, we naturally find Mrs. Browning's special characteristic distinctly prominent in such examples of her genius as "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point," "The Cry of the Children," "Human Life's Mystery,"
"The Soul's Travelling," "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress," "The Cry
of the Human," and "Confessions." The strength and tenderness of her manifold sympathies are here displayed in no uncertain language; and through these the troubled yearnings and despairings of our age have graven themselves deeply into not only the consciousness but the history of humanity. Some of these pieces are worthy of special remembrance for their social, others their philosophical, others their religious attitude; and in all, the poet's incisive sympathy and liberality of views are radiantly supreme. With rare vigor and vividness of descriptive power, we have in "The Soul's Travelling" and "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress" Mrs. Browning's humanitarianism expressed in a rush of glowing and inspiring words, the first notes of which, we may remark in passing, were struck in an early poem called "The Appeal," in a passage where she asks:

"Are ye men and love not man?"
Love ye and permit his ban?"

"The Soul's Travelling" concludes, after a succession of magnificent passages, with these noble lines:

"Yes, very vain
The greatest speed of all these souls of men,
Unless they travel upward to Thy throne!
There sittest THOU, the satisfying ONE,
With help for sin, and holy perfectings
For all requirements—while the archangel,
raising

Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing, Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings!"

In "A Rhapsody of Life's Progress' the same sympathy and feeling are expressed in more general, and if less powerful, equally aspiring language; while "Earth and Her Praisers" is in particular memorable for the manner in which the inward craving on the singer's part to read the riddle of this painful earth is harmoniously unfolded.

But for largeness of insight, breadth of vision, distinct and unforgettable impressiveness both of thought and language, Mrs. Browning, perhaps, reaches her most consummate expression in "The Cry of the Human":

"The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep
As help were in the human;
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under!
The hills have echoes, but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!"

The fine discernment and keen impatience of the baffling evils of life here generally evinced receives new power and direction when particularly applied, as in that justly admired poem, "The Cry of the Children," which throughout thrills with instinctive sympathy, and is passionate with indignation at man's indifference and neglect toward the suffering and help-less.

In a preface to the admirable selection of Mrs. Browning's poem which appeared in 1865, and had the advantage of his supervision, Robert Browning states that the desire had been to retain in this abstract the characteristics of the general poetry according to an order which should allow them the prominency and effect they seem to possess in the larger works of the poet. "A musician might say," adds Mr. Browning, "such and such chords are repeated, others made subordinate by distribution, so that a single movement may imitate the progress of the whole symphony." As it is well known how thoroughly in accord Robert Browning was with his gifted wife, all lovers of the poetess would have perfect confidence in his judgment, certain, in the case of selection, that all that "care and the profoundest veneration were able to do" would be It is noted at once that this selection, which had so signal and noteworthy an introduction, does not include any parts of her two impressive sacred pieces, but commences with the fancifully conceived "Hector in the Garden''—a poem interspersed with references of delightful autobiographical interest. With regard to the immediate purpose of these remarks, we

may say that this volume is most happily illustrative of Mrs. Browning's powers—not only from its including much of her noblest work, but also on account of the method of arrangement, in some instances, bringing out the ethical tendency in common of poems apparently divergent in aim and inter-With this thought in mind, that "Lord Walter's Wife" and "Bianca among the Nightingales" should be arranged between "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" and "The Lay of the Brown Rosary" will seem a natural sequence; and it would be difficult, as illustrative of another feature of Mr. Browning's arrangement, to imagine a fitter consummation to the beauty and pathos of "A Child's Grave at Florence" than that it should be followed by the "tender grace" of one of her most finished poems, "Little Mattie."

In later years of her life the impulse of Mrs. Browning's genius took a new direction, when, in harmony with her sympathies, she turned her mind to the new political ideas that were agitating Europe. Where is the poetess's characteristic thought more distinctly or finely attested than in those passages in "Casa Guidi Windows," where she again and again, in language full of the most thrilling hopefulness, reminds us that our destiny is in the future?

"We do not serve the dead—the past is past.
God lives, and lifts His glorious mornings up Before the eyes of men awake at last."

Here, as in the deep underlying thought throughout the poem, Mrs. Browning insists upon a stringent conscientiousness as the true impulse and noblest reward of those who wage war against the burning wrongs of humanity. Her sublime hopefulness is no less imperative:

"We sit murmuring for the future though Posterity is smiling on our knees, Convicting us of folly. Let us go— We will trust God."

In a later utterance—the first of the "Poems before Congress"—when her mind was under an illusion about the potentate she was addressing—although this in no wise diminishes the intense sincerity of her own conviction—she

thus bursts out with passionate vehemence:

"An English poet warns thee to maintain
God's word, not England's:—let His truth
be true
And all men liars! With His truth respond
To all men's lie. . . .
Flash in God's justice to the world's amaze,
Sublime Deliverer!"

Before illustrating the manner in which the ethical impulse of her mind displays itself in the most sustained and imposing of her works, we may allow ourselves to linger for a moment over the exquisite sonnets in which she has preserved the rapture of the sweetest experience of her life. Even here, although human sympathies too often crowd out religious exercise—and no doubt the most intense devotional expression of Mrs. Browning's faith did precede the time of passionate exaltation to which the mystical—we had almost said incommunicable—tenderness of the Portuguese sonnets refers, yet running through them, ever and anon flashes out the crystalline radiance of her love of the Highest. In one place she exclaims:

"There's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.''

The same thought finds expression in the tender reference—

God for myself, He hears that name of thine, And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

The Sonnets from the Portuguese by date belong to the year 1846; and undoubtedly there is a more buoyant exhilaration in their inspiration than in that of earlier poems. In the later outpourings there is not that constant longing for a peace beyond that of the passing hour, so directly noticeable in the earlier. In the sonnets all is serene, unclouded, spontaneously-enthusiastic joyance; the consummation of a heart's truest, deepest feeling, in unison with a gifted and reciprocal spirit that can understand, sympathize with, and divine her sweetest, lowliest as well as her intensest aspirations. We might sum up one impression of these poems by saying that they are hymns of praise at the realization of a new and thrilling sense; and are lifted as far above the influence of other earthly considerations as the strains of some angel choir heard in rapt vision by mystics of old must have been to the wondering listeners. With what enthusiasm and sweet forgetfulness of any listener does the poetess pour out her soul—her eyes, as it were, full of radiant gladness and the tone of her voice vibrating with passionate conviction—in such lines are these:

"My own, my own Who camest to me when the world was gone, And I who looked for only God found thee!"

It may seem a somewhat startling transition to pass, as it were, from the secluded paradise of sweet, exalted emotion into the turmoil of clashing ideas and sensations so strangely, but on the whole not inharmoniously, mingled in "Aurora Leigh." fierce current of ideas that coursed through the poetess's mind in the earlier years of her married life found an outcome in this remarkable effort. If form is to the poem what the sculpture is to the marble—that without it there can be no singleness of effect, "Aurora Leigh," although it may not commend itself in parts certainly presents a splendid unity and vitality as a whole.

It is because her genius has shone into its subject, not with the calm, sustained radiance of sunlight, but with the sudden, fitful, dazzling splendor of storm-lightning that a sense of bewilderment seizes on the mind, as it is hurried through the varied scenes and experiences of the poem, and endeavors to harmonize the different impressions left upon it, in the hope of thus discerning the social, æsthetical, political, and religious ideals which the authoress is struggling to present to us. At times she appears content to spin filaments of beautiful but nebulous pictures as if for the mere delight of her readers; at other times she is stirred to the very depths of her nature at some profoundly pitiable or revolting circumstance, and presents us with a picture that in intensity and vivid realistic grimness of detail belongs to the " Aurora art of Holbein or Hogarth. Leigh" is unique in its overflowing vigor and variety of picturesque descriptions, in its burning, outspoken sympathy with whatever conduces to social reforms, individual or national; in its daring unconventionality of treatment of honored, in some instances, even sacred, subjects; in its abandonment of the atmosphere and surroundings of romantic or idyllic interest; its preference. almost obtrusively displayed, for the out-of-the way and unpleasant in incident and description. The poem reads throughout as the sudden, excited outpouring of a largehearted, grandly gifted, but over-sensitive nature, whose wealth of images, seething at white heat in the brain, overflows before her spirit is calm enough, or sufficiently on the alert to allow of them being shaped into restrained vigor or loveliness.

But this effect of some of the parts is not the abiding impression of the whole, of which a fuller appreciation is attained when we divine the informing idea at the heart of the poem. chief aim of "Aurora Leigh" is to establish a harmony between the thoughts and aspirations of the poet and the practical exertions of the worker in the world's highways—in other words, it is a daring and masterly attempt to bridge the gulf between the ideal and the real, and to unite the followers of each in unwearied enthusiastic endeavor for the welfare of humanity. closing passages of the poem illustrate this in language as exalted as imaginatively beautiful; and in no part is it expressed more clearly than where the voice of Romney Leigh "rose, as some chief musician's song"-

" And bade me mark how we two met at last Upon this moon-bathed promontory of earth.

To give up much on each side, then take all.

'Beloved,' it sang, 'we must be here to

And men who work can only work for men, And, not to work in vain, must comprehend Humanity and so work humanly.

And raise men's bodies still by raising

souls.

As God did first.'"

Indeed, the poem would convince us that no chasm need exist. For are not the leading ideas of the work symbolized in its two principal characters; and in the union of Romney and Au-

rora Leigh do we not see foreshadowed a glorious reconciliation between an exalted faith in man's energy to bring about that ideal of the future of humanity which is alike the aspiration of poets and thinkers, as well as the aim of the philanthropic workers of our day?

In the pages of the poem, however, we are content to be beguiled, if we are not always convinced by the peculiar Quixotism of both Aurora and Romney—a Quixotism which, if it does not entirely harmonize with the saner enthusiasm of more moderate social and religious reformers, may at least stir admiration at the daring which does not flinch from piercing through the skin of the evils of the day and laying them bare to the eyes of all. Heroic impulses and exertions, such as those of Romney, however rashly directed, are the pioneers of more practical efforts; although it may well be that the quieter, less ostentatious sympathy and charity of Aurora may carry more with it in the end; but in the union of the two have we not the promise rising, as it were, through the dawnstreaks of a new day—of a fresh philanthropic force for humanity?

Here again throughout it is in the largeness and freedom of her treatment that the transforming and expansive effect of the impulse of Mrs. Browning's genius is most distinctly evidenced. Religion as well as passion; faith no less than love; sorrow and despair in similar degrees to joy and hope, are touched by the same irradiating influence, and become etherealized in her conception.

"A mon sens," writes M. Taine, in his Notes sur l'Angleterre, " il n'y a point de poésie qui vaille la poésie anglaise; qui parle si fortement et si nettement à l'âme, qui la remue plus à fond, en qui les mots soient si chargés de sense, qui traduise mieux les secousses et les élans de l'être intérieur.'

English poetry, especially in recent manifestations, is largely charged with the sensitive vibration of the spiritual transports of our inmost consciousness; and, perhaps, hardly any of the gifted singers of this century is a nobler instance of this, more thoroughly or significantly illustrates it, than Mrs. Browning. Underlying the stately and solemn beauties of her religious dramas, in the ardor and lyric strength and sweetness of her ballad poems, in the eloquent flow of enthusiastic sympathy of her social and political outbursts, in the fierce and rugged expression of daring thoughts, moulded into imperishable distinctness throughout her sustained masterpiece, we have the same significant impulse. This is made the more striking from her language being so largely metaphorical so full of the most forcible images to emphasize her ideas. Notwithstanding her Greek studies, there is little of the serene calm, faultless taste, or inimitable finish of Greek art in her Her style is vigorous, effusive, extravagant, rather than subtle, graceful, and restrained. When we turn from her artistic method of expression to the imaginative breadth and grandeur of her more enduring efforts—to her alert and comprehensive sympathies-to her piercing, intense, even terrific scorn and indignation at whatever is cruel, inhuman, or oppressive, it is to recognize, in addition to the splendor of her genius, a spirit profoundly sensitive to the difficulties and suffering of the struggling and downtrodden, the helpless and fallen, which throbs throughout her works with an ever-radiant hopefulness for humanity; a hopefulness, drawing its strength from the source of all true philanthropy—faith in a beneficent ruler of the universe. - Westminster Review.

## BICÉTRE.

#### BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

"Where there are monks," exclaimed brusquely the authors of "Les Prisons de Paris," "there are prisoners." The folds of the priestly garb conceal a place of torment which monastic justice, with a grisly humor, names a Vade in Pace; the last bead of the rosary grazes the first rings of a chain which bears the bloody impress of the sworn tormentor. At Bicêtre, as at the Luxembourg, ages ago, bigbellied cenobites sang and tippled in the cosy cells piled above the dungeons of the church.

Bicêtre-more anciently Bissestreis a corrupt form of Vincestre, or Winchester, after John, Bishop of Winchester, who is thought to have built the original château, and who certainly held it in the first years of the thirteenth century. It was famous among the pleasure-houses of the Duc de Berri, who embellished it with windows of glass, which at that epoch were only beginning to be an ornament of architecture — "objects of luxury," says Villaret, " reserved exclusively for the mansions of the wealthiest seigneurs." In one of the rather frequent " popular demonstrations" in the Paris of the early fifteenth century, these "objects of luxury" were smashed, and

little of the château remained except the bare walls. It was rebuilt by the Duc de Berri, a noted amateur of books, and was by him presented to an order of monks in 1416.

A colony of Carthusians under St. Louis; John of Winchester under Philippe-Auguste; Amédée le Rouge, Count of Savoy, under Charles VI.; the Bourguignons and the Armagnacs in the fifteenth century; the canons of Nôtre-Dame de Paris under Louis XI.; the robbers and "bohémiens" in the sixteenth century; the Invalides under Cardinal Richelieu, and the foundlings of St. Vincent de Paulall these preceded at Bicêtre the vagabonds, the bons-pauvres, the epileptics and other diseased, the lunatics and "all prisoners and captives." In becoming an asylum and hospital, in a word, Bicêtre became also one of the most horrible of the countless prisons of Paris; it grew into dreadful fame as "the Bastille of the canaille and the bourgeoisie."

The enormous numbers of the poor, the hordes of sturdy mendicants who "demanded alms sword in hand," and the soldiers who took to the road when they could get no pay, became one of the chief scourges of Paris. Early in

the seventeenth century it was sought to confine them in the various hospitals or houses of detention in the Faubourg Saint-Victor, but under the disorders and weaknesses of the Government these establishments soon collapsed. Parliament issued decree after decree; all strollers and beggars were to be locked up in a prison or asylum specially appropriated to them; the buildings were commenced and large sums of money were spent on them, but they were never carried to completion. In course of time the magistrates took the matter in hand, dived into old records, but drew no counsel thence, for the evil, albeit not new, was of extraordinary proportions; went to the king for a special edict, and procured one "which ordered the setting-up of a general hospital and prescribed the rules for its governance." The chateau of Bicêtre and the Maison de la Salpêtrière were ceded for the purpose.

Children and women went to the Salpêtrière; at Bicêtre were placed men with no visible means of subsistence, "widowers," beggars, feeble or sturdy, and "young men worn out by debauchery." Before taking these last in hand, the doctors "were accustomed

to order them a whipping."

This destiny of Bicetre is pretty clear, and as hospital and asylum combined it should, under decent conduct, have played a useful part in the social economy of Paris. But the absolutism of that age had its own notions as to the proper functions of "hospitals," and the too-familiar ordres du roi, and the not less familiar lettres de cachet (which Mirabeau had not yet come forward to denounce), were presently in hot competition with the charitable ordonnances of the doctors. Madness was a capital new excuse for vengeance in high places, and the cells set apart for cases of mental disease were quickly tenanted by "luckless prisoners whose wrong most usually consisted in being strictly right." Bicêtre, it must be admitted, did the thing conscientiously, and with the best grace in the Rational individuals were despatched there whom, according to the authors of "Les Prisons de Paris," Bicêtre promptly transformed into imbeciles and raging maniacs.

Indeed the "philanthropists" and the criminologists of the early part of this century need not have taxed their imaginations for any scheme of cellular imprisonment. The system existed in diabolical perfection at That much-abused "depôt" Bicêtre. of indigent males, "widowers," and young rakes had an assortment of dark cells which realized à merveille the conditions of the vaunted programme of the penitentiary-isolation and the silence of the tomb. Buried in a cabanon or black hole of Bicêtre, the prisoner endured a fate of life in death; he was as one dead who lived long, "tete à-tete with God and his conscience." If a human sound penetrated to him, it was the sobbing moan of

some companion in woe.

There was a subterranean Bicêtre, of which at this day only the dark memory survives. For a dim idea of this, one has to stoop and peer in fancy into a far-reaching abyss or pit, partitioned into little tunnels; in each little tunnel a chain riven to the wall; at the end of the chain a man. Now there were men in these hellish tunnels who had been guilty of crimes, but far oftener they stifled slowly the lives or the intelligences, or both, of men who had done no crimes at all. Innocent or guilty, Bicêtre in the long run had one way with all its guests; and when the prisoners and their wits had definitely parted company the governor of the prison effected a transfer with his colleague the administrator of the asylum. It was expeditious and simple, and no one asked questions or called for a report.

It is on record, nevertheless, that existence in underground Bicêtre was a degree less insupportable than a sojourn in the cabanons. Here the strenuous greet of Latude, with its wonted vividness of detail:-

"When the wet weather began, or when it thawed in the winter, water streamed from all parts of my cell. I was crippled with rheumatism, and the pains I had from it were such that I was sometimes whole weeks without getting up. . . . In cold weather it was even worse. The 'window' of the cell, protected by an iron grating gave on the corridor, the wall of which was pierced exactly opposite at the height of ten feet. Through this aperture (garnished, like my own window, with iron

bars) I received a little air and a glimmer of light, but the same aperture let in both snow and rain. I had neither fire nor artificial light, and the rags of the prison were my only clothing. I had to break with my wooden shoe the ice in my pail, and then to suck morsels of ice to quench my thirst. I stopped up the window, but the stench from the sewers and the tunnels came nigh to choke me; I was stung in the eyes, and had a oathsome savor in the mouth, and was horribly op-pressed in the lungs. The eight-and-thirty months they kept me in that noisome cell, I endured the miseries of hunger, cold, and The scurvy that had attacked me showed itself in a lassitude which spread through all my members; I was presently un able either to sit or to rise. In ten days my legs and thighs were twice their proper size; my body was black; my teeth, loosened in their sockets, were no longer able to masticate Three full days I fasted; they saw me dying, and cared not a jot. Neighbors in the prison did this and that to have me speak to them; I could not utter a word. At length they thought me dead, and called out that I should be removed. I was in sooth at death's gate when the surgeon looked in on me and had me fetched to the infirmary."-Mémoires.

Whether Masers de Latude existed, or was but a creature projected on paper by some able enemy of La Pompadour, those famous and titillating Mémoires are excellent documents—all but unique of their kind-of the prisons of bygone France. If the question is of the Bastille, of the dungeon of Vincennes, of Charenton, or of Bicêtre, these pungent pages, with a luxuriance and color of realistic detail not so well nor so plausibly sustained by any other pen, are always pat and complete to the pur-To compare great things with small, it is as unimportant to inquire who wrote Shakespeare as to seek to know who was the author of the "Mémoires" of Latude. It is necessary only to feel certain that the writer of this extraordinary volume was as intimately acquainted with the prisons he describes as Mirabeau was with the Dungeon of Vincennes, or Cardinal de Retz with the Château de Nantes. His book (an epitome of what men might and could and did endure under the absolute monarchy, when his rights as an individual were the least secure of a citizen's possessions) is the main thing, and the sole thing; the name and identity of the author are not now, if they ever were, of the most infinitesimal consequence.

A fine sample of the work of Bicêtre, considered as a machine for the manufacture of lunatics, is offered in the person of that interesting, unhappy genius, Salomon de Caus. A Protestant Frenchman, he lived much in England and Germany, and at the age of twenty he was already a skilled architect, a painter of distinction, and an engineer with ideas in advance of his time. He was in the service of the Prince of Wales in 1612, and of the Elector Palatine, at Heidelberg, 1614-In 1623 he returned to live and work in France, dans sa patrie et pour sa patrie. He became engineer and architect to the king.

Eight years before his return to France, De Caus had published at Frankfort his 'Raison des Forces Mouvantes," a treatise in which he described "an apparatus for forcing up water by a steam fountain," which differs only in one particular from that of Della Porta. The apparatus seems never to have been constructed, but Arago, relying on the description, has named De Caus the inventor of the

steam-engine.

It is not, however, with the inventive genius that we are concerned, but with the ill-starred lover of Marion Delorme. The minister Particelli took De Caus one day to the "petit lever" of the brilliant and beautiful Aspasia of the Place Royale. Particelli, one of the most prodigal of her adorers, wanted De Caus to surpass, in the palace of Mademoiselle Delorme, the splendors he had achieved in the palace of the Prince of Wales. charge, look you, Monsieur Salomon, and spare nothing! Scatter with both hands gold, silver, colors, marble, bronze and precious stuffs-what you please. Imagine, seek, invent, and count on me!"

But Monsieur Salomon had no sooner-seen the goddess of Particelli than he too was lifted from the earth and borne straight into the empyrean. At the moment of leaving her, when she suffered him to kiss her hand, and let him feel the darts of desire which shot from those not too prudish eyes, Salomon de Caus devint amoureux à en perdre la tête. Thenceforth, in brief,

"His chief good and market of his time"

was to obey and anticipate every wild and frivolous fantasy of Marion Delorme. Michel Particelli's hyperbolical commission should be fulfilled for him beyond his own imaginings! He threw down the palace of Marion and built another in its place. The new palace was to cede in nothing to the Louvre or Saint-Germain. With his 'own hands Salomon de Caus decorated it; and then, at the bidding of his protector, Particelli, he consented, bon gré mal gré, to paint the picture of the divinity herself.

"Alone one morning with his delicious model," the distracted artist flung brushes and palette from him, and cast himself at her feet. "Mon cœur se déchire, ma tête se perd. . . . Je deviens fou, je vous aime, et je me meurs!" It was a declaration of much in little, and Marion, a connaisseuse of such speeches, absolved and accepted

him with a kiss.

Installed by right of conquest in that Circean boudoir, which drew as a magnet the wit and gallantry of Paris, Salomon stood sentinel at the door "like a eunuch or a Cerberus." Brissac and Saint-Evrement received the most Lenten entertainment, and the proposals of Cinq-Mars were rejected. Marion was even persuaded to be not at home to Richelieu himself. But at home to Richelieu himself. the happy Salomon grew unhappy, and more unhappy. Every moment he came with a sigh upon some souvenir, delicately equivocal, of the vie galante of his mistress; and when love began to feed upon the venom of jealousy, his complacent goddess grew capricious, vexed, irritated, and at length incensed. After that, she resolved coldly on Salomon's betrayal. It was the fashion of the age to be cruel in one's vengeance. Marion penned a note to Richelieu:

"I want so much to see you again. I send with this the little key which opens the little door. . . . You must forgive everything, and you are not to be angry at finding here a most learned young man whom the love of science and the science of love have combined to reduce to a condition of midsummer madness. Does your friendship for me, to say nothing of your respect for yourself, suggest any means of ridding me instantly of this embarrassing lunatic? The poor devil loves me to distraction. He is astonishingly clever, and has discovered wonders—mountains

that nobody else has seen, and worlds that nobody else has imagined. He has all the talents of the Bible, and another, the talent of making me the most miserable of women. This genius from the moon, whom I commend to your Eminence's most particular attention, is called Salomon de Caus."

A missive of that color, from a Marion Delorme to a Richelieu, was the request polite for a lettre de cachet. Salomon de Caus was invited to call upon the Cardinal. Behind his jealous passion for his mistress, Salomon still cherished his passion of science, and he went hot-foot to Richelieu with his hundred schemes for changing the face of the world, with steam as the motive power. It must have been a curious interview. At the end, Richelieu summoned the captain of his guard.

"Take this man away."

"Where, your Eminence?"

"To what place are we sending our lunatics just now?"

"To Bicêtre, your Eminence."

"Just so! Ask admission for Monsieur at Bioêtre."

So, from the meridian of his glory, Salomon de Caus hastened to his setting, and at this point he vanishes from history. Legend, not altogether legen-

dary, shows him once again.

Some eighteen months or two years after he had been carried, "gagged and handcuffed," to Bicêtre, it fell to Marion Delorme (in the absence of her new lover Cinq-Mars) to do the honors of Paris for the Marquis of Worcester. The marquis took a fancy to visit Bicêtre, which had even then an unrighteous celebrity from one end of Europe to the other. As they strolled through the "quartier des fous" a creature made a spring at the bars of his cell.

"Marion—look, Marion! It is I! It is Salomon! I love you! Listen: I have made a discovery which will bring millions and millions to France! Let me out for God's sake! I will give you the moon and all the stars to set me free, Marion!"

"Do you know this man?" said

Lord Worcester.

"I am not at home in bedlam," said Marion, who on principle allowed no corner to her conscience.

"What is the discovery he talks of?" asked Lord Worcester of a warder.

"He calls it steam, milord. They've all discovered something, milord."

Lord Worcester went back to Bicêtre the next morning, and was closeted for an hour with the madman. At Marion Delorme's in the afternoon he said—

"In England we should not have put that man into a madhouse. Your Bicêtre is not the most useful place. Who invented those cells? They have wasted to madness as fine a genius as the age has known."

Salomon de Caus died in Bicêtre in

1626.

Earlier than this, Bicêtre the asylum shared the evil renown of Bicêtre the prison. To prisoners and patients alike popular rumor assigned an equal fate. The first, it was said, were assassinated, the second were "disposed of." Now and again the warders and attendants amused themselves by organizing a pitched battle between the "mad side" and the "prison side;" the wounded were easily transferred to the infirmary, the dead were as easily packed into the trench beneath the walls.

The very name of Bicetre-dungeon, madhouse, and cloaca of obscene infamies-became of dreadful import; not the Conciergerie, the Châtelet, Fort-l'Evêque, Vincennes, nor the Bastille itself inspired the common people and the bourgeoisie with such detestation and panic-fear. The general imagination, out-vieing rumor, peopled it with imps, evil genii, sorcerers, and shapeless monsters compounded of men and beasts. Mediæval Paris, at a loss for the origins of things, ascribed them to the Fairies, the Devil, or Julius It was said that the devil alighted in Paris one night, and brought in chains to the "plateau de Bicêtre" a pauper, a madman, and a prisoner, with which three unfortunates he set agoing the prison on the one side and the asylum on the other, to minister to the menus plaisirs of the denizens of hell. Such grim renown as this was not easily surpassed; but at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign the common legend went a step further, and said that the devil had now disowned Bicêtre! Rhymes sincere or

satirical gave utterance to the terror and abhorrence of the vulgar mind.

Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, up to the time of the Revolution, say MM. Alhoy and Lurine (" Les Prisons de Paris"), Bicêtre continued a treatment which in all respects is not easily paralleled: the helot's lot and labor for pauperism; the rod and worse for sickness of body and of mind; the dagger or the ditch, upon occasion, for mere human misfortune. Till the first gray glimmer of the dawn of prison reform, in the days of Louis XVI., Bicêtre offered to "mere prisoners" the "sanctuary of a lion's den," and lent boldly to king, minister, nobles, clergy, police, and all the powers that were, the cells set apart for the mad as convenient places for stifling the wits and consciences of the sane.

In 1789 Paris had thirty-two state prisons. Four years later the Terror itself was content with twenty-eight. One of the earliest acts of that vexed body, the National Assembly, was to appoint a commission of four of its members to the decent duty of visiting the prisons. The commissioners chosen were Fréteau, Barrière, De Castellane, and Mirabeau. Count Mirabeau at least-whose hot vagaries and the undying spite of his father had passed him through the hands of nearly every jailer in France-had qualifications enough for the task!

The commissioners found within the black walls of "ce hideux Bicêtre" a population of close upon three thousand creatures, including "paupers, children, paralytics, imbeciles and lunatics." The administrative staff of all degrees numbered just three hundred. The governor, knowing his inferno, was not too willing to accord a free pass to the explorers, and Mirabeau and his colleagues had to give him a taste of their authority before he could be induced to slip the bolts of subterranean cells whose inmates "had been expiating twenty years the double crime of poverty and courage," or against whom no decree had been pronounced but that of a lettre de cachet, or who had been involved, like the Prévôt de Beaumont, in the crime of exposing some plot against the people's welfare. Children were found in these cells chained to criminals and idiots.

In April, 1792, Bicêtre gave admission to another set of commissioners. This second was a visit of some mystery, not greatly noised, and under cover of the night. It was not now a question of diving into moist and sunless caverns for living proofs (in fetters and stinking rags) of the hidden abuses of regal justice. The new commissioners came, quietly and almost by stealth, to make the first official trial of the Guillotine.

The invention of Dr. Guillotin (touching which he had first addressed the Constituent Assembly in December, 1789: "With this machine of mine, gentlemen, I shall shave off your heads in a twinkling, and you will not feel the slightest pain") does not date in France as an instrument of capital punishment until 1792; but under other names, and with other accessories, Scotland, Germany, and Italy had known a similar contrivance in the sixteenth century. In Paris, where sooner or later everything finishes with a couplet, the newspapers and broadsheets, not long after that midnight essai at Bicêtre, began to overflow gayly enough with topical songs (couplets de circonstance) in praise of the Doctor and his "razor." Two fragmentary samples will serve :-

## Air-" Quand la Mer Rouge apparut."

"C'est un coup que l'on reçoit
Avant qu'on s'en doute;
A peine on s'en aperçoit,
Car on n'y voit goutte.
Un certain ressort caché,
Tout à coup étant laché,
Fait tomber, ber, ber,
Fait sauter, ter, ter,
Fait tomber,
Fait voler la tête . . .
C'est bien plus honnête."

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"Sur l'inimitable machine du Médecin Guillotin, propre à couper les têtes, et dite de son nom Guillotine,"

Air—" Du Menuet d'Exaudet."
Guillotin,
Médecin

Politique,
Imagine un beau matin
Que pendre est inhumain
Et peu patriotique;
Aussitôt,
Il lui faut
Un supplice
Que, sans corde ni poteau,
Supprime du bourreau
L'office," etc.

It was on the 17th of April, 1792, that proof was made of the first guillotine—not yet famed through France Three corpses, as the nation's razor. it is said (commodities easily procured at Bicêtre), were furnished for the experiment, which Doctors Guillotin and Louis directed. Mirabeau's physician and friend Cabanis was of the party, and—a not unimportant assistant— Samson the headman, with his two brothers and his son. "The mere weight of the axe," said Cabanis, "sheared the heads with the swiftness of a glance, and the bones were clean severed (coupés net)." Dr. Louis recommended that the knife should be given an oblique direction, so that it might cut saw-fashion in its fall. The guillotine was definitely adopted; and eight days later, the 25th of April, it settled accounts with an assassin named Pelletier, who was the first to "look through the little window," and "sneeze into the sack (éternuer dans le sac)."

Four months after the first trial of the "inimitable machine," Bicêtre paid its tribute of blood to the red days of September. In Bicêtre, as elsewhere in Paris, that Sunday, 2d of September, 1792, and the three days that followed were long remembered. France leaps distracted," says Carlyle, "like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand colonnades!" In Paris, "huge placards" going up on the "all steeples clangoring, the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute, and lone Marat, the man forbid," seeing salvation in one thing only -in the fall of "two hundred and sixty thousand aristocrat heads." was the beginning or presage of the Terror.

The hundred hours' massacre in the prisons of Paris, beginning on the Sunday afternoon, may be reckoned with

"The the hours of St. Bartholomew. tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking three." The massacre of priests was just over at the Ab-baye prison; and there, and at La Force, and at the Châtelet, and the Conciergerie, in each of these prisons the strangest court—which could not be called of justice but of revengewas hurriedly got together, and pris-oner after prisoner, fetched from his cell and swiftly denounced as a "roy-alist plotter," was thrust out into a "howling sea" of sansculottes and hewn to pieces under an arch of pikes and sabres. "Man after man is cut down," says Carlyle; "the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs." Moore, author of the "Journal during a Residence in France," came upon one of the scenes of butchery, grew sick at the sight, and "turned into another street." Not fewer than a thousand and eighty-nine were slaughtered in the prisons.

The carnage at Bicêtre, on the Paris outskirts, was on the Monday, and here it seems to liave been of longer duration and more terrible than elsewhere. Narratives of this butchery are not all in harmony. Prud'homme, author of the "Journal des Révolutions de Paris," says that the mob started for Bicêtre toward three o'clock, taking with them seven pieces of cannon; that a manufactory of false papermoney (assignats) was discovered in full swing in the prison, and that all who were concerned in it were killed without mercy; that Lamotte, husband of the "Necklace Countess," was among the prisoners, and that the people "at once took him under their protection;" that the debtors and "the more wretched class of prisoners" were enlarged; and that the rest fell under pike, sabre, and club.

Barthélemi Maurice contradicts Prud'homme wholesale. The attack was at ten in the morning, he says, and not at three; there were no cannon; the paper-notes manufactory existed only in M. Prud'homme's imagination; prisoners for debt were not lodged in Bicêtre; the sick and the lunatics suffered no harm; and the famous Lamotte "never figured in any register of Bicêtre."

Thiers (Histoire de la Révolution'') insists upon the cannon, says the killing was done madly for mere lust of blood, and that the massacre continued until Wednesday, the 5th of September.

Peltier in his turn, royalist, pamphleteer, gives his version of the trugedy. This Bicêtre, says Peltier, was "the den of all the vices," the sewer, so to speak, of Paris. "All were slain; impossible to figure up the number of the victims. I have heard it placed at as many as six thousand!" Peltier is not easily satisfied. "Eight days and eight nights, without one instant's pause, the work of death went forward." Pikes, sabres and muskets "were not enough for the ferocious assassins, they had to bring cannon into play." It was not until a mere handful of the prisoners remained "that they had recourse again to their small arms (que l'on en revenait aux petites armes)."

Doubtless the most accurate account of this merciless affair is contained in the statement made to Barthélemi Maurice by père Richard, doyen of the warders of Bicêtre, and an eye-witness. It may be summarized from the pages of MM Albert and Lucipe.

of MM. Alhoy and Lurine:-"Master Richard traced on paper the three numbers, 166, 55 and 22.—What are those? I asked him.—166, that is the number of the dead.—And 55 and 22, what are they?—55 was the number of children in the prison, and only 22 were left us. The scoundrels killed 33 children, besides the 166 adults.—Tell me how it began.—They came bellowing up at ten that Monday morning, all in the prison so still that you might have heard a fly buzzing, though we had three thousand men in that morning.—But you had cannon, they say; you defended yourselves. -Where did you get that tale, sir? We had no cannon, and we didn't attempt to defend ourselves .- What was the strength of the attacking party?—A good three thousand, I should say; but of those not more than about two hundred were active, so to speak .-Did they bring cannon?—It was said

they did, but I saw none, though I looked out at the main gate more than once. - What were their arms, then ?-Well, a few of them had secondhand muskets (de méchants fusils), others had swords, axes, bludgeons (bûches) and bills (crochets), but there were more pikes than anything else.—Were there any well-dressed people among them ?-Oh, yes; the 'judges' especially; though the bulk of them were not much to look at.—How many 'judges' were there?—A dozen; but they relieved one another.-If there were judges, there was some sort of formality, I sup-What was the procedure? How did they judge, acquit and execute?-They sat in the clerk's office, a room They down below, near the chapel. made us fetch out the register; looked down the column of 'cause of imprisonment,' and then sent for the prison-If you were too frightened to feel your legs under you, or couldn't get a word out quick, it was 'guilty' the spot. — And then? — Then the 'president' said: 'Let the citizen be taken to the Abbaye.' They knew outside what that meant. Two men seized him by the arm and led him out of the room. At the door he was face to face with a double row of cutthroats, a prod in the rear with a pike tossed him among them, and thenwell there were some that took a good deal of finishing off.—They did not shoot them then?-No, there was no shooting .- And the acquittals? -- Well, if it was simply, 'take the citizen to the Abbaye,' they killed him. If it was "take him to the Abbaye," with Vive la nation! he was acquitted. wasn't over at nightfall. We passed the night of the 3d with the cutthroats inside the prison walls; they were just worn out. It began again on the morning of the 4th, but not quite with the same spirit. It was mostly the children who suffered on the Tuesday.—And the lunatics, and the patients, and the old creatures, did they get their throats cut, too?-No, they were all herded in the dormitories, with the doors locked on them, and sentinels inside to keep them from looking out of window. All the killing was done in the prison.—And when did they leave you? At about three

on Tuesday afternoon; and then we called the roll of the survivors.—And the dead?—We buried them in quick-lime in our own cemetery."

461

The hideous mise-en-scène of père Richard is, at the worst, a degree less reproachful than that of Prud'homme, Peltier, or M. Thiers.

There was one worthy man at Bicêtre, Dr. Pinel, whose devotion to humanitarian science (a form of devotion not over common in such places at that day) very nearly cost him his life at the hands of the revolutionary judges. Dr. Pinel, who had the notion that disease of the mind was not best cured by whipping, was accused by the Committee of Public Safety (under whose rule, it may be observed, no public ever went in greater terror) of plotting with medical science for the restoration of the monarchy! It was a charge quite worthy of the wisdom and the tenderness for "public safety" of the Comité de Salut Public. Pinel, disdaining oratory, vouchsafed the simplest explanation of his treatment at Bicêtre—and was permitted to continue it.

Not so charitable were the gods to Théroigne de Mericourt, a woman singular among the women of the Revo-Readers of Carlyle will remember his almost gallant salutations of her (a handsome young woman of the streets, who took a passion for the popular cause, and rode on a gun-carriage in the famous outing to Versailles) as often as she starts upon the scene. When he misses her from the procession, in the fourth book of the first volume, it is: "But where is the brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted Demoiselle Théroigne? Brown eloquent beauty, who, with thy winged words and glances, shalt thrill rough bosoms—whole steel battalions—and persuade an Austrian Kaiser; pike and helm lie provided for thee in due season, and alas! also strait waistcoat and long lodging in the Salpêtrière."

Théroigne was some beautiful village girl when the echo first reached her of the tocsin of the Revolution. She thought a woman was wanted there, and trudged hot foot to Paris, perhaps through the self-same quiet lanes that saw the pilgrimage of Charlotte Corday. In Paris she took (for reasons of her own, one must suppose) the calling of "unfortunate female"-the euphemism will be remembered as Carlyle's and dubbed herself the people's Aspasia -" l'Aspasie du peuple." In "tunic blue," over a "red petticoat," crossed with a tricolor scarf and crowned with the Phrygian cap, she roamed the streets, "criant, jurant, blasphémant,". to the tune of the drum of rebellion. One day the women of the town, in a rage of fear or jealousy, fell upon her, stripped her, and beat her through the She went mad, and in the first years of this century she was still an inmate of Bicêtre. When the "women's side" of Bicêtre was closed, in 1803, Théroigne was transferred to

the Salpêtrière, where she died.

During the hundred years (1748-1852) of the prisons of the fagnes those convict establishments at Toulon, Brest and Rochefort, which took the place of the galleys, and which in their turn gave way to the modern system of transportation-it was from Bicêtre that the chained cohorts of the forçats were despatched on their weary march through France. The ceremony of the ferrement, or putting in irons for the journey, was one of the sights of Paris for those who could gain admission to the great courtyard of the prison. At daybreak of the morning appointed for the start the long chains and collars of steel were laid out in the yard, and the prison smiths attended with their mallets and portable anvils; the convicts for whom these prep arations were afoot keeping up a terrific din behind their grated windows. When all was ready for them, they were tumbled out by batches and placed in rows along the wall. Every man had to strip to the skin, let the weather be what it might, and a sort of smock of coarse calico was tossed to him from a pile in the middle of the yard; he did not dress until the toilet of the collar was finished. This, at the rough hands of the smith and his aids, was a sufficiently painful process. The convicts were called up in alphabetical order, and to the neck of each man a heavy collar was adjusted, the triangular bolt of which was hammered to by

blows of a wooden mallet. To the padlock was attached a chain which, descending to the prisoner's waistbelt, was taken up thence and riveted to the next man's collar, and in this way some two hundred forçats were tethered like cattle in what was called the chaine volante. The satyr-like humors of the gang, singing and capering on the cobbles, shouting to the ccho the name of some criminal hero as he stepped out to receive his collar, and sometimes joining hands in a frenzied dance, which was broken only by the savage use of the warders' batons-all this was the sport of the well-dressed crowd of spectators.

As far as the outskirts of Paris the convicts were carried in chars-à bancs, an armed escort on either side; and when the prison doors were thrown open to let them out the whole canaille of the town was waiting to receive them with yells of derision, to which the forçats responded with all the oaths they had. This was one of the most popular spectacles of Paris until the middle of the present century.

An essential sordidness is the character most persistent in the history of Bicêtre—a dull squalor, with perpetual crises of unromantic agony. There is no glamour upon Bicêtre; no silken gown with a domino above it rustles softly by lantern-light through those grimy wickets. It is not here that any gallant prisoner of state comes, bribing the governor to keep his table furnished with the best, receiving his loveletters in baskets of fruit, giving his wine-parties of an evening. In the records of Vincennes and the Bastille the novelist will always feel himself at home, but Bicêtre has daunted him. It is poor Jean Valiean, of "Les Miserables," squatting "in the north corner of the courtyard," choked with tears, "while the bolt of his iron collar was being riveted with heavy hammerblows." This is the solitary figure of interest which Bicêtre has given to fiction.

If a shadowy figure may be added, it is from the same phantssmagoric gallery of Victor Hugo. Bicêtre was the prison of the nameless faint-heart who weeps and means through the in-

credible pages of "Lo Dernier Jour d'un Condamné." Then, and until 1836, Bicêtre was the last stage but one (l'avant-dernière ètape) on the road to the guillotine. The last was the Conciergerie, close to the Place de Grève. The shadow-murderer of "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné"-for there is no real stuff of murder in him, and he is the feeblest and least sympathetic puppet of fiction—is useful only as bringing into relief the old, disused and forgotten cachot du condamné, or condemned cell, of Bicêtre. It was a den eight feet square; rough stone walls, moist and sweating, like the flags which made the flooring; the only "window" a grating in the iron door; a truss of straw on a stone couch in a recess; and an arched and blackened ceiling, wreathed with cobwebs.

Starting out of sleep one night, Hugo's condemned man lifts his lamp and sees spectral writings, figures and arabesques in crayons, blood and charcoal, dancing over the walls of the cell —the "visitors' book" of generations of condamnés à mort who have preced-Some had blazoned their names in full, with grotesque embellishments of the capital letter and a motto underneath breathing their last defiance to the world; and in one corner, "traced in white outline, a frightful image, the figure of the scaffold, which, at the moment that I write, may be rearing its timbers for me! The lamp all but fell from my hands." -Temple Bar.

# CHILDREN'S THEOLOGY.

BY I. M. P.

THE theology of the nursery varies considerably from age to age. There is far greater liberty of thought and far less severity of doctrine among the mothers of to-day than there was thirty years ago; and even nursery maids are beginning to waver in the support and patronage which they used formerly to accord without hesitation to an uncompromising Providence—a Providence who meted out rewards of somewhat doubtful attractiveness to good children, and, to the bad, punishments too numerous to mention and too prolonged to realize. The days are happily gone by when the terrors of hell were described in startling detail, and the last thing at night, for the warning of the perverse or the deceitful But for all save the very enlightened or the very securely fenced round among modern children, the bottomless pit still exists, and speculations as to the habitat and customs of the devil are indulged in as freely as The simple creed of the savage, who believes in the existence of a Good Spirit and a Bad Spirit, and of a Happy Hunting Ground where the distant future may be spent by the more deserving of his tribe, is practically the

same as that of the civilized baby. The latter must be promoted into the school room before these rudimentary notions can be supplemented by more advanced theological' studies. curiosity about the Bad Spirit is never satisfied, for the simple reason that his parents and teachers never seem to have any trustworthy information to give him. Jacky's questions are either ignored altogether, or answered with such blighting reserve that he learns nothing worth mentioning. " Do tell me some stories about Satan when he was a little boy," he entreats. never was a child," answers his mother boldly; "he was always old," and is grateful to Jacky for accepting her theory unquestioningly. "Dollie says, if I am a bad boy I shall go to hell," he proceeds, "and that I shall have to say my prayers to the devil, and my hymns on Sunday too. How is he dressed, mummie? Has he really a tail?"

Jacky is almost always on good terms with his mother, but he has a tiresome aunt whom he has good reason for disliking. He was once unavoidably left in her charge while his mother was away from home, and her visit was not

altogether a success. She had been "obliged" to punish him severely for some fault, and after the operation was over he was seen to get a pencil and, retiring into a corner of the nursery, laboriously write something upon a small piece of paper. The same spy who observed him do this watched him afterward from the window while he dug a hole with his little spade and buried the bit of paper in a corner of the garden. When Jacky was safely out of the way the spy exhumed his manuscript. It ran as follows: " Dear Devill-Pleas come and take Antie."

The temptations of the devil are very real to poor Jacky. "Satan tempted me to eat my potato-skin to-day when you were out at lunch," he confesses to his mother when she goes to tuck him up one evening. "I did only eat a weeny bit, and then I left off." Poor child, he had been laboriously scraping the fine transparent skin off his new potato because he had been forbidden to eat potato-skin earlier in the season when the hardened elderly ones still prevailed!

Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

"Now, Jacky, why does Satan tremble—shake, you know?" "Oh, because I suppose the saint is so dreadfully heavy," is the unexpected and

rather confusing reply.

It is a source of distress to the tender mother that the wars and vengeances and awful judgments in the Old Testament should make it so much more interesting to her children than the New. The stories of Jael and Sisera, of Jezebel, of Samson or of Gehazi have a barbarons charm about them which is lacking in the narrative of the New Testament. "Little Dollie loves to read her Bible to herself," says grandmamma to the unregenerate Jacky. "I wish I could see you do that, darling." "Oh, I know she does, Granny," he answers; "but I'm sure she skips all the religious parts." All the ghastly parts delight Jacky. At the age of four his sole comment on the tragic death of Samson was "Poor Thamthon! did he bleed?" But Dollie is of milder mould, and weeps so loudly over the troubles of poor Job

that the set course of morning reading has to be interrupted, and a chapter of crack-jaw genealogies resorted to as a calmative.

Jacky was sorely disappointed once by the failure of an experiment based on a verse of the Psalms: "If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me—" He went alone into the night-nursery one morning, shut the door, and called out "Peradventure!" Although he repeated the word several times, the darkness did not cover him, and he left the room much chagrined, to confide to Dollie his want of suc-

The hymns which children are given to learn should be explained word by word to them, so extravagantly absurd are the constructions often put by them upon the apparently simple expressions they contain. And, unless they have occasion to write them out, one may never know the full extent of these misunderstandings. "Fowl, I to the Fountain fly," seems to Jacky a more appropriate version than the original; and to him there is nothing very surprising in the lines

Can a mother's tender care Cease toward the child she-bear?

For he has heard many stories of the wonderful maternal instinct of the hear.

The author of the hymn in which the lines

Happy birds that sing and fly Round Thine alters, O most High,

occur, has a good deal to answer for. He has brought heaven down so very low; and it was not astonishing that Jacky, after hearing the hymn for the first time, should have asked his mother if she had ever seen any angels roosting in the very tall trees. He also complained that he couldn't make out how the angels did without a floor; it was all ceiling in the sky, and he wondered they didn't fall out.

When a child encounters a strange word for the first time with no one at hand to explain it, he naturally creates for it a meaning which is as likely as not widely different from the right one. "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" meant for Jacky "pray for me." He

took cleft to be the imperative of the verb to cleft. It had to mean something, so why not pray? Learning by heart before they are able to read leads children into extraordinary mistakes. "All that are put in authority under them" became "All that are pet in a forty" in the mouth of Jacky struggling with his Duty toward his Neighbor.

Then when he came back from his first visit to the seaside, the kind old vicar asked him what he had seen. "You saw the sea, and the rocks?" "Yes." "And the fish and crabs and sea-anemones—all the wonderful and beautiful things God has made?" "Yes, but I never saw the tinomies." "What do you mean, my child?" "Well, the tinomies that's in the Commandments. It says the sea and all the tinomies" (that in them is), "but I never saw them."

There is a picture of the Virgin Martyr in his mother's room, and he has heard her speak of some music called the "Stabat Mater." But the words have got mixed up in Jacky's head, and he was heard to tell the nurserymaid that the picture was called the Stabat Martyr, which was the French for stabbed martyr, the cloaked ruffians departing in the distance having stabbed the poor martyr before throwing her into the water! It is to be hoped that this nursery-maid has been well grounded in the doctrines and dogmas of the Anglican Church, for Jacky's theological notions, which he is always careful to impart to Elizabeth, are often unorthodox. know, Elizabeth," he said to her a few days ago, " our bodies don't go to heaven, mummie says—only our heads and our legs." A cherub made up of a head and a pair of legs would be a most ungraceful substitute for the recognized form, but it is pretty clear that Jacky was not contemplating such an innovation. It was only that a body to him meant simply a torso.

Sometimes poor Jacky's theology is very muddled, so much so as to make his mother fear that her teaching has been at fault, and wonder whether she would not have done better to hand him over to the tender mercies of Miss Namby at the Sunday school. She

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told him gravely one day that he had broken one of the Commandments (the fifth, very likely). "Ah, well," said he quite cheerfully, "I've only got nine more to break now!"

But he makes shrewd enough remarks sometimes. When he was in the south of Ireland the other day, he observed seriously, "I'm beginning to know the Roman Catholics from the Protestants quite well. The Roman Catholics are the ones that go to church on weekdays"—an excellent commentary on the lukewarmness of the "Black" Protestant, who keeps his religious ardor for controversial purposes.

Again, he showed his quickness when his nurse reproved him one wet Sunday for playing "circus" with the rocking-horse. "It's not a Sunday game, Master Jacky," she said; "couldn't you think of something nicer?" "All right," cried Jacky, after a moment's reflection; "Dobbin shall be a missionary's horse in the desert. He's drawing a caravan full of converted slaves."

The well-known story of the little girl who was told to go and ask God to forgive her for her naughtiness and came jauntily downstairs after her prayers to inform her friends that God had replied, "Pray, don't mention it, Miss Perkins; it really is a matter of no consequence," is an illustration by an extreme instance of that over-familiarity with the Deity in which some people see fit to encourage their children. Jacky longed above all things for a bicycle—longed and prayed, too, that some one, his godmother for choice, would give him one. Every day he came downstairs hoping to find the machine of his prayers in the hall. At last something came, but it was a tricycle; and godmamma, lying in ambush to be a witness of the child's raptures, heard instead a heavy sigh, and "O God, I did think you would have known the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle." Once, when he had been so exceedingly naughty that his mother almost despaired of him, she told him he must pray to God to make him a better boy. Accordingly he began with the usual formula, "Pray. God, make me a good boy," adding.

after a pause, "and, if at first you don't succeed, try. try, try again." He no doubt hoped to rid himself of any responsibility in the matter of his badness which might be considered to attach to him. Of course he asks unanswerable questions, based only too often on the unguarded, and perhaps unfounded, statements of his elders. "Why do people's guardian angels let

burglars come into their rooms at night? Why doesn't God put the devil in prison? Mayn't good dogs go to heaven when they die?" and so forth. His mother is considering the advisability of attaching a private chaplain to her household, who shall be fully able to cope with Jacky.—Cornhill Magazine.

#### LITERARY LADIES.

Why has the literary lady always been so badly treated in literature? Novelists, poets and essayists, from the times of Swift, Pope and Addison, have conspired to hold her up to obloquy. Even Chaucer—to go back to remoter time, did not dare to make his "Lady Prioresse" seem too learned; her French was only—

"After the school of Stratford atte Bowe For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe."

Shakespeare, it is true, somewhat redeemed the character of the middle ages in this respect—for has he not given us, among others, the charming Rosalind and Portia? Richardson. too, tried hard to make the literary lady popular. Clarissa's journal testifies to this, as does also the fact that this charmer could, when making a drawing, remember not to draw "the sun, moon and stars all in one piece !" But all Clarissa's, and even all Harriet Byron's accomplishments, did not change the fashion. Fielding, who did not care in the least whether or not his heroine was learned, as long as she was forgiving, has remained to this day more popular; for the world in general, like Mrs. Malaprop, thought and thinks it "a shame for a young woman to be a progeny of learning. Not so long ago, indeed, Dickens and his contemporaries ran riot in unpleasant literary females, from Mrs. Jellyby to the "Mother of the Modern Gracchi;" and Leech's caricatures of about the same period—Leech, the most amiable and daring of draughtsmen—show the contemporary state of public opinregarding a "blue stocking." Surely the unfortunate lady author

must have pleaded guilty to other crimes than mere learning to palliate such cruel usage?

But now is the Era of Emancipation begun. Nemesis, slow to move but terrible in her vengeance, has at last overtaken the erring male, and dearly will he be made to pay for his past arrogance. Let him no longer imagine that he is to hold the field against the Yellow Asters, the Keynotes of the Dickens's "L.L.'s" New Literature. are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Literary Ladies of today—the Pioneers in the Vanguard of the Battle. (Where women-especially literary women - are concerned, everything must be made to begin with a Capital Letter.) Woman is rebelling from centuries of ill-usage and deadly will be her aim. The worst of it is, she may overshoot her mark:

We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over running . . . ."

The Wandering Jew, if his wanderings lead him in the neighborhood of literary circles, will be amused to find, after all, women really so much the same as they were. Character is not altered by conditions—not even by the New Era itself. In Dickens's time the "L.L." interlarded her novels with French words, for this procedure was then thought "distingué;" the George Eliots of to-day prefer German. At some future date, perhaps, it will be Hottentot or Chinese. It is all a matter of fashion. We must use some foreign language to express our most inexpressible feelings—a foreign language is so much less hackneyed. It also

has this advantage, that many people do not understand it; and it is a great thing not to be understood. Thus, no woman who respects herself-at any rate, no woman with a mind-can get on in literature without the help of such words as Aufklärung or Wesen, for instance. Why not, in the name of heaven, "Enlightening" or "Being"? The modern literary lady knows her public, and knows also that mere enlightening and being would not do half her business. George Eliot began itand have we not greater than George Eliots here? Does it not strike a chord within us, that immortal sentence from the Sibyl's diary. "Walked with George over Primrose Hill, and talked of Plato and Aristotle"?

In these days we are nothing if not serious. "We will not tolerate mediocrity," as the Secretary of a small Scottish lecturing Society lately warned the "bright particular stars" of London literary circles, in writing to demand their services as lecturers. Not only mediocrity, but aimless writing, we will no longer tolerate; yellow backs we despise; every novel must have a deep underlying meaning; every book must be a crusade. If we cannot crusade against man, our natural enemy, we must e'en be content with smaller game; but man is our legal and recognized prey. It is curious to note, by the way, that while she despises man, the advanced literary woman should so often imitate his attitudes, cigarettes, and dress; and, in dress, not the Byronic collars and general déshabille of the literary aspirant, but the smart young masher's get up. This, however, also signifies revolt; for in bygone days the L.L. had the reputation of being dowdy. We have only to turn to the pages of Dickens to find her description:

"One of the L.L.'s wore a brown wig of uncommon size. Sticking on the forehead of the other, by invisible means, was a massive cameo, in size and shape like the raspberry tart which is ordinarily sold for a penny, representing on its front the capitol of Washington."

The L.L.'s speech was even more astonishing:

"Mind and matter," said the lady

in the wig, "glide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then outlaughs the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that agency. Go bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

The time, indeed, has gone by for this sort of thing. We are now nothing if not realistic. But if literary ludies never reach these flights nowadays, we will not maintain that they never wear cameo brooches or are never dowdy; still less, that they are never capable of having their heads turned. Some time ago we happened to find ourselves in a gathering of literary ladies. About thirty were present, several being of high renown. One man indeed we noticed, but he was alone in his glory—or rather misery; he was evidently alarmed and agitated. and got no further than the doorwhich indeed he watched darkly, as though with a furtive desire to escape. The literary lady of greatest repute in the assembly—the newest, most realistic literary lady—sat on a high-backed chair of state in the middle of the room, looking, like Horatio Sparking, as if she "thought of nothing earthly." Every one in turn had the honor of an introduction to her; every one in turn said gravely this or something like it: "We owe you a debt of gratitude for daring to say what we only think." It was enough to dazzle the strongest When thirty people had administered their portion of flattery, the celebrity on view looked more sphynxlike than before, and her answers became even more monosyllabic. She might have been the Delphic Sibvl herself.

The talk all over the room was not less alarming; "What is your work?" we heard one lady say to another kindly. "I cultivate the Ego," replied the female addressed, with promptitude. Fearful of being asked the same question, and not being provided with an equally crushing answer, we fled from the scene of such dissipation.

Is it a wonder, we thought, that literary ladies' heads get turned? Even a short course of such treatment would

lead us, we felt, to imagine that we too were Rulers of the Universe. And to do women authors justice, it is not only they who are conceited, for literary men's heads get turned also. The thing is by no means rare. But the redeeming point in men is generally that they are able occasionally to interest themselves in other things beside their work. They bear their learning more lightly—they are less one-idea'd. Among the minor poets, indeed, there is not so very much to choose between men and women—which fact is easily accounted for when one reflects that the poetic nature is essentially a sensitive nature, and therefore more or less feminine. As a rule, we should say-whether the woman whose writings you admire be poet or author—do not seek to know her; best leave the "gem of purest ray serene" unsought and unsolicited. Ideals are, like chemists' colored vases, not meant for too close inspection.

We once knew a bright and pretty girl who entertained a terrible recollection of a dinner with George Eliot; and we ourselves feel that, if that authoress's conversation was at all like her diary, it must have been an alarming ordeal. "I went to the Museum." the lady records of a visit to Oxford, "and had an interesting morning with Dr. Rolleston, who dissected a brain for me." "I like," she observes in another place, "a dose of mathemathics every day, to prevent my brain from becoming quite soft." Oysters become, in her hands, "well-flavored molluscs." We feel, while reading the pages of her diary, what literature must have been in the palmy days of Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Carter, and Miss Seward, and we a little sympathize even with Dr. Johnson's unkind sayings. Acquaintance with too many learned ladies may have led Talleyrand to answer, when asked why he had married such a stupid woman: "Sir, because I could not find a stupider." tremes meet; and intellect fatigues when it insists on keeping itself continually on the stretch.

But, after all, there is a great deal to be said for literary ladies.

To pioneers of any kind, much may be forgiven; and the pioneers of the woman's movement have, notwithstanding their vagaries, distinctly improved the position of their sisters. The Sarah Grands and George Egertons of the day are not without their There is sometimes good to be gained, even from tilting at windmills. Yet I know," wrote the delightful author of "Phantastes," "that good is coming—that good is always coming; though few have at all times the simplicity and the courage to believe it." What though the literary woman fix her eyes on vacancy, and seem to be gazing, like Mrs. Jellyby, on nothing nearer than Borrioboola Gha, has she not hastened the close of the period when women were called "little darlings," and expected to know nothing, but the recipe for making treacle posset or for trimming a hat? What if she now and then don a masculine shirt and loll about on chairs, has she not now more claim to man's respect than in the days when her only interest in life was supposed to be the bonnetshop, and when, like Dora, she could not write without making curly tails to her "g's"? Is it so long ago since Pope, after writing that woman "had no characters at all," thus described the typical woman of his age-

"Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark, Sighs for the shades: how charming were a park!

A park is purchased; but the fair he sees All bathed in tears: 'Oh, odious, odious trees!'''

The Papillia of to-day is too busy to be capricious and whimsical; she takes refuge in practicalities, and she writes novels terribly full of soul, struggling with an idea that is many sizes too big for her, like a hen trying vainly to lay an overgrown egg. But still it is an idea, and that is always something, for—

"Who aimeth at the sky Shoots higher yet than he who means a tree."

Better to walk with George over Primrose Hill, and talk of Plato and Aristotle, than to have the megrims, or suffer, like poor Dorothy Osborne, from "the spleen." Dorothy Osborne, who, had she lived in these days, would most probably have written an "epochmaking" novel, and not merely those charming letters to Sir William Temple, many of the little humorous touches in which would have been lost to the world, if, indeed, the letters would have existed at all. The world would have lost, but Dorothy Osborne's life would have been fuller for the exchange.

Some people say, by the way, that women have no sense of humor, but is this not a libel? it is only that the grim earnestness of the literary or political women causes the ungodly to blaspheme. Their earnestness and undue seriousness come in a great measure from their newness. Many of women's supposed disabilities arise, after all, from the early period of the movement. Women are just emerging from the egg of suppression; it is natural, that, like newly hatched chickens, they should chirp a little just at first. "There are so few of us who have distinguished ourselves; why should we not give ourselves serious and responsible airs?" Women are terribly selfconscious; directly one of them attains to celebrity she feels the eyes of all the world upon her, and she at once ceases to be natural. She thinks that the small applause of her coterie "is the great wave that rushes round the world," and forthwith she must needs wish to found a society, or a religion, or at any rate talk of her work as if it began with a capital letter. arise all the cruel jokes and unchivalrous gibes that have been levelled at her, and which we only have to look at the pages of the Punch of thirty years back to appreciate the full force To fully understand woman's arof. rogance now, we must recall the injustices from which she has suffered.

Only little more than a century ago, Dr. Johnson, in allusion to women and public-speaking, delivered himself of a scathing invective. No doubt he would have said equally, "Sir, a woman's writing is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well;

but you are surprised to find it done at Edward Fitzgerald, nearly a century later, though he goes so far as to allow "taste to be the feminine of genius," says of a literary lady, "She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children, and perhaps the poor; except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse, or not at all." Could Philistinism go farther than this? And the sting is, one would have expected something better from the translator of "Omar Khayyam," or did his Persian studies demoralize him?

It is true, on the other hand, that we could not expect much from the old Spectator, and are not surprised, therefore, to find Steele begging Mr. Spectator to "turn one speculation to the due regulation of female literature . . . and to tell us the difference between a gentleman that should make cheesecakes and raise paste, and a lady that reads Locke and understands the mathematics." True, Johnson was an old heretic, as far as regarded literary women; Fitzgerald, a confirmed solitary: Steele lived in the "dark ages" of the movement; but the injustice is When the "literary ladies" the same. of our time have risen superior to these recollections, when they no longer think it necessary to continually assert their superiority to the encroaching man -when they have learned to approach their grievances, their quixotic windmills, with a "sweet reasonableness;" when, in fine, they have acquired the art of bearing their learning more lightly, they will attain to that true power of sovereignty in public matters which, as Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, may always be theirs at home in their "Queen's Garden," that sweet hortus inclusus which no woman, literary lady though she be, can altogether despise. — Temple Bar.

#### THE AUTONOMY OF LABOR.

BY HENRY W. WOLFF.

THE recent Labor Congress, whatever may be the differences of opinion expressed in the course of its debates, has furnished a new indication of the great power which Labor, combined and organized, may, if it so chooses, exercise as a militant force in the industrial The question may be asked— Does the acute warfare with Capital which such demonstrations suggestadmitted, as it is, to be alike legitimate and politic in its own proper sphere fully answer the purposes for which it is resorted to; and, if it does not, is there any other form of combination which may be brought into play as effective, if possible, for the obtainment of the workmen's aims, even though it be less combative? The objection which I at present conceive to be raised against i fighting" Trade Unionism is not that it merely corrects a faulty distribution of profits without adding to the profits to be distributed, that it disturbs, rather than steadies, the movement of industrial machinery, and sometimes shatters the prize for which it is contending even in the very act of winning it. It is rather that this kind of combination does not, and apparently cannot, cover all the ground which ought to be covered; that in some instances it fails to bring relief just where relief is most needed—that is to say, in the lowest strata of the industrial community. It has thus far done very little, if anything at all, for the "sweated," of whom we have still among us an army as large and as sorely oppressed as ever, though we have ceased to give them our attention. And it has avowedly done very little for unskilled labor. The reason is simple and self-evident. Fighting necessarily presupposes, at any rate, some modicum of strength, and some power of coercing an existing demand by withholding supply. Such strength and such power do not exist in the cases here kept in view. The "sweated" are "sweated" just because they are abjectly helpless. The unskilled cannot strike with effect, because there is unemployed labor in

plenty to crowd into the places they leave void. It does not that for all that these two cla workers have it not in their po combine, even militantly, and by bination to improve their lot. Let us take "sweating" first.

Let us take "sweating" first. is the effective cause which pr "sweating"? Obviously the con of excessive power in the hands unscrupulous middleman. The most natural remedy would app be to strike at that middleman either to reduce his power to its measure, or else to get rid of hir

gether.

I will show how this has been Acting on the principle here ind: in 1888, some humble stone-break France, undoubtedly "sweated very helpless-having neither nor a trade union at their bac solved to endeavor to emancipate selves from their employer's Their employment was to brea used paving-stones into macada the municipality of Paris, in the of a private contractor, who re the contract from the Town C according to standing usage. they received only 3 fr. to 3 fr per cubic metre, out of the 5 fr gross—that is, a trifle over 5 fr. which the municipality allowed intermediary. Here was a rou per cent. swallowed in its passage Capital to Labor, a most extort toll to levy where there was r risk nor serious work to entitle The men applied to the munic for the contract direct. consideration it was decided t them a trial. The municipalit had no reason to regret the exper-The men have given full satisfa They now receive the triennia tracts, as a matter of course, alon The gain to other contractors. is more than the 2 fr. extra whic now obtain for their work. tional payment has placed ther position to lay by, to create a c out of which not only their own



shares (two years ago there were 5000 fr. taken up in all) are being gradually repaid, but which, remaining the corporate property of the society, provides better security for contracts such as are now taken, and enables—or will shortly enable—them to take others yielding even better profit, such as road-mak-Above all things—that is what I find that the men prize most in this and all similar associations—they have become their own masters. They need not fear dismissal on the ground of their employer's temper or caprice. They need not cringe or flatter for the sake of keeping their work. They can go to bed at night with a quiet mind, secure of their position and employ-That is not all. Responsibility, quickened by personal interest, has put them upon their mettle. They have become better and more competent men, something of an aristocracy among the labor of their class. They freely admit new-comers. Poverty need not stand in the way; for a man can easily make up the value of his share out of his earnings. But the new-comer must be trustworthy and respectable. Thus in two ways has this little association become a power for good among its own class of workers. It raises wages and it raises char-

Of course this satisfactory example has not been lost upon other men of the same and kindred crafts. There are several associations now of casseurs de pierres, similarly organized and similarly recognized by those who give out contracts. And there is promise of the formation of more. Then there are the picqueurs de gré, who square stones for paving, and the paveurs who lay them down. In all these instances organization is simplified by these two facts, that each separate association need not be large, and that the body giving the contract is the municipality. However, there are tailleurs de pierres and granitiers, severally stonecutters and rough sculptors of hard stone, who work for private employers as well, and with more or less the same good results.

The same kind of combination has found a recognized place in the industrial organization of Italy. The Ital-

ian workmen appear to have something of a natural knack for combination. will state what appears to me a particularly striking instance in point. Thanks to the erection of the great arsenal at Spezia, the gulf named after that whilom little town, now grown big, has become a very beehive of busy All the surrounding villagestwo of them sacred to the memories of Byron and Shelley—now supply their contingents of workmen every day to the arsenal workshops, which employ in all about 8000 men, of whom some 2000 have their homes in San Terenzo, Porto Venere, Lerici, Pugliola, and other places dotting the picturesque hillsides. To carry the men backward and forward, to and from their work, two individuals ran very primitive steam ferries, for the passage in which they charged rather exorbitant prices namely, 7 and 8 lire a month. Feeling secure in their monopoly, these men refused either to reduce the fares or to provide better accommodation. In self-defence, the working-men combined among themselves, issuing £1 shares, to be paid up by instalments. Small advances made by the two "captains" selected for employment, and a loan, or gift, of £60 from Mrs. Henfrey -after whom one of the new boats has been named—enabled them to purchase, first one boat, afterward two, at Their service now pretty last three. well monopolizes the local traffic of the It pays so well that there seems some danger, in spite of the scruples of the better-principled men, of the venture being carried beyond its legitimate scope and perverted into a speculation for profit. Meanwhile the men have secured their passages, with sufficient elbow-room, at the reduced rate of from 2 to 5 lire a month, the price being regulated according to the wages earned by every man.

Upon men of such ready resource the argument in favor of combination in defence of their interests was not likely to be thrown away. For counterparts to the French stoneworkers' societies we have in Italy associations of suolini or selcini (paviors), scarpellini (moulders), and the like—it is true, only sparingly developed, and not everywhere adequately employed. Suc-

cess, it will be well to bear in mind, depends in this matter upon more than mere combination. There must be scope for employment, of course, and there must be good organization, which is not everywhere forthcoming. Wherever good administration can be assured, such combination has succeeded. In Bologna, to state one instance, where the municipality is favorable and the men are good, the selcini have received a standing contract for all the

town paving, at good wages.

Considerably more has been done in other provinces of labor. In Cremona the ghiaiacuoli or barcajuoli, who bring the shingle from the beds of the Po. the Adda, and the Oglio in barges to its destination, to be employed as roadmetal, and the carrettieri, who carry it further, in their carts -or else carry coal, or ice, or soil backward and forward—found themselves "sweated," like the French casseurs de pierres. The ghiaiacuoli, being four men to each barge, received from the contractor for each day's journey-the boat holding four cubic metres-6 lire, out of the 10 lire which he himself drew. Giuseppe Garibotti, an admirable organizer, induced them to com-They now take the contract straight from the authority which gives it, and earn the additional 4 lire. the first year they netted 22,048 lire of They are now thinking of purchasing a steam tug to lighten their labor, which is at present very heavy. The carrettieri have in the same manner improved their wages by from 8 to 10 centesimi the cubic metre. And no one else, except the "sweater," who has become superfluous, is one penny the worse for the change. All this is simply and purely the effect of combination, and of course it has already told in favor of men of the same trades who have not yet combined. For selfinterest compels the contractors, trembling for their profits, to be less exacting with the men who, they now know, might set up for themselves as competitors.

However, to proceed to the second point of the problem suggested, let us descend to the very bottom of the scale of skill. There can be no less skilled laborers than the diggers and barrow-

ers who, as the Italian language has it, bring to their work nothing but their bare "arms," and are accordingly termed braccianti.\* Elsewhere it has "passed the wit of man" to bind such men together in anything like abiding union. We cannot really place the Russian artels of similar workers every combination among persons engaged in common work is in Russia styled an artel—and the droujinas of Bulgaria, Croatia, and Slovenia on the same footing as these Italian associa-They unite their members for a brief, fixed period, or for a particular job, in order to ensure to them the benefits accruing from economy, division of labor, common living and travelling, to be secured by combination. The Italian società dei braccianti aim at something very much higher and more abidingly useful. Their members do not combine merely to earn a little more and to divide it and then Their object is to create a permanent body of workers, championing the cause of Labor, laying up a growing and indivisible capital sufficient to ensure them independence, to benefit themselves, but to benefit at the same time the entire craft and Labor generally. They have thus far remained distinctively a specialty of Italy, of which as yet little is known outside the boundaries of its own country. Humble as are, in one point of view, their achievements, to my mind they represent a signal triumph of combination, in circumstances in which fighting, as by our Agricultural Laborers' Union, must have been wholly out of the question.

The braccianti have long since become a recognized institution, and something of an economic power in Italy, doing, as I shall show, not a little good to a large class of common laborers, men who were, when the società first started on their career, in a particularly destitute and oppressed condition. We have, as it happens, very full and graphic descriptions of their sufferings at the time. For Laveleye's "Lettres d'Italie" and

<sup>\*</sup> Bracciante, chi viva delle braccia: cioè del lavoro materialissimo e di pura fatica.—Funfuni.



"Nouvelles Lettres" were written in the very period to which I refer, and that Inchiesta, presided over by the late Count Jacini, the results of which are embodied in a voluminous series of extremely valuable "Green Books," was carried on at the same time. The cronica fame, the "né pour la peine," the "du pain arrosé d'eau claire," with a lira a day to keep body and soul together—so long as work could be found at all—were no myths, no prodncts of a hyperfervid fancy. We have never in modern times had anything in the way of misery to pit against that. It looked, indeed, as if better days were dawning. For there was a "boom" of public works—railways, canals, dikes, roads—and thousands of laborers were drafted away from their accustomed farm work into gangs of navvies. However, the profit of this enterprise was not for these men. They soon found, even in the very heyday of this busy buzz of employment, that it was the contractor who got all the benefit out of the work, compelling their own poverty to consent to wages which, however insufficient, they had not stamina enough to refuse. It is a mistake to suppose that it was only the cessation of that work and a loss of comparatively high wages, by which the men are sometimes said to have become "spoilt," which led to the formation of braccianti associations. The cessation of work, bringing with it worse need, unfortunately aggravated by an ill-advised change in rural economy, which has proved most inopportunenamely, the substitution of ordinary modern-day "letting" in the place of the mezzadria (métayage) handed down from earlier times—unquestionably gave the movement an additional The change referred to, restricting agricultural employment, set free an additional considerable number of men, at the very time when diminishing navvy work led the braccianti to look wistfully once more, with the hope of employment, to that land which they had left. I am told that in the province of Ravenna the number of organized braccianti went up, in consequence of this transformation of agricultural economy, in very little time from 5000 to 15,000. The land-

lords themselves have not benefited by their modernization of the system of tenure. For during the trying times, according to the reports of prefects in all parts, well supported by independent evidence, it is everywhere the mezzadri and their landlords who have best weathered the storm.

The first society of braccianti was formed at Ravenna in 1883. The second, that of Finale, in the Province of Modena, followed suit in 1885. other great society which has, like the other two, come to be regarded as a type and model, that of Budrio, was established in the same year, 1885, though it had to be re-registered in 1890. In all, even before the ebb tide of work set in and the great push of the co-operative movement began, by 1889, no less than 65 braccianti societies had been created, and, though many of them languished, there were several which had a fair record of work to show, summing up to 220,000 lire or more per annum, and yielding in some cases very fair profits.

However, in those early days the difficulties to be encountered were considerable. The money required for the actual work was, indeed, raised without much difficulty. So far as I have been able to ascertain, there has never been any serious want of loan capital, even after some of the People's Banks, which rendered the first belp, had grown coy-frightened, I suppose, by the strongly Socialist character which came to be impressed upon most of these working-men's societies. those societies had no recognized legal status. And although the King and some private philanthropists were favorable, the authorities generally, who had the work to give out, proved distrustful and unfriendly. In 1889'the Italian legislature passed a law (the Baccarini Act) specially designed to help the Labour societies—slike braccianti and muratori. The law authorized public authorities to give contracts for work directly to such societies for amounts not exceeding in each case 100,000 lire (£4000), without insisting on the deposit of caution-money, safeguarding themselves by retaining 10 per cent. of the payment until the completion of the work. The conditions qualifying such powers were that, in the sum contracted for, the major portion should stand for manual labor, and that the societies should give proof of being bond fide co-operative societies by producing rules which required them to assign the whole of the profits netted to labor, as distinguished from capital. This proviso has in practice proved

strongly called for.

Under this law, public bodies willing to befriend working-men's societies acquired ample power for doing so. They might cut up their large contracts into a number of £4000 jobs, and deal these out to several societies. Unfortunately The law passed very few of them did. was merely an enabling Act, and contractors found means of keeping it a dead letter. To remedy this, M. Luzzatti, being at the time, as he is now once more, Minister of the Treasury, in the following year issued a rescript to all public authorities, directing them to give what contracts they could, without detriment to the public interest, by preference to Labor societies. Even that rescript is not really binding. There are still complaints periodically made of its being evaded. But, generally speaking, no doubt M. Luzzatti's circular has proved effective, and the sum total of contracts given out to societies is now fairly considerable. More than once has a desire been expressed that the official limit should be extended from £4000 to £8000. In all probability this will be done; but for the present it remains a well-discussed pro-

Under the stimulating action of the law and circular referred to, workingmen's associations have multiplied fast, and still continue to multiply. The last official return (published in 1895) gives the figure of Labor societies existing at the close of the year 1894 as 479, and shows that from July, 1889, when the Baccarini law came into force, down to the close of 1894, 146 of these societies received from public bodies in all 689 contracts for work, representing an aggregate value of 11,180,291 lire (£447,232)—which is a decent sum, but leaves a considerable margin for private work. The braccianti muster strongest in the six provinces of Bologna, Ravenna, Forli, Ferrara, Rovigo,

and Modena, the favorite recruiting ground for hired labor, where large estates abound, and men are, as a rule, strong, and make good laborers. province of Ravenna alone has twentytwo strong societies, the province of Modena twenty-nine. I am told by one in the movement that there are now probably not less than 150,000 braccianti "organized" in Italy, in addition to about 12,000 muratori. former figure does not appear to agree with the official return, and is probably an overestimate, possibly a rather sanguine one. No doubt it is difficult to fix an exact figure, because the number of members keeps changing, as things happen to grow better or worse, and the unstable fringe attaches itself to, or else detaches itself from, the nucleus which is everywhere remarkably steady and stanch to its cause. There are associations of all sizes, comprising from less than a score of men The pioneer asup to 2000 or more. sociation, that of Ravenna, numbered in 1894, 2248 members. It is tolerably strong in capital, and has already laid out about 200,000 lire on land, which it holds on improvement lease, in the Agro Romano.

The organization of the societies is in the main everywhere the same. There are a few societies which admit no non-working members whatever. The majority admit them, but, as a rule, allow them only bare interest on their shares, since profit must go to The governing idea throughlabor. out is, not that one or two jobs should be made to return the largest possible profit to the men actually engaged in them, but that a permanent institution shall be built up, strong enough, eventually, in capital and organization, to steady employment for a whole class and benefit Labor generally. fore, it is laid down once for all, that, indeed, as good wages shall be paid as are possible, but that above all things a capital is to be created. In many societies it is provided that there shall be no interest or dividend whatever paid until the reserve fund, or capital of the society—by whatever name you choose to call it—has reached a certain figure. Thus the braccianti of Budrio, particularly well-organized body,

comprising about 2000 members, in, roughly speaking, eight years accumulated a fund of more than £2000 as their own collective stock. Such reserve, or stock capital, is, as a rule, made indivisible, even in the case of the dissolution of the society, so as to give members no inducement to dissolve for the sake of a good share out. It is generally provided that, if the society should be dissolved, the funds shall be handed over to the municipio for safe keeping, and, after a stated time, employed upon some useful pub-The shares are never large. lic work. They range from 10 to 40 lire; but the favorite figure is 24 lire. This sum was first fixed upon by the association of Finale, as particularly convenient, inasmuch as it can easily be paid up within three years, at the rate of twelve instalments of 1 lira each in the first year, and afterward twenty-four of 50 centesimi. At the close of five years, in most societies, the shares paid up are redeemable, and intended to be redeemed, by the society, in order that there may be no temptation to any one to make himself master of the business and turn the co-operative association into a profit-mongering joint-stock concern. As matters are now organized, not only is there no disinclination shown (the official Report of 1895 calls particular attention to this) to the reception of new members-new members are, on the contrary, made welcome; but there can be no disinclina-In respect of the contracting for and distribution of work the organization adopted appears equally well suited to its purpose. The collective body of members, which, of course, wields supreme power, annually appoints a Council of Administration. which in its turn elects a small Executive Committee and a Technical Committee, as well as a Technical Director of Work with expert assistants and a Committee of Contracts. There is always at least one engineer to advise, and one law-Thus expert advice and technical direction are fully provided for concurrently with entirely popular self-gov-The Director tells off the men in gangs, each of which has its capo squadro, who receives higher pay. Whenever there is not employment for

all, the men have to take the work in turns. This is generally arranged without difficulty. Thus, the dreaded difficulty of organization and discipline has been successfully got over, and good working is secured wherever the men are in earnest and their leaders able.

Well, and what is the upshot of all this organization and all this work? There are people who disparage it. There are people who affirm that it is at bottom nothing but politics and working-class begging-the "have nots" combining to wheedle, or else to intimidate, the "haves" into giving them employment, which in fact the "haves" give rather to keep the malcontents quiet than because the work is really wanted. I will not say that there is absolutely no ground for such criticism, that there are not societies which manage their affairs very badly and provide ample material for censure. But, generally speaking, the opinion of those who are best able to judge is not unfavorable. The King-who has a good opportunity of watching the braccianti at work from Castelfusanohas never wavered in his favor. official Report of 1890, speaking of the great braccianti association of Ravenna, says: "The industry and honesty of which this association gave proof in its earliest proceedings secured for it (cattivarono) the sympathy of the public administrations." It goes on to remark upon the educational effect which combination under such circumstances has had: "The bad habits so common among working folk, such as indulgence in card-playing, excessive consumption of intoxicating liquor, quarrels and fights, have grown less." Adverting more specifically to the work entrusted to such societies by the Genio civile, the Report says that the Genio finds the work done satisfactory and worthy of praise. I have heard similar opinions expressed by public authorities in Rome, in Bologna, in Ravenna, elsewhere. The Ravennese are very much to the fore as workers at Rome. They have more than 300 of their men generally stationed there. It is part of the fat" which members count upon, to have their regular turn of work in the Metropolis where there is employment all through the winter. Thanks, part-

ly, to the kindly interest shown by the King, the three public Ministries concerned have assigned to this society, on improvement lease and on very favorable terms, 1250 acres of marsh land near Ostia. There are fifty-two workmen's families (209 persons) temporarily settled upon that property to cultivate and improve it. I have no space here to enter into any details with respect to what is in truth a most interesting and instructive experiment in collective land settlement, as well as in the reclamation of the useless, neglected, poisonous Agro Romano, a problem ever present to the minds of Italian statesmen. It promises to prove successful. From a purely economic point of view the experiment is perhaps not altogether a fair one, inasmuch as there has been a royal subsidy, and the rent is, for the first ten years, purely a peppercorn rent, and even for the remaining period fixed very low. However, the land was at the outset noth. ing but a desert, and the problem was, how to get it occupied and improved at all. It is fast being reclaimed, and already yields some very good crops. The Romagnol settlers are doing their work well, and Armando Armuzzi, the able head of the colony, a working man himself, is perfectly satisfied that the society will make a good thing out of its thirty years' tenure.\* Mean-while the men employed have steady work, fair pay, and they are enabled to live so well that they candidly admit that they do so. It has become usual for corporations to give the braccianti standing contracts—for road-making, for ditch-cutting, and for the removal of snow. The mere possibility of securing at the shortest notice a large army of workmen for urgent work, men who need not be watched and supervised, because they supervise themselves, and of dealing with a central body without exposing the men to the loss of that heavy toll which, as a rule, the middleman levies, is found an appreciable convenience. In Bologna.

the braccianti have a standing contract for the removal of snow, whenever it falls, at the rate of 55 centesimi per cubic metre, including cartage. I have myself twice had occasion to observe how admirably this system works in the case of exceptionally heavy snow-A host of men were at work at once, and the snow was cleared away in much less time than I have known to be required under similar circumstances elsewhere. There is a lesson in this, it may be, for London, where things are not always quite so well

managed.

Now let us see how this arrangement has affected the working men in other aspects. Take, first, the question of wages. I have spoken of the pitiful plight in which Italian working folk in the country found themselves before the movement began. The ordinary wage was 1 lira a day on the average. often less, and in few cases as much as 1.25 lira. That was for ten hours; and work was irregular and never to be depended upon. Wherever there are well-organized società dei braccianti established, wages have now generally gone up, in what may be called a falling market, by something like a third, often more, and the hours have been shortened. In the Province of Modena, where M. Agnini has organized twenty-nine societies, practically covering the area, and comprising about 12,000 men, the wages rose in little time from 1 lira for ten hours to 2 lire for eight; and work became pretty steady. In 1895 the average figure was 2.50 lire for summer work (eight hours), and 1.75 lira for winter work (five hours to five hours and a half). That is a sensible advance applied to a whole Province. A Joseph Arch strike would never have brought that about, or not, at any rate, for any length of time. The Modena braccianti are now so strong that contractors positively cannot do without coming to an understanding with them. They have hecome a power to be reckoned with. And the improvement in wages which their action has brought about is not limited to themselves, nor even to their own class. The braccianti, or navvies, though drawn from the ranks of the contadini, or farm laborers, are of

<sup>\*</sup> In 1895 the receipts have been 89,100 lire, which, as M. Armuzzi writes me under date of June 25, is sufficient to keep the colony going and pay off one-tenth of the outlay. For 1896, M. Armuzzi estimates the income at 100,000 lire.

course looked upon as a distinct class although the two categories at times, according to the pressure or shortness of work at one point or another, recruit and supplement one another. But obviously the wages of the braccianti cannot be permanently raised without such improvement having, at any rate, some effect upon the wages of the contadini. Then there are the poor people employed in cultivating the rice-fields, standing and moving in muddy marsh water under an Italian We sometimes think our own dog-wood peelers badly used; but the unsanitariness of their occupation is not to be compared with that of the poor mondarisi of Italy. The work was formerly given out in contract to "sweaters," who selected by preference young children for the work, because their labor was to be had most cheaply, and so left them all the larger a margin of profit on the 80 or 90 centesimi (per day of twelve and thirteen hours) which the cultivator allowed them per head. In this way the contractor managed to net 15, 20, and even 25 centesimi a head per day on labor, toward which he himself contributed nothing except to higgle for it in the market. More wasteful, reprehensible middleman exploitation there never was. The braccianti, who have done much for the rising generation of Italy by diminishing child-labor, offered to undertake the work themselves. The convenience of the arrangement recommended it to the landowners. The result is that children have been excluded from the unwholesome employment, and that the adults engaged in it now receive 1 lira, or even 1 lira 10 cent., per day of less hours. Surely the braccianti of Modena deserve the medal which they received, in token of good work done, at the last Co-operative Congress of Milan.

The work of the braccianti of Budrio has been similarly fruitful of good results, though federation has not yet, in their case, been carried equally far. The union embraces only two mandamenti—Budrio and Molinella—and comprises about 2000 members. Wages have been raised from 1 lira to 1 lira 80 cent. and 2 lire. (As much as 3 lire is earned at piece-work.) And the men who

used to live, as trustworthy witnesses have assured me, "like beasts," paying a soldo a night for quarters in tents and hovels put up in the fields, are now, at any rate, more decently housed. They have always work, and secure the pick of the work going. I have not the last balance-sheet, which has not yet been printed. But the secretary assures me that the society has again done well. In Ravenna wages have gone up to 2 lire 50 cent. and And so it is in Argenta, in Medicina, in Arezzo, in Spezia, and elsewhere. Combination under able guidance has effected what strikes and warfare never could have accomplished. The men were much too weak to engage in such polemics. They have formed their "bundle of sticks," to enable them to stand, and, having formed it, have entered into competition with their foes, overcoming them, just as the 700 cabinet-makers of the Milan country, whose tale I have related elsewhere, have by the same means, with the help of their little shares of £2 paid up by instalments, overcome their tyrannically sweating masters.

Look a little further. Wages are not everything. Generally speaking, the men have become better men and better trained for their work. There are many societies, unfortunately, to which this praise does not apply, in which what we call the "co-operative spirit" is altogether lacking, which do badly, either because circumstances are hopelessly adverse, or, more generally, because they deserve to do badly. But, wherever the lesson has been properly learned, a sound spirit and an understanding of the principle of combination have been infused. And that is the only manner in which the difficulties obviously standing in the way of organization of unskilled labor, weak, and at the outset wanting in cohesion, Those difficulcan be surmounted. ties, so the official report of 1890 explains, have been balanced by "a degree of enthusiasm which is perfectly astonishing, and by a spirit of self-sacrifice which appears to make the men capable of overcoming every obstacle."

I have no space left to say much about the sister societies of *muratori*, more important in one aspect, and

perhaps on some points more successful, but less likely to interest ourselves, inasmuch as our building trades, with their fully developed organization, appear quite strong enough to hold their own against unfair employers. What few co-operative builders' societies we have, as at Brixton and Ketteringvery promising as they are—have obviously sprung up with an entirely different object in view. Their end is not to bring employers to terms, but to become their own employers, whether other employers are fair or not. are quite right. The Italian muratori societies have been driven to the same aim, but only because that was for them the only way of effecting what our trade unions effect by fighting.

The muratori societies are organized on much the same lines as the braccianti, with this difference, that, to be able to undertake every kind of work which may offer, they must make their ranks more comprehensive, and take in a larger variety of, so to speak, undercallings. The braccianti associations have braccianti, in the narrower sense of the term, and biroccianti (barrowers), seganti (hewers and sawyers). spondini (embankers), and very often a few muratori and suolini (bricklayers and paviors). The muratori do best where they have stone-workers of every description. So organized, they are able to undertake very considerable works, which the authorities who give them out own to have been done to their entire satisfaction—for instance, the large water-tower of Milan, the cemetery wall of Musocco-each of which stands for about 500,000 lire of outlay—and most of the sewer works in Milan and in Rome. The question has been asked in this country whether in such contracts the provision of the material can with advantage be separated from the supply of hand labor. There are, in Italy, very few contracts indeed given or taken for work only. M. Garibotti tells me that in Cremona there have been one or two. But really it is very difficult to separate the two The working men, of course, are loath to surrender what is generally recognized as the best "fat" of the work; and, over and beyond that, by supplying their own material, they

often have it in their power to do a good turn to some other co operative association. Probably the muratori of Milan and the "Vitruvio" of Romethe former consisting of about 1000 members, and the latter of about 100 -are entitled, thanks to good administration, to rank as the best societies of their class. The muratori of Milan did indifferently at first, until M. Mariani, an admirable organizer, but a socialist of the purest water, took the matter in hand. With such opportunities as offer themselves to builders in Milan, even though private individuals held aloof, there could not be much difficulty about setting the matter right in little time, and now the muratori are doing well. Like their sister societies, they have rendered very appreciable service to the trade. They keep down the number of boys, and allow no boys under fourteen to be employed They do a good deal in the way technical education, maintaining schools and classes. They are particularly careful to improve the social condition and domestic surroundings of their members. Most of these were a little time ago wretchedly housed in hovels, from which it was impossible to keep out typhoid fever and cholera. The society is gradually remedying this Last, not least, this and other societies have come very near solving the problem of prevention of accidents. They have, in fact, scarcely any. It stands to reason. Their object is not to make large profits out of the hire of other folks' labor and the exposure of human life to peril, but to provide steady and safe employment under satisfactory conditions to as many men as is possible. Accordingly, the instruction driven home most pressingly and most persistently into every capo squadro is this: Above all things avoid risk, and keep your men safe! Scaffoldings are properly seen to. Everything is made as safe as can be. And the result is, that the Milan muratori in several years have had only one serious accident to report—and that one the victim. an apprentice, brought upon himself by larkingly engaging in acrobatics on a dangerous point of the scaffolding in the dinner-hour. Combination has secured better wages

among muratori as among braccianti, though perhaps the increase is less striking. In the Budrio Society wages have gone up by from 50 to 100 centesimi a day. In Milan, as compared with 2.50 lire to 2.80 lire paid outside the society, the society men receive 3 lire to 3.30 lire. Generally speaking, the wages may be set down as averaging from 2.50 to 3 lire a day, which is not bad. In addition, of course, there is a provident and sick fund, and an association capital growing up which promises to make employment all the more secure, and perhaps all the more remunerative in the future.

Altogether, then, the Italian working-men's societies have undoubtedly good results to show. Indeed, amid a mass of need and trouble and distress with which statesmen find it difficult to grapple, this movement of combination among working men forms one of the few bright spots which encourage one to hope for better things. It is all the more encouraging since it touches the very foundation upon which national society rests, and promises to strengthen the framework of the social system. Prosperous working-classes must mean a prosperous community. The movement is still in its infancy. All its efforts have thus far been directed to striking root. It has scarcely had time to expand; and expansion is even now not easy. However willing the Luzzattis and Dallolios and some others may be to see the societies grow numerous and strong and thriving, there are a good many men still in high places who frown upon them. far as they are properly organized, and aim at producing the best possible work in return for the best possible pay, I feel satisfied that they will grow and develop in spite of such opposition. For they apply a sound economic principle at the proper point, where its application must assure advantage alike to buyer and seller of work, economizing labor, while securing for it a higher remuneration and benefiting the laborer, at the same time educating and raising him, at the cost actually of no one.

The question remains to be asked: Are we in a position to profit by the lesson which the foreigners spoken of are teaching? I believe that we are. I do not think that it can be necessary

to enter into particulars now, even if I had the space. There are few persons connected with the employment of labor in this country who will not be able readily to call to mind cases in which a need more or less corresponding to that which has been effectually mitigated abroad exists, for which our present methods of championing the claims of Labor afford no relief. What has succeeded in the worse case abroad ought to have a chance of succeeding in instances of less severity. We have the same classes of labor to deal with, we have the same kind of work wherewith to employ them, much in the same way—and other work besides which might be dealt with in a similar manner. We have a much larger quantity of private employment to bring into the market for the benefit of our unskilled men. And our public bodies are not likely to prove less considerate than the Italian. We have a War Office which has introduced the eight hours' day. We have a County Council which, by the exclusion of "sweated" labor from its contracts, has, as East end workmen of "sweated" trades have themselves assured me, done more for the suppression of "sweating" than any other body, public or private. At any rate, I earnestly commend the subject to the consideration of those who act as leaders in Labor movements. Up to the present very little indeed seems to be known about it in this kingdom. However, it deserves to be studied, and that is why I have ventured to set pen to paper. There is nothing in this form of combination to which any one on the Labor side can at all object. cialists as well as anti-Socialists can find a place in it. And there can be no combination more legitimate, more called for, more calculated to enlist the friendly sympathy of the community than one which brings help to those who undoubtedly need it, and who have no other means of relief open to them—combination which benefits them without taxing or wronging any one, without taking anything from any one, except it be from those who by an unscrupulous abuse of their opportunities have deliberately forfeited their claim to consideration. — Contemporary Review.

#### CONTRIBUTORS.

#### BY AN EDITOR.

YEARS ago a young and thoughtless man carrying on the profession, trade, or business of a free-lance journalist presumed to congratulate a friend upon the dignity of his position as assistant editor of a great daily paper. Those were the days when editors were editors, when nobody dreamed of assigning the title of "News Editor" or "Sporting Editor" to the man who divided his time between the scissors, the paste, and the noisome and oleaginous flimsy, or to the man who knocked into shape the effusions of the sporting Those were the days also when to be an assistant editor was to occupy a position of responsibility, trust, and power; whereas in these times the assistant editor is too often nothing better than the editor's secretary. The assistant editor and the free-lance journalist were not far apart in age; they had almost been contemporaries at Oxford; but the man of dignified position had a harassed and weary look, tired eyes, and a ragged beard; and the free-lance was young and lusty as an eagle. And this was the answer to the congratulation:

"My dear X, wait until you have tried your hand as an editor, then you will know what it is to long for the days that are past; you will realize that the life of a tolerably successful contributor is a thousand times more choiceworthy than that of an editor. I used to write with pleasure, and to take a modest pride in my work. Now I never write a line except to fill up ' white,' or to make an article turn the column. Much of my time is spent in spoiling the work of others."

I was the free-lance, and I owed many an obligation to the clever man who never altered except to improve; but I left him then, sitting with a bundle of wet proofs beside him under the glare of an Argand lamp; and when I reached my club, and told the story to another casual contributor, I was quite ready to endorse the comment, " Poor A is one of those men who never know when they are well off." But since

those days I have become an editor, and A has returned to the ranks of the contributors. He came to see me a few days ago, full of spirits and goodhumor, looking, and avowing that he felt, ten years younger, in that he had passed "from penal servitude to lib-He observed also, truthfully enough, that the wear and tear of edit-

ing had turned my hair gray.

It is in the capacity of an editor, and with the view of proving that even a worm will turn, that I offer some observations suggested by the article on "Editors," by "A Contributor," which appeared in The National Review for June. My remarks cannot take the form of a reply, because "A Contributor's" disjointed anecdotes do not amount to an indictment of editors in general. Nor shall I permit myself references to individuals, easily to be understood by the public, since, in my poor judgment, to speak of an editor who is "reputed to set more store by the names of his contributors than by the quality of their contributions," to describe another as "Euphues Junior," and to pour whole sauce-boats of melted butter upon two or three named editors (who are not at all likely to value the unasked flattery), is to set an example unworthy of imitation. Nor shall I address my observations to writers of experience, who, because theyknow their business and the limitations under which an editor works, never complain, and are the backbone of periodicals and of journalism. Such men stand in no need of advice or of gentle reproof. They may not have contributed to five daily, eight weekly, six monthly periodicals, and to one quarterly periodical, as "A Contributor" tells us he has. Their work, indeed, is performed so well, is delivered so punctually, and reaches editors so perfectly ready for use, that the number of channels through which it is distributed to the world grows ever less and less. But there is another, and that a very large, army of writers for the Press, and in that army "A Con-

tributor" has a place. In it are men and women of all ages, who circulate their productions profusely among edi-A great volume of their work passes under my eye. Sometimes the manuscript bears the marks of many journeys through the post. Sometimes it has the ornament of a fresh front page to disguise its age and its history of misfortune; often it is accompanied by a note, which, to me personally, seems touchingly pathetic. The writers of these notes ought to read Mr. Thackeray's Thorns in the Cushion; so reading they would learn that appeals ad misericordium may pain the editor, but must not be permitted to influence his judgment. The magazine, the weekly review, and the daily paper are offered to the public which refuses to make any allowance for imperfections in the finished production, and does not see the heart breaking plea which accompanied it to the editorial office. In this same genus of peripatetic manuscript is a species emanating from writers who deserve no sympathy at all. They are more irrational and not less troublesome than the prowling cabman. He, at worst, confines his importunity to wayfarers who appear likely to be able to engage They, on the contrary, waste innumerable postage stamps in forwarding to editors utterly hopeless manuscripts which, by their very tone and length, prove that the writers have never so much as wasted a thought upon the character and the quality of the paper conducted by the editor upon whom they design to inflict trouble. How many Radical squibs have been placed into Tory letter-boxes? How many Tory essays have been hurled at Radical editors? Why do women attempt to storm the fortresses of serious journals with columns of so-called gossip, the said gossip consisting of stale scandal and rubbish about chiffons? All these time-wasting insults are flung at numberless editors every day. even at the most unpromising contribution, the editor must glance, for, in the accumulated mass, he may chance to find that pearl without price, a useful contributor, who, pace "A Contributor," is uncommonly like to a black swan. But that is no excuse

NEW SERIES-Vol. LXIV., No. 4.

for the reckless want of consideration of the general contributor whose conduct gives rise to the suspicion that he keeps a clerk for no other purpose than that, with a list of some hundreds of heterogeneous publications before him, he may send on to the next station, so to speak, the rejected addresses of the morning's mail.

After making all reasonable allowance for the disappointment of unsuccessful writers, after admitting that no honest editor can expect to be popular among contributors, the plain fact remains that the casual contributor does not understand his true position. demands are frequently unreasonable, and there need be little hesitation in saying that he receives far more consideration than he deserves. "Not to answer a civil letter on business is at once ill-bred and unbusinesslike, whether the recipient occupies an editorial chair or not." So writes "A Contributor": but the observation is unsound and absurd. In my private capacity, I receive, every day, civil and even fulsome letters on business, offering to lend me money, to sell me cigars, wine, baby's socks, and a thousand things. The writers offer me something I do not require or cannot afford to buy; and I answer, as no doubt "A Contributor" answers, by silence. strict logic the uninvited contributor stands in precisely the same position as the volunteer money-lender. When unasked he sends his goods on approval, in the face of a notice to the effect that rejected articles cannot be returned, he stands in the same position as the tobacconists who send out sample boxes of cigarettes. But he obtains far more courteous treatment than is accorded to the tradesman. An attempt, at the least, is made to read the most ill-written manuscript; sometimes it is even sent up to the printers in the faint hope that, after they have wrestled with it, the meaning of the scrawl may be extracted. If it be rejected, it is almost invariably returned, whether stamps have been enclosed or not. Such is the practice of nearly all reputable publications; there are, however, a few exceptions in the shape of papers which give distinct notice that they will not take the trouble to return unsuitable contributions. These papers are perfectly well known, their rule of business is strictly honest, and the man who runs the risk of submitting articles to them and loses his venture has none but himself to blame. Most editors, however, return that which they cannot use, and when they fail to do so, the reason is one out of three. first is the most common: the contributor has not affixed his name and address to the manuscript, and as the pretty note explaining the virtues of the article which came at the same time has been destroyed, nobody knows to whom the contribution belongs. have scores of articles in a cupboard to which this statement applies. second reason is less common, but not rare. It is to be found in the persistency with which some writers continue to submit articles after they have been requested to discontinue the practice. The third reason is that articles are sometimes retained because, in holiday time, when good writers are lazy, it may be necessary to use matter of slightly inferior quality.

But contributors go beyond all limits of reason when they demand that the question whether their work shall be accepted or rejected and returned shall be decided withm a limited period of time. The organ over which I have the honor to preside is not of daily appearance; but there is not a moment to spare on press day, as a contributor with any sense in his head must know full well. Yet it is not at all rare for me to receive a great roll of paper on press day, and when I open it a few days later, to find that it contains a request, or blunt demand, that the offered contribution shall be sent back by return of post if not accepted. From "A Contributor's" point of view, I suppose, 1 ought to be penitent; but in truth I feel not a pang of remorse in the matter. The editor is not the servant of the contributor, but of him concerning whom the writer of the article under consideration observes generically "the proprietor is a common trader, whose profoundly commercial instincts are the curse of honest journalism." Here is fine highfalutin nonsense for you, written by a man, or a woman, who, after writing

for twenty publications, after taking all the money he could obtain for his work, and taking payment twice on one occasion, always turns round and bites the hand that fed him.

Of some of the minor grievances of "A Contributor" it is unnecessary to speak at any length. He is pleased to object to the various ways in which editors do their work. Euphues Junior, he tells us, used to "sprinkle the pages of his contributors" with peculiar phrases, tricks, and mannerisms. That is true enough, but it has to be observed that the editor thus described applied this method consistently and with the set purpose of giving unity of tone to his paper, that his practice was well known in the literary world, and that his regular staff held him in an affectionate esteem which did honor to him and to them. When the casual contributor objected to the process a very simple and obvious course was open to him. But a contributor cannot pocket his money and expose his bleeding heart at the same time, any more than he can introduce his wife to an old love and talk of blighted affec-"A Contributor" objects also to little Gudgeon - I may be Gudgeon for all I know-whose "alterations are conceived in a niggling mood and designed to water down any spirit shown by the contributor to a standard of general feebleness." Perhaps Gudgeon discovered that some contributors mistook vulgarity for spirit; and certainly most of us will agree with Gudgeon in insisting upon "grammatical precision or something of that kind." Gudgeon also seems to have distrusted "A Contributor's" accuracy; and Gudgeon appears to have been justly suspicious, for the aggrieved one complains of another editor, who left him to himself, mistakes and all, and commends The Times for improving his work by suppressing indiscreet words, inserting fresh paragraphs, and rear-This confession does ranging stops. not leave the firm conviction that "A Contributor" is a finished or perfect writer. He is the kind of man who must expect to see the fruit of his labor altered, more or less, by various editors according to their individual tastes; but he is quite right in saying that, in

signed articles, obvious slips only ought to be touched by the editorial hand.

The man, or woman, who has written for twenty publications has, like our old friend "one who has fired 20,000 shots at marks," some sound advice to give to the beginner. means let him who would make his way in that part of the literary kingdom over which editors reign eschew introductions as he would poison. pecially let him avoid introductions given by one editor to another. such cases the second editor thinks the first a bore, for good contributors are not to be picked up by the wayside, and the editor who finds one has a pretty way of keeping him to himself. So, in nine cases out of ten, the introduced is suspected by the introducee of being a nuisance of whom the introducer wishes to be rid. This suspicion is an obstacle to the introducee at the outset, and if he overcomes it by submitting a sound and acceptable article, he does no more than he might have done just as well by submitting the article in the first instance. In fact, there is always a market for good wares, and they stand in no need of the puff preliminary; nay, they have a better chance without it. With commonplace stuff, of course, the market is glutted, and circumstances will sometimes compel the publication of a good deal of it. But the beginner must not delude himself into the belief that his commonplace productions will secure the honor of print for many a long day, for men who have done good work in the past and will do good work in the future have, it is submitted very properly, a stronger call on the editor. In short, the new man must be satisfied that he has something of striking merit to offer if he hopes to hear that it has been accepted. On this point, however, he rarely feels difficulty. His satisfaction with his own work, he usually calls it craftsmanship, is instinctive.

The advice to eschew personal visits is also wisely given by "A Contributor." On a great daily journal no doubt daily consultation is necessary between the leader-writers and the editor. But that is because the policy of the paper on this question or that has to be settled in view of the most recent

news in the world of politics. Occasional interviews are necessary between editor and leader-writers on weekly publications; but here there is more time than in the case of the daily paper, and most of the consultation is done by correspondence. But with this kind of article the beginner has no concern, and he will be wasting his time by attempting to force an entry into the leading columns with any political article before he is invited. Nor will he be so invited until he has proved his capacity by writing forcibly, gracefully, and judiciously upon matters of minor importance; and, when the invitation comes, he will be welladvised to remember that the work into which he is about to plunge is far more difficult and far more dangerous to his reputation than that on which he was engaged before.

It follows that there is no reason why the contributor or would-be contributor should attempt to see the editor-whether he is likely to succeed or not is another matter—in the first instance. And there are a good many reasons why he should not make the attempt. Every editor, when he is at his office, is full of occupation. He has a vast amount of correspondence to read, many letters to answer, many schemes to think over, books to send out for review, subjects of leading articles to select, the policy of the paper to settle, proofs to read, MSS. to sit in judgment upon. The caller may be the very man whom the editor would be delighted to meet at the club or at dinner; in the office he is for the most part an unmitigated bore, and, experto crede, he, or she, is uncommonly difficult to get rid of. The busy men and women, the writers who are established. have no time to spare for calls, and are able to realize that the penny post operates with punctuality and despatch. But to the writers, or embryo writers, who are at a loose end, time is a matter of no importance. Having no occupation, or next to none, they will travel miles to see the editor, and to him, having caught him, they will discourse gently upon golf, or bicycling, or literature in general, or on their family history. In time, perhaps after ten minutes, perhaps after half an

hour, and when the victim is beginning to fiddle with the door-handle, the contributor suggests a subject, and, unless it is too manifestly ridiculous, the editor says he would like to see the article, and will be glad to have it submitted. In effect no advance has been made, for the article might have been submitted without all this trouble, and for "middles" almost any subject will serve if it is treated skilfully. treatment is the beginning and the end of the whole matter. Roast Pig, Letts's Diary, Ribbons, do not sound the most promising subjects in creation, but Charles Lamb and Mr. Thackeray wrote about them, and could have written on any conceivable topic in a manner to charm the world.

But this is parenthesis. Let us return to the contributor. Having obtained this permission to write, which he never required, he proceeds to suggest confidently that a few books, books upon which the authors have lavished endless labor and such ability as they possessed, should be entrusted to him for review. That attack parried, he invites the editor to appoint him dramatic critic in ordinary, but the request is received coldly. The the request is received coldly. fact is, that to ask for books to review, or to volunteer for dramatic criticism. is the mark of the amateur. At last the visitor is induced to go, the editor wades through a page of manuscript, and, as he turns to the next, a fresh visitor is announced.

It is a weary business, and the latecomers must not complain if they meet with curt answers. Any man or woman who has to listen to half-a-dozen folks in succession blowing their own trumpets-to be sure, poor souls, if they did not blow them there would be no braying of trumpets at all—is liable to grow short in the temper. And to this trumpet-blowing there is no limit. One contributor, who had written a little for me, observed complacently that it would be delightful to see my publication brilliant in every line, and that he, or she (cart-ropes would not draw the sex from me) could ensure that by writing more for me. Another, after some offered MS. of which I had the hardihood to disapprove had been rejected, was pleased to say that I had a supreme contempt for youth and originality. Another has complained of the refusal of a contribution on the ground that it was quite up to his usual standard. No doubt it was, but he forgot that there was a standard of excellence also. In nine cases out of ten the volunteer will criticise, crudely, but with virulence, an article that has appeared recently. In such cases it is my invariable practice to reply that I wrote the article in question with my own hand. This answer is not always true; though it has been true on occasion; but it is always effective, is, indeed, the only deadly repartee to what, in my firm opinion, is an act of gratuitous insolence. Sometimes I wonder whether these visitors of mine go away thinking that their cause has been advanced.

In effect, after want of consideration, illegible hand-writing, writing four times as much as they are asked to, using technical or foreign phrases which they do not understand and somebody else has to verify, and incorrigible unpunctuality, the worst fault of bad contributors—good contributors have no faults—is an almost incredible That vanity is, I understand, a mark of the artistic temperament, and I know I once made an enemy for life of a flantist (quite deliberately, for I loathed his instrument) by telling him that another man could play the flute. Certainly that particular characteristic of the artistic temperament seems to be acquired with considerable ease, and once acquired, to be ineradicable. You may detect it, for example, in the first two pages of " A Contributor's" article. I extract his words:

"There is only one editor whom I should like to kick. He directs the destinics of a famous periodical, and his name is known far and wide. I offered him an article on a subject of current interest. He took it, and kept it until it was too late for me to place the thing elsewhere at the time. Then he sent it back, but meantime he had appropriated my idea and had got some one else, supposed to be an authority, to write another article on the same subject. He may be an honorable man, and this manœuvre may have been within his rights, but according to my notions it was a dirty trick, entirely opposed to the unwritten law of honorable journalism, which scrupulously respects property in ideas. He was quite at liberty to reject my contribution,

and even to commission some one else to do
the same thing, but then he should have told
me so at once, and not have kept me out of
the market until it was too late to compete
with him in the pages of a rival. Subsequently I did publish my article elsewhere,
and had the satisfaction of knowing that it
attracted a good deal more attention than his
substitute, which was, indeed, very poor stuff,
written to order and in a hurry by a man who
had really nothing to say."

As to the kicking, as I once told a blustering peer who asked me whether kicking an editor was as expensive as running a theatre (he had tried both with signal ill-success), a good deal depends on the size of the editor. the point for consideration is the vanity of "A Contributor." He offered an article "on a subject of current interest." The editor did not publish it, returned it after a time, and published another article on the same tubject. The other article was "very poor stuff, written to order and in a hurry by a man who had really nothing to say." "Poor stuff" is "A Contributor's" opinion, "written to order and in a hurry" is a mere guess in the dark, and "A Contributor" secured publication elsewhere, so he had nothing to complain of. Yet he complained that his "idea" was appropriated. What idea? Surely not the subject, for no man can presume to claim the monopoly of a subject of current interest; surely, also, not the idea contained in "A Contributor's" article, for the second article was "very poor stuff," written "by a man who had really nothing to say," whereas he would clearly have possessed a mine of ideas if he had seen "A Contributor's" masterpiece. In fact, "A Contributor" contradicts himself many times over. Strange, however, as it may seem, this complaint is not unusual. In very young days I have been disposed, but never quite foolish enough at last, to make it in relation to essays that have failed. But it has always

seemed to me unwise, and calculated to expose me to hatred, ridicule, and contempt. Later experience, however, shows me that it is far from being rare for the suggestion to be made, sometimes in very abusive terms. There is, however, a plain truth which may be impressed upon the small fry of contributors. In subjects of current interest it is farcical that any man or woman should claim copyright. It is, indeed, difficult, impossible to me, to conceive any subject ancient or modern, interesting or uninteresting, with which any writer can claim an exclusive right to deal; nor can he acquire such a right by sending an article to an editor. If Jones offers me an article on the Education Bill, or China and Japan, or shipwrecks, or what you will, may I not direct Robinson to take the subject in hand? The very suggestion that the "unwritten law of honorable journalism" prohibits me is childish. Of course, if I gave Robinson the article by Jones to read before he wrote, the matter would carry a different complexion. But even if editors were knaves, they would not dare be guilty of this dishonesty; for Robinson would protest. Again, as there is no copyright in subjects, though there may be a moral copyright in the method of treating them, so there is no monopoly of the commonplace and the obvious; and it is to this lamentable truth that half the literary coincidences of history are due. It is difficult, perhaps, for the esteemed contributor to realize that the comments which he deemed sage, and the criticism which seemed to him acute and original as he wrote, are precisely the comments and the criticism which every man of ordinary intelligence would offer on the same topic. But editors, to their sorrow, find by experience that there is a weary monotony in the originality and the sapience of many contributors. - National Re-

### THROUGH TOURAINE ON WHEELS.

#### BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

I LISTENED not long since to a discussion as to what invention had contributed most to human happiness and ease. Wine, weaving, and money, steam, telegraphy, and lucifer-matches—each received the consideration to which undoubtedly it is entitled; but the conclave, having rejected the claims of all these to the palm, separated without agreeing on the relative merits of wheels and elastic bands—for everybody, it seemed, shrank from contemplating existence in the absence of either of these palliatives of discomfort.

Pondering over the arguments which had been advanced in favor of each of these crowning boons to leaden-footed, wooden-fingered humanity, and feeling wholly unable to decide which should be surrendered were one called on to make the sacrifice, I wended my way slowly to take the train. Train-ah, wheels! methought; no wheels, no train, eh? Well; suppose there were no trains, the necessity for perpetually catching them would disappear; one of the bitterest ingredients would be struck out of life, and think what a lot we should save in cab-fares! Wish I had thought of that sooner: I might have dashed into the discussion and carried a triumphant verdict in favor of elastic bands; for, seeing that people have been foolish enough to contrive trains, cabs, and other destroyers of tranquillity, involving incessant posts and everlasting packings, how would it be possible to stand the wear of civilization without elastic bands?

But just as this conviction had dawned on my halting apprehension, it was dispelled by a very simple incident. My eye fell on the figure of a Newhaven fishwife, waiting, like myself, only with infinitely more patience, for the train. Such a figure surely can never be without interest, because, except the Ayrshire dairymaids, these fishwives are the only people in Scotland who have retained in their peculiar dress, always neat, fresh, and becoming, the traditions of national cos-

tume. Who can be grateful enough to them for doing so, in these days of "bowler" hats and aniline dyes?

So I gazed on this fishwife with be-

nign approval.

But presently it became plain that it was not well with the poor woman. She had laid down her basket and seated herself, wearily sighing. Her cheek was sallow and sunken; elbows on knees, she pressed her brow with both hands: evidently her head was aching Yet her brow, the seat of her badly. pain, was just where the weight would press when she resumed her load. Poor thing! how much more easily she could have carried her fish in a wheelbarrow than in the picturesque creel prescribed by immemorial custom of her people. A wheelbarrow! Elastic bands would afford her no relief the revulsion of opinion is obvious after all, wheels minister more to general convenience than the other immortal invention in favor of which I had pronounced a verdict.

This has since been confirmed by the experience of a recent tour along the Loire on a bicycle. In fact, this latest development of the wheel has done a good deal toward restoring that of which a previous one, railways to wit, had robbed us-the wayside inn, the unconscious village, the tranquil woodland, the little old churches, of which tourists, rushing from cathedral to castle, from minster to museum, had almost ceased to take account. For example, of all regions in France, perhaps none, as viewed from the railway, oppresses the traveller more persistently with the monotony of affluent cultivation than the seventy miles lying between Orléans and Tours. Just as none of the wooded beauties of Clydesdale is revealed to one travelling by rail from Glasgow to Edinburgh (surely the most dismal route in the United Kingdom), so here the painful diligence of man has reduced the whole plateau to uniform fertility, and no sign is visible of the many fascinating places that lie apart. In both countries the names of stations stir a host of historic associations, but before these can be reviewed, the train moves on, and the clew is broken.

But on a bike (or, as they nickname it more musically in France, avélo) one traverses the ancient highways, free to linger or to hurry on; and, in France at least, one is reasonably sure of fine weather, and perfectly so of good cheer and superlative roads. In this favored land, too, the cyclist meets with a degree of consideration which French railway officials do not always vouchsafe to the ordinary passenger. Perhaps it is by reason of the democratic character of the bicyclette that its rider is accorded in France facilities greatly more liberal than any that may be wrung from English railway companies-always provided that he is a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club.\* If he is not—he will meet with the customary harshness: he must pay duty on his machine, no matter how archaic may be its design or how shabby its appearance, and the first impression of French railways will be the usual one—that they are contrived to impede rather than to facilitate locomotion, and that the unfluent foreigner who ventures on them does so at the imminent risk of imprisonment for life, having first suffered forfeiture of all his movable goods.

But let him display the magic circlet of card bestowed by the Touring Club on its members, and all difficulties will be smoothed away. His bicycle, for conveying which from London to Calais the London and Chatham Company charged him 7s. 6d., may be registered for any distance on each line for ten centimes, and the porters vie with each other in careful handling and stowing this most troublesome form of Hence, whereas the English baggage. company charged, as has been said, 15s. for carrying our two bicycles 100 miles, the French companies of Le Nord and of Orléans conveyed them 258 miles for

about  $3\frac{1}{2}d$ .

In deciding to descend the Loire from Orléans we committed a blunder, which every bicyclist will appreciate on being reminded that the prevailing wind of that region in April is westerly. It would have lessened the labor vastly had we begun at Nantes and worked up with the wind astern; for nobody knows till he has tried how much resistance is caused even by a light head-wind. It throws quite a new light on the feelings of beasts of draught; for if such be the effect of wind on the figure of a single cyclist, what must it be on a wagon-tilt or omnibus?

From Orléans itself nearly all that owed its interest to age has been removed, so that in trying to reconstruct the scene of the Maid's gallant exploit one is hampered more than in most places by the obliteration of ancient limits and landmarks; and the numerous commemorative statues, tablets, and bronzes are of little assistance to the imagination. The cathedral of Saint Croix is an affront—an elaborate imposture. Viewed from afar, dim in the pearly haze, its great twin towers and lofty nave (the roof is 100 feet high) give promise of a noble building; but a nearer approach betrays the seventeenth-century mimicry of an older style—a bolder fraud, but not less disappointing, than Strawberry Hill. Over the west door is a composition of robust angels, pillowed in tumbling clouds, supporting a huge blank escutcheon. It was not always blank, though; it was Republican zeal that caused the Bourbon lilies which once it bore to be carefully chiselled away. Nothing betrays the vulgarity of the architect more surely than the profusion of great rose-windows. The builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries introduced this feature very sparingly, to give special richness to a transept gable or west front, and never indulged in such a tour-de-force in stone merely to show their own cleverness; but no such modesty restrained the architects of Saint Croix, who have scooped out rose-windows wherever they could find room.

A number of good houses in the Renaissance of François I. lurk in some of the older streets; notably a beautiful one, 28 Rue Nôtre Dame de la Recouvrance, now a warehouse, but with the carving in delicate relief faithfully

<sup>\*</sup> Offices, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W. Annual subscription, 3s. 6d.

preserved in the exquisite limestone of the Loire.

Severely as it has been first battered, and then restored and improved into commonplace, the ancient capital of the Orléannais has a smiling, kindly aspect; and the environs are pretty by reason of the market-gardeners who there abound, and give more attention than is usual with their kind to the rearing of fair flowers. Evelyn, who was here in 1644, mentions in his journal that the roads and streets of Orléans were "ample and straite, so well paved with a kind of pibble that I have not seen a neater town in France." good deal more of the "pibble" remains than is at all agreeable to those who do journey on bicycles; but it was worth a run of five miles or so, mainly over this execrable pavé, to the Château de la Source, where the Loiret wells full-grown and lucent from a green prairie, were it only to gaze on a magnificent magnolia on the terrace there. It is a tree of the Yuhlan variety, which puts forth flowers before its leaves. standing about 25 feet high—and, when we saw it, was a pyramid of fragrant shell-like chalices of ivory whiteness, relieved against the dark wall of the chateau behind; below, the beautiful image was repeated in the glassy surface of the source. The day happened to be still, by the bye, which furnished the concièrge who showed the grounds with an opportunity for what seemed to be his only spontaneous observation. "Miroir du château!" quoth he, halting at a point where the house could be seen reflected in the lake. Peradventure he keeps something else appropriate for windy weather when the miroir is shattered, but to all interrogations he replied in desponding monosyllables.

This château is marked in memory by something rarer in France than either magnolia or miroir—namely, the sweet contralto of a blackbird. You can't eat your merle, you see, and hear him too; and so it has come sadly to this, that you may travel through leagues of oak coppice in this month of April, when all feathered things make honeymoon, and hear no song but the twitter of a few belated birds of passage. Magpies there are in

plenty, and one is grateful for their gay coats gleaming on the brown wolds; jays too, though their cheerful swearing may not be heard in the nesting season: above all, there is the yaffle, or green woodpecker, with joyous laugh; for no chef has been found able to turn these into dainty dishes. But all the accomplished songsters of the greenwood and field have been swept into the pot, and it is only in some private grounds—"policies," as Scotsmen do use to call them—that a few blackbirds and thrushes find harbor.

Leaving Orléans by the north bank of the Loire, in which fair stream surely more fishers cast the angle than in any other-their rods form a farstretching jungle along the shore—one enters upon a paradise for wheels. not only has the road a perfect surface -something between buff marble and velvet—but it runs over a series of low wide ridges, thus yielding that alternation of easy gradient which is so much preferable to a dead level. Then almost every village holds a church or other buildings, unrecorded in guidebooks, but often of great interest or beauty; not to mention a restaurant where the fare, solid and fluid, is of surpassing excellence. Meung, for example, is an unpretending little place of some 3000 inhabitants, eleven miles from Orléans—just the right distance to tempt a leisurely couple like ourselves to stop for déjeuner. Everybody knows what sort of luncheon one might expect in a superior kind of village like this in England: a good chop or sound cold beef, with strong cheese to follow, should be the zenith of his expectation, and the riper his experience the less will be his surprise if the reality betrays the hope. Woe! too, to the traveller in our own dear land who may not drink beer and cannot relish whiskey. But his must be a meticulous palate which is not tickled with the wines of the Orléannais and Touraine; and as for cookery, is not this the very realm of good living—the home of Rabelais and the monks of Thelema?

At Meung we were received by the same landlord who received D'Artagnan on his yellow horse, for although on the signboard he is designated

1896. ELS tries the names of stations stir a host of historic associations, but before these THROUGH TOURNINE ON WHITELS Con harma associations, mit negote there in horizon there on, be grateful enc. and the clear in broken. o, in these air Fit on a like for an they nickname 13:40 on a vike (or, as they nick name of the first of th aniline dra: training in the carty in manner arrives on irray on wing any free to Dish vile v. III. This can though he ways free to the formative of fine of Went on a la reasonably stree of fine conder in this favored with a reasonably stree of fine conder in this favored worked up with begin at Nantes labor not bead, with the mat Nantes labor ight resistance is caused bried for draught on the feeliblrows finte and watern and draught on the feeliblrows fuite a such be the effect of e plain is The state of the s 100 FUT 1Hm LAM REA new ngat on the feelings of nearly or wind on the figure of a single effect of a wagan-life or om. what must it be on a wagon-tilt or omowed its interest itself nearly all that the scene that in tryings has been restent in trying to reconstruct the is hampered maid's to reconstruct the implementation of in most and marks; and the names. From Orleans 1801 nearly all that er who the the the thoronome and the thoronome a L d re ay ed Son St Victoria Server James Taller to 112

as far along the highroad as Menars. Meanwhile, honored be the burgesses of Blois for having had care for the beauty of their suburb, which, 250 years ago, was praised in the diary of John Evelyn of Wootton for "ye Pall Mall, very long, and so nobly shaded with tall trees (being in ye midst of a greate wood), that, unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier.

Of Blois with its checkered chronicle of shame and splendor there is little cause to treat here, so fully have others explored and written about it. Honoré de Balzac feared lest all that coming generations should know of the great château should be from his writings, so much was it decayed in his day; but now its state of repair is almost op-Froissart was pressively complete. chaplain here during the early years of Charles VI.; the poet Deschamps was maitre d'hôtel to Louis, Duke of Orléans, when he brought hither his Italian bride, Valentine Visconti, in 1393; eighteen years later the power of France was broken at Agincourt; Valentine's son, Charles, was a prisoner; and the Loire valley was nearly all in English hands. Then came the recouvrance, toward which the first step was taken at Blois in 1429, when Joan of Arc brought her standard to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Rheims in the church of Saint Sauveur, at the foot of the castle rock. But it was not till the sixteenth century that the chateau of Blois assumed the general appearance with which so many people are familiar at this day. It had been the favorite residence of Louis XII., whose daughter Claude found it easy to persuade her husband, François I., to add largely to her old home, for that pleasure-loving king was ever ready for lavish spending in stone and lime. The return of Charles VIII. from his preposterous invasion of Italy had opened the gates of France to the Italian Renaissance, which, while it swept away the Flamboyant decadence of northern Gothic, took a new character on the fresh soil, imparting to French domestic architecture its most enduring features.

"The restrained and sweet gravity," Sir Frederick Leighton once said, "which delights us in the purest examples of transalpine Renaissance, is, it must be admitted, too often wanting in French work of the same class; and if, as I believe, the rank of a work of aris according to the dignity of the emotion it stirs in the beholder, then the creations of the great Italians rise to a higher level than those of the artists of the French Renaissance. For vitality and variety, on the other hand, for exuberance of fancy, for resourceful ingenuity of construction, and for a delicate sense of rhythm and proportion, the superiority of the work of the French is, in my opinion, conspicuous."

It requires some courage to dissent from conclusions so sweetly reasoned by such an accomplished mind, yet it is difficult to trace any "sense of rhythm and proportion" in the shapeless mass and indiscriminate, overloaded ornament of the château of Blois. Thousands of stone panels, carved, it is true, with exceeding delicacy, and, as the concièrge proudly points out, each in a different design, bewilder the eye with their multitude, without allowing it a moment's repose; and there is not in the whole labyrinth of chambers a single lofty doorway, soaring column, or steadfast pediment to lift one out of the finicking, wearisome de-One turns with some relief to the later pavilion of Gaston d'Orléans. which it is the custom to deride for its ponderous and pedantic severity. In short, considering the unsurpassed advantage of site—the precipitous bluff overlooking the wide champaign and sweep of the noble river—the wonder is, not that the architects of Blois accomplished so much, but that they failed to effect more.

A visit to the enormous château of Chambord, almost within view of Blois, makes the claim to rhythm and proportion made on behalf of French builders of that period appear even more dubious. It is quite true that, as Mrs. Mark Pattison has reminded us, we do not see now the Chambord designed by Pierre Nepveu:

"The broad foundations and heaving arches which rose proudly out of the waters of the most no longer impress the eye. The truncated mass squats ignobly on the turf, the waters of the most are gone; gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no longer needed bridge with its guardian lions."

But the fact remains that this huge pile always must have been wanting in the primary charm of all impressive architecture—control and repose. Perhaps there is only one country palace in England which can be compared with Chambord—namely, Blenheim. Most of our great houses have arisen out of spontaneous and occasional development of smaller homes. Blenheim alone, like Chambord, was deliberately and outrageously extravagant; though with this great difference in motive, that whereas Chambord, with its 440 apartments and stabling for 1200 horses, was built to gratify the vanity of a king, Blenheim was called into being as the gift of a grateful nation to a great soldier. In fairness to the French example, one must imagine not only the woodlands of Blenheim to have been felled and replaced by ragged coppice, but all the neighboring hedges and hedgerows to have been swept away also, leaving the great house to be viewed, for good or ill effect, from many miles around. Also it must have been stripped of all "insight," as our forefathers used to call hanging, carpets, and furniture. Nor must it have been allowed to become weather-stained -not a slate must hang awry, nor a moulding have been dinted. Submitted to this test, the English house would excel the French in everything except

There is no dignity in Chambord. The overloaded, purposely irrational roof, the hideous lanterns on the flanking towers, detract from the one impressive quality of the building—its vast extent. This excessive top-hamper is a vice characteristic of all French domestic architecture of the Renaissance. Although it is less conspicuous at Chénonceaux because of the great length of that building, and at Langeals because of the great height and strength of the walls and the bold machicoulis, it recurs in full force at Azay-le-Rideau, marring and dwarfing one of the most perfect and homelike of these seignorial pleasure-houses.

To apply, then, the test prescribed by Sir Frederick Leighton—the dignity of the emotion stirred in the beholder—these French châteaux, divested of the florid memories of Ronsard and Brantôme, will not endure comparison with the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, with the Pitti at Florence, or the Farnesina at Rome. Evelyn's comment on the staircase at Chambord applies to the whole building, "It is an extraordinary worke, but of far greater

expense than use or beauty."

But there is something apart from their architectural merits and defects which oppresses the visitor to Blois and Chambord. It is not merely that they stand empty. Corfe, Tantallon, and countless other buildings in our own land, have long stood roofless and deserted; but they tell of the progress of social life, of security attained without violence, of the fulfilment, rather than the futility, of human intention. They have done their part and made way for a better state of things; we cherish them because of their beauty in decay, and for the witness borne by that decay to the liberty won for our But there is nothing venerable in Chambord: its excellent repair is positively exasperating. It is said that the whole rent of the lands now left to it—some £3000 a-year—is expended in maintaining the structure. palace would earn more admiration if it were allowed to go to ruin. One would then cease to feel as if the old order of privilege and oppression were lying in wait to re-enter the empty Most people esteem the good old times in proportion to the improbability of their return. These walls assiduously scraped to whiteness—these winding staircases swept so cleanthese windows so scrupulously glazed to what do they point, if not to the return of the seigneur? If one could feel quite certain that the past were laid to lasting rest, he might peruse peacefully Brantôme's rapturous description of the gallant, frivolous, intriguing, selfish society that thronged these courts, and smile at the project of the vain king, who, amazed at the splendor of his own creation, and dissatisfied with the puny meandering Cosson on which it stood, caused plans to be prepared for bringing the mighty Loire through the pleasure grounds.

But when all has been said against Chambord that can be said, it remains a far finer affair than Blois. If you have a mind for extravagance, let there be no mistake about it—pecca fortiter ! Nepveu's château is far more preposterous than Blois, but it is not so effeminately loaded with ornament.

The town of Blois is one which no one can leave without regret. It is endeared by reason of its steep streets and wide views, its many charming old houses and its amiable citizens: last, and by no means least, because of the excellent quarters and moderate tariff of the Grand Hôtel de Blois. One is puzzled at first to account for the gravness of these places on the Loire; one misses the play of color with which Continental towns are wont to tickle the insular eye. The chief cause of this is found in the use of slate for roofing; nor is this owing, as it is in many districts of our own land, to the substitution of the lighter and more durable material for the ancient tiles and thatch, for Evelyn noticed that most of the houses here in his time were roofed with slate. Then, all doors and railings are painted gray or stonecolor: even in their dress the countrypeople avoid bright colors, and the universal blouse sinks the well loved blue in mournful black.

Between Blois and Tours lie five-andthirty miles of capital road, beset with many allurements in the shape of Chaumont, Amboise, and other châteaux. Tours is the centre for so many attractive places, that the luxurious Hôtel de l'Univers is pervaded by almost too many of our dear compatriots. Hence it comes that the charges run high; déjeuner is served there only à la carte, which not only swells the bill, but deprives that charming meal of one of its chief attractions—the unexpect-He who prefers to forget for a season the land of his birth will be apt to go in search of local color in the Faisan in the Rue Nationale, or the Hôtel de Bordeaux in the Boulevard Heurteloup, where he will find nothing to complain of in either fare or tariff.

The chief difficulty at Tours is to choose between the many interesting places within reach. Splendid roads lead in every direction to some town or château which should not be left unvisited. We may suppose that the visitor has seen most of the beautiful things in the town, of which Evelyn declared that "no town in France ex-

ceeds it in beauty and delight." He will have loitered in the great cathedral of Saint Gatien with its sister towers, its gorgeous western frontsurely the culmination of Flamboyant exuberance—and oh, such stained glass in the windows as he shall hardly see elsewhere! He will have blessed the archbishop and chapter for the discretion, so rarely exercised in French provincial churches, which has saved this splendid fane from disfigurement by tawdry "station" pictures. Stations there are, each with its picture of little merit, but mercifully unobtrusive and quiet in tone. The stranger will have groped his way also into the crypt of the modern basilica of Saint Martin; for, alas! of the ancient church and monastery nothing is left save two great towers, standing gaunt and apart, with a broad new street driven between The new church is a structure so weighty, so solid, so dark—such mountains of marble are piled over the tomb, that, supposing the bones of the saint to be really there, one is inclined to trace in the architect's design precautions against too facile resurrection.

The ancient abbey church of Saint Julien, at the end of the Rue Nationalo next the river, must by no means be unvisited; for in spite of recent disfigurement in the shape of criard glass and excruciating wall-painting, there remains the tower—a lovely bit of Romanesque of the tenth century—and there is much good later work in the choir.

All these and much more will have been viewed: perhaps the only root of bitterness will have been the disappointing discovery that the épiciers of this fine town are not more scrupulous than those elsewhere, despite their charming manners; for the round white baskets of irresistible dried plums, cunningly piled in front windows, are made with a great bell in the bottom, like a champagne bottle, so that the unwary stranger, believing that he is buying a basketful, finds out too late that he has got but a single layer.

Aura favente—the first run from Tours is pretty sure to be made to Chénonceaux. Much of the road thither lies through woodland, with adorable views over river and meadow.

Nearly all the villages on the way—Dierre, Civray, Bléré, etc.—have churches of the tenth, twelfth, and fifteenth centuries. That of the parish of Saint Martin-le-Beau of itself would confer fame on one English or three Scottish counties.

Let nobody form too high expectations of the famed garden of Diane de Poitiers at Chénonceaux. Square. shadeless, and, as we saw it, flowerless (for it was lying all fallow for summer bedding)—it seemed everything that a garden ought not to be, formal without dignity, pretentious without effect. But the château itself is a sweet relic of beautiful, bygone France, with sunnier memories than those of most French houses of renown. Its records are not blurred with the steam of secret slaughter, and its basement chambers, cunningly contrived in the piles of the old mill, were never devoted to the usual purposes of imprisonment and torture, but only to the genial uses of kitchen, cellar, and larder. Its whole history is in harmony with the fantastic grace of the building and the languorous murmur of the Cher. Perhaps of all Marie Stuart's womanhood, the only tranquil months were those she spent here after her first marriage.

Of course a great deal went on in this old house when it was new that we cannot afford to be found smiling on now. It would be dreadful to suspect that such high jinks as the courtiers of François I. indulged in could ever be tolerated in the chaste precincts of Osborne or Balmoral; but it would be fruitless to expect too much from an age when Marguerite of Navarre—the gentlest, brightest, perhaps the purest spirit in that licentious Court—could express herself in nothing loftier than the naughty stories of the Heptameron.

And if it is superfluous at this distance of time to submit the vie intime of Chénonceaux to the accepted canons of morality, equally so would it be to apply strict criticism to the architecture of such an irregular building. Of the old donjon but one cylindrical tower remains, with the inevitable conical slated roof, and the ugly lantern so dear to British hotel architects. The defensive moats, dug in 1433, only

serve now to float skiffs, swans, and water-lilies. Most of the house escapes from their enceinte, spreading across the river like a beautiful liana, incorporating the ancient mill, and raising round its bones a veil of fanciful, but not extravagant, masonry.\*

For many years to come, this famous house has been grievously marred by the restoration to which it has been submitted at the hands of its new own-Owing to its peculiar site, half its beauty consists in its reflection in the shimmering stream. Divert the Cher, and a moiety of the architect's design would disappear with it. The hands which scraped the walls to a glaring whiteness have almost as much mischief. Only in some of the dormers there still linger scraps of that delicate silvery gray, like the summer plumage of a ptarmigan, to which the weather of four centuries has slowly touched the stones.

Now we will bid farewell to Chénonceaux without once having taken on our lips that word from which no writer or speaker of any respectability has been known hitherto to refrain in describing it. If we fall short of being amusing, we can at least be original (which is not the same thing, to be sure); we will not pronounce Chénonceaux to be "a gem."

As in visiting old houses, so in prosing about them—one is tempted to linger far too long about each; and I must hurry on if I am merely to mention half those within easy reach of Tours. It is a delightful ride of fifteen miles to Langeais, down the north bank of the Loire, past hundreds of those characteristic cave-dwellings, with their chimneys poked up far back in the vineyards above the sunny cliff. was an exquisite April morning when we trundled along this fair highway; the sunshine lay soft on the broad river; the grass was of tenderest green, spotted with lady's-smock and ironblue starch hyacinths; wistaria and judas-tree were bursting into bloom.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Lors se bastissoyt aux soings de Messire Bohier, general des finances, le chasteau de Chénonceaulx, lequel, par magnardise et curiosité, boutoyt son bastiment à cheval sur la rivière de Cher."—Brantôme.



But perhaps the most delicate display was that of the abele poplars, far spreading along the banks in their strange spring livery of eau-de Nile bank and silver leaflets.

A delightful composition of towers, streets, and trees meets the eye of one entering Langeais by road; but if he has run there for dejeuner, it is to the Lion d'Or that his first homage will be paid. Incredible delicacies were heaped before us in this pretty tavern, all for the ridiculous charge of three francs.

At Langeais, as everywhere else in Touraine, the indefatigable Foulques Nerra has left the ruins of one of his grim keeps; but it stands behind and within the enclosure of the fine fifteenth-century château which makes the fame of this little town. It was here that the duchy of Brittany was first incorporated with the kingdom of France, by the marriage of Charles VIII. to Anne de Bretagne in 1491. Here, also, in a house opposite the château gate, lived Rabelais.

Between Langeais and Azay-le-Rideau lie eight hilly miles. is a little church at Lignières, unnoticed by Baedeker, but not the less worth inspection, for it contains paintings in fresco of the twelfth century. These are deliciously naïve, representing the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the chancel, and that of the Saviour on the other. Farther on is the pretty Château de l'Islette, built across the Indre, being apparently, like Chénonceaux, the expansion of an old A mile and a half of meadows, jewelled with golden kingcups and purple fritillaries, and shadowed by rows of silver-stemmed poplars, lies between l'Islette and Azay-le-Rideau. This is another of the countless country palaces which sprang up like flowers in the reign of the first Francis.\* One may think the roof preposterously heavy, dwarfing the walls, the machicoulis and corner turrets vain figments of defensive work, inconsistent with the large window openings, and yet enjoy the

charm of silvery walls reflected in the glassy pools where the great carp roll, of richly carved stonework and stately courtyard, shaded by venerable planes. Perhaps it was the glamour of a spring evening that made Azay seem to us the fairest—the most mignon—of all the châteaux of "la mignonne Touraine;" for we saw it as Balzac's Felix de Vandenesse saw it—"la nature s'était parée comme une femme allant à la rencontre du bien-aimé."

Greatly different must be the impressions one brings away from Loches. The cyclist, moreover, will find it a very difficult place to reach in a single day from Tours, not because of the distance, for it lies not more than thirty miles along a splendid road up the wooded valley of the Indre, but because of the attractions on the way. Montbazon lies at the right distance for déjeuner, about eleven miles from Here a vast keep of Foulques Nerra bears aloft on its battlements a colossal modern statue of the Virgin in bronze. Though of dubious merit as a work of art, this graven image has a striking effect, seen afar in the valley, over verdant meadows and sloping woods. This vale between Montbazon and Tours, be it remembered, is that of Balzac's romance, "Le Lys dans la Vallée."

Too long we loitered in this pleasant village, contemplating rows of unsuccessful anglers in the flowery meadows, and fascinated by the evolutions of a man in a pea-green mackintosh, working a casting-net with equal futility. We were so anxious to see just one fish caught among so many fishers, but neither anglers nor netsman brought ashore a single fin. Then Veigné and Esvres, each with its Early Norman church, claimed half an hour apiece, so that it was well on in the afternoon before we reached the strange little town of Cormery, with ruins of a great Benedictine abbey and college, and a curious, gaunt parish church of Norman work. Impossible to hurry past the lofty bell-tower, the shattered cloisters, and the refectory with its noble timbered roof. So Loches had to be postponed to another day.

This had been a day of much quiet enjoyment, but it was to be marred by

<sup>\*</sup> Inquiry as to the meaning of the name Azay-le Rideau is much oftener made than answered. It is supposed to commemorate Hugues Ridel, a knight-banneret, who built the castle to guard the road from Tours to Chinon.

an incident toward its close, of a nature as unpleasant as, happily, it is rare in France, for Frenchmen are remarkably humane to horses as a rule. Among many vehicles approaching Cormery as we left it, I noticed one—a gypsy van—drawn by a pair of white percherons, sadly emaciated and legweary, as different as possible from the plump, sleek animals one usually sees. My attention was drawn, first, to one of the worst spavins I ever saw on the near hock of one of them, and next, to what seemed to be a scarlet cloth under the collar—a piece of finery strangely at variance with the rest of the dilapidated equipage. Merciful Lord! on nearer approach this proved to be the raw and bleeding flesh of the miserable beast, flayed by the space of nearly a foot, and with the collar press-The driver sat smoking on ing on it. the van; what degree of personal privation and suffering, think you, had made him so utterly callous to the hor-

ror of this spectacle?

Loches, when we did visit it, left impressions never to be effaced. Sullen, massive, and menacing, the great castle, piled on a lofty cliff, scowls across the fertile river-meadows and the vine-clad slopes on either side. Foulques Nerra built the donjon, of course; Agnes Sorel sleeps in the chapel of the Château Royal, where is also the oratory of good Anne de Bretagne: a host of other famous names are associated with this amazing group of buildings; but it is the fell spirit of Louis XI. that overshadows them all. Donjon, palace, and collegiate church, with the bartering town below, seem to reflect that combination of alert suspicion, grinding terrolism, craven piety, and commercial eagerness, which make up the odious memory of this gloomy The political changes of five centuries, though they have laid bare the dungeons of this hideous prisonhouse, have spared many traces of the torments of the king's victims. The cages have disappeared wherein the limbs of Jean Balue, Cardinal-Bishop of Angers, and of the historian Comines, stiffened as month by month of their inhuman punishment dragged on; but the staples on which these cages hung may still be seen. The

walls have been scrawled over or patiently carved by successive prisoners; one may still read the sentence attributed to the hand of Comines, who lay here for eight months in solitary confinement by orders of Charles VIII.: "Dixisse me aliquando pœnituit, tacuisse nunquam" (I have suffered at times for having spoken, never for having held my peace).

One shudders as the air strikes chill out of that dark past, for modern statecraft has taught us how wider realms than France of the fifteenth century may be governed without constant recourse to the axe, the halter, and the rack; but who shall say how far mild methods might have prevailed to build up kingdoms when the aims of subjects were more ambitious and their mode of attaining them less constitutional than now? Louis XI. was a cruel king toward his subjects, but a good one

One steps out of the gloom of Louis's Tour Neuve into the sunshine with a gasp of relief; and there are still to be visited the wonderful collegiate church and the palace, both within the castle enceinte. In the town below are the Tour Saint Antoine, the Hôtel-de-Ville, both of sixteenth-century Renaissance, and a number of interesting buildings; while beyond the Indre lies Beaulieu with its abbey church, a most beautiful Norman ruin, and the fourteenthcentury church of Saint Laurent.

for France.

One more reminiscence, and let it be the last.

The saint most famous at Tours, and most intimately connected with its ecclesiastical history, is without doubt Saint Martin, its bishop under Pope Siricius in the fourth century. Ninian, the evangelist of our own Picts, spent many weeks with Martin at Tours on his way from Rome to Scotland in 396, and borrowed from him the cementarios or masons, of whom we read in Ailred's life of Ninian, in order to build his Candida Casa at Whithorn, reputed the first stone church erected in Scotland. Ninian heard of Martin's death in the year 398, just before Candida Casa was finished, and the affectionate veneration which Ninian had for the good bishop is enough to account for the honor afterward paid in Scotland to the memory of Martin. Even now, in spite of the edicts of the Presbyterian reformers against the observation of saint-days, Martinmas remains one of the two great Scottish terms.

The building of stone churches was not the only practice that Ninian learnt from Martin. There may still be seen on the east shore of the Bay of Luce, in Galloway, about three miles from Candida Casa, a sea-cave, distinguished from many others on that rocky coast by the name of Saint Ninian, whither the evangelist used to retire for seasons of fasting and meditation. That this cavern was long afterward regarded with peculiar veneration is attested by numerous crosses carved on the rocks. with other traces of primitive worship. In retiring to a cave for solitary prayer, Ninian was following the example set by his mentor, Martin, whose cave may still be seen at Marmoutier, where he founded his great abbey, built against the honeycombed cliff on the north bank of the Loire. The abbey has ceased to exist; of its extensive buildings only a fine thirteenth-century gate-house remains erect—le portail de la Crosse. The enclosure within is now occupied by a beautiful garden, in which stands a pensionnat for girls, kept by the nuns of the Sacré Cœur. In front of this gate Pope Urban II. preached the first Crusade, and in front of this gate, after an interval of some seven centuries, we dismounted from our bicycles and rang the bell.

We had come, we said to the nun who answered it, to view the cave of Saint Martin. Ah! the great pity, but this was not a day on which strangers could be admitted; messieurs will have the bounty to return on such and such a day. Impossible, we explained: we should then be far away: we had come many hundreds of miles—could not an exception be made in our favor? The kindly nun was sympathetic: she would tell the Lady-Principal; and finally, after some delay, we were bidden to the presence of that authority. Laying our case before her, we urged as a last reason for special

consideration that we came from a country where Saint Martin was held in great honor, because he had taught Saint Ninian to build our Candida Casa. A change flitted over the good lady's features—a puzzled expression—then a light dawned in her eyes, and she exclaimed in good honest Scots, "Ye're surely not Scotch? I come from Edinburgh myself!"

Thirty years had gone by since she had left the convent at Bruntsfield: she had never seen her native land since, and her warm heart overflowed toward her wandering compatriots. Everything was made easy for us: a nun was told off to show us the cavechapels of Saint Gatien, of Saint Leobard, and of the Seven Sleepers, and finally the shrine of Saint Martin, with the cracks in the rock, still plainly to be seen, which the devil made when he visited the Bishop of Tours. It is said that, failing to make any impression on the holy man, he vented his chagrin

on the more vulnerable walls and roof

of the cave.

The cool, silent cavern, with the splendid sunshine flooding the stairs outside and the garden below, made a picture strangely in contrast with that far-off reft in the Galloway cliff, where the wet winds howl and the tides roar, which Ninian adopted in imitation of his master. But it was not on such matters that we found the Lady-Principal, when we returned to her, most disposed to dwell. Scotland—Scotland yet! was her theme—its hills and its heather, its rivers and its towns; above all, the pedigrees of its old families.

Now I have laid before my readers nothing new, nothing exciting, perhaps nothing interesting. If I am asked why I should have talked so long about a country so thoroughly explored by British tourists, I can but reply in the words of Balzac: "Ne me demandez plus pourquoi j'aime la Touraine; je ne l'aime ni comme on aime son berceau, ni comme on aime une oasis dans le desert; je l'aime comme un artiste aime l'art."—Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE CUBAN QUESTION.

### BY JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

It were idle to deny the gravity of the Spanish position in Cuba; nor is the final issue of the struggle there void of interest for European statesmen and —in a special sense—for the English There is evidence of some abashed and skulking sympathy with the rebels; but this sentiment is confined within a narrow circle, and is not according to knowledge. Concerning the aims of the insurgents there is no just idea; their partisans use the notorious formula of a "people rightly struggling to be free;" and, in default of anything like serious argument, it is found convenient to denounce the (purely imaginary) atrocities of "the Butcher Weyler." With the honorable exception of The Standard, no English journal discusses the subject in the dry light of fact; for the rest, the public is exposed to dribbles of ignorant and mendacious assertion. It is safe to say, indeed, that the English Foreign Office now knows less of Cuba than it knew forty years ago. Yet there have been moments when it seemed likely that the island might rank with Jamaica as an integral part of the West Indian Empire. The grave of many reputations, Drake's dash upon it was a failure; his successors, Penn and Venables, fared no better; but in 1762, Pocock and the Keppels wrested Habana from Juan de Prado de Porto Carrero and held Cuba for Great Britain till it was exchanged for Florida.

The Cuban question is the simplest possible. Is Cuba to be lost to civilization or not? That is the main issue. There are, doubtless, subsidiary questions of serious import: as, for example, shall Spain, in common with other European nations—England, France, Holland, Denmark—be free to govern her American colonies as she sees fit? But, first and above all, the battles to be fought in Cuba will determine, within the island's limits, the relative position of the white and black races. The sincere sympathizers with the rebels fall into two classes. There are the monomaniacs who verily believe that

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all black men (as such) are the equals of all white men (as such). Stronger in numbers are the professional doctrinaires who are persuaded that the ills of Cuba may be purged by a dozen clauses inserted in the Constitution. Insignificant in talent, the doctrinaires are—or have been—formidable in virtue of their industry, their organization, and their correct estimate of the length of the public ear; nor have they lacked funds sufficient to enable them to run a kept journal in Madrid itself. None the less, the experience of the past discourages from further tamperings with the Constitution; nor, in any case, is the moment opportune for new experiments in this kind. No one contends that the Spanish administration is freer from defect than the colonial administration of other Powers; on the other hand, nothing could be vainer than the hope that a few organic amendments will compose the secular The trial has differences of two races. been made, and with disastrous results: Spain's record is that of an eternal futile policy of concession and surren-Nor could it be otherwise: for, in Cuba, we are face to face with a racial problem insoluble by the smug methods of diplomacy and compromise. Leader-writers may choose to invent that unique monster, "the Cuban nation." But, in sober truth, there is no such thing, and the rodomontade of "a people rightly struggling," etc., has no application in the present case. It behooves us to clear our minds of cant, and to master the facts before pronouncing judgment.

By discovery and by conquest, the two best titles in the world, Cuba belongs to Spain. Taken by the sword, it is held by the sword; is governed by Spaniards; and is not inhabited by a homogeneous race. The population is composed, roughly, of four strata: Spaniards, Creoles, negroes, and Chinamen. It is no more easy to ascertain the numbers of each section than to dispose in a sentence of their relative attitudes. That the governing class con-

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

sists mainly of Spaniards is certainly Just as Englishmen govern Jamaica, and as Frenchmen govern Guadeloupe, so Spaniards rule in Cuba. And for precisely the same reasons: because of their superior force, ability, knowledge, and the other qualities inherent to racial supremacy. Froude has pointed out that in Cuba alone there are ten times as many Spaniards as there are English and Scotch in all our West Indian colonies put together; and records that "the Spaniards have done more to Europeanize their islands than we have done with ours " When England and France install black Governors at Kingston and Basse-Terre, Spain may reconsider her Cuban policy: but not before. Meanwhile, the supposed exclusion of the Creoles from the public service is just the kind of sham grievance which stirs the indignation of the sentimental agitator. As a matter of fact, there are at this moment men in official posts in Cuba who not long since were in the insurgent camps; in this respect Spanish policy conforms to the doctrinaire's ideal, and, consequently, the Creoles are no longer "solid" as against Spain. Forty or fifty years since they doubtless wished to emulate the performances of their brethren on the mainland, to shake off the mysterious "Spanish yoke," and to manifest a like capacity for self-government. During that time the experiment of Spanish-speaking Republics has been tried on a vast scale with impressive results. The spectacle of a New World seeking to redress the balance of the Old, has not made for edification. Civil wars, shameless struggles for place, wholesale corruption, and national bankruptcy, have caused the name of South America—Chile alone excepted—to stink in the general nos-The Latin races of America have shown no special aptitude for the business of governing and administration. On the contrary, they have gone far to prove that a fire-new Republic can vie with the effetest Monarchy in examples of public profligacy.

The sentimentalist may talk as he chooses of "la chaste famille Créole, heritière de la race indienne." The fact remains indisputable, that the Cuban Creole, as the son of his father, is, in

all essentials and despite himself, a Spaniard. And it must be added that he is, too often, a Spaniard of no very noble type. There is a basis of truth in the epigram which describes the Cuban as a Spaniard stripped of all his virtues. On the showing of the Cuban partisans, the inferiority-physical, mental, moral—of the colonial to the Castilian or Galician is beyond cavil. But in language, religion, law, and blood, the Cuban and the Spaniard are at one. The large majority of Cubans -including every Cuban of means, position, and intelligence-has thrown in its lot with Spain; and the final victory of Antonio Maceo and Máximo Gómez would mean the establishment of a black Republic wherein no white man's life were safe. A certain platonic aspiration after independence, lingering on among school-boys and undergraduates, finds printed expression in flatulent dithyrambs. It is too much the mode to believe that liberty of speech has never taken root in Cuba, where declamation against la tirania ibera is the stock-in-trade of the mulatto demagogue. But the facts prevail against this simple-minded theory. To pretend that Cuba has a genuine literature were an idle boast, worthy only of Aurelio Mitjans; but, such as it is, the Cuban literary movement compares favorably with the intellectual achievement of the neighboring "Free Republics." And a casual reading of books printed in Habana itself, shows that the alleged repression of free speech is one more of the absurd fictions invented in the rebel interest. More: the literary Cuban's dislike of Spanish rule is a theatrical pose which quickly vanishes on acquaintance with the peculiar form of liberty enjoyed by his neighbors. José Maria de Heredia, with all his faults, was a genuine poet, incomparably the greatest of Spanish America; but, besides being a man of real genius, Heredia was a man of sense. And patriots are driven to ignore his famous letter to General Tacon, wherein the once perferved singer of independence manfully avows that the experience of eight years passed. in a "Free Republic" (to wit, that of Mexico) had caused him to change his opinions:-"I should consider as a

crime any attempt to transplant to rich and happy Cuba the ills which afflict the American continent." This testimony of the single Cuban of genius—for his namesake is a French subject—is worthy of all remembrance. Since Heredia's time, thousands of disillusioned patriots have ranged themselves beneath the Spanish flag; and their number tends ever to increase rather than to diminish in view of the common peril of black domination.

Henceforth, the interests of the Spaniard and the Creole are practically one: so much good has been achieved by the abolition of negro slavery. To talk of the present struggle as a fight for liberty is to burlesque words out of all meaning. It is no longer (if it ever was) in question whether or not the descendants of Spanish settlers shall be free: the question is whether Cuba shall, or shall not, be a civilized, European State, or a barbaric African The Spanish West Indian Alsatia. is as free as any British West Indian; he is directly represented at Madrid by Senators and Deputies of his own election, as no West Indian is represented in the Mother of Parliaments; he finds a ready hearing for his grievances, and an almost unhealthy anxiety to redress them. Cuba is indeed the spoiled child of Spain; and the most burning wrong adduced by her effervescent orators is that whites and blacks drink—for, as Mr. Ballou records, your Cuban is a rare ginslinger—at different bars. This, no doubt, is a grievance of a kind; but it is an insufficient pretext for civil war. For years Spain has spent herself in strenuous efforts to blot out the memories of old wrongs and to reconcile her colonists to her dominion. And. on the whole, she has governed Cuba with rare benignity and wisdom. press laws are abolished; the suffrage has been extended with an almost reckless generosity; every man stands equal in the eye of the law. Taxes and customs duties are still levied in what seems to us an arbitrary way; but the comparison, to be just, must be made not between England and Cuba, but between Cuba and Nicaragua. bald truth is that the movement in Cuba, so far as it is genuine, is not based

upon administrative grievances: its sole object is the extirpation of the white man. More than four-fifths of the Cuban rebels are negroes and halfbreeds—quadroons, mulattos, griffes bent upon the establishment of a black Republic. Nor can one wonder. Within sight of Cuba are the shores of the black man's paradise, the enlightened Republic of Hayti, the home of Papaloi and Mamanloi, the sanctuary of Voodoo-worship, of organized murder, of human sacrifices, and of cannibalism. There lies the model state, the perfect land whence, as he boasts, the glorious black man drove the dastard French and English headlong into the sea. The plain intent is to re-shape "rich and happy Cuba" after the great Haytian model. A Cuban mulatto poet, the glory of his race-Gabriel de la Concepción Valdés—has enregistered in a sonnet the urbane covenant of himself and his allies:

Ser enemigo eterno del tirano, Manchar, si me es posible, mis vestidos Con su execrable sangre, por mi mano Derramada con golpes repetidos.

Nothing more natural (in a black) than to express your intention of being the tyrant's eternal foe, of staining your clothes in his vile blood, etc.; and nothing more appropriate than that the writer of this detestable drivel should assume the name of Plácido. Three successful Plácidos may be observed at work in the persons of Rigaud, of "General" Domingue, and of the "Emperor" Faustin of Hayti.

It may be inevitable that negroes should supplant whites in many tropical countries; in tropical America the proportion is already twenty-nine to eight. But it is reasonable that civilized whites should object to being misgoverned by a gang of African savages. It is the peculiar honor of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Douglas that, being blacks, they showed the qualities of humanity and intelligence; and these two isolated cases are found as the products of a white environment. Left to himself, deprived of his white leaders, the African returns to barbarism and criminality, as a dog to his vomit. His chiefs are ruttians like Domingue: and to such guidance it is proposed

that Cuba should be abandoned! The patriotic party has (apart from the systematic murder of the whites) not condescended to disclose the particulars of its political programme: but it is an axiom that every negro will have more money and less work, that the prices of tobacco, sugar, and coffee will rise, and that exchange will stand at par henceforth and forever. The rebels care nothing for the old quack remedies recommended by the philanthropist at large: they make no pretence of wanting—nay, they frankly detest—freedom of speech and of the press; they reject the form of independence called autonomy—a beautiful word hampered by the recognition of Spain's nominal sovereignty. And as for "the golden link of the crown," they spurn it as a pill against earthquakes. "Our sole terms are:—that the Spaniards shall go away and leave Cuba to take care of its own future." Thus an insurgent chief to a partisan, who goes on to admit that "if by any chance the Cubans should get the upper hand, they would exterminate the Spanish population." It is well to know what we have to expect.

Is it strange that Spain should resolve on ending the present reign of bloodshed and brigandage? Her task has not been made easier by her having hitherto gone on the wrong scent. The energy misspent on paper constitutions, in attempts at reconciling the irreconcilable, had been more serviceably employed on the construction of The Cuban highwaymen—the marauding negros sueltos—are strong in their swamps, inaccessible in their jungles of cane, briar, and cactus. No man among the Mambis offers a suggestion of capacity, and their best allies are the heat, the rain, the fevers. Pretence of military operations there is Wise in their generation, the rebels rarely venture into the open; they never face the Spanish troops till brought to bay, when they break and run at the first volley. To burn down plantations, to cut off stragglers, to assassinate in detail: these are their tri-Force, we are told, is no remedy: it is beyond question the sole remedy against force. The rare occasional shooting of conspirators taken

red-handed is humane indeed as compared to the practice of hanging you by the feet from a tree, with a slow fire beneath your head. By the admission of the Cubans themselves, the rebellion would collapse within a week were it possible to fight in the open. It is the business of Spain to see that, in the future, there she fights. She has spent generously; and she has done well and wisely. But, the bandits once crushed, it is to be hoped that General Weyler and his successors may follow and better the example of Field Marshal Wade. It is not denied that the rebellion is promoted and financed from without. The insurrection is confessedly the work of speculators in New York and Key West, using Hayti as their base; and, were the revolt successful, it is certain that the American mortgagees would endeavor to foreclose. The acquisition of Cuba is, in truth, an immemorial tenet of U.S. policy. Thus, Jefferson, in 1823, declared that "the addition of the island of Cuba to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of its utmost interest." once more, he avouches with a splendid candor that "the control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico and the countries and isthmus bordering it, would fill the measure of our wellbeing." Again, John Quincy Adams, in a letter to the American Minister at Madrid, records that "it is scarcely possible to resist the conviction that the annexation of Cuba to our Federal Republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself." And so the disinterested desire finds constant expression in the mouths of leaders no less responsible and authoritative. In the years fol-lowing the American Civil War, the official interest in Cuba perceptibly declined; and a writer in The Forum ingenuously avows the cause :-- "The Alabama claims were in the air, and we were ready first to turn our backs on Cuba in order not to prejudice our money case against England." And, doubtless, this is half the truth. But there is another explanation more creditable to the honor and intelligence of the writer's countrymen. It were more

exact to say that the old idea that all insurrections are justifiable has had its day. The Civil War has taught Americans that an armed revolt on a formidable scale is as likely to occur in a free American Republic as in a despotic European Monarchy; that Ben Butler's methods were more drastic than those of Dulce and Jovellar; that there are sound practical reasons against a policy Cool-headed Ameriof annexation. cans are, perhaps, not anxious to add to the Union over a million Roman Catholics, over half a million negroes. Yet it cannot be denied that, within the last few months, there has been a reversion to the old order. Senator Call, of Florida, has, indeed, never failed to introduce his yearly resolution calling for the annexation of Cuba; and at last he has raised an echo. Spread-eagle rhetoricians wax excited over a barbarity derived from "the pagan cruelty of Rome, reinforced and raised to fiendish intensity by the teachings of the Inquisition." Apoplectic orators, foaming at the mouth over "Caligula-Torquemada atrocities" of their own invention, ask: Is the general indifference "worthy of the real blood of freedom that still flows from the big American heart?" And the lofty emotions of the said big heart find fit utterance at the lips of Senator Lodge, who thinks the moment auspicious for the proclamation that "when the Nicaragua Canal is built, the island of Cuba, still sparsely settled and of almost unbounded fertility, will become to us a necessity." Just so, and in accord with Senator Lodge's ethical principles, did the high-souled Fowler and Milsom discover that Mr. Smith's money had "become to them a neces-Nor do the methods of annexation greatly differ. Fowler and Milsom, like the Cuban rebels, and for precisely the same reasons, had greatly valued the recognition of their "belligerent rights;" but, unlike the American Senate, a heartless House of Commons and an unromantic Home Secretary turned a deaf ear to the heroes' prayer. Meanwhile, in American ports, expeditions are coolly fitted out under the noses of complaisant dock-marshals, not indifferent to palm-oil; and the impartial news agencies regretfully an-

nounce that "the failure of the Bermuda to land arms, ammunition, etc., in Cuba for the insurgents is confirmed." In 1840 President Van Buren informed Spain that, were any attempt made to wrest Cuba from her, she might rely on the armed support of the United States; and, in a despatch dated 14th January, 1843, Webster is de. tected repeating the same solemn assurance. Promise and performance differ as widely as the methods of '43 differ from the methods of '96. The Report of the Cuba Commission on Chinese Emigration tends to show that the Chinese coolies suffer heinous wrongs; but no champion of the Chinese coolie has arisen in the United States. argument now is that Cuba "will become to us a necessity." Amateur geographers have discovered that Cape S. Antonio is little more than a hundred miles from Cape Catoche, and that Cape Hicacos is still nearer to Key West: as they have been at any time for centuries past. The annexationist babbles of gold, copper, lead, iron, asphalt, petroleum, sugar, coffee, and There is a settled intention to cacao. convert the Gulf of Mexico into a Yankee lake; and it edifies to learn that "all considerations urge us to this acquisition without regard to European opinion or antagonism."

So General Jordan, that redoubtable man of war; and so the drove of journalistic fire-eaters. "Idiots, abandon Cuba, because it is of no use to you;" "wretches, you are sucking the life-blood out of Cuba." These amusing inconsistencies are shed once and forever. And it interests to note that every American argument against Spain may be—at the psychological moment -refurbished for use against England and France, against Holland and Den-What should hinder the conmark. cession of "belligerent rights" to Jamaica negroes, when another Governor Eyre is faced by a black rising? Why should not the patriotic stomach, after digesting Cuba, whet its hunger on Martinique? A pretext needs no Edison to invent it: a Venezuelan quarrel is easily picked. And in this last connection you learn—without surprise that "many partisans of the war are already declaring that its true object is

to check England's growing South American trade." This true object would be nowise impeded—but the contrary—by the expulsion of England and France from their West Indian possessions; but, as at Corinth, so at Washington. All things are not expedient: and England and France know how to guard their own. The experiment may more plausibly be essayed on Spain; and Mr. Olney, smarting from his Berlin snubbing, may think to find Cánovas more supple.

But the humorist Cánovas may be trusted to expose the methods and ends of Mr. Olney's masters. The hoisting of the Cuban flag at the Republican Caucus, or the insertion of a Cuban plank in the Democratic "platform" excites laughter and deceives nobody. The aim is boodle, and plenty of it; and it is notorious that the surplus dynamiters of the States take ship for Cuba with the set purpose of organizing and committing outrages upon which large claims for damages may be based. Occasionally the claims become pathetic: as in the case of that Yankee lover of freedom who estimates his stomach-ache at five thousand dollars. There has been nothing more highly valued since the bedstead of Don Pacifico or-shall we say?—the "hypothetical claims" of the Alabama. genuine filibuster's sentiment is candidly avowed in Mr. Bloomfield's Cuban Expedition:—"The people in New York who fitted out this vessel care about as much for Cuban independence as I do, and that's to make as many dollars as they can out of it. As long as the Cubans can raise the spondulix, they'll get plenty of people to fit out expeditions for them." And the speak-

er goes on to brag of his countrymen's acuteness in selling condemned provisions, arms, ammunition, shoddy uniforms, and blankets to the Cubans at the highest prices. America, in fact, does not send fighting-men to Cuba; she sends professional ruffians and atrocity-mongers to levy blackmail by processes unknown to any civilized State. The point arises—and Cánovas might well consider the advisability of making it an Identical Note-whether Europe has not a common interest in protesting against this form of Yankee barbarism. One syllable from Europe -one word from France and England -and the vast majority of law-abiding citizens would put a speedy close to lawless proceedings carried out by speculators and winked at by demagogues who exploit the ignorance of the aver-Until the contrary be age voter. proved, the bulk of Americans must be held innocent of any complicity in the crimes aforesaid. But it is high time that they knew what is committed in their name. Meanwhile, in Cuba, Spain is acting scrupulously within her rights; behind the Spanish Ministers stand the men of all parties, the unanimous representatives of a renowned, an heroic, and an unvanquished people. The cause of Spain in Cuba is the cause of good government the world overlong, the cause of Europe and, not least, the cause of England. Still, as in the time of Hernando de Acuña, Spain's motto stands immutable: Un monarca, un imperio, y una espada. Governing with patience, justice, fortitude, and magnanimity in circumstances of unexampled provocation, Spain deserves the gratitude of civilized mankind. - New Review.

## RECENT SCIENCE.

#### BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

I.

THE beautiful big telescopes which are now at work at several observatories have rendered a new service to astronomy. They have given a fresh impulse to lunar studies, and once again

the old questions as to the existence of air and water and the possibility of organic life on the surface of our satellite are discussed—this time with some prospects of a definite solution.

For some time past lunar studies have been decidedly falling into neg-

2

The immense, apparently lifeless plains of the Moon, which still retain the name of "seas," or "maria," although no traces of present or past marine action can be detected on their surfaces; its immense circus-shaped craters, which have no rivals in size on our own planet; its high chains of mountains and deep rents—all these had been minutely measured and mapped down to the smallest craterlets, with the hope of discovering some signs of life, or of change going on on the Moon's surface; and yet no such signs were forthcoming, at least in a definite There was, of course, a small group of devoted selenographers, Neison in this country, Klein in Germany, Oscar Schmidt at Athens, who continued to give their lives to a minute study of the visible surface of the With instruments of a modest power they achieved real wonders in delineating the minor details of lunar topography, and from time to time they caught glimpses of such appearances as seemed to indicate the presence of water in certain cavities, or a periodical growth of some vegetation, or, at least, a still continuing volcanic activity. But each time such appearances were studied in detail, it became evident that unless more powerful instruments were directed toward our satellite, there was little hope of solving those questions relative to life which, in astronomy as everywhere else, chiefly fascinate man. Gradually it began to be said that we already know about the Moon all that can be known, and interest in lunar studies waned among astronomers.

And yet, in reality, our knowledge of the Moon is still very limited. Our best map of its visible surface, although it is a marvel of accuracy, represents it only on a scale of 1 to 1,780,000, which is quite insufficient to show even such changes as are still going on on our own globe.\* We know, indeed, that in our lifetime many changes have taken place in the shapes of our hills, valleys, river courses, and ocean shores; but what could we know of such changes if we only had small maps to compare? Moreover, only now, with such big in-

struments as the Lick telescope, which has a glass lens thirty-six inches in diameter, or the admirable Paris telescope (twenty-four inch lens), we can distinguish, under the most favorable circumstances, the valleys and the hillocks, which are from 650 to 1000 feet in width; but until quite lately, all we could see was objects over one or two miles wide; so that it has been truly said that if all the knowledge of the Earth by a man in the Moon were of the same sort, he also might represent our planet as an arid, dreary body with no traces of life upon it.\*

Photography undoubtedly supplied astronomers with a precious aid. Already in the admirable photograph of the Moon, which was made in 1865 by Rutherford, and still more in modern photographs, the circuses, the plains, and the mountains appeared with a relief and reality of which the best maps gave not the faintest idea. But lunar photography is beset with so many difficulties, chiefly on account of the irregular proper movements of the Moon, that up till now the largest photographs obtained were less than eight inches in diameter. And it was only quite lately that they could be enlarged ten, twenty, and even thirty-three times, without the details being blurred. Some of the negatives obtained at the Lick Observatory, and at Paris by the brothers Henry, in an especially quiet and favorable atmosphere, were even so clear, that it was found advisable to carefully examine them under the microscope, and to make with the hand detailed enlarged drawings from the best of them. †

† Great doubts were expressed at the outset as to the advantages offered by photography for the study of the Moon. The advantage of the relief representation of the surface is, however, self-evident. Besides, with the aid of photography, a continuous record of the Moon's aspect is kept, and every modification

<sup>\*</sup> The Moon has on this map a diameter of 75 inches, while its real diameter is 2160 miles.

<sup>\*</sup>There is no lack of excellent works, most attractively written, in which all information about the Moon may be obtained. Suffice it to name the following:—Gwyn Elger's The Moon, London, 1895; Edward Neison's The Moon and the Condition and Configurations of its Surface, London, 1876; the English translation of Flammarion's Astronomic Populaire; and the excellent work of Miss Agnes Clerke, A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century, 3d edition, London, 1893.

An examination of such enlarged photographs, which permits us to embrace with the eye a large surface, filled with a mass of nature-true details, has led MM. Loewy and Puiseux \* to some interesting suggestions concerning the origin of the so-called "rills" or groups of parallel rents in the Moon's crust. And on the other side of the Atlantic, the direct observations lately made by Professor W. Pickering under the clear sky of Peru, as well as his studies of the American photographs, have produced such new data concerning the atmosphere of the Moon, and the possible existence of water on its surface, as are sure to give a quite fresh interest to lunar studies. I

of detail which may occur in it will be settled for subsequent reference by unimpeachable testimony. It hardly need be said that in one favorable night many photographs are taken, and that such a mass of details is thus recorded that it would take one's lifetime to map them by hand. As to the enlarged drawings which were made by Dr. Weineck, who is well known for his skill in that sort of work, they have met with a good deal of criticism (from Dr. Klein in Sirius, 1894 and 1895, and the Belgian professor W. Prinz in Ciel et Terre, ii. 1895, p. 449), but it may now be taken as certain that they really contain a mass of details which may be seen directly even with smaller telescopes, but had been overlooked; while the appearance of the same detail on two or three negatives settles all possible doubts as to its reality. (L. Weineck and E. S. Holden, "Selenographical Studies" in Publications of the Lick Observatory, 1894, vol. iii.; Loewy and Puiseux, in Comptes Rendus, tome cxix. p. 254, and tome cxxi, pp. 6, 79; Folie, Bulletin of the Belgian Academy, 1895, vol. xxix. No. 1; and Dr. Klein in Sirius, 1895, p. 112.)

\* Comptes Rendus, 8 juillet, 1895, tome exxi.

p. 79 To explain the origin of these rents, Loewy and Paiseux look for the time when the rocks were in an igneous half-liquid state and floating islands of consolidated scoria were formed on the surface of the molten rocks and drifted like the ice floes in the Arctic Ocean. Remaining in that sphere of ideas, it may, however, be remarked that the same rents might have originated when the whole crust was already solidified. When Lake Baikal is covered with a thick sheet of ice, and the level of the water goes slightly down in the winter, the ice is intersected by long rents, one to ten yards wide, which usually appear in about the same places and in the same directions. They run in straight lines, have vertical sides, and when the water at their bottom is frozen, they become miniature models of lunar rents.

† William H. Pickering, "Investigations in Astronomical Photography," in Annals of the

The Moon is so small in comparison with the Earth (its weight is eightyone times less), and consequently the force of gravity is so much smaller on its surface, that, even if it had an atmosphere of the same composition as ours, its density in its lowest parts would be from thirty to fifty times less than the density of our atmosphere at the sea-level. But it appears from Dr. Johnstone Stoney's \* investigations, that even if the Moon was surrounded at some time of its existence with a gaseous envelope consisting of oxygen, nitrogen, and water vapor, it would not have retained much of it. gases, as is known, consist of molecules, rushing in all directions at immense speeds.; and the moment that the speed of a molecule which moves near the outward boundary of the atmosphere exceeds a certain limit (which would be about 10,600 feet in a second for the Moon), it can escape from the sphere of attraction of the planet. Molecule by molecule the gas must wander off into the inter-planetary space; and, the smaller the mass of the molecule of a given gas, the feebler the planet's attraction, and the higher the temperature at the boundary of its atmosphere, the sooner the escape of the gas must take place. This is why no free hydrogen could be retained in the Earth's atmosphere, and why the Moon could retain no air or water vapor.

However, neither these speculations, which are very likely to be true, nor Bessel's previous calculations, could convince practical astronomers of the absolute absence of any atmosphere round the Moon. A feeble twilight is seen on our satellite, and twilight is due, as is known, to the reflection of light within the gaseous envelope; besides, it had been remarked long since at Greenwich that the stars which are covered by the Moon during its move-

Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, vol. xxxii. part 1 (Cambridge, Mass., 1895). See also Dr. Klein s analysis of the same (Sirius, 1895 Hefter 7.8 pm. 49).

1895, Hefte 7, 8, und 9).

\* "On the Physical Constitution of the Sun and Stars," in Proceedings of the Royal Society for 1868; and paper "On the Cause of Absence of Hydrogen from the Earth's atmosphere, and of Air and Water from the Moon," read on the 20th of April, 1892, before the Royal Dublin Society.

ments in its orbit remain visible for a couple of seconds longer than they ought to be visible if their rays were not slightly broken as they pass near to the Moon's surface. Consequently, it was concluded that the Moon must have some atmosphere, perhaps only 200 times thinner than our own. Of course, a gaseous envelope so thin as that would only be noticeable in the deeper valleys, and it would attain its greatest density within the circus-like cavities whose floor, as a rule, lies deeper than the surrounding country. Toward the tops of the mountains it would be imperceptible. But nevertheless, as was shown by Neison, it would play an important part in the economy of life on the Moon's surface.

The observations made at Lick, at Paris, and at Arequipa, fully confirm this view. A twilight is decidedly visible at the cusps of the crescent-moon, especially near the first and the last quarter. It prolongs the cusps as a faint glow over the dark shadowed part, for a distance of about seventy miles (60"), and this indicates the existence of an atmosphere having on the surface of the Moon the same density as our atmosphere has at a height of about forty A similar result is obtained when the slight flattening of the disk of Jupiter, which takes place when the planet is just going to be covered by the Moon, or emerges from behind it, is measured on the Arequipa photographs. Such an atmosphere is next to nothing, but there is another observation, namely, of a dark band appearing between Jupiter and the Moon's limb when the former begins to be covered by the latter; and Professor Pickering finds no other explanation for it than in some very light haze, partly due to water vapor, which would rise a few miles above the Moon's surface where it is illuminated by the rays of the Sun.

Such a supposition would have been met some time ago with great suspi-But it must be said that the more the Moon's surface is studied in detail the more astronomers are inclined to think that, in some places at least, a haze, originated from water vapor, is the only possible means to ex-

plain certain curious occurrences. Thus, Dr. Sarling has lately reminded us that, in 1774, Eysenhard, a pupil of Lambert, saw the part of the shadow line which crossed one of the plains (the Mare Crisium) brought in a wave-like movement which lasted for two hours and was seen by three different persons—only in this part of the lunar disk. Those undulations, which spread at a speed of 1200 feet per second over a distance of eighty miles, could only be due—as Dr. Sarling truly remarks—to vapors floating over the plain.\* In several instances, the interiors of deep lunar circuses took a misty appearance at sunrise, and this misty appearance disappeared as the Sun rose higher above the same circus, while in other cases it persisted a considerable time after sunrisc, even though all around was sharply marked and dis-The temperature tinct. And so on. of the Moon's surface, when it is heated by the Sun's rays, being very near to the freezing point, as appears from Langley's last measurements, the evaporation of frozen water under the rays of the rising sun is surely not at all improbable.

It remains, of course, to be seen whether a haze of this sort is not due in some cases to water ejected by volcanoes or geysers; the more so as some volcanic activity, remodelling until now the forms of the craters, seems to There is, indeed, among astronomers a strong suspicion of a lunar crater, nearly three miles in diameter. being of recent formation. It was first discovered by Dr. Klein in 1876, in the plain named Mare Vaporum, after he himself and many others had previously so often examined that region without seeing the crater. Besides, the alternate appearance and disappearance of another crater (Linné), nearly four miles in diameter, can hardly be explained unless it is concealed from time to time by the vapors which it itself ex-As to changes observed in the shapes of small lunar volcanoes, they

<sup>\*</sup> Sirius, 1895, vi. p 134. † Edw. Neison, The Moon and the Condition and Configurations of its Surface, p. 33 (Iondon, 1876).

are too numerous to be due to mere errors of observation.\*

If free water thus exists occasionally, even now, on the Moon's surface, or has existed at a relatively recent period, it is natural to ask whether it has left no traces of its activity. Are there no river-valleys which would bear testimony to its existence? Till lately, the majority of astronomers answered this question in the negative, even though their earlier predecessors, armed with feebler telescopes, were most affirmative on this point. The maria, or seas, are known to be plains on which no traces of aqueous action have been detected, and the clefts, or large "rills," are almost certainly rents produced in a solid surface.

However, besides these clefts, there are much finer formations which only lately have received due attention, and these finer rills have all the aspects of river-beds. They are not straightlined, but wind exactly as rivers wind on our maps; they fork like rivers; they are wider at one end than at the other, and one end is nearly always higher than the other. Many such fine rills have been observed and mapped lately, and Professor W. Pickering gives a list of thirty-five presumable river-beds, large, medium-sized, and very fine. However, contrary to most terrestrial rivers, the lunar river-beds —those, at least, which were observεd by W. Pickering—have their wider end in their upper course, nearly always in a pear-shaped craterlet. This circumstance offers, however, nothing extraordinary, as we know many rivers in Central Asia and South America which originate in a lake and grow thinner and thinner as they enter the arid To take one illustration out of plains. several, one such river, sixty-five miles in length with all its windings, rises in a craterlet, perhaps 2000 feet wide, but soon its valley narrows to 1000 feet, or less, and is lost in a plain. Occasionally such "rivers" occur in groups on the slopes of the mountains. Other river-beds, on the contrary, seem to

have the normal characters of our rivers. One of them begins in the mountains as an extremely fine line, gradually increases in width, and, after having received a tributary, becomes a broad but shallow valley. Another bifurcates into two very fine lines in its higher part.\* In short, it may now be taken as certain that there are riverbeds, to all appearance of aqueous origin; but they are so narrow that we should not be able to discover watercourses if they existed at the bottom of these valleys. We must be content with saying that they have been scooped out by running water.

So much having been won, the next step was naturally to ask if no traces of vegetation can be detected. On Mars, we see how every year a snow cover spreads over the circumpolar region, how later on in the season wide channels appear in it, and how the snow thaws gradually—presumably giving origin to water; even clouds have lately been seen; and we can notice, moreover, how the coloration of wide surfaces changes, probably because they are covered with vegetation, and how that coloration gradually takes a reddish vellow tint. Of course, if anything of the sort took place on our nearest neighbor, the Moon, it would have been noticed long since. But it would be most unwise to maintain that nothing similar to it happens, on a much smaller scale. On the contrary, Professor Pickering shows that there are some probabilities in favor of plants of some sort or another periodically growing on the Moon as well.

The great lunar circuses or craters attain, as is known, colossal dimensions; the largest of them have 100 and 130 miles in diameter, and the floor of their inner parts is mostly flat. Now, Neison had already made the remark that gray, almost black, spots appear on the floor of certain craters at full moon, but disappear later on, and W. Pickering has carefully investigated several such spots during his unfortu-

<sup>\*</sup> The Observatory, June, 1892; Nature, vol. xlvi p. 134.

<sup>†</sup> Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, vol. xxxii. part 1, p. 87.

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Sarling's letter to Sirius, March 30, 1895; map of the region near Herschel, f, made by J. N. Krieger at the Observatory of Triest, in same periodical, September, 1895, p. 195.

nately too short stay at Arequipa. Contrary to all expectations, they grow darker just after full moon, that is, when the Sun strikes the visible part of the Moon's surface in full and when it is geometrically impossible for any shadow to be visible, and they become invisible when the Sun is lowest and the shadows are evidently strongest. We know, however, of no stone which would darken under the action of sunlight, and grow lighter when the sunlight fades, and, following two such authorities as Mädler and Neison, Professor Pickering inclines to see the causes of those changes in vegetation. Such spots, whose darkness varies with the Sun's altitude, are not mere accidents. On the contrary, they have been found on all plains, with the exception of one, and in two plains, the Mare Tranquillitatis and Mare Nectaria, they apparently cover the whole floor, their changes being sometimes so conspicuous as to be almost visible to the naked eye. In the craters they always appear in the lower inner edges, but never on the tops of the walls, and rarely, if ever, on the outer walls. a rule, they are colored in dark gray, but in one case at least, one of the spots, examined with a great power, was of a "pronounced yellow color, with perhaps a suspicion of green."

These observations,\* which Professor Pickering unhappily found impossible to continue under the much less propitions sky of Massachusetts, "on account of the poor quality of the seeing," are certainly very promising, the more so as they are not isolated. the last few years, a number of data are accumulating, all tending to prove that it was too rash to describe the Moon's surface as utterly devoid of life. appears very probable, on the contrary, that volcanic changes continue to go on on the Moon's surface on a larger scale than on the Earth, and that notwithstanding the most unfavorable conditions for organic life which prevail there, such life exists, be it only on a small scale. This is certainly very far from the sanguine affirmations of the

last century selenographers, who wanted to see on the Moon "fortifications," "national roads," and "traces of industrial activity;" such objects, if they did exist, could not be seen with our best instruments. But traces of vegetation which develops at certain periods and fades next, traces of water which runs perhaps even now, as well as indications of volcanic changes of the surface, become more and more probable in proportion as we learn to know our satellite better.

II.

When we examine the animal world in a descending series, from the highest animals to the lowest, we see how their organs of nutrition are gradually simplified, how they become less definite and less specialized in their functions, until we find that functions which are performed in higher animals by special glands are accomplished at the lower stages of the series by mere cells scattered in the tissues, or even by the whole protoplasm of the body. same gradual simplification is seen in the organs of the senses. They also become less and less definite as we descend the scale; it becomes more and more difficult to separate them from each other, and in the lower invertebrates mere cells, disseminated in the tissues, answer more or less to the irritations from without. At last, at the very bottom of the series, the senseirritations are received by the whole surface of the animalcule's body.

An immense amount of investigation has been made, especially within the last thirty years, in order to trace the chain of evolution of the sense-organs in the animal world, and to follow the gradual ascent of sense-impressions, from the mere irritability of protoplasm to the highly developed sensations of the higher animals. Anatomists, physiologists, and psycho-physiologists have joined in that colossal work, and by this time it may be said that a result of the highest importance for science altogether, and especially for psychology, has been attained. The series has gradually been reconstituted in full, through the efforts of scores of separate workers. The leading results of these wonderful investigations having lately

<sup>\*</sup> In the above-mentioned volume of Harvard Annals they are published in full, and are illustrated by a number of excellent photographs.

been summed up by Dr. Wilibald Nagel in a suggestive introductory chapter to a more special work; \* we may take it, together with a few other works, as a guide for a brief review of the subject.

What most strikes a beginner in the study of the lowest animals is the variety of those of their acts and motions which apparently imply psychical life and consciousness. Those microscopical animalcules which consist of one single cell, or even of a mere speck of protoplasm, have evidently no traces of a nervous system; and yet their movements and their responsivity to external stimuli are such that one hesitates to interpret them as mere mechanical or chemical processes, such as we see in foams, or even as mere manifestations of "irritability," which is a property of all living matter.

In one of the American psychological laboratories, the daily life of a one-celled infusorium—a vorticella—was lately observed under the microscope for days in succession, and all the accidents of its uneventful existence were recorded.

\* Dr. Wilibald Nagel, "Vergleichend-physiologische und anatomische Untersuchungen über den Geruchs- und Geschmackssinn und ihre Organe; mit einleitenden Betrachtungen aus der allgemeinen vergleichenden Sinnesphysiologie," in Leuckart and Chun's Bibliotheca Zoologica, Hett 18, I. and II. (Stuttgart, 1894 and 1895). A full bibliography will be found at the end of this work.

† E. Jourdan's Les Sens chez les Animaux Inférieurs (Paris, J Baillière, 1889) is an excellent little work on the same subject which can be safely recommended to the general reader. Unhappily it has not been translated into English. Haeckel's Essay on the Origin and Development of Sense-Organs (English translation) dates from 1879. Romanes's Mental Evolution in Animals, Sir John Lubbock's The Senses and the Mental Life of Animals, especially of Insects, and C. Lloyd Morgan's Introduction to Comparative Psychology, published in 1894, although they do not exactly cover the same ground, are too well known to need recommendation. W. Wundt's Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie (4th edition, Jena, 1894), and Max Verworn's Allgemeine Physiologie are, of course, two classical works, rich in information upon this subject as well, but neither has yet been translated into English. Wundt's Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology have at last been translated into English in 1894. Some works on the lower organisms are indicated further on.

† C. F. Hodge and H. A. Atkins, "The Daily Life of a Protozoan," in American Journal of Psychology, 1894-95, vol. vi. p. 524.

A transparent, tulip-like, or bell-like expansion at the end of a thin transparent stalk, which contracts at the slightest jerk; a tiny opening at the top of the bell, representing a sort of mouth, or rather a buccal pore; and a row of extremely fine cilia, which differ from hairs by being mere expansions of the protoplasm of the body—the whole, cilia and all, being covered with an extremely fine cuticle—such is that tiny infusorium which every one possessed of a small microscope can find in a drop of water taken from a pond. Observed hour after hour under the microscope, while a feeble current of water was flowing over the glass slide, it was seen to swallow still smaller animalcules, after having attracted them into its "mouth" by the motion of its cilia; it assimilated them, and being well provided with food, it reproduced itself by budding tiny vorticellæ from its sides.

To many stimuli it was insensible. Icy water was made to flow; bright light, immediately following darkness, was flashed upon the little creature; light of various colors was tried, as also musical sounds "of all qualities and volumes"—the animalcule took no heed of them. But the slightest jerk or jar made it instantly contract its stalk; and it sorted with the greatest apparent precision the floating minute particles, swallowing those of them which "The world of relation," suited it. as psychologists say, of a vorticella thus consists of a series of touches, with perhaps some taste and smell impressions, hardly distinguished from each other. With all that, the vorticella displayed memory. When no other food was supplied to it but cells of yeast in sterilized water, it took first to the new food. It filled its body to distention with yeast cells; but in a few minutes the entire meal was suddenly rejected, and for several hours the vorticella could not be induced to repeat the It must have retained experiment. for several hours some unpleasant impression; it manifested powers of choice" as it ceased to swallow an unsuitable food; and in some unknown way it discerned between yeast cells and the animalcules it was used to prev upon.

The vorticella is, however, a consid-

erably developed being in comparison with, say, an amoeba, which consists of a mere speck of protoplasm, or with that slimy vegetable organism—a plasmodium—which is made up of thickly interwoven threads of naked protoplasm. And yet, even in these two lowest representatives of the animal and the vegetable world, something in advance of mere irritability appears. The amœba avoids bright light, and if a pencil of light falls upon its path, it retreats; certain chemical substances attract it, while others act repulsively upon it; and when the two poles of a galvanic current are plunged into the drop of water the amoeba lives in, it moves toward the negative pole and avoids the positive. As to the plasmodium, it displays a still higher discriminative power. For instance, two beakers, filled with water, are placed close to each other, and in one of them the water is kept at a temperature of 45° Fahrenheit, while in the other it is much warmer (86°). A strip of paper, upon which one of these myxomycetes fungi has spread itself, is then placed in such a way that one end of the paper dips into the cold water, while the other end touches the warm water. Immediately, the slimy fungus begins to slowly stretch out and draw in its threads, and after a time it will have crept over into the warmer beaker. Other plasmodia show their dislike of light by withdrawing from the lighted part of a surface into its shadowy part; while to chemical stimuli they are even still more sensitive. If a plasmodium be placed in a glass tube filled with boiled water, which contains no nutritious substances, and the tube be overturned and plunged by its open end into unboiled water, the fungus will creep out of the tube and spread itself in the water below. It also will invade a paper pellet saturated with the substance it usually feeds upon; but if a crystal of salt is placed on the paper which it is spreading upon, the fungus will at once withdraw its threads and shrink away from the unpleasant matter; and if, while it is spreading itself one way, its front end be cauterized with some acid, the whole plasmodium will at once change the direction of its motion. In short, these lowest organ-

isms have the property of recoiling from harmful substances and of finding the useful ones all through the medium they are placed in. The life-processes which are going on in their protoplasm, as its chemical composition is continually altered and reconstituted, are sufficient to result in a sort of discriminative power between what aids the process of life and what is liable to check it \*

With bacteria, the same phenomena become much more complicated. Bacteria, as a rule, are very sensitive to changes in the intensity of light—some of them preferring light and some others darkness—as well as to electrical and chemical stimuli. When a diatom (one of the one-celled plants which swarm in fresh water, and look so pretty under the microscope, on account of their double symmetry and the bright green chlorophyll grains they contain) stops swimming about, bacteria will gather in thousands round it, and stand motionless, absorbing the oxygen it gives up. Suddenly the diatom will get out of the crowd of bacteria, but the crowd, after having remained in the lurch for a second or two, will soon follow it and reassemble again. And not only oxygen, but various chemical substances attract them as well. Going higher up the scale, when we come next to those infusoria which are provided either with a couple of thin threads (flagellæ), or are adorned with a row of fine cilia, we find them capable of performing co ordinate movements which exclude all possible comparison with the purely mechanical movements taking place in simple foams. Thus, a flagellate infusorium will anchor itself by one of its flagellæ to a tiny fibre of weed, and continually work with the other flagellum in

<sup>\*</sup> The literature of this subject is very large. It is, however, very well summed up in several works quite accessible to the general reader, namely:—Oscar Hertwig's Die Zelle und die Gewebe, Jena, 1893 (English translation published at Chicago in 1893); and Max Verworn's Psycho physiologische Protisiensludien, Jena, 1889, which two contain full indexes of the original memoirs; also Binet's Psychic Life of Micro organisms, translated from the French, Chicago, 1890. In Wundt's Grundzüge, 4th edition, p. 25 sq., the psychological bearings of these researches are discussed.

search for food; then it suddenly will jerk to the opposite side of its anchoring weed and continue there the same exploration. Or, while hunting, it will suddenly change the direction of its swim; or it will hunt by jerks. As to the sensibility of the lowest organisms to chemical stimuli, it is simply strik-They have their likes and dislikes \* for different substances, and as they seek for some of them and avoid the others, they show an admirable discernment. The most wonderful fact, however, is that these microscopic beings can be attracted not only by substances which are necessary for their life, but also by some of those which are no food for them, or even are decidedly harmful (salicylic natrium, chloride of mercury, or morphine), but seem to please their tastes. Infusoria will thus abandon a medium containing nourishing substances, such as extract of meat, which they generally like, in order to intoxicate themselves with morphine. Drunkenness thus begins in the animal world at its lowest microscopical stages.

510

In the presence of a mass of such facts, and of the far more astounding powers displayed by all the lowest organisms in connection with their reproduction, shall we maintain that all these manifestations of life are physical processes, which have nothing in common with what we describe as psychical life at the higher stages? Or shall we not rather admit that what is described as "irritability of living matter" at the lowest end of the series merges by imperceptible degrees into what we are bound to describe as "sensibility"? In fact, it is impossible not to recognize that in the protozoans the first appearance, the very dawn of sensibility is met with; but, as shown by Verworn, that sort of sensibility belongs not only to the animalcule as a whole, but to each minute part of its body as well. When one of the cilia of a ciliated infusorium is irritated, the

whole row is set into a wave-like motion in the proper direction, and the irritation spreads, not as in a corn-field. by each bent cilium pushing the next; it is transmitted through the underlying protoplasm, because the transmission of the irritation may be prevented by making an extremely fine transverse cut between two cilia. But if one cilium is cut out, together with a tiny portion of the protoplasm behind itthis almost incredible operation has been performed by Verworn-the isolated cilium answers the irritation in the very same way as if it continued to make part of the row in the animal-cule's body. Each minute particle of the protozoan's body has thus the capacity of responding to the irritation; and the co-ordinated movements of the animal are a sum total of the movements of the particles. The protozoan, as Verworn says, can thus be compared to a crowd, in which there is no conception of the crowd's individuality, because each individual, on receiving a certain impression, acts for himself-the final result being, nevertheless, a movement of the crowd.

It may, of course, be said that as the protozoans have no nervous system, they can have no psychical life. This is, at least, the opinion of Du Bois Reymond. But the nervous system, and even its nerve-cells, must also have had their embryonal stage in the evolution of the animal kingdom, and in the seemingly uniform protoplasm of the infusorium, which performs, together with other functions, some of the functions of the nerve-cells, we must have already the germs of the nerve-cell.\* In some infusoria there is even a tiny spot which seems to be more sensitive to light than the remainder of the body. However, it is needless to go high up the scale in order to find visible rudiments of a nervous system. They exist in the shape of nerve-cells and nerve-filaments in the next division, in which corals, medusæ, seaanemones, and so on, are included (the cœlenterata). In this extremely interesting division, tensibility to light and

<sup>\*</sup> The chemical sense of the lower organisms was admirably explored by Pfeffer, "Chemotactische Bewegungen von Bacterien, Flagellaten und Volvocineen," in Untersuchungen aus dem botanischen Institut zu Tübingen, Bd. iv. 1883; also his previous work in same periodical, Bd. i. 1884.

<sup>\*</sup> Max Verworn's Protistenstudien, p. 201. † W. Nagel has made it the subject of new detailed studies ("Der Geschmackssinn der

sound, a low sensibility of the skin to pressure, and a high development of the chemical sense are found, together with a first specialization of the senseorgans, and doubtless signs of voluntary action. In some subdivisions of this class (the comb-bearers, or ctenophores, and the sea-anemones) Nagel found the sense of taste highly developed; while the movements which a ctenophore performs to prevent an unpleasant stuff, like quinine, from reaching its inner taste-organs, or the movements of the tentacles of a sea-anemone to get rid of a pellet of paper saturated with some unpleasant but not irritating stuff, leave no doubt as to the existence of will and some rudiments of reasoning power. Besides, it is well known from Leudenfeld's investigations that when a sea-anemone or a jelly fish throws out its stinging threads, this action can by no means be explained in a merely mechanical way.\* There is no doubt that with this class the first dawn of a dim consciousness makes its appearance, but the general consciousness of the animal is not yet fully attained, because separate radial portions of its body answered to different stimuli as if they were separate indi-The crowd only begins to be conscious of its individuality as a crowd.

From this point upward, the gradual and uninterrupted development of the senses is quite easy to follow, up to the highest mammals. One remark is, however, necessary to avoid misunderstanding, and Nagel insists upon it. Even in man it is not always easy to discriminate between what he perceives through his sense of smell and what he is aware of through his sense of taste; in birds, and probably in some mammals too, the auditive sensation may be provoked not exclusively through the organ of hearing; and with the fishes and all the animals living in water, the sense of smell, which has but little opportunity for exercise, is mingled with the sense of taste. Consequently, we must be prepared to find that the usual

division of senses into touch, taste, smell, vision, and hearing, will not do for the whole series. The senses must be rather divided into a mechanical, chemical, temperature, and light sense, to which the electrical sense will perhaps have to be added. Such a division, undoubtedly, better answers to the senses which exist in the lower animals, and when the series is considered in an ascending order, the gradual differentiation of the chemical sense into taste and smell, and of the mechanical sense into touch, hearing, and pressure sense, becomes evident. If such a division of the senses be agreed upon, their gra tual specialization can be easily followed, as may be seen even from the following few illustrations.\*

The star-fishes and the sea-urchins have much more developed senses than might be presumed on first sight. They have organs of vision and a fine chemical sense. They perfectly well discern between a piece of meat and a wet paper pellet of the same consistence. or between a pellet saturated with water and another which is saturated with meat-juice. Nevertheless, it is extremely difficult to separate in them the mechanical sense of touch from the chemical sense; still less taste and smell. With the mollusks, who offer a great variety of sense-development in different species, it is difficult to speak of organs of touch, because the mechanical sense belongs to the whole superfices of the skin, although it is usually more delicate in and around the mouth. On the other hand, they have organs of vision on their tentacles, and the land mollusks are undoubtedly endowed with the sense of smell. helix will crawl toward a paper sack which contains some food, wet its surface and tear the sack, and thus reach the food; while a snail will crawl toward an apple, and move right and left if the apple be shifted sideways. Most mollusks very well discern their food,

\* E. Jourdan, Les Sens chez les Animoux Inférieurs, p. 42 sq.

Actinien," in Zoologischer Anzeiger, 1892, No. 400; "Versuche über die Sinnesphysiologie von Beroë ovata und Carnarina hastata," in Pflüger's Archiv, 1893, Bd. liv. p. 165).

<sup>\*</sup> Romanes, in his Mental Evolution of Animals, pp. 80-125, has briefly sketched that gradual growth. Jourdan's above-mentioned book can be taken as an excellent guide, especially in connection with Nagel's work, in which many doubts, especially with regard to taste and smell, have been cleared away by means of new experiments.

while some of them have the sense of hearing, and even the direction sense. But in that class of animals the necessity of not too sharp a separation between different senses becomes especially apparent. The same nerve-cells seem to be affected to the transmission of different impressions, which have their own separate organs in man.

That the land-leeches, which come together to assail travellers in Ceylon, possess a finely developed sense of smell, and that the medical leech is not devoid of it, is well known; but it also appears (from Nagel's experiments) that the whole skin of the medical leach is endowed with the sense of taste. As to the presence of visual organs in each of the segments of some worms, it is only what may be expected in animals whose segments have so much maintained of their individuality. It is, moreover, certain that in many cases each segment maintains a good deal of its psychical individuality.

The high development of all the senses in the crustaceans and in insects is quite familiar now through the works of Huxley, Romanes, Lubbock, Forel, Fabre, and so on. The sensibility of crustaceans to sounds and the fine hearing of the spider are of wide repute, although the high qualifications of the latter as an amateur of music have been roughly handled by Forel; the fine discernment of colors by the ants, demonstrated by Lubbock, and the admirable development of smell and taste in various insects—all these are familiar facts. However, even among insects a perfect localization of the chemical sense does not always exist, and smell attains its full development only with those insects which live in the air; while those which live in water scem, on the contrary, to be almost totally deprived of it. The water beetle (Dytiscus) does not perceive the presence of animals which it preys upon, even within a distance of a few millimetres, so long as they remain motionless. It evidently does not smell them, and it must have but a dim If meat-juice is offered to a water-beetle, it does not notice the juice till it has been approached within half an inch from its mouth. At the same time its sense of taste is very fine. A drop of water carefully brought within its reach at the end of a fine glass tube, so as not to provoke touch sensations, has no effect upon the Dytiscus; but a drop of sugar solution or of meat extract immediately provokes rapid grasping movements. A pellet of paper imbibed with a very weak solution of quinine, or of vinegar, or of chloral hydrate, is also grasped by the voracious beetle, but three seconds later it is thrown away, and the animal clears for a certain time, with its forelegs, the parts surrounding its mouth, as if to get rid of an unpleasant sensation.\*

Even in fishes and amphibians the mechanical sense of touch is not fully differentiated from the chemical sense of taste, while the sense of smell hardly exists at all. As to the birds and the mammals (with the exceptions of those which live in water), they not only have as a rule all senses which man is possessed of, but it is well known that the sense of vision and partly of hearing in birds and the sense of smell in certain mammals attain a perfection which is vainly looked for in man; while the sense of position and the faculty of almost instantly adapting the muscles to a variety of requirements during flight, jumping, running and so on, are always a matter of admiration to the naturalist.

It will be remarked that in order thus to trace the progressive specialization of senses in the animal series no hypotheses of any sort have to be made. On the contrary, every statement is a direct outcome of most detailed anatomical studies, controlled by physiological experiments. In order to grasp the whole series of facts we only need to admit that the appearance of the more specialized senses of touch, hearing, taste, smell, and vision is preceded by the existence of the less specialized mechanical, chemical, tempera. ture, and light senses; but this is what may have been presumed in advance under the theory of evolution. Another admission, advocated by Nagel, namely, the existence of mixed or

<sup>\*</sup> W. Nagel, Bibliotheca Zoologica, xviii. p. 67 sq. Also his earlier more general work, Die niederen Sinne der Insekten, Tübingen, 1892.



rather undefined sense-organs—which appears as a niere development of the same idea—would further simplify the comprehension of the facts. As the lowest end of the scale we have what Nagel describes (perhaps not quite exactly) as "the universal organ of senses," which means that the whole protoplasm of the animal's body (or, perhaps, some components of it) acts as an organ for receiving excitations from various stimuli. And at the other end of the scale there are specialized organs, so specialized that each of them is capable of transmitting one sort of sensations only.\* Between the two Nagel proposes to place intermediate mixed organs (Wechselsinnesorgane) which, in their normal state, aid the animal in perceiving two or three different sensations, such as taste and smell, or touch, hearing, and taste. Having no such mixed organs, we evidently have a difficulty in understanding the corresponding sensations, and we may ask ourselves whether the animal possessed of one organ for touch and taste, or for taste and smell, receives from it two different sensations, or has one sensation only, which is neither of the two, but lies between We may not be able to answer this question, but we fully understand that the world of sensations should grow in complexity, precision, and variety, as the sense-organs become more and more definite.

It may thus be said that the joint efforts of anatomists and psycho-physiologists have resulted in reconstituting an uninterrupted series which leads from the vague sensibility of the lowest organisms to the fully developed senses of man. There is no gap in the series, no boundary to stop at and to say that below it lies something which has not the psychical aspects of senses, and above it begin the senses of the thinking beings. At the lowest stages there is already some sort of a very vague and extremely simplified psychical life, mechanical and chemical irritations already provoking various coordinated movements, which necessarily imply some sort of vague sensations. Then, as we gradually ascend the scale, we notice how rudimentary sense organs, for receiving and transmitting whole series of irritations, make their appearance, and experiments show that the sensations are broadly differentiated into three or four series, in accordance with their outer stimuli—pressure, heat, light, or chemical processes. And next, by a series of imperceptible gradations we are brought to the stage at which each series of sensations is differentiated in its turn, so that we finally recognize our own organs of the senses, and our own sensations. This does not mean, of course, that science has mastered the psychology of animals; but it has got an insight into the primary elements of all psychic life—the elementary sensations out of which and upon which that life is constructed. As to the bearings of these investigations upon psychology altogether, they can only be understood if a glance is cast upon the present standpoint of psychology, which is widely different from what it was very few years ago.

<sup>\*</sup> A great divergence of opinions still existing as regards the "specific energy" of the sense-organs, Nagel ventures the following hypothesis: Let us take the organ of taste and suppose that in its simplest form it consists of three elements—a sense-cell, a nerve which surrounds it with its ramifications, and a ganglion cell in which the nerve ends. Supposing that the exterior irritation affects chiefly the sense cell, and not the ramifications of the nerve, this cell, on being irritated, would secrete on its superficies some stuff specific to it, and this stuff would irritate the end ramifications of the nerve. The nerve would accordingly transmit to the ganglion cell the same sort of excitations, whatever the outer stimulus may be. Persons acquainted with modern theories of vision (they were briefly summed up in this Review, April, 1893) proba-bly will feel interested in that hypothesis, which, of course, is only indicated here in its main outline.

<sup>†</sup> The hypothesis of a "Wechselsinnesor-NEW SERIES. Vol LXIV, No. 4.

gan" has been met with some criticism in the Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau, by Rawitz, 1893, Bd. viii. p. 91, and R. von Hanstein (same volume, p. 449), which was answered by Nagel in his last work (Bibliotheca Zoologica, zviii. pp. 25-42). It seems, however, from Hanstein's review of this last work that his criticisms are directed less against the theory itself than against the conclusions therefrom as regards the corresponding sensations (Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau, 1895, Bd. z. p. 124).

III.

No science has undergone within the last thirty years so deep a transforma-tion in all its conceptions, its methods, and its very language, as has been the case with psychology. Thirty years ago the old conception, mainly worked out in Germany, and according to which psychology was treated as a mere branch of deductions from speculative principles, was no longer tenable. Under the influence chiefly of British psychologists, who had constructed their science upon a detailed analysis of the experiences of one's own consciousness, metaphysical psychology was compelled to retire in the background. But it was a question very much debated at that time whether the study of the phenomena of consciousness should continue to be carried on, as most psychologists maintained, by means of self-analysis, taken, of course, in its widest sense, which does not exclude the study of psychical acts in other individuals as well, or, as it was advocated by the younger school of German psychologists, Lotze, Fechner, and Wundt,\* the whole matter ought not to be handed over to the physiologist who would apply the precise methods of his own science to psychical research. "Who has to study ps, chology, and by which methods?" was the burning question of those days.

By this time, the then much feared transference is an irreversibly accomplished fact. Psychology is studied by the physiologist: it is a branch of physiology, making its way to become a sister science to it. To use the words of an American psychologist, J. Mark Baldwin, † " we find an actual department of knowledge handed over to a new class of men," who treat it by quite new methods, the methods of accurate measurement and experiment, so familiar to the physiologist. They experiment upon sensations, involuntary actions, acts of memory and thought,

† "Psychology, Past and Present," in Psychical Review, 1894, vol. i, part iv. p. 373. It contains a brief historical sketch.

and they measure the motions of the muscles and the chemical changes in the tissues in order to value in numerical data the intensity of the psychical acts themselves. And they do not consider their science as philosophy, but know very well that they only contribute, in common with all other sciences, the necessary stepping-stones to build up the philosophy of the uni-

Of course, in all psycho-physiological investigations the analysis of one's own experiences of his own consciousness remains now, as it was before, at the basis of psychological conclusions. When the experimenter measures the degree of sensibility of one's eye to luminous irritations, or of one's skin to prickling, or when he records in figures the fatigue of the brain during this or that mental exercise, he may reduce the self-observation of the person whom he experiments upon to its simplest elements; but he also knows that he must appeal in most cases to that person itself; he learns from it what its sensations were during the experiment and by so doing he gets a precious guide in his researches. Selfobservation thus continues to occupy a prominent position in all psychological researches; but its very methods have entirely been changed. In the thirty psycho-physiological laboratories which are now in existence,\* the numerical relations which exist between the energy of the outward stimuli-light, sound, chemicals, and so on-and the energy of the sensations they provoke are measured, and the mathematical law of their relations is sought for. Both the conscious and the unconscious movements which are called forth in man by different sense impressions, under different states of self-consciousness, and under different mental states, are submitted to the same analysis; nay, the mechanism of the growth of ideas, different mental operations, and memory itself are subjects of experimental studies, or of such inquests as the inquest which was car-

<sup>\*</sup> Lotze's Medizinische Psychologie appeared in 1852, Fechner's Elemente der Psychophysik in 1860, and the first edition of Wundt's Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie in 1874 (fourth edition in 1894).

<sup>\*</sup> Fourteen in the United States, four in Germany, two in this country, one in France, and seven in different countries of Europe (Alfred Binet, Introduction à la Psychologie Expérimentale, Paris, 1894).

ried on by Mr. Galton, and was epochmaking in psychology. And although all these investigations are very young—the first psychological laboratory was opened only eighteen years ago—experimental psychology has already become a natural science in the true sense of the word, a science of which both the powers and the limits are known, and which has already thrown floods of light upon the mental phenomena which, under the old methods, seemed to lie beyond the limits of understanding.

At the same time another branch of psychology has suddenly taken, within the last ten years or so, a new develop-The ambition of psycho-physiology has always been to find for each psychical process its physiological equivalent—in other words, when a sense-impression has awakened in us certain mental images, what electrical or chemical processes, what transformations of energy and, if possible, what molecular movements took place at the same time in our nerve-channels and nerve-centres? That such changes take place every psychologist admits, to whatever school, dualist or monist, he belongs—the difference between the two being that the dualist sees in the psychical and the physiological processes two sets of concomitant but utterly and substantially different phenomena, while the monist considers them as two different aspects of the same process.\* The study of the physiological processes which go on in man during each psychical process is, accordingly, one of the main objects of psychology. But until lately such investigations met with an almost insuperable obstacle in our very imperfect knowledge of the intimate structure of the nervous system and the However, within the last few years, a profound modification has taken place in the views upon the minute structure of the nervous system Through the discovery of altogether. the microscopical units of which the nervous system is built up—the socalled "neurons," whose protoplasmic

ramifications intimately penetrate into the tissues, where they seem to meet with the ramifications of the tissuecells, and whose axial cylinders ramify themselves to meet the ramifications of other neurons—through this discovery the whole mechanism of the irritations which result in unconscious reflex movements has received a quite new interpretation. Then, the study of the inner structure of the brain, which was chiefly made by Rámon y Cajal,\* on the basis of the above discovery, has led the Spanish anatomist to attempt a most remarkable explanation of the anatomical mechanism of the formation of ideas and associations and of attention. † And finally, the application of the same discoveries to the sympathetic nervous system has lately enabled the German anatomist, A. Kölliker, to make another important step. He has attempted to trace the mechanism by means of which our emotions and the irritations of our spinal cord result in such involuntary movements as affect the activity of the heart and the bloodvessels, and make one turn pale or red, shed tears or be covered with perspiration, have his hair stand on end or shiver, and so on, under the influence of various emotions. Such psychical phenomena and such intimate relations between emotion, thought and will, which it seemed hopeless to explain by means of self-observation on the introspective method, have thus had a flash of light suddenly thrown upon them since the above-mentioned transference of psychology to physiologists took place.

At the same time, a third equally important branch of psychology was lately called into existence. As in all other sciences, the theory of evolution was accepted in psychology; and by accepting it, psychology was necessarily led to admit that just as we may trace in the animal series the slow progressive development of all organs, in-

† Archiv für Anatomie und Physiologie, Anatomische Abtheilung, 1895, p. 367.

<sup>\*</sup> The difference between the two views is very well set out in Dr. Lloyd Morgan's Introduction to Comparative Psychology (Walter Scott's "Science Series," 1894).

<sup>\*</sup> Les Nouvelles Idées sur la Structure du Système Nerveux chez l'Homme et chez les Vertébrés, traduit de l'espagnol, Paris (Reinwald), 1894. His views have been given in this country in a Croonian lecture, in 1894, before the Royal Society. His larger work waits still for an English translator.

cluding those of the senses and of thought, out of the rudimentary cellelements, so also we may trace the gradual and uninterrupted evolution of the psychical faculties out of such rudiments of psychical life as are seen in the lowest organisms. Beginning with the irritability of protoplasm, psychologists now endeavor to trace out the gradual evolution of sensibility and perception, so as finally to reach the highest manifestations of perception, will, and thought, at the highest degrees of the scale. A third large branch of psychology, which may be described as comparative or evolutionary psychology, is thus in elaboration; and in this country we have the good fortune of possessing at least three original works (Romanes's, Sir John Lubbock's and Dr. Lloyd Morgan's) which may be considered as stepping-stones toward

the work on the evolution of mind, which is now ripening in science. In the preceding paragraph the progress lately achieved as regards the evolution of senses in the animal world is briefly indicated; but countless researches have been made besides into the progressive evolution of the nervous system and the brain of different classes of animals, and these researches will evidently soon receive a new meaning from the above-mentioned discoveries in the anatomy of the nervous system. Then, and then only, the synthesis of sensation and conception will give us a new insight into the progressive development of the psychical faculties of animals, and throw a new light upon psychology a'together. This is the present standpoint of psychology.-Nineteenth Century.

# THE FIRST NEST OF A ROOKERY.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

It is one of the compliments that Nature pays the dweller among the tall trees that rooks shall come and tenant them. Chief among the honors in her gift is to send herons to your groves; but then there must be a lake or mere hard by, or long reaches of water; and the estate must be so large that no public ways can intersect the solitude with noisy lines of traffic. With the heron a certain etiquette must be observed; its taste for peace must be studied, and the place of its sojourn fenced round with sacred quiet.

Not so the rooks. Having honored one of your trees by selecting it for their abode and built their nests in it, they take everything else as it comes. They do not haggle with you as to observances, or split straws over the ethics of reciprocity. They have made their bed and intend to lie on it. The bargain is struck, "and there's an end on't." They did not come in a hurry or by mistake, and now that they have come they are going to stay. It is a robust philosophy this of the rook's. He does not expect more than he gets, but, content with very little, he pro-

tests against any nibbling at what he has. Though your tenant, at your pleasure, he is also your neighbor, and never allows you to forget that in the country there are neighborly obligations on the one side as well as on the other, on yours as on his. He is perpetually reminding you—whenever he sees you, in fact—that you are to let him and his household alone; that you and yours may make any disturbance you like anywhere else, but that his tree is his tree, and you will please to let it alone, and respect such privacy as a tree top affords. When he catches sight of you far off he passes the remark to his wife, "There he is!" and she replies off-hand, "So he is!" And there the matter drops. But should you come under their tree, the conversation assumes quite another tone, and if we could only understand what birds say we should know what rooks think of the vulgar manners and lack of taste of those who go poking about the ground floor of a place that is already inhabited up above by a decent couple.

I must confess I have a solid admiration for "the honest rook," as Prior calls it. Something like the dog among quadrupeds—which by nature is just as gregarious as the rook—it has attached itself to man. And though it is still persecuted by that mutton-headed minority of yokel-farmers which kills hedgehogs and owls and other useful creatures, and though the owners of rookeries once a year carry fire and slaughter among the burghers of the "airy cities" in the elms, it never swerves from its preference for the neighborhood of human beings. There is no such thing as a "wild" rookery. They are all attached to a house, even though, as at Peveril, the house itself is gone: the first evidence of habitation as you approach, the last you see as you depart. Their sunset flight is always toward the abodes of men; their sunrise flight toward his fields. If better understood they would be called "domestic," and as such might be protected by law. As it is, those who know them best think of them as the "agricultural laborers" among the And, mehercule! how they birds. toil. All other birds, even the conscientious starlings, seem to make holiday half the time, relieving their snatches of work with long spells of play. But who ever saw idle rooks? When they sit swinging on the tips of trees they are on sentry duty for their comrades in fields below. Nor, when we see them assembled in that curious parliament which they sometimes hold in the meadows, are they idle. They are obviously most seriously busy, about something. Why or wherefore these black republicans should thus convene is a puzzle yet unsolved, but the rooks evidently know what they are there for, and when the business before the meeting is despatched they all go their ways: not standing upon the order of their going, but going at once and all together. Sometimes the convention ends with the putting to death of one of their number, and eye-witnesses of such executions assert that the whole affair had the air of a deliberate judicial process. At any rate, they were not idling. Nor when at evening, the light failing even the rook's crepuscular sight, the colony joins in strange good-night evolutions in the air before going to bed, can the reproach of idling attach to them, for this parting frolic may be the hard-worked bird's one relaxation, like the hard-worked man's rubber at whist. No, the rook, I fear, errs, if anything, upon the side of making life a "demnition grind," and, like that very terrible insect the honeybee, one of the few miserable "moralities" in nature, looks too much upon

the graver side of existence.

Many writers have described the rookery established, but, so far as I know, nobody has yet described the commencement of one, the coming of the first pair, the building of the first nest, and the rearing of the first family, the original "natives" of the new rookery, the Deucalion and Pyrrha of the peopled shade that is to be, the founders and "fathers" of another "black republic" of the future. And, turning to Seebohm's great work on British Birds, in which the article on the rook commences with the words, "Few birds are better known than the rook, I am interested to find that I can add from personal observation several missing links, and suggest some new readings of old faces.

On the Bank Holiday, April 3, I noticed a small party of rooks " prospecting" in a clump of trees about a hundred yards from the house, and, watching them, saw that several of the birds were pulling off, or tugging at, twigs. The clump was composed of various trees, beech, elm, and Spanish chestnut, all of them very tall but "weedy," from being grown so close together. But on either side was an elm of truly venerable proportious, a century or more older than the intervening growth. This year these elms seeded with amazing profusion, and on April 3 were as green as if they had already broken The others, except for the into leaf. buds that studded the twigs, were as bare as in midwinter. Yet it was the young lanky beech-tree without a sign of green upon it, and not the "immemorial elm" of the rooks proverbial preference, that the birds chose for their home. The reason, I take it, was one of pure heredity. Rooks, as every one knows, build in elms for choice, but when they build the elms are quite bare. Now, the birds of which I am writing were a month later in their

housekeeping than they should have been, and the elms being fledged with green struck them as unsuitable, and so they chose the barest tree they could find—the beech.

Why were they belated? I cannot say. Perhaps there had been a quarrel in one of the rookeries (one half a mile, the other two miles off) and they had been expelled; or perhaps the keepers, who had been shooting rooks -the weather, you may remember, was tropical, and the poor birds, hard pushed for food, were doubtless glad of eggs-had shot their mates, and these were the odd birds from both colonies which, having no home affections in common, had compounded by starting afresh in a new place. This I fancy was the reason. For when I first saw them there were five birds, and it is unlikely that so many would be expelled for misdemeanor all together.

A very little observation sufficed to show that there were two "pairs" and one "odd one," hereinafter spoken of respectively as "the pair," "the idiots," and "the outsider."

The pair evidently meant business, for they carried their twigs all to the same spot and were very much in earnest as to the way they laid them. The idiots were just as busy, but did nothing with their twigs when they had got them. They often selected those that would not come off, and after struggling with them like lunatics, sometimes even hanging on to them by their beaks only, and flapping as they hung, would pick up some ridiculous little scrap and parade about with it, climbing among the branches very much like magpies, and eventually dropping it. While these absurd under-studies of "the pair" were thus fooling their time away, the others were hard at work, and on the fifth day the first egg was laid in the finished nest.

The modus nidificandi was interesting. First of all, they laid a platform as foundation and then built up the sides in skeleton, as it were, to the full height the nest was eventually to be. Against the sky (and the tree being only 40 yards off) I could watch them working inside their wicker basket with the greatest accuracy. The male

brought from the paddock pieces of moss and tufts of grass, which he dropped into the nest and flew off, the hen, with laborious industry, working the material into the platform and By degrees the wicker skeleton began to fill up and, at last, for threequarters of its depth the nest was made quite solid. But all round the rim several inches of open lattice-work were cleverly left so that the bird, while seated on her eggs, could command a view "from behind the purdah" of all the country round her. On the fifth day the first egg was laid, and on April 11 or 12 the hen commenced to sit in earnest.

The idiots meanwhile had never placed a single twig in position, but continued at intervals to struggle with branches and to fuss about with odds and ends in their beaks. As for the outsider, its time had been passed in making overtures of assistance to the pair and of affection to the hen idiot, overtures that were in either case most unceremoniously repulsed. It repeatedly took twigs to the nest, but only got assaulted in return for its proffered contribution; and at other times when it approached the growing edifice with, I am convinced, the best of intentions, a dab on the back from the bird on guard sent it off. As every one knows, the members of a rookery are all thieves alike, and no pair leaves their unfinished nest unguarded lest other birds should steal some of the material. But when the nests are all finished and the eggs laid, suspicion is unanimously abandoned, and by common consent the greatest possible confidence in each other is reciprocally established. in the present case the outsider had no nest of its own for which to pillage sticks, but hereditary suspicion of visitors while the nest was building operated, and the solitary bird had to suffer for amiability misunderstood. With regard to the idiots the case was different, and the male bird had the gravest ground for his suspicions of the outsider, who often fed the female and was unmistakably paying court to her, showing her how wide he could fan out his tail, how high he could raise the feathers on his head, how gracefully he could bow, and altogether what a very

fine and attractive rook he was. The hen idiot did not actively discourage his attentions, but the poor outsider was so often dropped upon unexpectedly by the male bird and buffeted off the premises by him that, at last, he found the situation unendurable and left the place as much, no doubt, disgusted at the humdrum respectability of the pair as at the selfish affection of the idiots; and I am not certain that he ever came back.

The hen of the pair was by this time sitting on her eggs, and at all times of the day such curious things happened that, after much puzzling, I came to the conclusion, from what I considered absolutely accurate observation, that rooks were polygamous and polyandrous! It must be remembered that all rooks are very much alike to the human eye, and that in their swift and silent movements when nesting it is extremely difficult to keep the different individuals correctly assorted. But, on the other hand, the note of the male is very easily distinguished from that of the female, the former being core, and the latter, car, so that, with my four birds, there was no difficulty as to the sexes, while as to the two males of the party, the one belonging to the pair was distinctly marked by having lost several feathers out of each wing, and being therefore a ragged, shabby-looking bird when flying. So, weighing one against the other, I had fully made up my mind, after many hours of patient watching, at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and after many pages of careful note-taking on the spot, that the hen bird of the pair had two husbands, and the male idiot two wives.

As an example of the incidents upon which I founded the belief that I had made a discovery, let me quote from my note-book: "Bird sitting on nest. Visitor arrives; hen darts out at him; he makes a show of retiring, but only a foot or two, and immediately comes sidling up again; out she darts again, and again he pretends to be rebuffed; eight times the performance is repeated, but the last time the hen, instead of waddling into her nest again, perches on the edge of it; the visitor wheeled round the tree once or twice, then dropped down on to the nest by her

side and fed her." Now, who was the visitor? The male idiot? Certainly not the male of the pair. And here is how the note goes on: "Visitor then flew away; hen went back to nest; suddenly, with a deep core, up comes the mate of the pair; hen, with an eager car, hops on to edge of nest, and, with open beak and flapping wings, begs for food, and her mate feeds her !" Now what had happened? Obviously the hen had been fed by two birds within three minutes. The first she had received at the point of the beak, but without uttering a sound (this silent attack of the hen, inconceivably rapid, too, is always disastrous to inquisitive strangers, some of them being actually knocked off their perch by her swift and unexpected attack), but eventually she accepted his food. Her own mate she received as usual with a joyous cry, and at once asked for food. Take another incident: "All four birds together; the idiots courting or wrestling with unbreakable twigs, the outsider perched a few feet above nest eyeing the sitting hen; suddenly and without any warning her mate flies at him and sends him about his business; then goes off himself; the idiots fol-low; hen now alone; back comes a bird and proceeds to feed her; all of a sudden a third bird descends upon them while in the act of exchanging food; there is a great scrimmage for half a second, both apparently feeding her at once, and then one bird flies away; the other follows, and this is the mate." Now, who was the third bird? Was it the mate arriving just in the nick of time to catch his wife taking food from another male? Such, and there are a score of them on my notes, were the observations upon which I theorized, and not, perhaps, altogether without some justification.

But one morning, when watching as usual, I saw something happen. It was the key to the whole problem, and gave me a lesson as to the difficulty of certainty in facts of natural history that, at my time of life, I little expected to have to learn. My note book records as follows: "Wednesday 6th, 7.30 A.M. Hen sitting; her mate arrives; feeds her; she flies away; idiot hen, sitting in adjoining tree, goes to

nest and sits; mate of the pair flies away; idiot hen left in possession." Two hens incubating! "Twenty minutes later male of pair returns; feeds sitting bird and flies away; twenty minutes later hen of pair comes back and takes the place of the other hen on the nest; the latter flies away. rect all previous notes by above." Here was a lesson in observation indeed. One single straightforward occurrence explained away the whole of a month's note-taking! But if I had lost one "discovery," I had made another. Rooks might not be polygamous, but two hens were incubating the same clutch of eggs, and two husbands were feeding the bird that happened to be sitting at the time indifferently. So much for my suspicions of the fidelity of rooks.

But why did she repulse the other male eight times before she accepted his food? Doubtless because it was his first time of feeding her, and she required to be pressed very hard to do so before she would take food from a stranger's beak. Delightful rook! And wherefore the scrimmage on the other occasion? Simply because the second comer, the real mate, wanted to feed first. What more natural? However, the fact is established that hen rooks combine for incubation, and their mates for feeding the sitting birds, and it is a fact, I venture to think, of considerable interest.

Now, extraordinary as it may seem at first, this community of interests ceases when the young are hatched, and the pair, when they most need help, are then left alone. But, after all, the explanation suggests itself. If two birds continued to divide a mother's duties between them after the brood was hatched, the young birds' ideas as to relationship, discipline, and all the duties of life would be disastrously confused.

And here I found that for the first six days after they are hatched the young are fed by the mother alone. The male brings the food from the field and feeds the mother. She retains the food for awhile and then transfers it to the young, the food being thus doubly peptonized. After the first week or so the father feeds the young direct as

well as the mother, who now joins him afield, but only for very short intervals. And with regard to this a very interesting fact became apparent. The young, when the father approaches with his gruff croak, never utter a sound, even though he perches on the nest with food. But the coming of the mother, even though she is silent, is the signal for clamorous joy. I think this a very pretty touch. It arises, of course, from their first experiences, when the coming of the father meant nothing to them directly, but the return of the mother to them meant food. And so to the end they receive the one with silence, it may be with mistrust, "even though bringing gifts," but the other always with rejoicing confidence.

In the return of the parents to the nest I was witness on several occasions of a beautiful sagacity on the part of the old birds. Passing rooks, sceing a nest, would sometimes loiter about the grove. Both parents are away, but on the instant they become aware of the loiterers, and, should the latter settle, they are at once flying at panic speed homeward. One flies high in mid-air, the other skims the meadow-grass, and as they reach the grove, the latter shoots swiftly up the side of the trees, almost perpendicularly, and, totally unsuspected, dashes in like a fury through the side boughs upon the intruders, who, utterly "flummoxed" by this attack from beneath, rise into the air in confusion just in time to meet the onslaught of the other bird. It is a splendid piece of concerted tactics, and, as it deserves to be, invariably successful.

While she is sitting the reception given by the hen to passers-by, or visitors, seems very capricious, but no doubt the bird understands much better than we do the manner of rook it is that she is addressing. For instance, a most inoffensive-looking fowl comes flying overhead, and says "quah" to her as he passes, when out she darts, and turns his slow march into double-quick. The next minute another rook, for all the world the exact facsimile of its predecessor, flies by and says "quah" to her, and she never budges from her eggs. Sometimes she will let a single stranger even stop upon the next tree

without any outward and visible sign of protest, and a little later she comes hurtling out of her citadel like a bird demented at a party of pilgrims who have apparently no intention whatever of stopping! But, after all, it is not for "the likes of us" to lay down rules for rooks.

The language of the rook is curiously self-explanatory, almost humanly intelligible. When the father returns with his crop full of food, and something in his beak hesides, he can only croak in a thick mouth-full way, and he perches. She at once assails him with importunate clamor—car! car! car ! crouching like a fledgling, and with open upturned beak and quickflapping wings, begging for what he has brought. His behavior is human to the point of absurdity. He has brought the food home for her, and for her alone. But do you think he is going to give it her, even though retaining it gives him great discomfort. simply because she asks for it? Not His coming home full of provisions is not to be taken every time as a mere matter of course. He wants to have a fuss made about it first, and to impress upon her what a good, kind, provident husband she has got, and so, with his crop full of wire-worms and vegetable oddments, and a cockchafer in his beak, he hops about from one point to another, making the hen follow him as best she can, flapping and screaming and begging at the top of her voice. Sometimes he flies away without giving her anything, and circles in the air, the hen following him, and clamoring loudly all the time. On occasion he even alights, and feeds her on the ground. Once I saw him go several times round a ten-acre paddock, so closely followed by the hen that their wings kept striking together, before he let her have what he had ex-Isn't pressly brought home for her. this all funny?

What usually happened was this. He would come home with a gruff "Here I am," and up she would scramble, and begin crying at once, "Give it me; give it me." And then he would look as solemn as a savings bank that knew it was full of good things but was not going to part with any of them.

And while she importuned him he would state straight ahead, as if he had only come home to think, saying every now and then, "Stuff and nonsense. But she wouldn't be denied, and in the end, with much gurgling and choking, the transfer is effected. But this does not satisfy her; she has a suspicion that he is keeping something back. Isn't there something more in the other pocket? And he keeps sidling away from her with a "Don't make a fool of yourself;" but the hen, scrambling after him, cries, "Give it me; give it me." "Oh, bother!" says he, preparing to fly, and "Give it me; give it me" goes on the importunate hen. "Then I'm off," quoth he, and as he rises she stops in the very middle of a "give it-" and begins to preen herself! And, as she does so, she interjects remarks in an explanatory soliloquy, "Just as well to get all I could;" ruffles herself up, and adds, " No harm in asking, anyhow;" scratches her head vehemently, "Believe he kept something back all the same," then hops meditatively back to her nest, and settles down with a pretty liquid note "kiloop," translatable by—"so far good."

I soon translated the rooks' vocabu-They have few words, but their meanings alter according to the intona-The matter-of-fact affirmative core of the male as he comes flapping homeward at his ease becomes lordand-masterful when he is at home; changes to the interrogative when he espies another rook in the sky, to a note of urgent warning as he catches sight of a human being near the nest, to the gravity of remonstrance and reproof when bothered by his wife. But it is always "core," though with varying pronunciation. The hen says car," and whatever the emotion of the moment may be that prompts variation of accent, the word is still "car." But when with her mate she has a confidential cul-cul-cul-cul like the sound of water bubbling in a hurry out of a small-necked bottle, and on occasion she uses the liquid note kiloop already mentioned. This is expressive of complete happiness, and, however boisterous or emotional the preceding incident has been, she closes it, if settled to her

satisfaction, with a quiet "kiloop." Sometimes she utters it on the wing when flying with her mate. In addition there is the quah, the commonplace of formal salutation, the "howd'ye-do" of the rooks, the "ka-wah" of conflict or hostile pursuit, a dissyllable capable of many inflections, the croak and krahk of the homeward flight at sunset, curiously expressive of wishing they were in bed, and "Come along; don't waste time." These last are the words with which, as Bunyan says of the pilgrims, they "feel for each other in the dark," and keep their company safely together, and so as not to get out of the habit they always, even when it is light, keep in touch with one another by constant ejacula-And there is one note more to which I must refer—the curious "creak" of the rook. Coleridge speaks of the birds flying "creaking" overhead, and elsewhere I have read in a commentary on the poet's lines the phrase, the rook's "wicker" wings, an excellent expression—if the creaking had been made by the wings. I confess that I have myself always thought that it was the wing that creaked, but during my observation I repeatedly heard the noise when the birds were sitting motionless.

The rook's household is awake before sunrise, and the father spends most of the day in searching for food and in journeys to and from the nest. Twice a day, at least, he remains on sentry over the eggs, while the hen goes abroad "to stretch her legs," but I have only once seen him actually sit down upon them, though I notice that Seebohm quotes eye witnesses for the fact that he does so. My rook certainly did not, and on three occasions only did I see him go inside the nest at all, and then, though he may have been keeping the eggs warm, he was very busy with his beak all the time, arranging the eggs apparently, and doing some odd jobs about the floor and sides of the nest. When returning to relieve the hen he flies up to the nest with "It's only me, my dear," and sits down and says gruffly, "Now go and have a fly." Out she tumbles with a shrill car of "all right," and shoots down like an arrow into the paddock.

He gets on to the edge of the nest and fusses about, or if a stranger passes jousts with him in mid-air. In less than a minute she is back with an "all right?" "All right!" he replies, and then she waddles into the nest and he flies off. Several times, too, during the month I saw the male drive the hen out of the nest rudely. She complained, but as soon as she was out set to work at an elaborate toilette. This points to an instinctive appreciation of compulsory sanitation. When she has quite finished she pops back into the nest with a sharp, "Now get out!" and settles down. Satisfied that everything is now all right for a while the male spreads his broad wings and sails off.

Every now and again the male takes a rest in the tree, perching near the nest and keeping up the most vigilant scrutiny of the ground below, of the trees around and the sky above, his head perpetually moving as this, that, or the other attracts his attention. The longest period I have known him to remain thus was two hours, the fact being, I fancy, that "some one with a gun" was afield. But I am inclined to think, from watching them, that the male is given to sound the alarm without always having sufficient cause for it, and that the hen has found out that he need not always be taken very seriously. Perhaps he will espy a laborer crossing the field, and he is up at once, shouting, Fire, Thieves, Murder, Help! The hen slips quietly off the nest, joining him where he is wheeling above the tree-tops and crying, Begone, Be off, Avaunt! to the assassin, bandit, or ghoul his uncommon vigilance has discovered; and on seeing the inadequate cause of his immoderate conduct, she remarks dryly, "That all !" and returns to her eggs. Sometimes the male visits the nest just to see apparently that all is well, or to make some mysterious confidential communication. At any rate I have seen him fly silently on to the nest, give his wife a tap with his beak, as much as to say, "Just come up here, I want to tell you something," and when she has complied with his request and is by his side he finds that he has nothing more to say, and flies off, leaving the hen to go back pensively to her eggs.

I have frequently referred to the silence of the rooks' comings and goings, and considering how noisy a rookery is the expression may require explanation. But it is a fact that the rook is singularly stealthy, appearing at the nest so spectrally and vanishing so suddenly that I found it very difficult to follow its movements. While building they scarcely ever exchanged a remark, and it was only under excitement that they became clamorous.

The hen's life was a very monotonous one, for from the day that she began to sit until the young were about ten days old she virtually never had any change of scene. Though relieved by the female idiot it was only for very short intervals, while the exercise which she took daily under her husband's directions was of the most perfunctory The comings and goings of her mate, whom she often flew out to meet, and the hunting away of passers-by were the only excitements of her day. Except on one occasion. That was when the fracas took place in an adjoining spinney, and she heard her mate in angry altercation. Up popped her head; she listened for a second and then was gone. A minute later both came back, very full of conversation, and long after she had settled back to her duties, he sat swinging on the tip of the tree making what I should say were uncomplimentary remarks about certain other rooks and recovering his own composure.

Whether the male slept at home or not I could not be certain, but, strange as it may seem, I think he went to the nearest rookery to roost. At any rate, on two nights, after seeing him leave the tree at about six o'clock and fly due east in the direction of the rookery, instead of southwest, where his journeys for food always took him, he never came back. For, at intervals, up to half-past nine, I went out and made demonstrations on the open space before the tree, always taking a gun with Had he been there he would certainly have announced his presence. But there was no sign of him. So I take it he slept at the rookery, keeping open, as it were, his rights to a roosting-place among the community, which his family would by-and-by require and of which they are now availing themselves. But the loneliness of the hen bird, hers the only nest within half a mile, must have been very trying, especially during the stormy nights that followed her commencing to sit, when the tall, lithe beech-tree whipped its neighbors to right and left under the fury of the gale, and bent its head so low that if there had been young birds in the nest they must surely have fallen out. I fully expected in the morning to have found the nest gone, but its foundation had been well and truly laid, and there it was, as compact as ever.

After the eggs are hatched she is not so jealously on guard, often leaving the nest to perch close by, and when the young are about ten days old she confidently goes away to feed. Strangers pay inexplicable visits to the nursery, keeping respectfully distant, and are no longer molested as dangerous. Is it conceivable that these can be visits of congratulation? They are certainly meant and accepted in a friendly spirit, and, remembering the extreme sociability of a rookery (after the eggs are hatched), it is really no absurd stretch of the imagination to suppose that a kindly curiosity tempts the passers-by to step in and look at the isolated family. During such a visit I have seen both parents fly away, leaving their young at the mercy of the visitors.

At first the voice of the nestlings is a mere feeble exclamation, resembling no note; but in a few days it is very like the jackdaw's, rapidly develops into a caw, and before they fly the difference of sex by the voice can be distinctly distinguished.

While their parents are absent they awake periodically, clamor, and fall asleep again; but the first sound of the mother's voice, and she always calls out to them that she is coming, arouses every little inmate of the nest. Of the father they take no notice. I have seen him come to the nest, and, finding the mother away, rise high into the air, circling round and round. Then he settled, and carefully scrutinized the shrubbery below. Satisfied that she was nowhere near, and tired of waiting, he went up to the nest and fed the brood. And all this time they never

said a word. The father then sat down to wait, and it was, I thought, a charming incident that as soon as her distant "car" was heard, every little voice was uplifted in a chorus of joy. After they were about a week old they were often left alone—the severity of the weather may have been the cause of this—and only the mother came back with food. The male had, no doubt, given her in the field his contribution toward the household, and she returned to the nest with the result of their joint labors in the iron-bound and sun cracked soil. What a toil it must have been! But the youngsters were well fed, and just a month after they were hatched they found their wings strong enough to leave their birthplace.

There were only three of them—and no addled eggs in the nest—so that the supplementary incubation by the second hen might really have been an amiable concession on the part of the mother to the maternal cravings of a barren bird, rather than the expression of any necessity for such co-operation. The idiot—as I have called her throughout-had, perhaps, when she lost her first mate, been compelled by hunger to leave to their fate a nestful of hardset eggs, and though she and her second companion could not resist the springtime instinct of twig-collecting and the formalities of courtship, they neither of them really had any serious hopes of "keeping house" themselves. So they did the next best thing and helped their friends to keep theirs. And it is very curious that both the males should to the last, until, that is, the eggs were hatched, have considered that the auxiliary hen was deserving of as much attention as the mother. Though she was never on the nest for many minutes at a time she was regularly fed by them. Her mate made no pretensions of any part-proprietary rights in the nest, and beyond helping to feed the hens, never gave himself any airs as to the husband of the "understudy." In fact, he consented to be snubbed. But the hearts of the idiots, as I have had to call them, were in the right place, and they did their duty by their neighbors.

On the last day of May two of the young birds flew from the nest, and

the third one took flight on June 1. I was standing, watching it restlessly skipping from nest to branch and from branch to nest, the father sitting cawing overhead, when suddenly, as if at some preconcerted signal, both flew away together. I went quickly to an opening between the trees and watched their flight. The father was making for a poplar on the other side of the meadow, about 200 yards away, and the young bird, flapping vigorously but irregularly, was following bravely. But the distance was too great, and just as the father reached the tree and curved upward in his flight to settle on it, his offspring gave up the struggle, and slanted down, with outstretched wings still beating, into the tall grass. And for hours afterward the parents were calling to the youngster to get up and That he did so eventually try again. and succeeded I know, for I saw all three young rooks, next day, perched in a row upon the poplar; and, later on, the old pair came back for a last look, for many months, at their nest, and, with a slow, subdued flight, circled once or twice over the beech-tree, and then, the rites performed, sailed off sliding down on the wind to where their young ones sat, with an air of placid self-content, as became a reputable pair of rooks who had brought up a family decently and launched them respectably upon the world.

P. S. -I have had the nest examined and the materials are only wood, moss, and grass. There is no "lining of mud or turf." In spite of the extreme drought of the weather the rooks, if they had wanted mud, could have found plenty in the pond, at the bottom of the paddock, which their nest-tree overlooks, and at which they drank; and I am therefore inclined to believe that "mud and turf" are not essentials to a rook's nest. Owing to faulty architecture the young must have had a narrow escape from a tragic end, as it was found that the side on which they perched had completely given way, and the nest was on such a slope that it was impossible for them to sit in it. All the thin twigs had been put into one side, all the thick into the other.

-- Contemporary Review.

## JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

#### BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

More than three years have come and gone since, among April blossoms, an English Master in the literature of Italy was laid in his premature grave, within that most pathetic and most sacred spot of Rome where lie so many famous Englishmen. "They gave us," wrote his daughter in a beautiful record of the last scene, "they gave us a little piece of ground close to the spot where Shelley lies buried. In all the world there surely is no place more penetrated with the powers of poetry and natural beauty." All travellers know how true is this: few spots on earth possess so weird a power over the imagination. It is described by Horatio Brown in the volume from which I have been quoting,\* "the grave is within a pace of Trelawny's and a handtouch of Shelley's Cor Cordium, in the embrasure of the ancient city walls." Fit resting-place for one who of all the men of our generation best knew, loved, and understood the Italian genius in literature!

There are not wanting signs that the reputation of J. Addington Symonds had been growing apace in his latest years; it has been growing since his too early death, and I venture a confident belief that it is yet destined to grow. His later work is to my mind far stronger, richer, and more permanent than his earlier work-excellent as is almost all his prose. Even the learning and brilliancy of the Renaissance in Italy do not impress me with the same sense of his powers as his Benvenuto Cellini, his Michelangelo, his last two volumes of Essays, Speculative and Suggestive (1890), and some passages in the posthumous Autobiography embodied in the Life by H. F. Brown. For grasp of thought, directness, sureness of judgment, the Essays of 1890 seem to me the most solid things that Symonds has left. He grew immensely after middle age in

force, simplicity, depth of interest and of insight. He pruned his early exuberance; he boldly grasped the great problems of life and thought; he spoke forth his mind with a noble courage and signal frankness. He was lost to us too early: he died at fifty two, after a life of incessant suffering, constantly on the brink of death, a life maintained, in spite of all trials, with heroic constancy and tenacity of purpose. And as we look back now we may wonder that his barely twenty years of labor under such cruel obstacles produced so much. For I reckon some forty works of his, great and small, including at least some ten important books of prose in some twenty solid That is a great achievement volumes. for one who was a permanent invalid and was cut off before old age.

The publication of the Life by his friend H. F. Brown, embodying his own Autobiography and his Letters, has now revealed to the public what even his friends only partly understood, how stern a battle for life was waged by Symonds from his childhood. His inherited delicacy of constitution drove him to pass the larger part of his life abroad, and at last compelled him to make his home in an Alpine retreat. The pathetic motto and preface he prefixed to his Essays (1890) shows how deeply he felt his compalsory exileεύρετικον είναι φισι την ερημίαν—" solitude," they say, "favors the search after truth"—" The Essays," he declares, "written in the isolation of this Alpine retreat (Davos-Platz, 1890), express the opinions and surmisings of one who long has watched in solitude, 'as from a ruined tower,' the world of thought, and circumstance, and action." And he goes on to speak of his prolonged seclusion from populous cities and the society of intellectual equals"—a seclusion which lasted, with some interruptions, for more than fifteen years. And during a large part of his life of active literary production, a period of scarcely more than twenty years, he was continually incapacitated

<sup>\*</sup> John Addington Symonds: a Biography. By Horatio F. Brown. With portraits and other illustrations, in two vols. 8vo. London, 1895.

by pain and physical prostration, as we now may learn from his Autobiography and Letters. They give us a fine picture of intellectual energy overcoming bodily distress. How few of the readers who delighted in his sketches of the columbines and asphodels on the Monte Generoso, and the vision, of the Propylea in moonlight, understood the physical strain on him whose spirit bounded at these sights and who painted them for us with so radiant a palette.

Symonds, I have said, grew and deepened immensely in his later years, and it was only perhaps in the very last decade of his life that he reached the His beaufull maturity of his powers. tiful style, which was in early years somewhat too luscious, too continuously florid, too redolent of the elaborated and glorified prize essay, grew stronger, simpler, more direct, in his later pieces, though to the last it had still some savor of the fastidious literary recluse. In the Catholic Reaction (1886), in the Essays (1890), in the posthumous Autobiography (begun in 1889), he grapples with the central problems of modern society and philosophic thought, and has left the somewhat dilettante tourist of the Cornice and Ravenna far, far behind him. As a matter of style, I hold the Benvenuto Cellini (of 1888) to be a masterpiece of skilful use of language: so that the inimitable Memoirs of the immortal vagabond read to us now like an original of Smollett. It is far the most popular of Symonds's books, in large part no doubt from the nature of the work, but it is in form the most racy of all his pieces; and the last thing that any one could find in it would be any suggestion of academic euphuism. Had Symonds from the first written with that verve and mother-wit, his readers doubtless would have been trebled.

It has been an obstacle to the recognition of Symonds's great merits that until well past middle life he was known to the public only by descriptive and critical essays in detached pieces, and these addressed mainly to a scholarly and travelled few, while the nervous and learned works of his more glowing autumn came toward the end of his life on a public rather satiated by

exquisite analysis of landscapes and of poems. Even now, it may be said, the larger public are not yet familiar with his exhaustive work on Michelangelo, his latest Essays, and his Autobiography and Letters. In these we see that to a vast knowledge of Italian literature and art, Symonds united a judgment of consummate justice and balance, a courageous spirit, and a mind of rare sincerity and acumen.

His work, with all its volume in the whole, is strictly confined within its chosen fields. It concerns Greek poetry, the scenery of Italy and Greece, Italian literature and art, translations of Greek and Italian poetry, volumes of lyrics, critical studies of some English poets, essays in philosophy and the principles of art and style. This in itself is a considerable field, but it includes no other part of ancient or modern literature, no history but that of the Renaissance, no trace of interest in social, political, or scientific problems. In the pathetic preface of 1890 Symonds himself seems fully to recognize how much he was used to survey the world of things from a solitary peak. work then is essentially, in a degree peculiar for our times, the work of a student, looking at things through books, from the point of view of literature, and for a literary end – ου πραξις αλλά γνῶσις is his motto. And this gospel is always and of necessity addressed to the few rather than to the

### I. CRITICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS.

Until Symonds was well past the age of thirty-five—nel mezzo del cammin he was known only by his very graceful pictures of Italy and his most scholarly analysis of Greek poetry. I have long been wont to regard his two series of The Greek Poets (1873, 1876) as the classical and authoritative estimate of this magnificent literature. studies seem to me entirely right, convincing, and illuminating. There is little more to be said on the subject; and there is hardly a point missed or a judgment to be reversed. He can hardly even be said to have over-rated or under-rated any important name. And this is the more remarkable in

that Symonds ranges over Greek poetry throughout all the thirteen centuries which separate the *Iliad* from *Hero and Leander*; and he is just as lucidly judicial whether he deals with Hesiod, Empedocles, Æschylus, or Menander.

Symonds was certainly far more widely and profoundly versed in Greek poetry than any Englishman who in our day has analyzed it for the general reader. And it is plain that no scholar of his eminence has been master of a style so fascinating and eloquent. He has the art of making the Greek poets live to our eyes as if we saw in pictures the scenes they sing. A fine example of this power is in the admirable essay on Pindar in the first series, when he describes the festival of Olympia as Pindar saw it. And we who have been trying to get up a thrill over the gatemoney "sports" in the Stadium of Athens may turn to Symonds's description of the Olympic games of old-"a festival in the fullest sense of the word popular, but at the same time consecrated by religion, dignified by patriotic pride, adorned with Art." he gives us a vivid sketch of the scene in the blaze of summer, with the trains of pilgrims and deputies, ambassadors and athletes, sages, historians, poets, painters, sculptors, wits and statesmen -all thronging into the temple of Zeus to bow before the chryselephantine masterpiece of Pheidias.

These very fine critical estimates of the Greek poets would no doubt have had a far wider audience had they been from the first more organically arranged, less full of Greek citations and remarks intelligible only to scholars. As it is, they are studies in no order, chronological or analytic; for Theocritus and the Anthologies come in the first series, and Homer and Æschylus in the second. The style too, if always eloquent and picturesque, is rather too continuously picturesque and eloquent. Sostenuto con tenerezza—is a delightful variety in a sonata, but we also crave a scherzo, and adagio and prestissimo passages. Now, Symonds, who continually delights us with fine images and fascinating color, is too fond of satiating us with images and with color, till we long for a space of quiet reflection and neutral good sense. And

not only are the images too constant, too crowded, and too luscious—though, it must be said, they are never incongruous or commonplace—but some of the very noblest images are apt to falter under their own weight of ornament.

Here is an instance from his *Pindar*—a grand image, perhaps a little too laboriously colored:

He who has watched a sunset attended by the passing of a thunderstorm in the outskirts of the Alps, who has seen the distant ranges of the mountains alternately obscured by cloud and blazing with the concentrated brightness of the sinking sun, while drifting scuds of hail and rain, tawny with sunlight, glistening with broken rainbows, clothe peak and precipice and forest in the golden veil of flame-irradiated vapor—who has heard the thunder bellow in the thwarting folds of hills, and watched the lightning, like a snake's tongue, flicker at intervals amid g'oom and glory—knows in Nature's language what Pindar teaches with the voice of Art.

And, not content with this magnificent and very just simile, Symonds goes on to tell us how Pindar "combines the strong flight of the eagle, the irresistible force of the torrent, the richness of Greek wine, the majestic pageantry of Nature in one of her sublimer moods." This is too much: we feel that, if the metaphors are not getting mixed, they form a draught too rich for us to quaft.

Symonds has, however, an excellent justification to offer for this pompous outburst, that he was anxious to give us a vivid sense of Pindar's own "tumidity—an overblown exaggeration of phrase," for "Pindar uses images like precious stones, setting them together in a mass, without caring to sort them, so long as they produce a gorgeous show." We all know how dangerous a model the great lyrist may become—

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea Nititur pinnis, vitreo daturus Nomina ponto.

Symonds sought to show us something of Pindar's "fiery flight, the torrent-fulness, the intoxicating charm" of his odes: and so he himself in his enthusiasm "fervet, immensusque ruit profundo ore."

Whenever Symonds is deeply stirred

with the nobler types of Greek poetry, this dithyrambic mood comes on him, and he gives full voice to the god within. Here is a splendid symphony called forth by the Trilogy of Æschylne.

. There is, in the Agamemnon, an oppressive sense of multitudinous crimes, of sins gathering and swelling to produce a tempest. air we breathe is loaded with them. No escape is possible. The marshalled thunderclouds roll ever onward, nearer and more near, and far more swiftly than the foot can flee. At last the accumulated storm bursts in the murder of Agamemnon, the majestic and unconscious victim, felled like a steer at the stall; in the murder of Cassandra, who foresees her fate, and goes to meet it with the shrinking of some dumb creature, and with the helplessness of one who knows that doom may not be shunned; in the lightning flash of Clytennestra's arrogance, who hitherto has been a glittering hypocrite, but now proclaims herself a fiend incarnate. As the Chorus cries, the rain of blood, that hitherto has fallen drop by drop, descends in torrents on the house of Atreus: but the end is not yet. The whole tragedy becomes yet more sinister when we regard it as the prelude to ensuing tragedies, as the overture to fresh symphonics and similar catastrophes. Wave after wave of passion gathers and breaks in these stupendous scenes; the ninth wave mightier than all, with a crest whereof the spray is blood, falls foaming; over the outspread surf of gore and ruin the curtain drops, to rise upon the self-same theatre of new woes.

This unquestionably powerful picture of the Agamemnon opens with a grand trumpet-burst that Ruskin might envy -" an oppressive sense of multitudinous crimes"-" the air we breathe is loaded with them"-" Agamemnon, the majestic and unconscious victim, felled like a steer at the stall"-Cassandra with the shrinking of some dumb creature—Clytemnestra, the glittering hypocrite, the fiend incarnate. Down to this point the passage is a piece of noble English, and a true analysis of the greatest of pure tragedies. But when we come to the rain of blood, the waves with their spray of blood, the "outspread surf of gore," we begin to feel exhausted and satiated with horror, and the whole terrific paragraph ends in something perilously near bathos. I have cited this passage as a characteristic example of Symonds in his splendid powers and his besetting weakness-his mastery of the very heart of Greek poetry, and his proneness to redundancy of ornament; his anxiety to paint the lily and to gild the refined gold of his own pure and very graceful English.

I have always enjoyed the Sketches in Italy and Greece (1874) and the Sketches and Studies in Italy (1879) as delightful reminiscences of some of the loveliest scenes on earth. They record the thoughts of one who was at once scholar, historian, poet, and painter painter, it is true, in words, but one who saw Italy and Athens as a painter does, or rather as he should do. The combination is very rare, and, to those who can follow the guidance, very fagcinating. The fusion of history and landscape is admirable: the Siena, the Perugia, the Palermo, Syracuse, Rimini, and Ravenna, with their stories of S. Catherine, the Baglioni, the Normans of Hauteville, Nicias and Demosthenes, the Malatesti, and the memories of the Pineta-are pictures that dwell in the thoughts of all who love these immortal spots, and should inspire all who do not know them with the thirst to do so. The Athens is quite an education in itself, and it makes one regret that it is the one sketch that Symonds has given us in Greece proper. To the cultured reader he is the ideal cicerone for Italy.

The very completeness and variety of the knowledge that Symonds has lav ished on these pictures of Italian cities may somewhat limit their popularity, for he appeals at once to such a combination of culture that many readers lose something of his ideas. Passages from Greek, Latin, and Italian abound in them; the history is never sacrificed to the landscape, nor the landscape to the poetry, nor the scholarship to the sunlight, the air, and the scents of flower or the sound of the waves and All is there: and in this the torrents. way they surpass those pictures of Italian scenes that we may read in Ruskin, George Eliot, or Professor Freeman. Freeman has not the poetry and color of Symonds; George Eliot has not his ease and grace, his fluidity of improvisation; and Ruskin, with all his genius for form and color, has no such immense and catholic grasp of history as a whole.

But it cannot be denied that these Sketches, like the Greek Poets, are too

continuously florid, too profusely colored, without simplicity and repose. The subjects admit of color, nay, they demand it; they justify enthusiasm, and suggest a luxurious wealth of sen-But their power and their popularity would have been greater if their style had more light and shade, if the prosaic foreground and background had been set down in jog-trot prose. The high-blooded barb that Symonds mounts never walks; he curvets, ambles, caracoles, and prances with unfailing elegance, but with somewhat too monotonous a consciousness of his own grace. And there is a rather more serious weakness. These beautiful sketches are pictures, descriptions of what can be seen, not records of what has been felt. Now, it is but a very limited field indeed within which words can describe scenery. The emotions that scenery suggests can be given us in verse or in prose. Byron perhaps could not paint word-pictures like Sym-But his emotions in a thunderonds. storm in the Alps, or as he gazes on the Silberhorn, his grand outburst—

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul! The orphans of the heart must turn to thee Lone Mother of dead Empires!

strike the imagination more than a thousand word-pictures. Ruskin's elaborate descriptions of Venice and Florence would not have touched us as they do, had he not made us feel all that Venice and Florence meant to him. This is the secret of Byron, of Goethe, even of Corinne and Transformation. But this secret Symonds never learned. He paints, he describes, he tells us all he knows and what he has read. He does not tell us what he has felt, so as to make us feel it to our bones. Yet such is the only possible form of reproducing the effect of a scene.

### II. ITALIAN LITERATURE AND ART.

It will, I think, be recognized by all, that no English writer of our time has equalled Symonds in knowledge of the entire range of Italian literature from Guido Cavalcanti to Leopardi, and none certainly has treated it with so copious and brilliant a pen. The seven octavo volumes on the Italian Renaissance occupied him for eleven years

NEW SERIEE-VOL. LXIV., No. 4.

(1875-1886); and besides these there are the two volumes on Michelangelo (1892), two volumes of Benvenuto Cellini (1888), a volume on Boccacc o (1894), and the Sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella (1878). And we must not forget the early essay on Dante (1872), and translations from Petrarch, Ariosto, Pulci, and many This constitutes an immen-e more. and permanent contribution to our knowledge, for it not only gives us a survey of Italian literature for its three grand centuries, but it presents such an ample analysis of the works reviewed that every reader can judge for himself how just and subtle are the judgments pronounced by the critic. The studies of Petrarch, Boccaccio, of the Humanists and Poliziano, of Michelaugelo, Lionardo, Cellini, Ariosto and Tasso, are particularly full and instructive. The whole series of estimates is ex-To see how complete it is, haustive. one need only compare it with the brief summaries and dry catalogues of such a book as Hallam's Literature of Eu-Hallam gives us notes on Italian literature: Symonds gives us biographies and synopses.

This exhaustive treatment brings its own Nemesis. The magic fountain of Symonds's learning and eloquence pours on till it threatens to become a We have almost more than we flood. need or can receive. We welcome all that he has to tell us about the origins of Italian poetry, about Boccaccio and contemporary Novelle, about the Orlando cycle and the pathetic story of And so, all that we learn of Machiavelli, Bruno, Campanella, Sarpi is exactly what we want, told us in exactly the way we enjoy. But our learned guide pours on with almost equal eloquence and detail into all the ramifications of the literature in its pedantry, its decadence, its affectation. And at last the most devoted reader begins to have enough of the copyists of Dante and Boccaccio, of the Hypnerotomachia and its brood, of Laude and Ballate, of Rispetti and Capitoli, and all the languishments and hermaphroditisms of Guarini, Berni, and Marino. Nearly four thousand pages charged with extracts and references make a great deal to muster; and the

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general reader may complain that they stoop to register so many conceits and so much filth.

In all that he has written on Italian Art, Symonds has shown ripe knowledge and consummate judgment. The second volume of his Italian Renaissance is wholly given to Art, but he treats it incidentally in many other volumes, in the works on Michelangelo and Cellini and in very many essays. His Michelangelo Buonarroti (1893) is a masterly production, going as it does to the root of the central problems of great art. And his estimate of Cellini is singularly discriminating and sound. His accounts of the origin of Renaissance architecture, of Lionardo, of Luini, of Correggio, and Giorgione are all essentially just and decisive. Indeed, in his elaborate survey of Italian art for three centuries from Nicolas of Pisa to Vasari, though few would venture to maintain that Symonds is always right, he would be a bold man who should try to prove that he was often wrong.

But this is very far from meaning that Symonds has said everything, or has said the last word. The most cursory reader must notice how great is the contrast between the view of Italian art taken by Symonds and that taken by Ruskin. Not that they differ so deeply in judging specific works of art or even particular artists. It is a profound divergence of beliefs on religion, philosophy, and history. That Revival of Paganism which is abomination to Ruskin is the subject of Symonds's commemoration, and even of his modified admiration. The whole subject is far too complex and too radical to be discussed here. For my own part I am not willing to forsake the lessons of either. Both have an intimate knowledge of Italian art and its history—Ruskin as a poet and painter of genius, Symonds as a scholar and historian of great learning and industry. Ruskin has passionate enthusiasm: Symonds has laborious impartiality, a cool judgment, and a catholic taste. Ruskin is an almost mediæval Christian: Symonds is a believer in science

and in evolution.

The contrast between the two, which is admirably illustrated by their differ-

ent modes of regarding Raffaelle at Michelangelo's Sistine Rome, and Chapel, is a fresh form of the old maxim—Both are right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. Ruskin's enthusiasm is lavished on the Catholic and chivalric nobleness of the thirteenth century; Symonds's enthusiasm is lavished on the humanity and the naturalism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We accept the gifts of both ages and we will not dispense with either. Ruskin denounced Neoclassicism and the Humanism of the Renaissance; Symonds denounced the superstition and inhumanity of Mediævalism. But Ruskin has shown us how unjust was Symonds to Catholicism, while Symonds has shown us how unjust was Ruskin to the Renaissance.

Let us thankfully accept the lessons of both these learned masters of litera-To Ruskin, the Renaisture and art. sance is a mere episode, and a kind of local plague. With Symonds it is the centre of a splendid return to Truth and Beauty. Ruskin's point of view is far the wider: Symonds's point of view is far the more systematic. Ruskin is thinking of the religion and the poetry of all the ages: Symonds is profoundly versed in the literature and art of a particular epoch in a single country. Ruskin knows nothing and wishes to know nothing of the masses of literature and history which Symonds has absorbed. Symonds, on the other hand, despises a creed which teaches such superstitions, and a Church which ends in such corruptions. Spiritually, perhaps, Ruskin's enthusiasms are the more important and the purer: philosophically and historically, Symonds's enthusiasms are the more scientific and the more rational. Both, in their way, are real. Let us correct the one by the other. The Renaissance was an indispensable progress in the evolution of Europe, and yet withal a moral depravation—full of immortal beauty, full also of infernal vileness, like the Sin of Milton at the gate of Hell.

The Renaissance in Italy (alas! why did he use this Frenchitied word in writing in English of an Italian movement, when some of us have been struggling for years past to assert the pure English form of Renascence?)—The

Renaissance in Italy is a very valuable and brilliant contribution to our literature, but it is not a complete book even yet, not an organic book, not a work of art. The volumes on Art and on Literature are in every way the best; but even in these the want of proportion is very manifest. Cellini, in Symonds, occupies nearly five times the space given to Raffaelle. Barely fifteen pages (admirable in themselves) are devoted to Lionardo, while a whole chapter is devoted to the late school of Bologna. It is the same with the Litcrature. Pietro Aretino is treated with the same scrupulous interest as Boc-The Hermaphrocaccio or Ariosto. ditus and the Adone are commemorated with as much care as the poems of Dante or Petrarch. A history of literature, no doubt, must take note of all popular books, however pedantic or obscene. But we are constantly reminded how very much Symonds is absorbed in purely literary interests rather than in social and truly historic inter-

The Renaissance in Italy, if regarded as a survey of the part given by one nation to the whole movement of the Renascence in Europe over some two centuries and a half, has one very serious lacuna and defect. In all these seven volumes there is hardly one word about the science of the Renascence. Now, the revival for the modern world of physical science from the state to which Science had been carried by Hippocrates, Aristotle, Archimedes, and Hipparchus in the ancient world was one of the greatest services of the Renascence—one of the greatest services ever conferred on mankind. And in this work Italy held a foremost part, if she did not absolutely lead the way. In Mathematics, Mechanics, Astronomy, Physics, Botany, Zoology, Medicine, and Surgery the Italians did much to prepare the ground for modern sci-Geometry, Algebra, Mechanics, ence. Anatomy, Geography, Jurisprudence, and General Philosophy owe very much to the Italian genius; but of these we find nothing in these seven crowded volumes. Symonds knows nothing whatever of the wonderful tale of the rise of modern Algebra—of Tartaglia and Cardan; nothing of the origins of

modern Geometry and Mechanics ; nothing of the school of Vesalius at Pavia, of Fallopius and Eustachius and the early Italian anatomists; nothing of Cæsalpinus and the early botanists; nothing of Lilio and the reformed Calendar of Pope Gregory; nothing of Alciati and the revival of Roman law. A whole chapter might have been bestowed on Lionardo as a man of science, and another on Galileo, whose physical discoveries began in the sixteenth century. And a few pages might have been saved for Christopher Columbus. And it is the more melancholy that the great work out of which these names are omitted has room for elaborate disquisitions on the Rifacimento of Orlando, and a perfect Newgate Calendar of Princes and Princesses, Borgias, Cencis, Orsinis, and Accorambonis. Symonds has given us some brilliant analyses of the Literature and Art of Italy during three centuries of the Renascence. But he has not given us its full meaning and value in science, in philosophy, or in history, for he has somewhat misunderstood both the Middle Ages which created the Renascence and the Revolution which it created in turn, nor has he fully grasped the relations of the Renascence to both.

#### III. POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

It is impossible to omit some notice of Symonds's poetry, because he labored at this art with such courage and perseverance, and has left so much to the world, besides, I am told, whole packets of verses in manuscript. He published some five or six volumes of verse, including his Prize Poem of 1860, and he continued to the last to write poems and translations. But he was not a poet: he knew it-" I have not the inevitable touch of the true poet"—he says very justly in his Autcbiography. Matthew Arnold told him that he obtained the Newdigate prize not for the style of his Escorialwhich, in its obvious fluency, is a quite typical prize poem-" but because it showed an intellectual grasp of the subject." That is exactly the truth about all Symonds's verses. They show a high intellectual grasp of the subject; but they have not the inevitable touch of the true poet.

These poems are very thoughtful, very graceful, very interesting, and often pathetic. They rank very high among the minor poetry of his time. They are full of taste, of ingenuity, of subtlety, nay, of beauty. There is hardly a single fault to be found in them, hardly a commonplace stanza, not one false note. And yet, as he said with his noble sincerity, he has scarcely written one great line—one line that we remember, and repeat, and linger over. He frankly recalls how "Vaughan at Harrow told me the truth when he said that my besetting sin was 'fatal facility.'" And at Balliol, he says, Jowett "chid me for ornaments and mannerisms of style."

Symonds's poetry is free from mannerisms, but it has that "fatal facility"-which no fine poetry can have. It is full of ornament—of really graceful ornament; but it sadly wants variety, fire, the incommunicable "form" of true poetry. The very quantity of it has perhaps marred his reputation, good as most of it is regarded as minor poetry. But does the world want minor poetry at all? The world does not, much less minor poetry mainly on the theme of death, waste, disappointment, and doubt. But to the cultured few who love scholarly verse packed close with the melancholy musings of a strong brain and a brave heart, to Symonds's own friends and contemporaries, these sonnets and lyrics will long continue to have charm and meaning. He said in the touching preface to Many Moods, 1878, dedicated to his friend, Roden Noel, who has now rejoined him in the great Kingdom, he trusted "that some moods of thought and feeling, not elsewhere expressed by me in print, may live within the memory of men like you, as part of me!" It was a legitimate hope: and it is not, and it will not be, unfulfilled.

The translations in verse are excellent. From translations in verse we hardly expect original poetry; and it must be doubted if any translation in verse can be at once accurate, literal, and poetic. Symonds was a born translator: his facility, his ingenuity, his scholarly insight, his command of language prompted him to give us a profusion of translations in verse, even in his prose writings. They are most of them as good as literal transcripts of a poem can be made. But they are not quite poetry. In Sappho's hymn to Aphrodite, Symonds's opening lines—

Star-throned, incorruptible Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, wile-weaving, I supplicate

are a most accurate rendering; but they do not give the melodious wail of—

> ποικιλόθγου', ἀθάνατ' 'Αφμόδιτα, παὶ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε.

The Sonnets of Michelangelo and of Campanella, 1878, is a most valuable contribution to Italian literature. These most powerful pieces had never been translated into English from the authentic text. They are abrupt, obscure, and subtle, and especially require the help of an expert. And in Symonds they found a consummate expert.

# IV. PHILOSOPHICAL AND RELIGIOUS SPECULATIONS.

It was not until a few years before his death that Symonds was known as a writer on subjects other than History, Literature, and Art. But in his fiftieth year he issued in two volumes his Essays, Speculative and Suggestive, These, as I have said, are written in a style more nervous and simple than his earlier studies; they deal with larger topics with greater seriousness and power. The essays on Evolution, on its Application to Literature and Art, on Principles of Criticism, on the Provinces and Relations of the Arts, are truly suggestive, as he claims them to be; and are wise, ingenious, and fertile. The Notes on Style, on the history of style, national style, personal style, are sound and interesting, if not very novel. And the same is true of what he has written of Expression, of Caricature, and of our Elizabethan and Victorian poetry.

The great value of Symonds's judgments about literature and art arises from his uniform combination of com-

prehensive learning with judicial tem-He is very rarely indeed betrayed into any form of extravagance either by passionate admiration or passionate disdain. And he hardly ever discusses any subject of which he has not a systematic and exhaustive knowledge. His judgment is far more under the control of his emotions than is that of Ruskin, and he has a wider and more erudite familiarity with the whole field of modern literature and art than had either Ruskin or Matthew Arnold. Indeed, we may fairly assume that none of his contemporaries has been so profoundly saturated at once with classical poetry, Italian and Elizabethan literature, and modern poetry, English. French, and German. Though Symonds had certainly not the literary charm of Ruskin, or Matthew Arnold, perhaps of one or two others among his contemporaries, he had no admitted superior as a critic in learning or in .judgment.

But that which I find most interesting—I venture to think most important—in these later essays, in the Autobiography and the Letters, is the frank and courageous handling of the eternal problems of Man and the Universe, Humanity and its Destiny, the relations between the individual and the environment. All these Symonds has treated with a clearness and force that some persons hardly expected from the loving critic of Sappho, Poliziano, and Cellini. For my own part I know few things more penetrating and suggestive in this field than the essays on the Philosophy of Evolution and its applications, the Nature Myths, Darwin's Thoughts about God, the Limits of Knowledge, and Notes on Theism. Symonds avows himself an Agnostic, rather tending toward Pantheism, in the mood of Goethe and of Darwin. his friend puts it truly enough in the Biography-" Essentially he desired the warmth of a personal God, intellectually he could conceive that God under human attributes only, and he found himself driven to say "No" to each human presentment of Him."

In his Essays and in the Autobiography Symonds has summed up his final beliefs, and it was right that on his gravestone they should inscribe his favorite lines of Cleanthes which he was never tired of citing, which he said must be the form of our prayers:

Lead Thou me, God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life! All names slike for Thee are vain and hollow,

But he separated himself from the professed Theists who assert "that God must be a Person, a righteous Judge, a loving Ruler, a Father" (the italics are his—" Notes on Theism": Essays, ii. p. 291). This is nearly the same as Matthew Arnold's famous phrase— "the stream of tendency by which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being"-or "the Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." And Matthew Arnold also could find no probable evidence for the belief that God is a Person. The reasoning of Symonds in these later essays is not wholly unlike that which leads Herbert Spencer to his idea of the Unknowable -" the Infinite and Eternal Energy by which all things are created and sustained." But Symonds's own belief tended rather more to a definite and moral activity of the Energy he could not define, and he was wont to group himself under Darwin rather than Spencer.

He had reflected upon Comte's conception of Humanity as the supreme Power of which we can predicate certain knowledge and personal relations; and in many of his later utterances Symonds approximates in general purpose to that conception. His practical religion is always summed up in his favorite motto from Goethe-" im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, resolut zu leben," or in the essentially Positivist maxim—τους ζωντας εὐ δρᾶν—do thy duty throughout this life. But it seems that the idea of Humanity had been early presented to him in its pontifical, not in its rational form. And a man who was forced to watch the busy world of men in solitude from afar was not likely to accept a practical religion of life for others—for Family, Country, and Humanity. It is possible that his eloquent relative who built in the clouds of Oxford Metaphysic so imposing a Nephelococcygia may have influenced him more than he knew. In any case, he sums up his "religious evolution"

thus (Biography, ii. 132): "Having rejected dogmatic Christianity in all its forms, Broad Church, Anglicanism, the Gospel of Comte, Hegel's superbidentification of human thought with essential Being, etc. . . . 1 came to fraternize with Goethe, Cleanthes, Whitman, Bruno, Darwin."

They who for years have delighted in those brilliant studies that Symonds poured forth on literature, art, criticism, and history should become familiar with the virile meditations he scattered through the Autobiography and Letters in the memoir compiled by Horatio Brown. They will see how steadily his power grew to the last both in thought and in form. His earlier form had undoubtedly tended to mannerism -not to euphuism or "preciosity" indeed-but to an excess of color and saccharine. As he said of another famous writer on the Renaissance, we feel sometimes in these Sketches as if we were lost in a plantation of sugarcane. But Symonds never was seriously a victim of the Circe of preciosity, she who turns her lovers into swineof that style which he said "has a peculiarly disagreeable effect on my nerves-like the presence of a civet cat." He was luscious, not precious. His early style had a sad tendency to Ruskinize. But at last he became virile and not luscious at all.

And that other defect of his work—its purely literary aspect—he learned

at last to develop into a definite social and moral philosophy. He was quite aware of his besetting fault. "The fault of my education as a preparation for literature was that it was exclusively literary" (Autobiography, i. 218). That no doubt is answerable for much of the shortcoming of his Renaissance, the exaggeration of mere scandalous pedantry, of frigid conceits, and entire omission of science. It is significant to read from one of Oxford's most brilliant sons a scathing denunciation of the superficial and mechanical "cram," which Oxford still persists in calling its "education" (Autobiography, i. 218).

It is a moving and inspiring tale is this story of the life of a typical and exemplary man of letters. Immense learning, heroic perseverance, frankness and honesty of temper, with the egoism incidental to all autobiographies and intimate letters, and in this case perhaps emphasized by a life of exile and disease, a long and cruel battle with inherited weakness of constitution, a bright spirit, an intellect alert, unbroken to the last. His friends will echo the words that Jowett wrote for his tomb:

Ave carissime!
Nemo te magis in corde amicos fovebat,
Nec in simplices et indoctos
Benevolentior erat.

-Nineteenth Century.

## THE CEMETERY OF THE LILIES.

BY M. H. DZIEWICKI.

In a little village near Le Puy (department of the Haute-Loire) there stands a house of considerable size, with large adjoining grounds, inhabited by Jesuit students of philosophy and scholastic theology. The house itself and the adjacent chapel are on a level with the highroad, which they face; but immediately behind the house and chapel the grounds rise, terrace above terrace, with a very steep acclivity, to more than twice the height of the two-storied building. Each terrace is a place of study, both healthful

and pleasant; for they are all planted with large trees, and the students walk about under the shade, looking over their philosophical and theological notes, taken in class. Especially do they frequent the terraces in summer, when preparing for the grand examinations, either separately or (when permission to speak has been obtained) by groups of two or three together. These walks also run to a certain distance to the left of the house, parallel with the highway. Just beneath the nearest of them is to be seen a large

cistern, filled by a stream that comes running down the hill and overflows into the meadow below: in summer it is used as a swimming-bath. And at the end of this nearest and lowest of the terraces is a door in a stone wall; if you open it, you can go into the Cemetery of the Lilies.

The ground slopes upward at an angle of forty five degrees, if not more. From the top downward, ever since the Jesuits came to live here, it has been gradually peopled, and the few graves of the first years have now become a Very simple graves, with multitude. only a cross, the name, and the date; laid out as flower-beds in almost all seasons of the year. In May especially the cemetery presents a unique appearance, on account of the great number of tall white lilies that bloom together there in pure rich loveliness, more than twenty on each grave. Possibly this blaze of white, this superabundance of one color, even though the most beautiful of all, may not quite satisfy a fastidious taste; but it has a symbolic meaning besides. There they stand, those lilies, in all their sublime purity and stateliness, undulating to and fro in the sweet-scented wind; bees go into their calices and come out, covered all over with golden pollen.

Forty years ago, only a low fence separated this cemetery from the neighboring lane that ran up the hill, narrow, deep-sunk, strewn with fragments of red volcanic tufa, as is the custom in this part of the country, where the abundance of cinders and scoriæ from the eruptions of extinct volcanoes renders muddy roads comparatively rare. But now a high stone wall has been built, and the passer-by can no longer see the radiant blaze of the cemetery. Our tale—a true one in its main features—takes us back to the time when the low fence was the only barrier between the burial-ground and the outer world.

It was a quarter-past seven in the morning; but the community had been up ever since four. Frère Gonthier, a young "Brother," belonging to the second class of the three-year course of philosophy—that most interesting year of all, when the vexed question of atoms v. matter and form puzzles the

mind, and all the demonstrations of the soul's immortality are criticised in turn—Frère Gonthier, having just finished breakfast, was watering some flowers in the cemetery, of which he had asked and obtained leave to become gardener. As yet there were only about forty graves, perhaps not so many. The space where the next Brother (or Father \*-who could tell?) would lie was vacant; but the students often came to look at it, saying to themselves, "Perhaps my place will be there;" all thinking that to die in the Society and be buried in its consecrated ground was "a consumnation devoutly to be wished." By some mistake a lily had been either planted or suffered to grow up on that spot. Gonthier, seeing how well it grew even on soil not laid out, had watered it carefully; and now it bloomed with the others. As he watered it this day, he looked at the ground, saying half-audibly to himself, "Something tells me that my turn will be next. I hope I am not wrong; the sooner the better." This was not necessarily a wicked outburst of despair. The young Jesuit is trained to meditate upon death so often that he is no longer afraid of it. He frequently during those meditations desires "to be dissolved," or at least thinks he does; for when the hour comes, though all are resigned, all are not desirous. In the abstract, at least, he considers death as a gain; after scorn and revilings and contumely for the name he bears, he hopes for a crown of life and ineffable glory. So it was not necessarily despair that made Frère Gonthier speak as he did; but was there not, in fact, something like despair in his wish? We shall see later. At all events, Rolriguez, the oracle of asceticism, says that it is lawful piously to wish for death, even were it only on account of the miseries of life; and if our Brother has felt these miseries very keenly, can we blame him for desiring them to come to an end?

Half-past seven struck. At eight o'clock the lesson is to begin. Frère Gonthier, who is very methodical, intends spending from 7.30 to 7.45, as he always does, in reading his Journal of

<sup>\*</sup> The title Father is reserved to priests.



the Novitiate, a diary in which he has noted down all his experiences concerning his progress in the "ways of the Spirit" during the two years of his probation; he will afterward, from 7.45 to 8, read over his philosophical notes, in order to prepare himself for But it is his established custom to examine his conscience every quarter of an hour. What has he done amiss while watering the plants? Has his mind strayed from thoughts of piety, of study, or of his actual occupation? Once, a flower has made him think of the home of his childhood. It was an idle thought, bringing no spiritual fruit: as such it should be avoided; and his subject of examination is Self-Concentration this week. So he pulls at his chapelet de conscience, a contrivance for noting down by means of beads the number of faults committed; for he will have to note down at noon in his book the sum-total of faults, comparing it for progress with the sum total of last night's examination before bedtime. All this he does on his way to his room, which he shares with a couple of other students, absent for the time. Its furniture is no richer than that of the ordinary rooms for students: whitewashed walls with a few pious engravings, three beds on iron bedsteads, three stands, three tables with a few books and a lamp, three chairs, three stools, a large stove, a bénitier—and nothing else. He kneels down, says a short prayer after having crossed himself with holy water, and takes his seat; we will look over his shoulder.

"June the 15th.—I went to see the master of the novices to-day. He questioned me very much about the Rules. I was happy to be able to say that, intentionally at least, I had broken none; no, nor have ever done since my entrance here. He then questioned me about my temptations. I had to tell the truth; as usual, I had none. This seemed to perplex him. I write down exactly (so far as I can recollect) what he said to me. 'Frère, I must tell you that your case is peculiar; I may say that in all my experience I have never met with one like yours before. You observe the strictest watch over your eyes; you keep all the Rules; your fraternal charity is a model to all your Brothers; much more, you have so little vanity that I can say all this to you without fear of doing you harm; and lastly, you have no temptations. I have tried you in every way, you have always stood the test well, and always said that you found no difficulty in standing it. Now, Frère, you are leaving the novitiate, but mark my words. Either you are a saint—a perfect man from the first day of your entrance, after that blow which rendered life in the world impossible to you—which is improbable to the last degree; or some day you will be assailed by some terrible temptation, all the more terrible because deferred. Therefore, be always on the look-out for it; never relax your vigilance. It may come upon you when you think yourself securest."

"That was about three years ago," said Frère Gonthier, sotto voce; "two years here, or not much less, and one Well, it has waited year in a college. a long time, and does not seem to be in a hurry to come now." He remained for a time plunged in thought; then, hearing the clock strike the three-quarters, he made a short "examination of conscience," as was his wont, and went out with his book of philosophical notes to look over some quotations in the library, and overhaul Aquinas, Goudin, Silvester Maurus, and Suarez. We shall not follow him there, but remain in his room, and commit the indiscretion of looking through his "Journal Spirituel," making such extracts therefrom as may be most interesting:

"July 27, 1841.—It appears that I am expected to write a diary: I am obedient. I saw Father Sabaudier, the master of the novices, to-day, and told him how, in the state of misery to which I am now reduced, I am determined either to go to Africa as a soldier and get killed by the Arabs or the climate, or else to become a Jesuit, and living, be like a dead man, - sicul cadaver. He answered that he understood my position well, and felt for me; but that the feeling of misery was not, taken by itself, a sufficient motive for entering the Society. I must see clearly that it is the best thing I can do, and offer myself, the Society reserving the right to accept or refuse me. So this evening I begin a Retreat, during which I am to see which of the two conditions that of a soldier or that of a Jesuit—it is better for me to choose."

"July 28.—The Father, besides the particular examination on the Rules of the Retreat, indispensable for success, has directed me not to think of Her. Well, I will not: for what use is my thinking? That is, I will try my best; but can I help thinking of a wound that rankles so fearfully? O Hélène! lost to me! lost to all! lost forever in this world! I will not think of you; and yet you will be present in every one of my thoughts, and words, and deeds, until my dying day; the mainspring of all my actions, and even the source of my vocation to a religious life!"

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Let us pass over a few pages, containing the abstract of his meditations, until we find him making his irrevocable choice.

"August 2.—Yes, I am quite calm. That is the proper state, Ignatius says, for making my 'election'; and I have elected poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus. I already feel as if I were dead to the world. Well, instead of killing men for the greater glory of France, I shall preach, give lessons, and hear confessions for the greater glory of God. That is better, much better—for my fellow-creatures; it is my duty to think of them. And as for dying soon, Father Sabaudier says that some missions are very unhealthy, and others perilous: I may ask to be sent there. It is no sin, he says. Men have the right to risk death in battle, or in seeking a fortune, or even in trying to get a living: how much more in spreading the truth among the heathen!"

Then follow the ordinary entries of the novitiate, monotonous by their sameness, and still more so by a certain lack of fervor or of that strife with difficulties that are overcome only by fervor. In Frère Gonthier's case there were no difficulties to overcome. He was never tempted to say a sharp word to any Brother; why should he be unkind? nor to laugh at trifles, as most novices do; where was the use of it? nor to eat more than was necessary; he was told not to think of what he ate, and he obeyed. One entry alone is worth transcribing; it comes much later, toward the end of the novitiate, and may give us a clew to his state of

"I saw the master to-day, and told him of a thought that struck me during the medita-tion this morning. I believe that only one thing could possibly be a danger for my vocation, and that thing is impossible unless a miracle takes place. If Hélène, my betrothed one, were to rise again from the dead! It was a wild thought; but I felt-and I told the Father so-that if it took place, I should not remain in the novitiate one day. He gently scolded me for making suppositions as to what I should do in the event of a practically impossible condition of things. 'If that should possible condition of things. ever happen,' said he, 'God would give you His grace; at present, not having that grace. you do not feel equal to bearing such a temptation against your vows. I knew, said he, Brother who was tortured for months, notwithstanding all I could say, at the thought of what he should do if commanded by holy obedience to eat a spider!'"

So Frère Gonthier, after the death of his intended wife, had entered the

Society of Jesus. After the novitiate he was sent for one year to the colleges, as a surveillant—a severe test of virtue, imposed as seldom as possible, on account of the great strain which the sudden and complete change from contemplative to most busy life produces: but here too he was faultless. Neither the hard toil of correcting the pupils' tasks, nor the worrying liveliness of the boys, nor the impatient vivacity of the other masters, ever wrought any alteration in his demeanor. His temper was not cheerful and not sad; it was serenely passionless. His patience was admirable; so were his activity and industry; so was his observation of the rule of silence, and the ease with which he spent the recreations without either lapsing into drollery, or falling into disputes, or affecting exaggerated piety. And yet when, on his coming to the scholasticate to begin his philosophical studies, he saw his former master of the novices, now a Père de Résidence, one of the first things that the latter said to him was: "I fear, mon frère, that you have not the spirit of the Society yet. This absence of all defects is ominous. I never heard of sanctity acquired without a struggle. Such a thing is inconceivable. You know the saying, 'Novices seem holy and are not; scholars neither seem nor are so; young Fathers are, but do not seem; Profess Fathers both seem and are.' I cannot place you in the last category so soon: you are yet on the threshold of the novitiate in my eyes."

Frère Gonthier listened to all this very quietly. Too quietly perhaps. And yet, why so? for holy indifference is the right thing after all. Only the question is whether this indifference was holy. During class, in the last quarter of an hour reserved for inquiries and objections, Frère Gonthier urged, in the most technical scholastic Latin, and with very cogent logic, the problem as to whether the system of atoms without size—mere mathematical points—could be upheld, seeing that all action at a distance is inadmissible, and that such atoms, if they touched each other, would coincide. Even the professor was embarrassed, and in the class public opinion henceforth swayed strongly toward other theories.

Frère Gonthier cared for none of those

things after all.

After class, he recollected that he had not watered all the flowers yet, and that the watering can still stood in the cemetery half full. When he had ended his self-imposed task, he found himself again standing near what was to be his future grave. What a beautiful lily that was growing out of it! so stately, so tall, so dazzlingly white in the splendor of the May sunbeams! The Brother felt something akin to interest, and passed his hand over the flower with a caressing touch, until he lightly grasped the stem. Just then a step was heard in the lane; he instinctively turned his head and looked that way. Now, those who are acquainted with the rules of the Jesuits will perhaps here find means to criticise my narrative. A model Brother, as I call him, and so unmindful of the Rules of modesty as to look curiously at a person walking up the lane? Highly improbable! It would indeed seem so at first sight. But we must not forget that Frère Gonthier had passed through the ordeal of college life, and that, for the fulfilment of the duties of a surveillant there, a quick eye that sees many things is required. The "modesty" of the novice—eyes cast down, fixed on the ground at two or three paces before you—can hardly continue to be practical at other times and in other situa-Still Frère Gonthier would, I admit, have done better if he had not given way to this first movement of curiosity. One glance. One only, and the passer-by was no longer to be seen. But the Brother's face had suddenly turned pale as death; he felt a great pain in his wildly palpitating heart, toward which all his blood had flowed; and, not knowing what he was doing, he clenched his hand and broke the stem of the beautiful lily that was in its grasp. For he had just seen pass. ing before him, dressed like a peasant girl, coarsely and poorly, the very image of the dead Hélène! as like to her as the reflection in a mirror is to that which is reflected. His first feeling of strong emotion, however, soon passed away; and then he heaved a deep sigh: "Nevermore, nevermore! What a strange likeness! Were she still alive, I myself should have been mistaken. . . . Ah, what have I done? Poor broken lily!' Poor indeed; for it looked a most piteous thing, hanging down wretchedly from its straight stalk. Frère Gonthier thought it would be best to open the ground and bury it out of sight, in that grave which he hoped soon to oc-

one looked into his account-book science, we should have found these words, written at noon: "Many faults to-day. Peculiar circumstances have awakened old memories, to which my mind cannot help going back." In the refectory, at dinner-time, he was, contrary to his custom, very absent. A Brother opposite him had not been provided with a spoon when the table was laid, and sat with his plate full of soup before him, stiff and stern and hungry, the odor of the savory dish ascending in vain to his nostrils; for it was recommended, as a rule calculated foster brotherly attention and thoughtfulness, never to order anything one's self until it was clear that no neighbor had noticed the deficiency. This time even Frère Gonthier, though very seldom inattentive, did not notice At length his patience was exhausted, and he struck three sharp blows upon his glass with his knife, bringing the refectory servant up at once to see what was wanting, and awakening Frère Gonthier from his reverie, rather ashamed of himself that such a thing could have happened. What numerous trains of old associations and honey-sweet memories had the sight of that face conjured up within his mind?

After dinner Fière Gonthier felt no great wish to spend the recreation with his Brothers. He was allowed to pass as much of his time as he liked in the garden; so, leaving the rest of the community to laugh and broach philosophical discussions, and relate anecdotes about college life—how one old surveillant found means to bring an unruly division under control, or how a most eloquent preacher had, when a teacher, totally failed in the management of his class—he said his Ave Maria, went into the cemetery, and

dug hard, keeping company with his own thoughts. It was his duty; and why should he not do his duty? A Brother came and offered to help him; the offer, I need not say, was declined He had not much to do. with thanks. and would probably very soon have finished. And they all said in recreation, "Ce bon frère! how zealously he labors, and what pains he takes with our beautiful little cemetery!" But the bon frère was so busy in his work that he totally forgot his customary examinations of conscience, and only remembered them with dismay at the end of the recreation, when the big bell rang. On leaving the place he felt, and he knew not why, depressed and miserable. He prepared himself for the class of physics in an absent way, took few notes, and asked no questions. strange torpor had seized upon him all at once. Was it really torpor, though? See how fast he walks to the cemetery as soon as class is over, without stopping to go down to the refectory and take some of the bread and wine that is served at goûter! Now he is busily at work, laying out a small garden somewhat below the burial-ground, but very near that part of the fence which commands a view of the lane. He has worked for a long time, but does not put his spade away yet. Now he hears steps approaching; some one is coming down the hill. And again he looks; this time not by a mere mechanical impulse, but with intense curiosity.

It is she! Those white and ruddy cheeks, that pure alabaster forehead, the bold pencilling of those arched eye-. brows, those brown laughing eyes, and full red pouting lips—a luxuriance of beauty run wild, strong, healthy, splendid, like the sunbeams on the waters they are the same, and yet not the same, as what he saw, with dry eyes and heart turned to stone, laid low in the grave, four years ago. She chanced to look up, and their eyes met; and he almost thought it extraordinary that the glance from those eyes showed no recognition: in that, and in that alone, was she unlike his lost Hélène. It was a hot day, but he still continued to work: a fit of feverish energy had seized him; as he went to and from the cistern, from and to the burial-

ground, filling and emptying the watering-can, the perspiration ran in streams down his cheeks. He wanted to subdue one sort of excitement by another, but it was in vain: his blood seemed all on fire. What he still took for harmless curiosity—a mere reminiscence of his dead fiancée—was so no longer. He knew that he ought not to have looked at the girl so attentively, and that he should have kept steadily to his examination subject—Self-Concentration; but he quieted his conscience by remembering that St. Ignatius would not have his Rules oblige under pain of sin, but of imperfection only. Imperfection only! And is that nothing, O Brother, and what powerful charm makes you hold it of so little account? You were not taught so.

He remembers, just in time, that he has to defend a philosophical thesis at a circulus (or sort of debating meeting) that very evening, and is not yet prepared. He will have to deal with a subtle opponent, well read in Aquinas. and clever in propounding unforeseen difficulties not to be found in any book. So he goes to the library and sets to work; but how differently from the quiet methodical work of the morning! The result may be guessed beforehand. His "thesis" is expounded and proved so feebly as to astonish both the students and the professor. Then, when the adversary, after his preliminary challenge "Contra tuam thesim . . . argumentor," begins to argue, Frère Gonthier gives a wrong distinction at the first syllogism, and gets wofully stuck in the mud, after two or three. "Our Frère is surely ill," think, at the close of the debate, all those intellectual epicures who expected to enjoy a "feast of reason," and have to go down disappointed to supper; "he never was in such bad form before." At the evening recreation some of the most pious tried to improve the occasion by observing how well and with what saintly indifference he received the humiliation—the greatest of all, in a scholastic's eyes—of being reduced to absolute and utter selfcontradiction. And some even went so far as to suspect him of having answered badly on purpose, by a refinement of humility; but Frère Gonthier

was known by what was supposed to be his quiet virtue, and nothing in that way would have astonished them from him.

The next morning, after an hour's meditation, during which he saw nothing but the face of the girl in the lane, he stood outside the Père Spirituel's door. He felt that he wanted help and guidance, for something was surely going wrong. Never before, not even in the first times of his novitiate, had he felt as he felt then. It seemed to him as if drops of quicksilver moved about in his arms, in the palms of his hands, even in his fingers' ends; some unknown power urged him forward, and hastened his walk almost to a run; more than one Father, grave and earnest, had gazed upon him with astonishment. Was he going mad? . . . Unfortunately the Père Spirituel was absent for the day, and he was therefore obliged to put off consulting him. A twinge of conscience smote him as he walked to the cemetery after breakfast. Ought he to go? Perhaps he might see her again; and though it was only the remembrance of Hélène -nothing more—that he would seek to revive by looking at her (of course; how could anything else be possible?), that very remembrance might unsettle him. Well, he must at all events do his duty in the cemetery. He would go therefore, but not look at her. But how little Frère Gonthier knew about temptations! how clear it was that the rawest novice was not more raw than he! and what was the use of all his former machine-like regularity?

A step is heard outside the enclos-With lightning-like ure in the lane. rapidity this reasoning flashes upon him in full scholastic and syllogistic form: "To remember the dead whom I ought to love is not wrong; but to look upon this girl is to remember the dead whom I ought to love: therefore, to look upon this girl is not wrong." And he can find, in the long list of distinctions with which his mind is so abundantly furnished, not a single one to break the force of the argument. He was mistaken; no one passes that way yet; it was perhaps the branch of a tree cracking in the breeze, or his own excited imagination. But again he hears a

step, and this time it brings to his mind the following dilemma: I still care for Hélène, or not: if I care for her, what harm can her image do to me? and if I do not, this girl is no more to me than the picture of a beauty to which I am indifferent." A feeble dilemma, a very feeble one indeed! Can you find no answer to it, Frère Gonthier? Have you studied dialectics for a whole year, and read Aristotle's "De Sophisticis Elenchis" through and through, to be so easily nonplussed by so poor a fallacy?—No; not yet. It is only a peasant passing by, who, seeing the Brother at work, takes off his hat respectfully; the Brother does the same, and continues working. And now the volcanic gravel of the little lane crunches beneath another and a lighter step. No argument comes to his mind this time; an irresistible desire to look—felt to be guilty and yet resistless, because the will to resist is wanting—takes possession of his whole soul.

"I will, I must!"

Her upward glance caught his; and this time he saw in it that expression of pleased recognition which alone was wanting before to identify her face with that of his lost one. Both smiled at the same time: it came so naturally to Frère Gonthier, and he could not help it.

"What are you laughing at?" said she, beginning the conversation, after the frank and easy manner of her class.

"I? Oh, because you remind me of some one whom I knew once, years ago."

"Do 1? Very much?"

"Yes. Your face, your glance, your voice is the very same. If I had not seen her laid in the grave, I could have sworn that you were she."

"That's curious, at least! And

what are you doing there?"

"What you see—watering the flowrs. And you, where are you going?"

ers. And you, where are you going:

"Up the mountain, to tend the sheep. Morning and evening my brother keeps them, and I take his place during the middle of the day. By that means, do you see? they can remain up there much longer."

"And at what o'clock do you come

down?"

"Oh, at about four or five in the afternoon."

"Why, I never saw you pass this

way before yesterday!"

"Oh, you see, this is a short cut down to the village, but I did not know of it before."

"Do you live in the village?"

"Yes. Good-day." She disappeared. The quick delicious feeling of intoxication that her presence had brought disappeared with Frère Gonthier felt himself, almost without transition, plunged in the depths of such remorse as few know; not unlike, as we may imagine, the feeling of a woman, hitherto honest, after she has fatally compromised herself by a first false step, and the excitement is past and gone. But why such remorse? Was it not absurd? Could any conversation be more innocent than theirs? It was not that. It was the fact of having spoken to a stranger—and that stranger a young girl-without leave and without the plea of necessity. It was against the Rules. True, they did not oblige under penalty of sin; but theologians held them to be so holy, so just, so necessary to perfection, that a man obliged to strive toward perfection could hardly violate them deliberately without sinning. And what was this feeling of utter desolation that came over him, this sense of being cast off by the God whom he had forsaken, this experience of absolute darkness, degradation, and misery which possessed his whole being? Were they not the wages of sin? Besides, he began to realize, dimly, reluctantly, and too late, the fact that he loved her. late; for he should have realized it the day before, when the sharp pain struck to his heart at the first sight of her; he had deluded himself then, and he continued to delude himself now. thought indeed that there was danger now, and said to himself that he had been wrong, imprudent, and might perhaps, if he did not take heed, fall into a snare. But he did not, he would not, see that he was already caught in the snare, and would have to make his utmost endeavors to get free then: it would be impossible afterward. As he walked back to the house he

began to moralize very piously, not without a feeling that, since he could do so, things were better than they seemed. His "desolation" was a just punishment for having done wrong. When he saw the Père Spirituel next morning, he would not fail to take his advice: the best thing to be done now was to go to the domestic chapel, make a hearty act of contrition before the Holv Sacrament, and think no more of what he had done. He stepped in and knelt down in a dark corner by the door. The place was full of a deep solemn stillness. A few Brothers were praying there, with head bent forward and downcast eyes; their beads passed slowly through their clasped hands. The sacristan had already swept the floor, waxed and carpeted the sanctuary, and trimmed the little lamp that hung before the altar, burning with a deep-red light; all the Masses had been said by this time. The painted wooden statue of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, the patron of Jesuit students, stood in the sunlight near the window, with a crucifix and a lily in one hand, a skull and a ducal coronet in the other. Frère Gonthier thought how Brothers had often, playfully and yet not quite in jest, compared him with that youthful marvel of innocence and austerity; and he recollected that St. Aloysius, being a page at the Court of Spain, had not looked upon a woman's face for two whole years! . . . Something suddenly braced his knees; he must go out, he would be stifled if he remained; the atmosphere was unendurable. He went, he almost rushed, outside. Catholic divines say that after death, when the ineffable light of God's day dawns upon the soul, it flies headlong to its place in purgatory or hell, thus doing justice to God upon itself. And surely the raging tempest that was in Frère Gonthier's mind made the quiet tranquillity of the chapel so intolerable to him because of his unfitness to be there; and he likewise judged himself, and fled.

On going out sinister thoughts surged within him, excited and aroused by the slightest associations. In the long corridor through which he passed to prepare for school in his room there were five or six pictures belonging to the French school of the seventeenth century. He saw a naval painting, with indistinctly looming ships, heaving waters in the foreground, and in the background a dirty yellow yet luminous haze, suggestive of sunrise behind the fog; and he thought of the wide world, of reaming far, far! oh God! ever so far-and then suddenly checked him-Holy Mary! what was he thinking about? Passing on, he looked at another landscape, with spreading trees and classic ruins, and shepherds and shepherdesses scattered about; and one line after another of Virgil's "Bucolics' flashed into his mind, especially that line, so strong and to a heathen mind so true: "Love conquers all; let us too vield to Love".-

"Omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus Amori."

He could not work in his room, and went down into the library; he took a book at random; it was the "Theological Sum" of Áquinas, an enormous old volume. He opened it at random, and read the question, "Whether he that vows to enter into Religion is bound to remain there perpetually," and the words on the next column, "Secondly, . we say that if he who enters into Religion should go out thereof, especially for any reasonable cause, he begets no scandal, nor does he give an evil example, . because he would do what was licit."\* He closed the book with a bang; two or three Brothers poring over their notes started at the sound. "Why think of these things?" he muttered to himself. "God knows I would rather die than abandon my vocation!" Just then the bell rang, the other pupils crowded in, and the class began. It was again all about "matter and form," the determinable and the determining element in all things. Notes were taken by everybody in great quantities, for the subject was most abstruse: by everybody I mean, except young Brother Berthaut, who felt quite out of his depth and unable even to seize the professor's meaning; for, as a witty Brother, an ardent opponent of Aristotle's theory, had written under a caricature in which he represented the Stagyrite whipping his pupil, the youthful Alexander, "That is a system that can't get in by the head!" Brother Berthaut had seen the caricature, and thought it most prudent not to write down absurdities, but copy the notes of Frère Gonthier afterward. He did so; but as the latter, when he took them, did not understand a word of what he was writing, he was but a doubtful medium of knowledge.

The forenoon was long and dreary, very dreary and very long; somewhat like a sultry morning that portends a storm in the afternoon. Why did it seem so long? Our Brother had no reason to desire that time might fly quickly by, for he had taken a resolution (which he believed to be firm) not to see the girl any more. But while repeating this resolution to himself over and over again, he felt a vague doubt—so vague that it only amounted to a feeling of uneasiness—mingling with and marring the strength of his Would he be able to keep it? Of course he would: had he not kept more difficult resolutions before that? Had he not gone, as a pilgrim, through the most beautiful valleys of the Pyrenees, looking all the time only on the dusty road, and never even casting a glance at the beauty that surrounded him?

The hour of recreation came; groups of students were walking backward and forward, four or five together, in the long alleys set aside for the use of the students of Philosophy; the theological students were on the upper terraces, where the "philosophers" were not allowed to go. Frère Gouthier, absentminded at first, roused himself suddenly; the conversation had taken a turn that interested him. All who die in the Society of Jesus, it is piously believed, are saved: so it was revealed to St. Teresa, a great saint. But what of the converse proposition? Are all those who leave the Society . . . everlastingly lost? A hard question to an-For God's mercy is infinite, but so is His justice, and if they are to be saved, why do they leave? There were thirty doors to leave the Society, one Brother said, and but one that was safe -so the master of novices had told

<sup>\*</sup> Here, however, it is right to point out that St. Thomas's opinion, as given in the article in question, is that all depends on the intention at the time when the vow was taken.

him. Another pointed out the dangers of the world: if a man cannot remain in the Society with so much grace, how can he be saved in the world when that superabundance is taken away from him? A third said—

"Well, only God knows what becomes of them at last; but some certainly lead a Christian life. I remeinber, when I was out for the pilgrimage with my companion, we found the curé absent when we got to the village that we were directed to reach that day. We were much embarrassed, for we had no introduction anywhere else, and had no idea where to go, when a little boy came running from a small ivy-grown cottage opposite, saying that his father begged us to step in and rest ourselves. We complied very gladly: it was dinner-time, and we were soon seated at There were several pictures and small statuettes in the room, but all of them represented Christ, the Blessed Mother, or a saint. struck us; we were still more surprised when we saw with what reverence the whole family, comprising (besides the father and mother) three boys and two girls, made the sign of the cross at grace; but fancy our astonishment when both our host and his wife began to talk with us on matters of spirituality in a way that showed them to be well acquainted with Rodriguez, St. Francis Salesius, and St. Ignatius's Exercises; and when we saw that even the children listened attentively, with much interest! The host, seeing us look surprised, said he had been several years among the Jesuits, but had left them before taking sacred orders. 'I have brought up my family,' said he, 'to live like disciples of St. Ignatius. We have meditations, private examinations, Litanies in the evening, exercises of charity—in short, I have tried to make of my family a little Jesuit novitiate: that is, a heaven be-And in fact, on watching the children, we saw that they kept guard over their senses as well as the best novice could have done; and they looked very happy and radiant for all that, just as I could fancy the child Jesus looked in Nazareth. 'I,' said he, 'am their spiritual guide; and my wife helps me, especially as regards the

girls.' Now, tell me, Brothers, does that man seem to be on his way to hell?"

"I think decidedly not," said Frère Gonthier. The Brothers looked at him; these were the first words he had spoken since the recreation had begun, and he spoke with unusual emphasis. "I think that if the Society has decided that it is lawful to loosen the tie which has bound us to it, we ought not to judge those whose fate it has been to And let us not say that we only make a general assertion that most of them are lost; for we cannot help applying it to particular cases. is a case. A poor Jesuit student left our Order, for good reasons known to his Superiors and himself. He possessed literary talent of very high quality. When he returned to Italy, his native land, he went to the Fathers there, thinking that they would help him to make use of his talent out of the Society, in the same way as he would have done, had he remainedfor God's glory. As he was no longer one of us, nobody would have anything to do with him, and he was on the verge of starvation when a free-thinking Roman periodical offered to take up an article of his. Little by little he became indifferent to religion; he is now more than indifferent, and ranks with the bitterest and most hostile of Italian and anti-Catholic journalists. Let us suppose that he is lost. Did not the coldness of those who might have helped him do something that way? and did not the general assertion that most of them are lost produce that coldness?"

This opened out a field for discus-Whether it was not advisable to hold aloof from the best of the ex-mem. bers, for one's own individual benefit; whether it was allowable to act on a general proposition, even when such action will unavoidably cause mistakes in the case of exceptions, but fewer mistakes than if such action were not taken; whether moral certainty was or was not a sufficient motive, when absolute certitude was unattainable; and what was the real nature of certitude such were the problems that rose, one after another, in the debate that followed, and in which Frère Gonthier took no part: he was thinking of something else, and thought of something clse long after the close of the recreation and all through the afternoon class.

Four o'clock. Shall he go and water the flowers? or shall he not go? He generally watered them later, when evening had set in: that is a far better time than when the sun is still hot. But an awful longing had taken hold of him: it was a craving, a yearning, an imperious want. Yes, they must be watered immediately—he was resolved upon that; and great was the joy he felt upon thus resolving. Several times, while thus engaged in his duty, he said to himself-faintly, very faintly!—that it would not do to see her again; but still he came by degrees nearer and nearer to the place from which it was possible to see her, and as he came nearer his heart beat more quickly. When he heard her light step -need I say it?-his resolution was quite forgotten in the overwhelming joy of her presence; his countenance was lighted up with a beaming smile, as she stopped by the fence, looked up at him, and said, "Ah! there you are! I always see you now."

This time they talked together for a long while. She was curious about his way of spending his time "between four walls, with a lot of musty books," and could not understand how a stalwart young man like him could bear to live so; while he was no less inquisitive to know all about her occupations during the day, and whether she had any companions of her own sex—or of the other. And we can easily guess why her answer, that she neither knew nor cared to know any young man of the village, was so pleasing to him.

The gate of the cemetery opened; Frère Gonthier turned suddenly round to his watering-can, and the peasant girl passed on down the lane. It was only a lay brother coming in to pray at the grave of a student who, some years before, had expired "in odor of sanctity:" he had seen nothing. Frère Gonthier went out, and threw himself upon a wooden bench before the large cistern, whose surface was ruffled by the breeze into semicircular waves. He began to think. He again felt some of

the remorse that had come over him in the morning-much less, however. What should he say that evening to the Père Spirituel, who would certainly be back? He must speak to him and tell him all. But . . . how could he say it? How could he?-never mind how: it must be done. The duty of every Jesuit is to be a spy, not upon others, but upon.himself; he is bound in honor to let the Superiors know, not only his faults and frailties, but his temptations and his desires. Want of openness is the worst defect in a character, and the most insurmountable obstacle to a man's stay in the Society. Frère Gonthier knew it well.

Father Bernard, the Père Spirituel, was sitting quietly in his room, very fragrant (if that be the word) with the odor of strong snuff, having a big book of St. Bonaventura on his desk, and trying to find in the "Meditationes de Vita Christi" some interesting hints that he might work into his next conference for the students, when a sharp tap at his door announced to him that his ministry was wanted. "Entrez," said he, and looked up over his spectacles. Fière Gonthier staggered in, pale, gasping, haggard.

"Sit down, dear Brother," said Father Bernard, astonished at this sudden change in one so quietly precise, so primly methodical as he was—one with whom he never had the slightest diffi-

"Father," said Fière Gonthier, in a husky voice, "I am lost—lost! Better to tell you all at once."

"Lost! Why, what have you done, dear Brother?" asked the old Father, terrified.

"I have"—these words were said mechanically, as though forced one by one out of the speaker's throat—"I have spoken to a girl over the fence in the park; and I have done so with pleasure."

Now Father Bernard, notwithstanding a character that was very simple and confiding, was unusually given to attacks of fear and mistrust, on account of the strange instance of the frailty, or rather of the falsity, of human nature which he had experienced in his younger days. He was then one of the directeurs in a grand séminaire

where young ecclesiastics study and prepare for the priesthood. One of those whose confessions he heard, a very quiet and seemingly good young séminariste, was about to receive communion from his hands at Mass one morning. He suddenly sprang from his knees and shouted out in the middle of the chapel, with flushed face and wildly glaring eyes, "Oh! I am tired of this; I have tricked you long enough;" and with a powerful blow of his fist knocked the silver pyx, with its contents, out of Father Bernard's trembling hands: he then strode down the nave, tossing up his arms, with the white wings of his muslin surplice fluttering behind him. The Father, looking down, saw all the Hosts lying scattered on the ground, and became insensible. He had never, since that day, been able to say Mass without a chair to hold by, in case a feeling of dizziness should come over him at the thought of that sacrilege; and this recollection always made him extremely frightened and fearful of the worst whenever he saw a Brother much agitated by any temptation.

"Dear Brother, dear Brother," said he, looking sideways at him, "what is this? You have spoken to a girl—and with pleasure? O take care, dear Brother! your vocation is in peril! Tell me, did you look at her?"

"I did."

"With pleasure again?"

"With pleasure."

"Oh, it is worse and worse! Dear Brother—you who have always been so edifying until now, you who never gave way to temptation"—Father Bernard quite forgot he had never had any—"how could you do such a thing?"

"I don't know; I was urged to

"The Fiend urged you, dear Brother! I tell you again: your vocation—that is, your everlasting happiness—is in the greatest danger. On no account speak with her, on no account look at her again—on no account! And I advise you—but I do not order you, mind—to take the discipline this night, during the time you would say the Psalm Miserere. Oh, I fear much for you, dear Brother; I fear for your salvation!"

NEW SERIES-VOL, LXIV., No. 4.

Unhappily this sentence, "I fear for your salvation," had passed into a standing joke among the students, who used to say that they were often warned thus, even for a breach of silence or a quarrelsome debate. These words bad rather the effect of irritating than of terrifying; they were felt to be true, and could yet be set down to exaggeration on account of Father Bernard's character. Frère Gonthier retired, took the discipline at the appointed time, astonishing his companions and the inhabitants of the neighboring rooms by its length, and jumped into bed; but he did not sleep for a long time. He began to pile sophisms on sophisms, against the Père Spirituel's warning. Why was he in danger? what harm had he done? had he said anything that was wrong? scholastic in the house must come in for one of these warnings sooner or later, and it was his turn now. Why should he be uneasy, then, any more than the others were?

The next morning at five o'clock he entered the room of the Reverend Father Rector, who was kneeling at his prie-dieu, in meditation. "Father," said he, "I am much perplexed. The Père Spirituel thinks that my vocation

is in danger."

"In danger, Brother? That is seri-

ous. And why?"

The Rector knew all about Father Bernard's very pessimistic views, and was convinced that he had dealt too harshly by Frère Gonthier.

"Because I spoke yesterday to a girl

over the fence in the cemetery."

"Indeed? Well, that is not usual; I may say it is irregular in itself; still I don't see much in that. Did she speak first to you?"

` "Yes, she did."

"Ah, well, I see; you must not give way to mere scruples, Brother. You know that, if she says a few words to you, you can answer, according to the Rule, 'obiter et perpaucis;' it is but Christian courtesy. And to remove all your doubts on the matter, I give you my authorization."

"And if the conversation—"

"Oh! mind, I don't allow a conversation, by any means. That might perhaps be dangerous; at all events I 85

don't allow it. You will easily know yourself when the few words allowed by the Rules have been said. And try to say something pious, something to bring God to her mind, or the aim of St. Ignatius—God's greater glory would not be attained, even by those few words he allows."

When the eight o'clock bell rang for class, Brother Gonthier hurried out of the cometery. The "few words" had. lasted more than half an hour. None had been such as the Rector had asked for; and though none were in themselves wrong, they had been, both on his and on her side, "underlined" and emphasized by looks that meant much. He no longer knew what to do. As for remorse, he felt none at all; but a natural spirit of candor and openness obliged him to report his conduct to somebody. But to whom? Not to Father Bernard, whom he would certainly frighten out of his wits. Not to the Rector, whose tenaciously good opinion of him he could not find it in his heart to destroy: it is too bitter a task to undeceive a man, when you see that he clings with all his might to his good opinion of you! In the midst of a long dry argument upon the essential definition of Life, he suddenly remembered that his former master of novices was now living in the house as a Père de Résidence, and had the right to hear the students' confessions. It was a pressing case, as he felt; so the class was hardly over when he entered his Father Sabaudier listened to his tale, and after a few quiet questions succeeded in getting at the root of the matter, the cause of the evil-the girl's wonderful resemblance in face, shape, and voice with his lost Hélène. then raised his eyes, mildly compassionate, to his visitor's face, and said -

" My dear Brother, I feel for you as I have seldom felt for any one. I was always astonished that, having come among us as you came, with so weak a motive and so little real ardor, you did all things with such perfection. Now I see that God, in His wisdom, sheltered you then, but allows the temptation to come now. Will you resist

"Really, Father, I cannot tell," said Frère Gonthier, gloomily. This first attack had failed, it was but too plainly visible: Father Sabaudier had to change his tactics and appeal to less elevated motives.

"You are too modest, Brother. Take courage; I am confident that you will resist in this important crisis. The Père Spirituel was not wrong; your salvation may depend on this moment. But I know you; and I hope and trust that with the grace of God you will weather the storm."

"I only The Brother smiled sadly. wish that you may not be mistaken in me. After what has taken place, I feel no hope whatever, and should be sur-prised at nothing."

Still no success! A third trial must be made.

"But, Brother, I do not understand what your feelings for your lost bride may be. Why, you seem to fear that another can get possession of your heart! Another! And you were so faithful; have you forgotten her?"

"Father!"

"Would you be false to her memory? At her death, you entered religion: was it-could it have been-only until your eyes might be struck with, and your fancy smitten by, some one else whom you liked better? That would be shameful, degrading !"

"Father! never, never will I sco that girl again! I shall ask another Brother to do the watering for me: as for me, I shall not even enter the ceme-

tery."

"This time we succeed !" said Father Sabaudier to himself; but he added doubtfully, " Mere human motives; nothing supernatural; a mere bruised reed to trust to. Yet Christ would not break even the bruised reed." And then he said aloud, "No, Brother, do not take that resolution. Say, 'I will not see her for a week from now; take this resolution every day afresh; come to me in a week's time, and we shall see the state of your mind then."

At the appointed time Frère Gonthier returned. A great change had taken place in him. Having prayed much and fasted severely, scourged himself and worn iron chains with spikes pointing inward to the flesh, in order to keep himself faithful, not to his vocation, but to the memory of his Hélène, he had become very lean; and a strange fire, not unlike the look of a madman, with its ominous glare, burned in his eyes. When Father Sabaudier looked at him, he at once saw that all was lost, and that the Brother's mind was quite made up.

"Father," said he, "I come to you because I promised; but from your room I go straight to that of the Fa-

ther Rector."

There was a short pause. Father

Sabaudier was silently praying.

"He will have to give me other clothes, for which I shall repay him as The little soon as I have the money. competence which I intended for the poor if I was to stay here still belongs to me; I shall have enough to live upon, with her who will be my . . . my wife." However resolute Frère Gonthier was, he could not help shrinking from uttering this word; but he controlled himself, for he was deter-" The Father mined to do as he said. Rector, when he gets my letters of dismissal from Rome, will kindly send them to me, in town, poste restante. I honor, esteem, and love the Jesuits; but I cannot stay with them."

"And so," said Father Sabaudier, making a last effort with a bitter smile upon his face, "that is all your love for the dead Hélène? But I expected this all along. Well, go your way, and may God forgive you! You have had your temptation, and have yielded to it. The Fiend will laugh at you some

day for this!"

"Yes, Father, I go; but one more word yet. What is that memory of Hélène? Do I know where she is or where I shall be in the next world? You say she is dead: I answer, She lives! Yes, she lives in her likeness, even though that likeness should bear the garb of a peasant girl. Had I seen that girl before I entered the novitiate, I would never have crossed its threshold. My vows are null; for I took them in ignorance of the possibility that so perfect a similitude could exist."

"All this is mere sophistry, and you know it," retorted the Father, in stern sorrow. "The truth is, that wanting to give way to your passions, you can easily find a reason to do so."

"A reason?" exclaimed Frère Gonthier, now excited to an alarming pitch; "do I need reasons? This night, this very night, I saw her in my dreams. I spoke to her, but she answered me nothing and began to weep. I know, I know she loved me; her looks told me as much; and it is my absence—caused by you!—that has grieved her so. Oh! the sound of that weeping will not leave my ears! I must and will stop it if I can, and I hasten to her at once." With these words he rushed out of the room.

"And Christ goeth to be crucified again." said the Father, falling on his knees at his *prie-dieu* before the image of Jesus, pointing sorrowfully to His heart, wounded, bleeding, crowned with thorns and surrounded with

flames.

The scene with the Father Rector was long and stormy. The latter was of course thunderstruck, and attributed this failure to want of tact on the part of Father Sabaudier, though he could not see where his tact had been deficient. It was a terrible scandal. Frère Gonthier insisted upon having clothes given him there and then, or on leaving the house dressed as he was; and as soon as he had changed his clothes (which he did after two hours' prayers, entreaties, and spiritual menaces had been spent upon him in vain, and it was evident that no human power could divert him from his purpose) he went out, passing by several Brothers who were waiting outside to ask for different permissions. He was perfectly recognized by them, to their astonishment and horror. The whole community was soon in a state of consternation. All were convened in the lecture-room, and asked to pray for his soul-"for," the Rector observed, "the temptation was very violent, and almost irresistible." He concluded by saying that he had given orders for the masons to build a stone wall along the lane that skirted the cemetery; until it was built, no student was allowed to enter the cemetery for any reason what-The Père Spirituel confirmed himself in the thought of the perversity of human nature; and many a Brother took that evening, as his spiritual reading, the 14th chapter of the third book of the "Imitation"—

"If in Thine angels Thou didst find depravity, and didst not spare them, how will it be with me?

"Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, dust that I am! why should I presume?

"Men whose works seemed laudable have fallen into the lawest depths; men who ate the Bread of angels, I have seen them delighting in the husks of swine!"

The next morning, after a meditation on the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, all the Brothers went to hear Mass and receive Communion for the poor erring one; but the priests were not allowed to say Mass for him, on account of his being excommunicated for leaving the Society without permission. Many wept over him, over their vanished ideal. It was a day of mourning and a day of fervor: all were afraid lest they should lose their vocation too.

Six months afterward, Father Sabaudier received a letter in the well-known hand of Frère Gonthier—the first news of him since he had left. It contained only the following words:

"I am dying; the physician has told me so quite plainly. If you think that there is any hope of salvation for me, come to the hospital of Le Puy and give me the last sacraments. I have but a very few days to spend on earth.—GONTHIER."

Was that spectre, with glassy eyes and hollow voice and hectic flush, lying at full length upon the bed, too thin and too weak even to sit up-was that our dear Brother? Alas! and his soul also was no doubt as changed as his body! It was most woful. Father Sabaudier, as he met his despairing look, could not help bursting into When he was able to speak, he said: "Oh, my Brother-for I will call you so to the end-my poor Brother, how grieved I am for your sake! To have bartered your holy vocation that crown of glory and of happiness everlasting-to have bartered it away for so very little! A lifetime of earthly joy would be nothing; but what a poor mess of pottage you have received in exchange for your place in the Society of Jesus! Six months—only six

months of pleasure; and now you are about to stand before God--"

"Six months?" bitterly exclaimed the poor sufferer, with feverish excitement; "no, Father, not one minute! Since I left the Society, I have never seen her once; no, nor found anywhere the slightest trace of her! I have lavished my money, wasted my time: all in vain. I have visited and revisited all the houses round about, until they thought me mad. I have employed the most skilful detectives, and told them to spare no expense. No one in the village ever saw any girl that in the least resembles her; and yet Monsieur Touzet assured me that with the clews I had given him it was impossible not to find her, if she was anywhere. I have hardly enough to pay my last expenses; I have sold my birthright for nothing; and I am dying— O God, I am dying!"

There was a pause. Father Sabau-

dier said at last—

" Brother, this is a strange thing. I told you that it was a temptation of the devil; but what if it were so in a preternatural manner? Do you remember what we read in the 'Lives of the Desert Fathers'? how a monk, holy and austere, lived in a cell far from the others; he heard one evening a woman cry to him to let her in, for she had lost her way. He let her in, though it was against the rule, and talked with Now, she was beautiful. thoughts arose in his heart, and he yielded to temptation. But, just when he came near to her to press her lips with an unhallowed kiss, she suddenly uttered a loud cry and vanished in his arms like a shadow. And there was heard a sound as of the laughter of many demons, who exulted over his awful fall into sin. You understand me?"

Frère Gonthier did understand, and shuddered; then he begged to be reconciled with God by confession, as the time was short. The next day the Rector came, glad and yet sorrowful, bringing the Holy Viaticum. After thanksgiving, Frère Gonthier said, "Father, I would like to ask a favor of you. Just by the last grave, in our beautiful cemetery, there is a spot of ground where I once hoped to lie—"

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"Brother, you know that is impossible now."

"Yes, I know; I am not worthy. But that is not what I would ask for. When I first saw the Being—whether girl or phantom—that has thus broken my heart and cut short my life, my hand closed on a lily that grew there, and the lily was broken. I then buried it where it had grown, in that vacant spot that I hoped to possess one day. Father, will you, in memory of me, leave that place empty? will you see that no one shall lie there? that it be only the grave of the Broken Lily?"

What the Rector answered is not known, if indeed he was not too much moved to answer at all; but to this very day there is a vacant space among the graves that bloom white and radiant, when May comes round. It is covered only with grass; and though all weeds are carefully rooted out, it is not planted with flowers, like the other graves, but barren. And to those Brothers who come sometimes to meditate in the perfumed cemetery, the high stone wall on one side and the flowerless void in the midst teach a lesson and tell a tale.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE ENGLISH RANCHWOMAN.

BY J. R. E. S.

If, as was pointed out in a former article,\* the English ranchman's career is not as a general thing a triumphant success, how fares it with the English lady who has undertaken to share his Western home? Her husband most likely has had some experience of ranching, and is, presumably, here because an active life suits him. He has probably tried it for a few years, and has gone to the bottom. His friends at home have come to the rescue and set him on his legs again. He has had his experience, and has once more a little money to start again with. He has tried it as a bachelor, and believes that his failure was partly due to this very thing—the household duties taking so much of his time. During these first years of his ranching career he has heard repeatedly from his neighbors that "a bachelor has no business on a ranch." "You want a wife," he has been told by some one who has dropped in about dinner-time, and is watching with contemptuous pity his host's endeavors to "I wouldn't live prepare the meal. this way," says another on another occasion, with the refreshing frankness customary in the West, "as long as there was an unmarried woman in Missouri." "Darn this thing of baching," says yet another, taking in with comprehensive eye the disorder and confu-

sion in which our friend luxuriates. "What a man lives for is for what little comfort he gets; and if he don't get that, he don't get nawthin'." And to each and all of these and similar remarks is appended the assurance that if he will only get married he will "make two dollars where, single, he can't make one."

Contrasting his own surroundings with those of his married neighbors, there is small cause for surprise if our Englishman begins to believe there may be some truth in it. The loneliness of his house, the time he loses getting his meals, the desolation which greets him if he gets home late on a winter evening and has still his outside "chores" to do before he can begin to prepare his own supper-all these are arguments which urge him to the belief that on a ranch, if anywhere, a man "How much which is needs a wife. almost unendurable," he thinks as he smokes a meditative pipe, "would disappear if the right person were here to take the house off my hands, and what a different thing this life would be. However, there's no use thinking of that in the shape I'm in. If I can't keep myself going, I don't want to bring a family to grief." And so with a grunt of disgust, and perhaps a glance at a photograph, he turns to his unmade bed, shakes up his blankets a little, and for a while forgets his troubles.

<sup>\*</sup> Longman's Magazine, May, 1895.

But the oft-repeated advice is fermenting in his head, and his heart quite possibly is urging him in the same direction; and when, a year or two afterward, the first act of his ranching life has come to its inevitable end, and a visit to the old country has resulted in his being started again with fresh funds, he is accompanied on his return by a young lady whom he is proud to present to his friends and acquaintances

as "My wife."

The neighbors had given him good advice from their point of view. fortunately, the wife they had in their minds and his new acquisition are as far asunder as their respective birthplaces. They were thinking of a daughter of the soil; one born and raised on a farm, used to hard work from childhood; one who would keep his house in such order and neatness as would make his home seem a veritable Paradise when he contrasts it with the wretched way in which he was living; one who would wash, sweep, bake, care for the poultry and young calves; milk, it may be; do up his "chores" at a pinch when he was away, and who would supplement his little capital with an experience far greater than his own; who would advise him in cases of doubt and difficulty with the keenness and zest of an identical interest; and one to whom these multifarious duties, though trying even to her, would not prove overwhelming. This is the kind of wife they had in their mind's eye, and this is the kind of wife to whom the prosaic argument they all used would apply.

But all this does not satisfy our Englishman. Rightly or wrongly, he refuses to let the business idea dominate the sanctuary of home. Here at least, he thinks, shall be some refinement and elegance, some escape from the coarse, rough natures with which he is in daily contact. Here shall be some one with whom he can interchange ideas other than those concerning the ranch and stock, some one, in fine, whose sympathies and feelings are those of his own class. He has never given up the hope that some day his term of exile will be over, and that he may be able to go back to the old country to live, and consequently refuses to take a step which must make the severance final, which would indeed be a burning of his boats. And so he has wooed and won in England, and brought his prize across the Atlantic to keep house for him in some canon of the Rockies, or, more lonely still, somewhere on the wind-swept plain, where, with her middle-class English ideas, education, and accomplishments, her grace of manner and refined soft voice, she will, for a while, at all events, be regarded by her homely neighbors with as much suspicious surprise as would be a canary among a cage full of

sparrows.

The lady ranchwoman may practically be considered exclusively an English product. No other nationality contributes an appreciable quota of the ladies of gentle birth and education who are to be found scattered over the Western States of America, and this fact may be cited as additional proof of the enterprise of the English race. The number even of English ladies may not be actually very large, but every Englishman who has spent a few years on a ranch will have known several, while he can probably count on the fingers of one hand the female representatives of the same class of all other nationalities put together whom he has met or even heard of. state of affairs is largely accounted for by the fact that among educated ranchmen Englishmen have an immense preponderance in numbers; but the English ladies must themselves be accredited with a greater daring and readiness to undergo hardship than their sisters of other countries display. Possibly, too, the unsympathizing foreigner would suggest that this fact may be taken as additional proof that English people are all more or less crazy; and assuredly, if one considers what the English lady leaves, and what in many instances she comes to, there would seem to be, as the Westerners say, more truth than poetry in this particular application of the assertion.

It is almost certain that the English lady herself has not been able to form an accurate, nay, even an approximate, idea of what her life and surroundings will be. Everything has been looked at through rose-colored spectacles, or

the distance, considering through a rose-colored telescope, and she has not been able to take the harshness and loneliness of the life into close account under the excitement of her engagement and marriage. Nor, for the matter of that, if she had had days where she had not had hours to ponder the matter, could she gauge her own capacity for a steady unending struggle with a side of life of which she has had no experience. All she can tell on this score is, that she has the courage to Her husband has explained to face it. her that the surroundings are somewhat rough and unfinished at present, but he has also added, and no doubt believed, that they can and shall be The house shall be addameliorated. ed to, the little enclosure in which it stands shall be laid down in grass, and the present rough board fence shall be taken down and a neat picket fence There shall be a milksubstituted. house on the most approved principle, and just as soon as time will allow a well shall be dug and a pump provided, coming up through the kitchen floor, so that she won't have to go outside for water, as must be done at present. There is a horse there which will carry a lady nicely, and she shall accompany him on his rides after stock. There is a nice lot of poultry on the place, which helps to make it look cheerful and homelike—and, in fact, it only wants a woman's presence and a woman's touch to render it "highly desirable," as the auctioneers' advertisements read.

Listening with great interest to these very hopeful accounts, she draws a mental picture of the place as it is to be rather than as it actually is. sees a cosey cottage with a small lawn and garden, surrounded by a gayly painted fence and all trim and neat. Inside the house is as fresh and clean as a new pin, and the kitchen is to look so cheery and inviting that it will be a pleasure-great fun, in fact-to have her husband's meals ready for him when he comes from work, for a few years at least, till the business increases and a larger income brings more leisure. She has learned to make butter, and has taken some lessons at a cookery class, and has perhaps made some trial of her newly acquired knowledge at

home in the shape of some fancy dishes, and been loudly applauded. So she feels confident of her ability to manage the cooking, if she is a little uncertain about the bread-making; and the rest of the housework—the sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, washing, and ironing—she dismisses from her mind for the present, reflecting that other people have done it, and why not she? Perhaps, after all, she thinks, some way will be found by which it will be taken off her hands.

She has numbers of ornaments, pictures, and photographs to make her sitting-room look bright and cheerful; "just as well," she argues, "have a pretty room as an ugly one, and it makes such a difference to one's daily life." She is fully determined to have things nice about her, and brings out her wedding presents, including, no doubt, a good deal of silver plate and a five o'clock tea service.

A stock of clothes, comprehensive enough to include every emergency, from scrubbing the floor to a possible party, completes her equipment.

It is to be hoped that her modest castle in the air will not tumble about her ears when she finally arrives, after her long and dusty journey, and first catches sight of her new home. On very few ranches has much been done for the sake of neatness and effect, and her husband not having been, as we know, very successful so far, has had no money to spare for anything but what has been strictly necessary. The bare and desolate appearance of everything is almost sure to give her English ideas a painful shock, accompanied, if she be of a susceptible nature, by a reaction which may startle her in its intensity.

Well does the writer remember the revulsion of feeling he experienced when he first caught sight of the ranch he came to, fourteen years ago, fresh from the old country. The bareness and apparent desolation have an indescribably depressing effect on a person wearied with days of travel; and though he may have thought himself prepared for some such scene, the actually being there and seeing it, and recognizing that here or in some similar place is a good share of his life to

be passed, bring home to him the length and depth of the step he has taken, as no amount of description or imagination has been able to do. In a few weeks he will wonder how he could have been so affected, so easily do most people grow accustomed to their surroundings, but the memory of the impression will abide with him.

The lady, as soon as she gets out of sight, will perhaps indulge in what we are told is the luxury of a good cry, after which she will feel better. The necessity of getting things into some kind of order is immediate, and will take her thoughts off herself. A good night's rest will work wonders, and after breakfast, which her husband gets ready, she feels fit for anything.

For several days the "straightening things out" and "fixing up" will oc-cupy her fully. Her husband will be round all the time helping her, so that she will not be lonely; and if she is of a contriving turn, she will find plenty of chance to exercise her ingenuity in the matter of shelves and cupboards, curtains and portières. At last, however, the household arrangements are complete—the carpets down, the stoves set up, the pictures and bookshelves hung, the modest furniture in place. Very neat the house looks inside, and if only the yard in which it stands were not so wofully bare, her mental picture would be approaching realization. So far things have gone well enough. The getting things in order has been interesting, and the preparing the meals herself, with the assistance of her husband, has been a novel and amusing experience, a kind of picnic as it were. She is surprised to find him as handy as he is, thanks to his "baching" experiences, and has already discovered that he can give her a good many wrinkles about ranch housekeeping, if his methods may be rather too rough and ready for civilization. She has had his society and help all day, and her life has been too full of movement for her to feel lonely. Now, however, the house is in order, and her husband must be getting to his work outside, which he has rather neglected during these first few days. She has had some little chance to learn how things are done,

and it is time to shake down to business and rely principally upon herself.

To the credit of Englishmen, who bring English wives to Western ranches, be it said, that for the most part they appreciate the sacrifice the ladies have made, consider them and spare them all they can of the disagreeables that must be encountered. The English ranchwoman gets far more help from her husband than does the native. On most English ranches where no "indoor help" is kept, it is the practice for the husband to get up and make a fire in the kitchen stove, and start the breakfast preparations, putting on the kettle and the coffee-pot, the oatmeal -which is a standing breakfast dish on nine out of ten ranches throughout the country—and, perhaps, especially in cold weather, cutting a beefsteak ready for the frying-pan. Then he goes down to the barn and does his chores; that is to say, feeds his horses. and usually milks. By the time he has got through these duties the lady of the house has got breakfast ready without very much trouble to herself. Often, where a hired man is kept, the master of the house will get breakfast entirely himself, leaving the chores to the man.

The born and bred ranchwoman is not so fortunate. The first one up in the house will make a fire, but it is not very often that any of the men folk will put a hand to a dish or cooking utensil, not from laziness or want of consideration, but because such matters are outside their sphere, are the woman's business, and what she is there for. No native ranchwoman expects anything else—not if it should rain for a week at a time, and her husband be about the house all day weather-bound.

After breakfast, which, during the greater part of the year, should be over by half-past six or a quarter to seven, the men folk start on their day's work, and the breakfast-dishes will be her first care. These disposed of, and the chickens fed with the scraps, there are the duties for the particular day to attend to. In most households the routine runs—one day wash, next day iron, next day scrub, next day odd jobs, Friday sweep, Saturday bake and do most of Sunday's cooking. Besides this,

there are the meals, of course—dinner at twelve and supper at six. and. most distasteful task of all, after each meal the inevitable dishes.

There is the milk to strain and skim, and once, if not twice, a week a churning. There is her own and her husband's mending, and job after job crops up which must be attended to sooner or later. Though there is a special day laid off in each week for the thorough sweeping of the house, a certain amount of it must, of course, be done each day. Here, my dear lady, you will find one reason why the native ranchwomen, even those who can afford it, have not been at much pains to beautify their houses, but content themselves on the most part with a bare neatness.

Not in the log cabins and board shanties of the West, neat and clean inside though they be, will be found "the best parlor" of a New England farmhouse, which has been in the possession of one family for several generations. The magnificence of this room deserves a word of description. The furniture usually consists of a black hair-cloth lounge and chairs, and a rocking-chair or two, with plenty of crocheted tidies sprinkled about. In the centre of the room stands a heavy mahogany table, and on it a wreath of wax flowers, the salvage from some funeral from the house. Sometimes the flowers are made from the hair of deceased relatives, and whether of wax or hair are duly protected by a glass shade. A photograph album and one or two Annuals complete the adornment of the table. In some of these houses silver coffin-plates, bearing the name, and date of birth, and death of the deceased, are tastefully grouped on the mantelpiece. The windows of this sanctuary are carefully darkened, and the room feels damp and chill as a vault.

But in the Far West one rarely sees much superfluity of furniture and ornament in ranch houses. It looks as though the inhabitants kept in mind the chance of "taking a notion to move," and confine their æsthetic aspirations to such few sticks of furniture as can be picked up and loaded on a wagon without much trouble, and without much possibility of damage. Hence, though the interiors of these houses are

not specially picturesque or attractive, yet the amount of work necessary to keep them clean and neat is reduced to a minimum.

No need to say that neither the New England parlor nor the Western living room meets the requirements of the English lady. Her sitting room must, of course, be meant for use, and at the same time be pretty, and she makes it But these same pictures and ornaments, photograph frames, and vases, and knick-knacks will make her a terrible amount of work which the native ranchwoman is spared. They will catch no end of dust, which, on the plains, at all events, driven by the constant wind, penetrates and accumulates in a way to break a housewife's heart. The silverware will look dingy and unattractive, unless she devotes lots of time to it, as at first most likely she She will start with the intention of keeping things up to the high standard she has been accustomed to. cannot bear to think of anything she has left undone that ought to be done, or which seems like slovenliness. stoves must be blacked and polished, the window-panes kept bright, though the dust will obscure them almost as soon as you turn your back. the work devolves on one single pair of hands you can, if you choose, give every hour, nay, every moment, to some detail of housekeeping, and still could if the days were twice as long. man's work is from sun to sun: a woman's work is never done," was surely said of a ranchwoman. These duties sound somewhat formidable for a young lady who has never even taken care of her own room. Though a girl raised on a ranch would laugh at the idea of there being any considerable amount of work in keeping house for two people. the newcomer's unaccustomed muscles will ache at first as she slowly attacks one task after another. Of course, as yet, she knows nothing about economy of time, and has yet to acquire a system and method. She has the conscientiousness together with the uncertain notions of the amateur. She does not know yet what must be done and what can be let go, and gives herself twice the trouble a professional ranchwoman would take, with no better result after

all her pains that any one but herself can or would notice. No doubt her mind misgives her if, looking into the future, she can discern only a long vista of days of similar toil. She will, if she is wise, refrain from indulging in this practice, and learn, as the diplomatists urge, to "take short views."

"Practice commonly makes perfect," say the old-fashioned copy-books. By degrees she gets things to a focus, as the Western expression is, and manages to do in half a day what her native neighbor has done by ten o'clock. Some one has been found not too proud and independent to do the family washing, the charge for which accommodation is a heavy drain on a very slender income, and with what help her husband can give her she manages pretty well, though, if happily her lot is cast on the plains, she is greatly tried by the fiery sun blazing down on the sandy and treeless expanse, and sending a furnace like heat through the thin walls. Most ranch houses on the plains have a kind of lean-to on their north side open at either end, so as to allow the air to circulate, into which the kitchen stove is moved in the summer. Let us hope one has been provided for the lady whose case we are considering.

So passes her novice's year. In the second year of her stay, when a greater familiarity with her routine enables her to get through it with greater ease to herself, the situation is usually complicated by the arrival of a tiny third party on the scene, and now, to use a homely expression, the fat is in the fire with a vengeance. If her duties had been all, and more than all, she could accomplish when there were but two of them, what must be the state of affairs now? For a while, of course, there can be no question, help must be and is procured, but when the mistress of the house is on her feet again, how is she to manage with these new claims on her time and attention? Her hands were more than full before; help of some kind she must have, and as female help is excessively hard to procure and very high-priced, the only way out is for her husband to give up some of his time to such household duties as he is capable of performing. But if it takes him all his time, doing

the best he knows how, to make ends meet, working at his own proper avocations, how is it to be done when he has to leave the work-which pays grudgingly and sparingly, it is true, but still which brings in all the income they have—to do the household chores, vastly more in number, too, these, be it remembered, than in the days when he was a bachelor? Is this the "two dollars married where, single, he couldn't make one?" He is face to face with an impasse which may well make the good man scratch his head and wonder what the devil must be done. After all, matters seem worse than they are. They are both young and strong, and able to endure, and somehow or other they "tough it through." Perhaps a neighbor has a sister-in-law staying with her who can come in twice or three times a week and take the hardest of the work off her hands. Perhaps there comes a check from the old country about this time in view of the extra expenses of the year. The infant is pretty sure to be sound and healthy, and before long matters go on much the same as before, brightened by a new interest.

No bed of roses this so far, however. She has to work each day far harder than any of the servants in her father's house, and feels regretfully that she has next to no time to herself for reading or keeping up any of her accomplishments. She is sinking into the haus frau she fears, with no thought or aim beyond having a good dinner for her husband, her house and its belongings in apple-pie order, and her children well fed and decently dressed. Her love of culture may not have been more than skin deep, but once on a time she had not proposed to herself to satisfy her leanings toward sweetness and light over the cook stove and wash-tub. Then, too, she wonders and fears that a greater familiarity with the coarser and more sordid side of life may not, ever so slightly, but still appreciably, mar the bloom of the surface delicacy of her nature. This acquaintance with unlovely sights and sounds, the rough talk that occasionally penetrates to her ears, will they not make some difference in her that her friends may notice if ever she returns to civilization? The men that have come out young and stayed long, have they not deteriorated somewhat from the standard they were very fair representatives of once; lost a little of their polish, indefinably gone off a little? And if they, why not she?

If ever she returns to civilization! But will she, she wonders. Is her husband doing any good, poor fellow, with all his endeavors? Hard as he works, the daily struggle gets no easier; it even seems to her as if there were less money for expenses than a year ago, though he says little about it. He should have married one of these women out here, she thinks, half resentfully and half sorrowfully, who would have been a help to him instead of an expense. But the baby is crying and supper is to get. Action dispels gloomy thoughts, and if some traces of perturbation are still noticeable when her husband comes home from work, we will hope he is sensitive and sensible enough to throw a little extra kindness and cheeriness into his manner. far it has been supposed that our young couple are not well enough off to hire much, if any, help; and an attempt has been made to portray in the above sketch what the lady's life must be where this is the case, as it is perhaps in the majority of English ranch house-But where the income, from holds. whatever source—almost certainly it will not proceed from the ranch—is of sufficient size to allow of a girl being kept, the English ranchwoman's life will not be the incessant round of drudgery that it must be where she has all the work to do herself and a family to look after into the bargain. Lonely it will still be and monotonous, but at least there will be some leisure to read or follow her favorite indoor pursuits. The great brunt of the household duties will be off her hands, and this makes all the difference in the world, or would, if it were not that for weariness of body she has substituted vexation of spirit when she undertakes a Western hired girl, unless she is rarely fortu-If she gets one of the neighbor's daughters, she must treat her on a footing of absolute equality if she wants her to stay more than a day. Her employer and his wife are ranch people,

and so are her parents, and in the girl's eyes there is no difference whatever in station. She has been brought up not only in the belief that she is as good as anybody, but to be ready at all times and all seasons fiercely to assert it, and most of all, perhaps, when she has hired to an "English outfit." Very little fault-finding will she stand, and she expects to be treated as one of the family; that is to say, to take her meals at the same table, and when the dishes are washed after the evening meal to sit with them. If any visitors come to the house she expects an introduction. It is within the writer's knowledge that, where a lady of his acquaintance, not an Englishwoman as it happens, had neglected to do this in the case of a girl she had hired, whose parents lived in the neighborhood, the girl's mother came to the house and made quite a scene, using this omission as her text, and winding up a long harangue with the argumentum ad hominem, "How would you like it for one of your own daughters? My girl is no nigger, I want you to know." Then she left the house and took her daughter with her. Nor was the mother at all the virago one might expect from this story. On the contrary, in appearance and on ordinary occasions, in manner, she was exceptionally nice, and a good deal above the average Westerner.

If the bumps of pride and self-esteem are not to be found in a high state of development on every Westerner's head. there is nothing in phrenology. English people are not supposed to be deficient in these qualities, but the average Englishman is not within measurable distance of the frontiers' man. it is which makes it so hard for English people at first to keep in touch with their American employés. They are "helps," not servants—you are employer, not master or mistress. will take orders from you, but not peremptory orders; and if there is one thing that will rouse them quicker than another, it is the frigid and distant tone usually employed by English people in addressing their inferiors. They detect, or fancy they detect, a shade of contempt in it, and this is as a lighted match to tow steeped in turpentine. If you can treat them in a friendly way

you will get along with them all right, but your manner must be natural and spontaneous, not merely affable and

gracious.

This young lady, then, who has consented to accommodate our English friends for a while will have the faults of her class more or less developed, and certainly she will have her full share of independence. Very likely she will do her work well and quickly, but after hours her time is her own, and she employs it as suits her best. Her young men, or "fellows," as she calls them, will come to the house and escort her to every dance in the neighborhood, nor will she think it in the least incumbent on her to ask her employers' leave to attend them. She is much more likely to announce that supper must be an hour earlier as Sile Reed is coming to take her to the dance at Hills', and he won't want to be kept waiting. is not very likely to stay long. Even if there is no actual rupture, she and the English lady find a good many causes of friction, and they soon part company. Even though things may have gone smoothly, she will soon want to go home. She wants some money for some purpose, twenty or thirty dollars, perhaps, and when a mouth or six weeks' work has put this sum in her pocket she takes her leave.

There is this disadvantage in having a girl from the neighborhood that, if there should have been a regular quarrel, and the girl has been discharged, or taken herself off in a huff, one family at least in the immediate circle has become hostile, and may, by talking and circulating reports, do a good deal to rouse the prejudice always lurking in the Western mind against the English. The lady, in spite of her husband's repeated warnings, is exceedingly likely to have dropped some careless remark about Western ways in the girl's hearing, or to have jested about some peculiarity in the appearance or speech of some one who has come to the house, and this will be repeated and added to. The utmost care should be taken by English people settled in the West to say as little as possible about their neighbors in the hearing of any of them. The most innocent remark will be distorted and meanings violently twisted as the story proceeds from mouth to mouth, losing nothing in the telling each time. There are so many chances in ranch life for an ill-disposed neighbor to do an injury where he thinks he has a grudge, that it is well to take all reasonable pains to avoid giving offence.

In spite of these drawbacks there is more chance of getting satisfactory help out of a girl used to ranching than there is by taking one of the professional "hired girls" of a Western town. To begin with, it is next to impossible to do this. Hardly any wages will induce them to leave town, and no wages will induce them to stay longer than a month or six weeks. They have been used to town conveniences, water in the house, hot and cold, a sink, everything brought to the door by tradesmen, and their night or two out in the week. If one of these should have consented to ruralize for a while for some private reason, such as a lovers' quarrel, the chances are she will begin to grumble the instant she enters the house, and never leave off till, driven to desperation, her employers pay her off, sacrificing her fare, which she was to pay herself if she went of her own accord.

Perhaps their next experiment will be a man and wife, and this would seem to be the likeliest chance for a satisfactory arrangement were it not that in this perverse world the best women seem to get the worst husbands and vice versa. It is surprisingly difficult to find a couple of anything like equal value, though when you do, an arrangement of this kind is far more likely to have some element of permanency than any other that can be made. They will get their board and from forty to fifty dollars a month between them, and this is too good a thing for them to lightly throw up.

Or they may try an Englishman and his wife, or a girl from the o'd country. This is costly and dangerous. The journey has to be paid by the employer, to be repaid by instalments out of wages, and if the new arrival don't suit or gets discontented, as often happens, what is to be done? The truth is that the question of help in the house, difficult of solution anywhere in America, is doubly so on a ranch, and the

mistress of the house is often tempted to exclaim she would rather do the work herself than be so harassed and tormented. Perhaps she finds her solution by alternating between the methods, according as exhaustion of mind

or body prevails.

There is not much time for amusement for its own sake on a ranch, nor much chance to find it if there were. In the man's case, though the life as a whole is monotonous, that is, it is uneventful, and one year is pretty much like another, yet there is much variety in his days. He is seldom doing the same kind of work for many days together, and he is in constant communication with his fellows. Here his wife, however, is not so fortunate. Each day when she gets up she can tell exactly what there will be to do, and that is what she did yesterday, and what she will do to-morrow. Minor variations there will be, of course, but the kind of work will not vary, and the English lady will pass day after day occupied in housework without seeing a soul beyond the members of the household, and these only at mealtime, being in respect of society much worse off than her native neighbors, who are in and out of each other's houses tolerably often, and who, it is presumed, enjoy each other's visits. Without ostracizing her they let her alone, recognizing, of course, that a difference exists, resenting it a little, and for the most part keeping away. Some of them will have paid her a visit when she first arrived, and she has returned it, and there it has stopped. The people are not in the least like those she has been accustomed to go and see in her father's parish, and she is quite ready to acquiesce in the neighbors' opinion that she is better left to herself. Her life therefore is duller than theirs—much duller, as they are leading their natural lives, have their dances, and picnics, and social gatherings, and take a most enormous interest in each other's sayings and doings.

There may be, almost certainly will be, some English family within reach, or at all events some English bachelors, and from time to time a meeting will be contrived and much enjoyed. The young Englishmen will perhaps make

a practice of riding over on Sundays, and these will be the pleasantest days. If there are young children, and a distance of, say, ten or twelve miles divide the two families, the ladies will not meet very often, in spite of promises and intentions, not nearly as often as in their mutual interest they should. For unless the ranch is big enough to justify help being kept, it is not easy for the owners to be away one night. Stock has to be attended to, milking cannot be neglected, and if there are no quite near neighbors it will be difficult to find any one to attend to these. The "chore" question is an duties. obstacle which stands in the way of any sudden resolve to go over and see one's friends, and where a visit has to be planned and provided for, it is very apt to be indefinitely postponed.

Social diversion, then, of a kind she will care about, being only attainable at rare intervals, is there any chance for her to get any variety into her life out of her own immediate resources? How about that horse her husband promised her, for instance? How many times has she been on its back since she came out? Regard for truth compels the statement that the side saddle is hanging up by the stirrup with perhaps six months' dust on it. Since the babies began to come she has hardly ridden at all, though in the first months of her stay she used to accompany her husband tolerably often. If her lot is cast on the plains, which, for her sake, it is to be hoped is not the case, there is not much to tempt her out. There is little scenery and no shade, but instead glaring sun and abundance of alkali dust. A ride for pleasure under these conditions seems rather a mis-At first, of course, when the whole country was new to her, and before she had got into that half-tired state which seems to be her normal condition now, what with heat and work together, she used to take a good deal of pleasure in accompanying her hus-The common sights of the prairie were novel and interesting. cactuses when in bloom are brilliant and striking, and prairie dogs, lizards, an occasional rattlesnake, and sometimes a coyote, are at first looked at with curiosity. But even of these attractions there cometh satisty, and before long she will let her husband go

by himself.

But if her husband is "running a bunch of stock" somewhere in the mountains, and they are living at an altitude, say, of about 8000 feet, life will lose many of the disagreeables which plain people have to put up with. As far as comfort in living is concerned there is, in the writer's judgment, no comparison between the plains and the mountains as places of residence. It is true that the "big money" in cattle . was made on the plains and not in the mountains, but that was years ago, when the ranches were virgin and covered with the nutritious gramma-grass on which stock flourished and multiplied exceedingly, needing next to no No provision for wintering them had to be made, and all the cattle owners had to do was to keep a man or two on the ranch to "keep track" of their whereabouts, attend to the branding of his calves in the spring, and the rounding up of his beef in the fall, and spend his winters where he pleased. If his wife ever visited the ranch, it was only for a few weeks at a time. The years between '60 and '75 were halcyon days for stockmen. But the day of big herds is almost gone, the ranges are eaten out, and the small occupier has settled wherever water for irrigating can be brought from river or creek, to the additional injury of the range in-These men have their few cows and horses, and devote themselves principally to farming, and this is what ranching on a small capital There is no "big money," or hope of "big money," in it, and this being so, if ranching is your business, as well make yourself as comfortable in your daily life as circumstances will permit, and if life seems more attractive in the mountains, pitch your camp

There you will escape the great heat and dust and alkali water. The mountain water is nearly always as good as the water on the plains is bad. This is quite an item when it is a question of choosing a home. There you have scenery and shade, and the sigh of the wind in the pine trees, and babbling brooks in the spring, and in early sum-

mer wild flowers without end. In some parts of the mountains there are still elk and deer, and there are trout in nearly all the streams. The climate during the summer and fall is probably as near perfection as can be found on this planet, and the winters, though long, are not unduly rigorous. The struggle is no less anxious than on the plains, but it is carried on under pleasanter conditions.

Here, if the English lady takes a ride, she can get some pleasure out of And if she will get her husband some summer's day to keep up a saddle horse for her over night as well as his own, and next morning get up about five o'clock and go with him to run in the horses before breakfast, if perchance some extra ones may be wanted for some purpose, she will get a taste of the full glory of mountain air and scene which will be a memory to her. it may be, for years. The air has an indescribable freshness and invigorating quality, with nothing of the rawness which it has in England at that early hour, and it comes to them laden with the balmy scent of the pines and spruces as they ride through the timber listening to the tinkle of the house Following a trail which leads through a spruce thicket, they come out on a knoll overlooking a "little park" in which they see the horses grazing. Perhaps they stay a few minutes drinking in the beauty of the scene -the pale green of the mountain aspens —quaking, as its local name is—against the darker background of the pine woods, while in the far distance the sun strikes on some snow-clad peak and tinges it with a rosy glow. Now one of the saddle horses "nickers" to a friend he recognizes in the "bunch" below him, and reminds the riders of the motive that brought them out.

That old buckskin mare has had too good a thing lately, and is fat and sassy—she doesn't mean to be corralled this morning without some frolic. So as our friends pick their way down the hill-side she starts at a run out of pure mischief and devilment, and the rest follow madly, snatching at each other and throwing up their heels. They are soon lost to sight in the timber, but the bell rings wildly and "gives them

away," and after an exhilarating chase they are headed off and "hit the trail for home." The bars of the corral are down, and pulling their horses to a walk, they watch them file in. The bars are put up and our couple begin to think that breakfast would be a desirable move.

In the mountains, too, here and there are to be found wild raspberries of a delicious flavor and remarkable size. These grow "in patches" of from one to three acres in extent, and to these patches, when the raspberries are ripe, the neighbors repair with buckets and kegs to pick them for preserving. This is a great outing for the women-folk, as it means camping out for a day or two, and a break in the sameness of their existence. Perhaps the English lady will like to try it, if only for the sake of the variety it affords. quite likely once will be enough. Camping is very nice for an experience, but most people decide after trying it that a house is good enough for them. Perhaps a pithy rema k heard at one of these raspherry patches includes most of the ladies' objection to The writer was in conversation with an old lady who, by the way, could pick more berries in a day than he could in two if not three, and do it easier. She was asking him how it was he had not brought the folks along, meaning thereby two sisters of his whom she knew were staying with him. "But then," she added before he could speak, as one who saw the absurdity of the question, "it's rough work climbing over these logs unless you're used to it. Their hides is tender, and there's so much wallering round in camping."

Few people are strong enough to offer a steady resistance to circumstances. The life of most of us is an acquiescence, sometimes hearty, more often grudging, in the conditions in which we are placed, without much effort of our own to alter them if they do not suit us. By the pressure of circumstance the English lady will sooner or later cease the endeavor to bring variety and color into her life, and content herself with discharging mechanically monotonous duties or overseeing their discharge. And with all her applica-

tion what does she finally attain to? Just as the English ranchman seldom acquires the thorough knowledge and grip of all points of his business, which the native ranchman has unconsciously developed in himself by the infiltration of a lifetime's experience, not often does the English lady become the genuine practical hand that a ranchman's wife should be, but at the best a clever imitation of her. Her courage and will are undeniable, but submitted to the ordeal of steady work her muscle and endurance are not equal to the test. Nor do the native ranchwomen come out unscathed. The tremendous strain of rearing a family and performing their share of the daily operations of the ranch tells on them all. All bear traces of the conflict, and many of them are old women—in appearance at least—at thirty-five. Yet-and this goes to show that this sacrifice is necessary hardly ever will a successful ranchman be found who does not owe his success to his wife's exertions in her own sphere, equally with his own in his.

Truth to say, it is no life to bring a lady to, unless at least there are, actually and certainly, means sufficient to provide her with help. Emphatically, the means should not be in the future, to be provided by their joint efforts. If they are in the future, there they are exceedingly apt to remain. And in any case the lady's lot is far harder than her husband's. All the variety and movement fall to his share, and he sees twenty people to her one. Ask the English ranchmen how they like the life, and you will find the worst complaint they have to make is that there is nothing in it—too much work for exceedingly little money. If it paid better, a majority of them will tell you, they would be well enough suited. Some even would rather follow it than anything else, and of a truth there is a fascination in its independence and unconventionality which makes it hard to give up, in spite of its ruggedness and hardship. But not so with their They get all the tedious part and very little of the good, and if you ask them, if they do not frankly tell you they detest it and long to get away from it, the most favorable answer that can be extracted is to the effect that it is not so bad; they don't mind it, and have got used to it by this time.

Even in the rare case where an English ranchman has been successful, having had perhaps large capital to start with and not having fooled it away, so that he is in an assured position with a thriving business so long as he is here to attend to it, and an income adequate for all comfort and some luxury, it is doubtful if his wife would not cheerfully sacrifice a good deal to get out of it all and return to her own country. Though she escapes the actual work which falls to the lot of her less fortunate sisters, so wearing is the question of household help, so trying the almost entire absence of society and amusement, so troublesome the question of educating children, especially the girls, that she would cheerfully accept a reduction of income and live in the old country among her friends and people of her own habit of mind. Better, she will think, the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim than the vintage of Abiezer.

If what has been said in this article is chiefly gloomy, it must not be supposed that the English lady on a ranch passes her life in a state of despondency. Much praise and admiration are her due for the courage and cheerfulness with which she faces her hard conditions and makes the best of them. There is this in favor of her life, that, being hard as it is and simple as it is, small pleasures and small luxuries produce the same effect as greater ones in a more conventional way of living. Very likely they are more keenly en-Nowhere does a little money go so far; nowhere else would the arrival of a box containing some delica-

cies for the table, a carpet and curtains too worn for town use, and some books and magazines, mark an epoch in your More important yet is the absence of that Moloch of civilization, the heart-breaking struggle to keep up appearances on an insufficient income. Here is no one to see, and no one to care. Among the blind the one-eyed is king, and you may even be an object of envy to your neighbors, though they would perish rather than betray it, as they gaze on the splendor of your sitting-room, your walls covered with wall paper instead of newspaper, your carpeted floor, or your best dress of the fashion of five years ago. Nor is the unpleasing contrast between poverty and wealth forced upon you, unpleasing, that is, as long as the poverty is yours and the wealth some one else's. If any in the neighborhood are better off than others, they are not much better off, and in any case in dress, manner, and appearance present no difference.

Yet when all is said, the recommendations of the life appear to be chiefly negative, and the intending ranchwoman will have a use for what patience and self-denial and fortitude and resignation she can find in her moral equipment. Eminently Christian virtues these, and their faithful practice will result in a noble charac-None the less, having regard to the frailty of human nature, some sympathy may be accorded to those English ladies who look askance at the martyr's crown that is thrust upon them, and who sigh occasionally for a life where these qualities shall not be called into such active and constant exercise. -Longman's Magazine.

## THE OLD LIFE OF THE INNS.

BY SHEILA E. BRAINE.

It would be interesting to know who was the first person to keep an inn. The word itself is Anglo-Saxon, signifying a lodging house; another term was gest hus, a house for guests, or cumena hus, a house of comers. Near

the high-roads, a few scattered inns were established, where travellers could obtain a night's shelter. Edward the Confessor ordained that if a man lay three nights at the same inn, he was to be styled a third-night-awn-hinde; and the landlord was answerable for him, exactly as if he were one of the servants. A good many alchouses seem to have been dotted about Saxon England. Our sturdy forefathers spent a large portion of their spare time in them. Chaucer's friar "knew wel the tavernes in every town;" and Dunstan found it necessary to ordain that a priest "should in no wise be an alescop," that is a story-teller or reciter at an alchouse.

Efforts were continually being made to keep down the number of inns. the reign of Edward I., there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1552, no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York might have eight; Norwich, Exeter and Cambridge, four; Bristol, six, and Oxford, three. These regulations must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner; for half a century later, there were four hundred "houses of call" in that part of London known as the City; and no fewer than twentyfour clustered round Covent Garden. In mediæval Oxford, it was ruled that no "victualler" was eligible for the office of Mayor, and this term included an innkeeper. It will be remembered that the "Sweet Swan of Isis," Sir William Davenant, the poet, was the son of an Oxford innkeeper, mine host of the "Crown," a house which tradition declares was patronized by the immortal Will bimself in his journeyings from Warwickshire to London. The "Crown" is one of our oldest English signs. A curious epitaph records that:

"Here lies the body of Matilda Brown,
Who, while alive, was hostess of the Crown;
Her son-in-law keeps on the business still;
Patient, resigned to the Eternal Will."

The inns of the Middle Ages were furnished in a very homely style. We know from an old inventory what the famous George Inn at Salisbury was like in the fifteenth century. This house possessed thirteen guest chambers, each with three beds in it, a table on trestles, and some oaken benches. People ate and slept in the same apartment indiscriminately. The thirteen rooms were named the Principal Chamber, the Earl's Chamber, the pantry adjoining, the Oxford Chamber, the

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXIV., No. 4.

Abingdon, the Squire's, the Lombard's, the George, the Clarendon, the Understent, the Fitzwaryn, the London, and the Garret. At this period titled persons slept on a bed, commoners on a mattress; a curious distinction.

In French and German mediæval inns, a humorous custom prevailed for the punishment of those convicted of drawing the "long bow." A wooden knife called a conteau rodomont was placed by the side of the president of the table, whose duty and privilege it was to put boasters to silence, by ringing the bell in the blade, or blowing a whistle concealed in the handle. He then, amid the laughter of the company, handed the knife to the offender, to keep until a greater boaster than himself could be found. Sir Walter Scott has given us in "Anne of Geierstein," a graphic picture of the utter discomfort of a German inn of the Middle Ages, where a churlish host reigned supreme over a pack of abjectly humble guests.

A curious provision was introduced into the Scotch parliament in 1425, owing to the complaints of the innkeepers that travellers stayed with friends when they came to a town. It was enacted that these henceforth, whether on foot or on horseback, should repair to the established hostelly of the place; and that any burgess who took them into his own house should be fined forty shillings. Nobles and gentlemen might stay where they pleased, provided they sent their horses and attendants to the inn.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the inns of Paris and London were at the height of their prosperity. They were the general meeting places of the wits and literary men of the day; and even the noblemen used them. The Duke of Montague gave a dinner at the "Devil;" and the great Elizabeth herself, so says tradition, did not disdain, upon one occasion, to eat pork and peas at "King's Head" in Fenchurch Street. An ancient metal dish with a cover is still exhibited there, as the identical one used. In her reign, it appears that the taverns were great 10ceivers of stolen venison. The Lord Mayor wrote to Elizabeth's secretary in

1585, informing him that he had taken bonds of all the cooks in London not to buy or sell any venison to bake, without keeping a note of the name of The penalty, forty pounds, the seller. seems an enormous one.

Dr. Johnson had the highest appreciution of the benefits of an inn. "There is nothing," he remarks, "which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern." The burly doctor dearly loved to take his ease at his inn, or rather at his two inns—for his name is intimately associated with both the "Mitre" and the "Cheshire Cheese." The former dated from Shakespeare's time, and was pulled down in 1829; the latter still exists in much the same condition as when the author of "Rasselas" trod its sanded floor, and smoked his clay pipe, with the admiring Boswell close at hand. A small social circle used formerly to meet at the "Cheshire Cheese" every Saturday night; and as the clock finished striking nine, the chairman rapped on the table, and gave the following toast: "All ships at sea; sweethearts and wives; not forgetting the trunkmaker's daughter at the corner of St Paul's." The last part of the toast referred to a very fascinating damsel, whose father kept a stall beneath the

shadow of the great cathedral.

The old "Cock" tavern in Fleet Street was frequented by Fielding, Smollett, Savage, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Cowper; and in its palmy days could boast of a cellar of rare port Pepys records a lobster supper there in 1668. Ben Jonson lorded it at the "Devil," near Temple Bar; both, alas! have disappeared. Lawyers no longer post a notice on their doors about the hour of dinner, that they are "gone to the 'Devil.'" The old inn, once the home of the Apollo Club, became absorbed into Child's Bank, and its place knows it no more.

Most of the famous old literary taverns are now merely a matter of history. The rooms were small and low, the seats only wooden benches; but they were good enough for the giants of former days, who found within their homely walls the social intercourse they craved for. The guests drank out of pewter pots, and their table manners might not have been all that one could wish, but some of them have left names that will not be forgotten for all time. The inns were the club-houses of the time; and whatever may have been their disadvantages, there was a degree of cosiness and cheerfulness about them which is lacking in many a modern one of far greater pretensions. frequented the same inn day after day, and year after year, and mine host was a personal friend of many of his customers.

One is apt to pity those so lacking in friends that they meet with "their warmest welcome at an inn," but many a man, with Dr. Johnson, has regarded his favorite hostelry in the light of a second home. This is how Goldsmith, who knew a town inn, describes a country one:

"Low lies the house where nut-brown draughts inspired, Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil

retired;

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound, And news, much older than the ale, went round."

The old coaching inns were cheery, bustling places once, when it took two days and two nights to get from Edinburgh to London; and a journey up from Cornwall was an affair of greater moment than one round the world is now. But the railroads have for the most part done to death the houses full of life, of which Dickens has left us so telling a picture. They have sunk into decay, and the hoarse-voiced coachman, with his multitudinous capes and extraordinary capacity for hot drinks, has vanished into limbo. But "Boots of the Holly-tree Inn," and Sam Weller and his father, we shall never forget, nor old wooden-headed Willet of the "Maypole," Mark Tapley's pet land lady, and many another of those immortal shadows whose birth has given joy to thousands. The England of Dr. Johnson has vanished, that of Dickens is all but gone; and to find the inns they knew, homely, comfortable, and unpretentious, is daily becoming a more and more difficult task.— Good Words.

### MATTHEW PRIOR.

#### BY EDWARD MANSON.

ONE day in the year 1680 the Earl of Dorset and other gentlemen being at the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross —then a fashionable rendezvous—a dispute arose about the meaning of a particular passage in Horace, which, not being settled to the satisfaction of those present, one of them said he was mistaken if there was not a young fellow in the house—the nephew of mine host-who was able to set them all right, and proposed sending for him. On this recommendation all the company desired he might be called in, when, the difficulty being proposed to him, he explained it with so much modesty that the Earl of Dorset—the Mæcenas of his age—immediately resolved to take him under his protection, and soon after he was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. The young scholar who thus came to the rescue was Matthew Prior-Matt Prior, as his friends affectionately called him -well named our English Horace. "Who now reads Prior?" we might say, as Pope said of Cowley. Yet he is the wittiest and most graceful of all our English poets, whether he is writing lines to "Young Lord Buckhurst playing with a cat," or to "The Countess of Exeter playing on a flute, a ballad on the Thief and the Grave Cordelier," or stanzas to—

> "Miss Kitty, beautiful and young, But wild as colt untamed."

Prior soon vindicated his patron's discrimination. While he was at Cambridge Dryden published his grotesque but powerful satire, "The Hind and the Panther"—the first fruit of his apostasy to Rome—in which wolves, bears, and foxes gravely debate the deepest points of theology and vent their spite against "the milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged," type of the true Church. The fable lent itself to parody, and Prior and his friend Charles Montague came out with a clever burlesque called "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." Montague was an earl's grandson, and soon

got preferment. Prior had to wait, and he plaintively laments—

"That one mouse thrives while t'other 's starved:"

The Earl of Dorset did not, however, forget his protégé. He introduced him to the King, adding facetiously, I have brought a mouse to have the honor of kissing your Highness's hand." The joke was explained to William. and he at once replied, smiling, "You will do me a favor if you will put me in the way of making a man of him." And he was as good as his word. Prior was soon made Secretary of the English Embassy to the Congress at the Hague. His quick parts, his industry, his politeness, and his perfect knowledge of the French language marked him out for diplomatic employment. He was a man of the world with the Horatian bonhommie and the Horatian capacity for enjoyment. the Hague, as throughout life, he took care, he tells us-

"With labor assiduous due pleasure to mix,
And in one day atone for the business of
six;

In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night, On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right."

A very characteristic picture of the poet. He was frankly epicurean:—

"Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy, Which create all the pleasure poor mortals

Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy."

—but his epicureanism, like that of the Roman poet, is so genial and so graceful that it never jars upon us.

Prior's gayety and wit were just suited to the French character, and made him highly popular at the French Court, where he went as English plenipotentiary, and where he lived in considerable splendor. Louis writes: "I am impatiently expecting Mr. Prior, who is very agreeable to me." One bon mot of his is worth recording. He was being shown the celebrated pictures in which Le Brun has ostentatiously represented on the ceiling of

the gallery of Versailles the exploits of Louis, and was asked whether Kensington Palace could boast such decorations. "No, sir," he replied; "the memorials of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his

own palace."

There is another anecdote—told by Macaulay—which illustrates his diplomatic address. His chief in the embassy to the Hague was Portland, who thought wits and poets a profane and licentious set. Prior set himself to remove this unfavorable impression. He talked on serious subjects seriously, quoted the New Testament appositely, vindicated Hammond from the charge of popery, and by way of a decisive blow, gave the definition of a true Church from the nineteenth article. Portland stared at him. "I am glad, Mr. Prior, to find you so good a Chris-I was afraid you were an atheist." "An atheist! My good Lord," cried Prior, "what could lead your lordship to entertain such a suspicion?" "Why," said Portland, "I knew that you were a poet, and I took it for granted you did not believe in God."
"My lord," said the wit, "you do us poets the greatest injustice. Of all people we are the farthest from atheism, for the atheists do not even worship the true God whom the rest of mankind acknowledge, and we are always invoking and hymning false gods whom everybody else has renounced." This last was true enough. Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Cupid—the whole mythological machinery of Olympus is in full play in Prior's poetry, as it is in that of his contemporaries. It was the fashion of that pseudo-classical age; but with Prior the gods and goddesses are brought on the stage only by way of burlesque, not of pretty pagan conceits, as they are by the poetasters of his time. One of the most stinging of his satires is the simile in which he compares these same poetasters to a squirrel jumping in its revolving cage:

"Still dancing in an airy round,
Well pleased with their own verse's sound."

Prior himself never soars to the empyrean, nor does he seek to. He rises in his "Solomon" to a lofty didactic strain, but mostly he pipes on "the

lower slopes." It is the wit and the savoir faire of the man of the world which charms us in him, not any poetic rhapsodies—a wit not misanthropic, like that of Swift, or malignant, like that of Pope, but good-humored, sparkling, and always sane. He threw off epigrams, tales, songs, satires, epitaphs and odes just as the inspiration seized him or the subject arose. Surely he must have had a prophetic glimpse of Mr. Gladstone when he penned the lines:—

" For you may speak in Tully's tongue, And all the while be in the wrong;"

and of the Board School when he wrote:-

"And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught."

Here is his own epitaph by himself:—

"Nobles and heralds, by your leave
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

In his version of the old story of Danae, entitled "The Padlock," we have a good instance of his wit and sense:—

- "Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us Why so mysterious, why so jealous? Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar, Make us less curious, her less fair?
- "Sir, will your questions never end?
  I trust to neither spy nor friend,
  In short, I keep her from the sight
  Of every human face.—She'll write.
  From pen and paper she's debarred.
  Has she a bodkin and a card?
  She'll prick her mind—she will, you say,
  But how will she that mind convey?
- "I keep her in one room: I lock it,
  The key (look here) is in this pocket.
  The keyhole, is that left? Most certain,
  She'll thrust her letter through, Sir Martin.
- "Dear angry friend, what must be done, Is there no way? There is but one: Send her abroad and let her see That all this mingled mass which she, Being forbidden, longs to know, Is a dull farce, an empty show: Powder and pocket glass and beau, A staple of romance and lies, False tears and real perjuries. Let her behold the frantic scene, The women wretched, false the men; And when, these certain ills to shun, She would to thy embraces run,

Receive her with extended arms, Seem more delighted with her charms, Wait on her to the Park and play, Put on good humor, make her gay; Be to her virtues very kind, Be to her faults a little blind, Let all her ways be unconfined, And clap your padlock on—her mind."

Instead of clapping the padlock on her mind we have taken it off—with a vengeance! and we have the "New Woman" as our reward.

Prior, as diplomatist, had helped to arrange the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, and of course when the Whigs came into power his conduct was challenged: he was impeached on a charge of holding clandestine conferences with the enemy—as if, as he remarks, any treaty was ever settled without preliminary negotiations—and formally imprisoned for two years. He turned his imprisonment, however, to good account, like Bunyan and Lovelace, and composed his "Alma"-a Hudibrastic poem in three books on "The Progress of Mind." Nothing could better illustrate Prior's power of enlivening a dull subject than this. It was the only poem the authorship of which Pope Here is some of Prior's phicoveted. losophy:-

" Alma merely is a scale, And motives like the weights prevail If neither side turn down nor up With loss or gain, with fear or hope. The balance always would hang even Like Mahomet's tomb 'twixt earth and heaven. This, Richard, is a curious case: Suppose your eyes sent equal rays Upon two distant pots of ale. Not knowing which was mild or stale; In this sad state your doubtful choice Would never have the casting voice, Which best nor worst you could not think, And die you must for want of drink, Unless some chance inclines your sight, Setting one pot in fairer light, Then you prefer or A or B, As lines and angles best agree; Your sense resolved impels your will, She guides your hand—so drink your fill."

With his fall Prior lost of course all his emoluments; but he had still his fellowship—it would be bread and cheese to him when all else failed, he had said, when reproached with keeping it, and his fellowship and the profits of a five guinea quarto edition of his poems kept him in affluence as a bachelor, for Prior never married: he is

constantly girding at marriage. In his tale called "The Ladle" he tells how-

"The honest farmer and his wife.
To years declined from prime of life.
Had struggled with the marriage noose
As almost every couple does;
Sometimes my plague, sometimes my darling,

Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling, Jointly submitting to endure That evil which admits no cure."

Like Eloise, Prior thought that-

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

But he is a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and if his love songs lack depth and passion, no poet can turn a prettier compliment. Here is one:—

- "As afternoon one summer's day
  Venus stood bathing in a river,
  Cupid a-shooting went that way,
  New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.
- "With skill he chose his sharpest dart, With all his might his bow he drew, Swift to his beauteous parent's heart The too well-guided arrow flew.
- "I faint, I die! the goddess cried;
  Oh! cruel, couldst thou find no other
  To wreak thy spleen on? Parricide,
  Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
- "Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
  Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye.
  Alas! how easy my mistake?
  I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

Who was this fair rival of Venus, Prior's Chloe? Spence in his anecdotes asserts that she was a woman of the lowest class. Others say she was "I know the contrary," says ideal. John Wesley—an unexceptionable wit-"I have heard my eldest brother say her name was Miss Taylor; that he knew her well, and that she once came to him in Dean's Yard, Westminster, purposely to ask his advice. She told him, 'Sir, I know not what Mr. Prior makes large professions of his love, but he never offers me marriage.' My brother advised her to bring the matter to a point at once. She went directly to Mr. Prior and asked him plainly, 'Do you intend to marry me or no?' He said many soft and pretty things, on which she said, Sir, in refusing to answer you do answer. I will see you no more.'

she did see him no more to the day of his death. But afterward she spent many hours standing and weeping at his tomb in Westminster Abbey." There let her stand, ye inquisitive critics, the true Chloe as we would fain picture her.

The poet's lines to the historian Mezeray have a pathetic interest attaching to them. There are several stanzas, but one only need be quoted:—

"All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, but shun the cure;
Can sense this paradox endure?—
Resolve me, Cambray or Fontaine."

Sir Walter Scott about a year before his death, on a border tour with Lockhart, met two beggars—old soldiers—one of whom recognized the Baronet and bade God bless him. The mendicants went on their way and "we"—it is Lockhart who is describing the scene—"stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and planting his stick firmly on the sod repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious.

All that Prior wrote is witty and graceful, but it is in his tales that the poet is undoubtedly at his best, that he discovers what Cowper ealls his "charming ease." Take Hans Carvel, the jealous husband, married to a frisky wife, the old story of January and

May:-

"He thought of what he did not name, And would reform but durst not blame. At first he therefore preached his wife The comforts of a pious life; Told her how transient beauty was, That all must die, and flesh was grass. He brought her sermons, psalms and graces, And doubled down the useful places."

To little purpose, as usually happens:—

"In short, the trade was still the same: The dame went out, the colonel came."

But fragmentary quotation is unfair

-most of all of tales.

It is highly diverting to find in Boswell's Johnson the usually lax Boswell shocked at the indelicacy of Prior's Takes, and the stern moralist poohpoohing his squeamishness. " No, sir, there is nothing in Prior's Tales. Prior is a ladies' book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library. Your Lord Hailes" (whom Boswell had called in aid) "must be more combustible than most persons." Charles Lamb tells as how he was once detected by a familiar damsel reclined at ease upon the grass on Primrose Hill reading "Pamela," and how the damsel seated herself down by him and read in company till she rose, leaving the blush with him. "There was nothing to be ashamed of," he says, "but I could have wished it had been—any other Neither is Prior the book one would choose to read under such circumstances. But after all Prior's one unpardonable offence is having para-phrased the exquisite old ballad "The Nut Brown Maid" into the pretentious stanzas of "Henry and Emma," with their rhetorical pomp and stucco sentiment. - Temple Bar.

# FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Ir is rumored that the biography of Lord Tennyson is nearly completed, but that it will not be published yet awhile.

THE congress of the International Literary Association at Berne has adopted a resolution in favor of granting to newspaper articles the same protection in respect of copyright as to any other literary work. The question of copyright in political articles and in newspaper intelligence is reserved for next year's meeting, which is to be held at Monaco.

MESSES. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press

a Life of Fridtjof Nansen, written by two of his countrymen, Professor W. C. Brögger and Nordahl Rolfsen, and translated by Mr. William Archer. Chapters are contributed by specialists, on his work as a biologist, on the scientific importance of his crossing of Greenland, and on the history and conditions of Arctic exploration. The volume will also contain a poem by Björnstjern Björnson, a number of illustrations from photographs and original drawings, and three colored maps.

THE Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College,

Pennsylvania, have compiled a "Handbook of Courses open to Women in English, European, and Canadian Universities," which it is intended to issue yearly. The publishers are the Macmillan Company of New York.

THE Wagner Museum at Eisenach is now virtually established, and contains a mass of Wagneriana in the form of books and pamphlets, various manuscripts of scores and literary remains, portraits of the poet composer and the leading artists who have appeared in his works, and miscellaneous objects directly or indirectly associated with the master.

GASTON PARIS, the distinguished French philologist, was elected to the chair in the French Academy left vacant by Alexander Dumas. Emile Zola was again one of the disappointed competitors.

Or the four volumes of Mr. William Wallace's new edition of Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns," the third will appear immediately. It contains nearly thirty letters, which appear now for the first time in any life of the poet, some of them throwing light on a controversy Burns had during the Ellisland period with the London Newsman. Fresh information is also given as to many of the personages mentioned in the poems and letters.

THE late Arsène Houssaye, the French critic, had this quotation from Pythagoras, "Hold thy peace; or say something which is better than silence," inscribed over the door of his house. It may be remarked, by the way, that Houssaye wrote more than eighty volumes of prose and poetry.

It appears that Mr. Harold Frederic's vogue in England has been strengthened by his latest novel, called "Illumination" in the London edition, and published here as "The Damnation of Theron Ware." This novelist's fortunes have been curious in their way. His tales have dealt uniformly with American life, yet they have not made their way with American readers.

EDINBURGH, once famous for its authors, is now doing the best printing in England, or at least showing such superior work that nearly all the best printed books are done there. Even in Aberdeen, five hundred miles from London, London books are being printed.

THE examination of candidates for librarianships has made a poor beginning at the

University of Göttingen, where it was recently introduced for the first time. Two candidates only had presented themselves.

THE young poets of Paris have elected as successor to Paul Verlaine in poetical sover-eignty Stephane Mallarme, translator of poems of Poe and author of "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," whose portrait by Whistler is a masterpiece.

HERE are the ages of some of the older famous English writers: Mr. Blackmore has just celebrated his seventy first birthday; George Macdonald is his senior by one year; Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are each sixty-eight; Miss Braddon is fifty-nine; Sir Walter Besant, fifty-eight; Ouida, fifty six; and Mr. William Black, fifty-five,

THE first volume of the work on France upon which Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has been occupied for the last six years is to appear short. ly. It was originally undertaken, at the request of Messrs. Macmillan, with the intention of doing for France what Mr. Bryce has done for the United States in his "American Commonwealth;" but the task has been found much more considerable than was anticipat-Mr. Bodley's first volume will deal with the Revolution and modern France, the constitution, the legislature, and the administrative and judicial systems. The second and third parts, to appear in rapid succession, will treat of the Church, education, social and labor questions, external relations, and the provinces.

PROFESSOR ERNST CURTIUS.—Germany has lost the doyen of her historians of antiquity. and the only man who could be compared with Theodor Mommsen for the dignity and long usefulness of his life. His talents were widely different from those of his great colleague in ancient history. While Momusen devoted himself to Rome, and more especially to the political and juridical problems in her history, Ernst Curtius turned to Greece, and there rather to the artistic and social side of Greek life. He had the privilege of visiting Greece early in life, and in such august company that he was able to command more time and money for his travels than are vouchsafed to most professors. But he made a noble use of his opportunities. In the first place, he produced a complete and exhaustive description of the Peloponnesus, a work still and always of value for its research and for its ap-

preciation of topographical problems. Then he so stimulated the interest in Greece at the German Court, where he was always a persona grata, that we may regard him as the main author of the magnificent enterprise which discovered the treasures of Olympia Lastly. he produced not only a remarkable " History of Greece," but many essays on the topography of Attica which will keep his name alive for many generations. It is through his history that he is known to the English speaking world of scholars. This book supplied, with carious felicity, the very points in which Grote's monumental work was deficient Curtius was a mere child in his knowledge of politics when compared with Grote. But in his estimate of the historical value of the old legends, in his delicate appreciation of the artistic genius of the Greeks, above all in his living knowledge of the country, he far surpassed his great English predecessor. While giving his work this full acknowledgment, it must be repeated that the student of Hellenic politics must still turn to Grote; the inability of Curtius to grasp this side of history was shown clearly enough when he attempted to write leading articles for a well-known German paper. But in all other respects his history was a real advance upon older works, and made him a great reputation. The English version was, unfortunately, twice as costly as the original, and wants all his notes and illustrations, so that the student must be cautioned to judge the work by the original only. It was, moreover, the model followed by later writers on Greece, though few could attain the grace and picturesqueness with which Curtius portrayed the country and its people. In private life he was a genial and kindly man, always ready to encourage his juniors, and quite free from the jealousy that often infects men of learning. His death has deprived the world of a figurehead in one great department of ancient lore, but he was far more than a figurehead; he was a living and working man in a society of able and conscientious colleagues.

## MISCELLANY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BASQUES.—A modern French writer speaks of the Basque people as "cette vaillante race dont l'origine se perd dans la nuit des temps." Yet no one has been able to find any trace of them in literature further back than the period of the Mid-

dle Ages; and the examination of the skulls taken from old tombs in Guipuzcoa, as well as those of the present representatives of the race, shows no uniformity, no characteristic feature, nothing that would distinguish them from the skulls of a modern Spaniard or of a Frenchman. With regard to the Basques being "a valiant race," their earlier history points to their being little better than outlaws, bandits, and vagabonds of the lowest type, whatever they may be at present. Certainly nothing can be said against the Basque peasants of the present day; they are universally praised for their honesty, frugality, and industry. What is most surprising to a Spaniard or a Frenchman when, for the first time, he enters the beautiful Basque Provinces, is the fact that he cannot understand the language of the people. I have used the expression "beautiful Basque Provinces," as others have done before; let me endeavor to give a slight sketch of them and their peasant inhabitants as we find them at the present time. Those who have had the good fortune to have made a run by railway through Bayonne to Biarritz and on to San Sebastian and the villages of Guipuzcoa, or who may have crossed the Bay of Biscay to visit the ironstone mines of Bilbao, and thus penetrated, easily and luxuriously, a little way into the Basque country, may pity a poor pedestrian student tramping from one roadside inn to another, and taking months to cover the distance that the train performs in days; but they will not have seen so much of the people and the country, nor have experienced the same enjoyment.

The whole region of the Basses Pyrénées is delightful for at least nine months of the year, but that portion which is comprised in the Basque Provinces is peculiarly beautiful and interesting. It is not difficult to discover that the French and Spanish Basques are one and the same people, having the same habits and speaking the same language. In the French province this language is spoken from the shores of the Bay of Biscay almost as far as Oleron to the east. In the Spanish Basque Provinces the same peculiar dialect is heard as soon as we leave Biarritz, and when we have passed the Custom House at Irun we are in the heart of the Basque dis. trict. Some of the most picturesque localities are Hendaye, Fontarabia, San Sebastian, and Hernani, which are all in Guipuzcoa, the purest of the Basque Provinces. At Pain.

peluna and at Vittoria, as well as at Bilbao, the language is constantly heard also, though at the latter place it is not now so frequently used, as large numbers of foreign workmen have been imported there of late years. The whole of this lovely and varied landscape. wild though cultivated, gay and very sunny, yet temperate as compared with the rest of Spain, has been governed, since 1876, like other parts of the Peninsula, though it had previously a special political regimen; and it has long been the headquarters of the Carlists. A great portion is now traversed by the railroad from Paris to Madrid, and by the lines which run from Madrid to Hendaye, and from Bordeaux to Irun. Other branch lines extend from Bayonne to St. Jean Pied de Port and from Pugro to Saint Palais. The western region of the Pyrenees in very remote times supplied the passage through which travellers from Spain penetrated into France. Moors took the route; it was also through this district that the pilgrims of the twelfth century passed.

1896.

As the Basques have no literature to speak of, nor traditions which might point to their origin, any more than the gypsies have, and as we meet occasionally with groups of people speaking the same curious dialect in the neighborhood of Genoa, at Pegli, at Taranto, and in some parts of Sardinia and Corsica, some authors have looked upon the inhabitants of the Basque Provinces of Spain and France as the relics of a very extensive race of men which formerly occupied a large area of Europe. There is no proof whatever of this. In seeking to unfathom the mystery of the origin of the Basque people we have little more than their peculiar language to guide us in our inquiries. The dialect of the Spanish Basque Provinces, such as we have it in the songs and proverbs which have acquired for this people quite a European reputation, is really a hideous mixture of Spanish patois (Spanish more or less adulterated with French), and Moorish, or Arabic. Many of their words have a curious resemblance to corresponding English words (just as we find in our English slang a good many gypsy words). For instance, the Basque word gorry (which signifies red, rusty, bloody, gory), the word gona (gown), escuara (school), irina (farina, flour), curritzen (course, courrier), du (does, from the verb, to do), letra (letter), teilatura (roof tile), cantua (song, canticle), boina (bonnet), etc. The music of the popular

Basque songs is in general plaintive, and couched in the minor keys. The melodies, like the language, are a tradition-as no composers' names have come down to us-and this, again, is a singular compound of Spanish and Oriental melody. It also affirms my view of the origin of this interesting people; so that I have the language and the music both fighting to uphold my theory. there is still more to be said in proof of its Under the erroneous idea that the Basques were a distinct and very ancient race, scientific anthropologists have paid considerable attention to them; but their researches have resulted in complete failure.—Gentleman's Magazine.

On the Sandy Plains of Queensland .- In the innumerable footprints of kangaroo and wallaby scuttled myriads of tiny red landcrabs, loathsome little carrion feeders with one large claw out of all proportion to their size. Animal life wakes of a sudden in those latitudes. The mopoke's last hoot, ere it turned in for its well earned day's rest, was answered by the plaintive cry of the curlew and the shriller shrick of the hungry ibis as they flew across the dull sky down to the muddy banks, from which their curved bills would soon dig a substantial breakfast. And as the light rapidly increased we beheld something that made our hearts beat almost audibly; a herd of perhaps fifty kangaroos and wallaby browsing unconcernedly in the long grass nearly a mile away. Reconnoitring with our glasses, we saw that we were in for a pretty long stalk, most of it, worse luck, with our faces to the rising sun, which, gaining every moment in intensity, bade fair to dazzle our eyes and spoil them utterly for such fine game as long-distance kangaroo. On we plodded over the heavy sand, hugging the scrub that fringed the plain, and content to see our friends still with an eye to the main chance, yet, troubled evidently by those vague and inexplicable forebodings of instinct, standing erect every now and then and scanning the horizon with their great eyes, that, for all their melting softness, are wondrous far-seeing; or pricking their sensitive. hairy ears that gather the sound-waves from afar, and warn their timid owners, when at length a moment's delay would but prelude the rifle's deadly ring, to leap before they

We were still fully five bandred yards trom

the herd, when our path was suddenly intercepted by an unexpected ditch of great breadth, an obstacle that elicited a remark appropriate to the occasion - language flows more freely beneath the Southern Cross-and in the momentary confusion we tramped on some crackling underwood. In a moment half a dozen of the veterans were looking in our direction, and we threw ourselves on the ground, mindless of mud, nettles, or bull-dog ants. But one glimpse sufficed, and, tapping on the ground, as we plainly heard, to warn the does and their joeys, the old men made off, followed, as the measured beat of their stately leap advised us, by the entire herd. Fortunately their course took them, for some reason or other, right past our hiding place, and a couple of flying shots brought down a buck wallaby and stopped a doe, which we presently put out of pain. Until near midday we tramped over the island, sighting many a small herd, but getting never another fair shot, except at a large duck, through which I put a ball on our way down to the boat. As our companions were not at the trystingplace, we fired a couple of blank cartridges as a signal to those on board, and a boat was, after some little delay, lowered for us. After we had refreshed ourselves with a bath and some luncheon, rods were put in the gig, and we dropped down to the wharf for a spell after the barramundi, a huge Queensland perch that comes to the surface to feed at Soon a fish is hooked, and the stout rod bends as if it would break as the captive is coaxed round to the steps. Not a very large fish either, but, at any rate, eight or nine pounds of the gamest fighting and sweetest eating denizen of Australian waters. To the lighthouse keeper fell the tish of the evening, a magnificent barramundi that turned the scale, several hours after its capture, at thirty pounds. This sport, which is usually continued until eight or nine o'clock, would be more attractive but for the hordes of sandflies and mosquitoes that brood over the river at sunset, and regard the angler (who sighs for his coolie with the fly-scourging chowry) as a dish sent by Providence for their special benefit.—Badminion Magazine.

Humor in Modern Fiction.—In Locker-Lampson's very entertaining "Confidences" I find that he claims for Dickens's humor the quality of being Shakespearian. This is just what I think it is not. It is as a humorist, of

course, that Dickens will stand or fall. Even his warmest admirers now recognize the hollow ring of his pathos. But is his humor of the stuff that will last? This question may now be put when the laughter which rightly greeted his early buoyancy has subsided; and we may now ask ourselves whether it will be inextinguishable, like the laughter of the Homeric gods, for our successors and remote descendants. The elastic spirits and vitality of the man have made his earlier works something unique in English literature; but these qualities were almost exhausted even before his early death. "The Analytical Chemist" in "Cur Mutual Friend." and the "Totherest Governor" of the same tale will illustrate this rather pathetic fact. It is just endurable that for once a butler. supplying wine to the guests at a parvenu's table should be likened for the gravity of his demeanor to an analytical chemist; but that he should be so styled again and again whenever he is introduced is merely a proof that Diekens thought he had his public so well in hand that he could foist on them a very poor conceit as living humor and force them to laugh even malis alienis. That the creator of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, Dick Swiveller, Captain Cuttle, Micawber, should think it funny to make Rogue Riderhood describe two persons as "The Governor" and "Tother Governor," and then a third as "Totherest Governor," is a thing to lead one into a train of sad thought about human intelligence and

But let me take Dickens at his best. Let me put forward a few (necessarily a very few) passages which to me seem most representative of Dickens. Others will have their own favorite bits, and will, perhaps, have good reason to think them more really characteristic. The extracts which I have made are not chosen for the purpose of bearing out any theory, but because they are from the passages which have made me laugh most hugely and most unfailingly. There are at the very least a score of passages, perhaps, equally buoyant (even in "Our Mutual Friend" we have Silas Wegg); but there is space for only two or three, and it will I think be admitted that those which I have selected are thoroughly characteristic.

First comes, naturally, a quotation from the Trial scene in "Pickwick," in which Sam Weller displays his readiness of repartee:

"' Have you a pair of eyes. Mr. Weller?'

"'Yes, I have a pair of eyes,' replied Sam; 'and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but bein' eyes, you see, my wision's limited.'"

I have always thought the low cunning of Codlin intensely amusing, and the more for a cleverness which he certainly has, but which utterly fails him when he tries to put words into the mouth of Little Nell when inquired after by the wealthy-looking single gentleman.

"'You said, Short,' returned Mr. Codlin; 'didn't I allays say I loved her and doted on her? Pretty creetur, I think I hear her now. "Codlin's my frieud," says she, with a tear of gratitud' a trickling down her little eye—"Codlin's my friend," she says, "not Short. Short's very well," she says; "I've no quarrel with Short; he means kind, I dare say. But Codlin," she says, "has the feelings for my money.""

I have room for only one more extract, and the space is claimed by the immortal Gamp:

"'I knows a lady, which her name, I'll not deceive you, Mr. Chuzzlewit, is Harris, her husband's brother bein' six foot three, and marked with a mad bull in Wellington boots upon his left arm, on account of his precious mother having been worrited by one into a shoemaker's shop when in a sitiwation which blessed is the man as has his quiver full of sech, as many times I've said to Gamp when words has roge betwixt us on account of the expense—and often have I said to Mrs. Harris, "Oh! Mrs. Harris, ma'am, your countenance is a angel's." Which but for pimples it would be,"

In these and many like them there is exuberant fun but no wisdom, no insight into human nature as such—only farcical oddity and cockney burlesque, class characteristics of the novelist's age and local peculiarities. This kind of humor will not stand the test of time, and mainly because it is not of the Shakspearian type. The Dogberry scenes and that in which Falstaff and the Prince alternately enact the part of King Henry IV, are surely as irresistible now as when they were written; and so is the Gravedigger's rhetoric: "An act bath three branches: it is to act, to do, and to perform." But every year is draining the sources of laughter in Dickens, and I fear I shall soon have to ask with Hamlet,

"Where be your gibes now? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

The true heir of Shakspeare's humor is to be found, I am persuaded, in George Eliot. Her humor, like his, depends on that which is permanent and unchangeable in human nature. It is impossible to believe that a time will ever come in which the uneducated mind will not struggle in vain to realize the distinction between statements of fact and figures of speech (which latter the vulgar employ more copiously than those who understand them), and in its struggles impound itself deeper in the morass of confusion. Here is an admirable illustration of that immortal truth from "The Mill on the Floss": · "'That's the fault I have to find wi' you, Bessy; if you see a stick in the road you're allays thinkin' you can't step over it. You'd want me not to hire a good wagoner, 'cause he'd got a mole on his face.'

"' Dear heart!' said Mrs. Tulliver, in mild surprise; 'when did I ever make objections to a man because he'd got a mole on his face? I'm sure I'm rather fond o' the moles; for my brother as is dead and gone had a mole on his brow. But I can't remember you iver offering to hire a wagoner with a mole, Mr. Tulliver. There was John Gibbs hadn't a mole on his face no more nor you have, an' I was all for having you hire him; an' so you did hire him, and if he hadn't died o' the inflammation, as we paid Dr. Turnbull for attending him, he'd very like ha' been driving the wagon now. He might ha' had a mole somewheres out o' sight, o' course. But how was I to know that, Mr. Tulliver ? '

"'No, no, Bessy; I didn't mean justly the mole; I meant it to stand for summat else; but niver mind—it's puzzling work, talking is.""

Again, it will forever be true that one thing must be either equal to another, or greater than it, or less than it. But Mr. Bambridge, the horse dealer, in "Middlemarch," apparently thought, or at least said, that it could be all three:

"'You made a bad hand at swapping,' said Mr. Bambridge, 'when you went to any-body but me, Viney. Why, you never threw your leg across a finer horse than that chestnut, and you gave him for the brute you're on now. If you set him cantering he goes like twenty sawyers. I never heard but one

worse roarer in my life, and that was a roan: it belonged to Pegwell, the corn factor; he used to drive him in his gig seven years ago, and he wanted me to take him, but I said, "Thank you, Peg, I don't deal in wind instruments," That was what I said. It went the round of the country, that joke did. But what the bell! the horse was a penny-trumpet to that roarer of yours,"

"' Why you said just now that his was worse than mine,' said Fred, more irritable than usual.

"'I said a lie, then,' said Mr. Bambridge, emphatically. 'There wasn't a penny piece to choose between them.'"

Nothing is more characteristic of the natural man than the failure to appreciate the conditions of evidence. A very ordinary person who has spent some years in India is often prone to resent the discussion of Eastern affairs, even by the deepest thinker or the profoundest historian who has not sweated out his brains on the burning plains. Such was the view entertained about historical authority by the village schoolmaster who, being an old Peninsular soldier, was employed to drill Tom Tulliver.

On less personal matters connected with the important warfare in which he had been engaged, Mr. Poulter was more reticent only taking care not to give the weight of his authority to any loose notions concerning military history. Any one who pretended to a knowledge of what had occurred at the siege of Badajos was especially an object of silent pity to Mr. Poulter; he wished that prating person had been run down, and had the breath trampled out of him at the first go off, as he himself had—he might talk about the siege of Badajos then!

These extracts go far to illustrate what I think is meant by saying that humor is Shakspearian. And these are the very qualities which, in my opinion, the humor of Dickens lacks. It depends on peculiarities characteristic of persons, places, and periods, or else extravagant eccentricity characteristic of no time, locality, or individuality, but not on the general condition of human nature. George Eliot has remarked that there is no such solvent of sympathy, and even friendship, as different views about the nature of a joke. The late Cardinal McCabe, we are told in a recent biography, would shake with laughter at a man pursuing his hat blown off in a high wind, but would yawn over the trial scene in "Pickwick" or the duel in "The Rivals." Some of my readers will have already pronounced me destitute of the most rudimentary conception of a joke. I can only remind them that I have been inquiring, not what humor now stirs the readiest laughter, but what has in it elements which may seem to promise that it will endure.—Saturday Review.

THE PIANOFORTE AND ITS ENEMIES.—The number of expert performers on the pianoforte is probably even greater than that of minor poets or lady novelists. Add to this category all those individuals who are perfeetly ready to oblige at an evening party, and the aggregate will run into hundreds of thousands. Furthermore, when one takes into account the pianistic activities of the board schools, the unthinking observer may be pardoned for anticipating the speedy advent of a musical millennium—at least, so far as quantity is concerned. But in music, as in everything else, the great law of compensation holds good. And just as wars and pestilences act as a check on population, so tendencies are already observable which bid fair to counteract the unbridled tyranny of the domestic virtuoso. We have the greatest admiration for the pianoforte in its proper place and at the proper time. When played by a musician it is a most delightful instrument. Unfortunately the pianoforte exerts a fatal fascination upon those who have not the slightest claim to that title, and so it has come about that many of the greatest musicians of the century have come to hold it in something like abhorrence. Wagner, it is true, was a mere bungler at the keyboard. and Berlioz, who despised it, was even less expert; but his successor on the staff of the Débats, the distinguished critic and composer, M. Reyer, is noted for the vehement animosity he has always displayed against the instrument. Instances might easily be multiplied, but enough has been said to show that hostility to the pianoforte is by no means a sign of an unmusical temperament, but rather the reverse. Against public performers it is easy to protect yourself-so long as you are not a musical critic-by the simple process of abstention. The pianoforte on the hearth -so to speak-is a more serious matter, though here it can be dodged, repressed, or even suppressed. But the pianoforte next door is the real grievance. A Scottish authority has recently informed the Gaelic Society that the bagpipes can be heard for eight miles. Many of us would be content to hear the pianoforte at a distance of even a quarter of a mile. But that is impossible, nor does it mitigate the sufferings of the pianophobe to learn that New York is even worse off than London in this respect. Here we may appropriately transcribe the experiences of a writer in the New York Critic which, mutatis mutandis, may be paralleled by many of the dwellers in flat-land over here;

"Some one asked me the other day how I should like to hear a certain Etude in A flat. I answered that person that if there was anything in this world that I despised it was to hear music in a flat, and if my friend had had my experience, he would never have asked me such a question. Below a flat in which I recently lived there was a young man who thought he had a gift for music. If a gift for music is the same as a gift for breaking stones with one's fists, then I should say that this young man had it, and had it to the verge of genius. I have heard all the famous pianists who have played in this country in the last quarter of the century, and I have never heard one-with, perhaps, the exception of the Cowboy Pianist-who had his wrist power. . . . He had no intention of taking up music as a profession; indeed, I heard that he proposed to study for the ministry, and the thought now occurs to me that, perhaps, he was practising pulpit pounding. He was a young man, as I have said, but he played the most old-fashioned music. I do not mean Palestrina and the Gregorian chants, but the sort of music that was fashionable in country drawing-rooms thirty or forty years ago. His pièce de résistance was a song called 'Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,' which has been arranged as a pianoforte morceau! It has a rich, rumbling bass, which, I am sure, is played with crossed hands. That peculiar richness can be produced in no other way. You have no idea of the havor that such a piece can make with one's nerves. You wish that you had never been born, or that, having been born, your lines might have been cast in some place where pianos were unknown. I wonder if one has absolutely no protection against pianos? I doubt whether he has, for was it not here in New York that a man who lay dying, last winter, sent word to a woman who was pounding a piano in a room on the other side of his party-wall, asking her if she would not stop for a few moments and let him die in peace, to which she replied that she didn't care how he died, and that she was going to play as long and as loud as she liked, as it was her own house. And, being as good as her word, she played on, and the man died to her music. Why can't we have a Raines Fiano Bill? [This refers to the new liquor law.] I am sure it would be popular, and would help the cause of temperance, too, for I believe that many a man has been driven out of his home at night by the playing of a piano in some other house than his own."

There is a touch of American extravagance about the foregoing, but it will none the less appeal to many really musical readers of these columns. For we also know that young man, or his English double, who develops his muscle on the keyboard at the expense of his neighbor's equanimity. And that moves us to express our surprise that Mr. Edison has never turned his attention to what, if he could achieve it, would be one of the humanest and most beatific inventions of the age-we mean some simple but absolutely efficacious method of shutting off external sounds. Think of the bliss of the brain worker who could thus defy the ravages of the organ-grinder, the newsboy, et hoc genus omne ! - Musical Times.

WHAT IS A LYRIC?—When Coleridge and Wordsworth published their first joint-volume of poems they called them "Lyrical Ballads," though we should hardly think one of the many fine poems it contained to be in any definite sense lyrical. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," with which it opens, is an imaginary narrative. And a predominantly narrative poem, however saturated with imagination it may be, can hardly be called "lyrical" without suggesting ideas which, in one way or another, put a certain strain on the term. Johnson defines lyric as " pertaining to a barp or to odes or poetry sung to a harp," and in his illustration of the use made of the word by the greater writers he gives striking passages from Milton and Dryden. Milton's is as follows:

"All his trophies hung or acts enrolled In copious legend or sweet lyrick song."

Here the "copious legend" is certainly distinguished from the "sweet lyrick song," and though, no doubt, as Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" shows us, long narrative poems were often sung to the harp's accompaniment, it was not the story, not the incident it contained, that gave such narrative poems their name of lyrics, but rather their impassioned openings or their close, in which the poet rose to a loftier strain of emotion and burst into such passages as those which excited the admiration of Pitt, in Scott's "Lay," as, for example:

" Amid the strings his fingers strayed And an uncertain warbling made, And oft he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the music wild The old man raised his face and smiled; And lightened up his faded eye With all a poet's ecstasy! In varying measures soft or strong He swept the sounding chords along : The present scene, his future lot, His toils, his wants, were all forgot: Cold diffidence and age's frost In the full tide of song were lost. Each blank in faitbless memory void The poet's glowing thought supplied; And while his harp responsive rung 'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung."

That is lyrical, no doubt, in the truest sense, as is also such a passage as that in which Scott declared in another of his poems that the wretch "concentred all in self."

"Living shall forfeit fair renown, And doubly dying shall go down Unto the dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unbonored, and unsung."

It was not the versified narrative of the long ballads which gave them a right to the accompaniment of the harp, but just those bursts of impassioned feeling which best entitled them to be sung rather than recited. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," fine as it is, contains hardly any passage of that kind. And accordingly Coleridge with a sure instinct describes it as recited, and never ventures to think of it as sung. Indeed, there is not one poem in the original "Lyrical Ballads" which we could think of as specially adapted for song. The passage which Johnson selected from Dryden to illustrate the meaning of the word "lyric" is equally to the point for the purposes of definition: "Somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers; in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting." There you have it. True lyrical verse needs "somewhat of a finer turn" than ordinary verse, or, as Matthew Arnold termed it, needs more of "the lyrical cry," that tone which comes from the heart and rings through the voice to the very hearts of those to whom it

is addressed. Now Wordsworth, though he called his earliest poems "Lyrical Ballads," could hardly have called them by a less fitting name. They were neither in the truest sense ballads nor lyrics. Could either the one word or the other be more grossly misapplied than each was, for instance, to the stately and no doubt, in a very true sense, impassioned lines written near Tintern Abbey with which the volume of lyrical ballads closed? Nor, indeed, is there a single poem in that volume which naturally suggests to the mind either the attitude of song, or that lyrical cry which lifts verse into the mood in which you feel the need of music to give it a fuller expression. Wordsworth's poems are full of magnificent recitative; but even in relation to what he calls ballads—with one exception. the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," which both begins and ends in the true lyric strain-we hardly ever recognize in Wordsworth the true lyrical poet. Oddly enough, Mr. Ernest Rhys, who has just given us a volume called "The Lyric Poems of William Wordsworth," does not include in it what seems to us the truest lyric Wordsworth ever wrote:

From town to town, from tower to tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming.
Both roses flourish, red and white,
In love and sisterly delight,
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.
Joy! joy to both, but most to her
That is the flower of Lancaster!"

That has the true lyrical cry in it, and so has the magnificent close:

" Now another day has come, Fitter hope and nobler doom, He hath thrown aside his crook, And hath buried deep his book, Armor rusting in his halls On the blood of Clifford calls-Quell the Scot, exclaims the lance, Bear me to the heart of France Is the longing of the Shield-Tell thy name thou trembling field. Field of death, where'er thou be, Groan thou with our victory. Happy day and mighty hour When our Shepherd in his power, Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword To his ancestors restored, Like a reappearing star. Like a glory from afar, First shall head the flock of war!"

There you have the true lyric fervor and the rapid beat of the lyric pulse. Generally. Wordsworth's thought is reflective, meditative, more or less long-drawn out even when most impassioned. We bardly know one of his poems except the one we have just quoted which beats with the quick throb of the true lyric. No doubt "Three years she grew in sun and shower' is a lyric, and so perhaps is "She was a phantom of delight," though that is more meditative. Again, the poem to the cuckoo, "Oh, blythe new-comer, I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice," is a lyric; but on the whole Wordsworth's verse at its best has too much weight and grandeur of thought in it for the movement of the true lyric. And it seems to us doubtful if, sublime as his best poetry is, he is in any characteristic sense a lyrical poet at all.

We should define a true lyric as a poem expressive chiefly of emotion which makes the hearer long for music to help him to utter its very heart. Shelley is perhaps the greatest lyrical poet of our century, for though Byron wrote one glorious lyric, "The Isles of Greece," he was much greater in satirical and descriptive poetry than in true lyrics. But Shelley breathed out the sweetest and most exquisite expressions of grief and love and melancholy and rapture in language that seemed made for music, which English literature possesses:

"When the lamp is shattered, the light in the dust lies dead;

When the cloud is scattered, the rainbow's glory is shed;
When the late is broken sweet tones are

When the lute is broken, sweet tones are remembered not;

When the lips have spoken, loved accents are soon forgot."

There you have what Matthew Arnold justly called Shelley's "lovely wail." Or take the exquisite lines to the skyark, or the lines written in dejection at Naples, or the following:

"I can give not what men call love.
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not,

"The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, The devotion to something afar From the sphere of our sorrow?"

Shelley could throw his whole soul into the breath of a passionate emotion, and embody it in the most musical words, and that is the

essence of a true lyric. But for lyrics of less passion and more pathos, lyrics of what we may call restrained feeling, of resisted regret, Tennyson was one of the greatest of our poets. His delicate songs dignify even those dramas in which he so often failed. again, such poems as "Break, break, break," or "Tears, idle tears," or "Blow, Bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying," are perfect and exquisite specimens of the "sweet reasonableness" of his gentle emotions. Indeed, even such poems as "The Brook" and "The Queen of the May," though much inferior in their lyrical beauty, seem to demand music to bring out their true character and to give the full thrill to the minor key which runs through them. In this respect Wordsworth and Tennyson were at opposite poles, Words worth being saturated with that impassioned meditative mood that runs naturally to blank verse or the metre of the sonnet, while Tennyson was always at his best in crystallizing a transient emotion of sensitive ecstasy or pathetic yearning. The happiest types of a true lyric which we have had in this century from any poet since Tennyson left us, have been given us in Mr. Watson's verse, which not only seems at times to have been written to some vibrating chord of joy or grief in his own nature, but to cry aloud for an accompaniment as richly modulated as that of the harp or the organ to fill up the full measure of its meaning. A recent satirist has described Mr. Watson as "Wordsworth and "Wordsworth and music," or a lyrical Wordsworth, would have been a truer description. — The Spectator.

MARRIAGE AND CYCLING .- There was a time when girls made themselves conspicuous by riding alone in a hansom cab. To day they are independent even of the horse-and-driver accompaniment, and can mount and dismount their steeds without the help of man. In the cycling woman I fancy I see a further development of the bachelor woman, not because cycling is peculiar to the single state, but because it engenders that form of independence which enables a girl to foresee the possibilities of enjoying life without any definite prospect of marriage. Far be it from me to admire the woman who despises married life in the abstract; but I, in common, I believe, with many of my sex, have the greatest admiration for any girl who would rather remain single than run the risk of an unhappy

marriage, and it cannot be denied that a considerable proportion of marriages tend to unhappiness. There is a great difference between accepting a husband merely in order not to remain single, and accepting one for the sake of spending the remainder of one's life with a particular man—a difference the importance of which few girls appreciate.

Many girls, alas! through the improvidence or misfortune of parents, are driven to marriage as the only means of living, but these are happily on the decrease. Conscientious and far-seeing fathers are beginning to realize that their first duty is to provide for their daughters, and the number of young women of the middle class who inherit incomes sufficient for self-support are obviously increasing, and year by year we see girls adopting professions by which they may earn an independent livelihood. And this spirit of independence is the outcome of strength of character by which the average girl of the future, at an age when the average girl of the past only looked upon a man as the embodiment of possible matrimony, will be capable of cultivating a special comradeship with and influencing men without flirting with or marrying them. In the London girl this comradeship, accompanied by a sense of security on both sides, is already very marked, and the healthy minded, high-spirited, sensible, " good sort" of girl will, I hope and believe, gradually develop throughout the country.

The present time mental and physical training of the daughter eminently prepares her for the ideal bachelor girlhood; and not necessarily a permanent bachelor, but just so much of one that she can afford to wait until the right man turns up, and can recognize him when he does, or, if he does not turn up at all, can afford to live happily without him -or the wrong man. It also cultivates resources mental and physical by which she can enjoy a single life, without experiencing that bitterness of heart which has distinguished the "old maid" of the past. We shall see more genuine comradeship not only between men and women, irrespective of wives and husbands, but between women and women. And when a man marries a bachelor woman of thirty years, he will find in her far more that is calculated to make his home happy than he would have found in the frivolous, empty-headed, pretty-faced girl of twenty in the past. Mental and physical apathy on-

gender inward bitterness and outward ugliness, healthy exercise and mental culture the reverse, and we already see in the girl of twenty-five, or the woman of thirty, as much physical attractiveness as we have been accustomed to see in the girl of twenty, thanks to cycling, golfing, and rowing, and a higher standard of education. I do not question whether women should marry, but whether they must; that is to say, whether marriage should be the great object of a girl's ambition. That marriage is the ideal state of woman after a certain age I have no doubt, but that it should be the necessary state-irrespective of the consequences of marriage - every rightminded man and woman must deny. happily few of either sex realize the ideal, and the bachelor girl of the future, the possibilities of whom I see in the healthy-looking golfer and cyclist of to day, seems to me to promise a welcome solution of one of the most troublesome problems of the day.— Harry Adney, in the Woman. .

X RAYS AND INFERNAL MACHINES, -A new and unexpected application of the Röntgen rays is found in their use for ascertaining the contents of suspected infernal machines. Professor Brouardel, of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, assisted by Messrs, Girard and Bordas, has given an account of their researches in this direction at a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, and if their statements on the subject are to be accepted without reservation, it would appear that many of the extraordinary precautions hitherto required in dealing with bombs may now be dispensed with, and the contents of any ordinary infernal machine decided without risk. The explosive machines experimented with were exactly similar to those which were forwarded some time since to two prominent deputies of the French Chamber. The mechanism of these was so adjusted that immediately the boxes were opened the explosion occurred. One of these was enclosed in a zinc case, the other in a wooden box. In the first case the experiment was only moderately successful, the impression on the photographic plate only showing an indistinguishable black mass. In the second, however, the contents of the bomb were clearly manifested, nuils, screws, a revolver cartridge, and even the grains of powder showing plainly. - Industries

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# THE PRELIMINARIES OF FAITH.

BY JOSEPH McCABE.

ONE of the features of life that brings out most prominently the unreflecting character of the majority of men is the extensive practice of accepting as a sanction and basis of conduct words or expressions to which no definite meaning is attached. Moralists have enlarged unceasingly on the dan-Moralists ger and the foolishness of the practice; thinkers in various spheres have demolished the shibboleths that opposed the acceptance of new and sounder doc-In the region of physical science a striking object lesson is afforded us in the gradual substitution of real, if not exhaustive and final, explanations of phenomena for the almost meaningless expressions which were once confusedly imposed upon them and accepted as explanations. The presence of a vital principle in an organism was once thought a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of life: they are now traced to physical and chemical agencies that have a more definite and intelligible expression in the mind and are more worthy of the name of explanation. In political life loyalty has often served, and still does serve in rustic circles, as a motive of conduct; whereas it itself is a feeling or a line of conduct evidently requiring a motive and a justification of its expediency. In psychology conscience has at times grown into a mysterious gift, supernaturally implanted in human nature

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 5.

and irradiating our life with light from a higher world, yet we know it is simply human intelligence taking a larger view of the issues of action than the mere gratification of sensual tendencies, and approving or reproving them according as they harmonize or not with higher individual and social interests.

Faith is a term that has apparently suffered in a conspicuous degree this vagueness and indistinctness of acceptation; yet it is a word that is pre-eminently practical in its relation to life. Intimately connected as it is with the higher aspects of our life, we should expect that it represented one of the clearest truths which language embodies. Supreme among motives of action and incentives to heroic deeds, it has in innumerable instances become almost the only influence of most energetic lives. True it is that at the present day in the majority of cases it has become only a feeble and intermittent force: its influence on conduct is slight compared with the ages when its profession involved the tortures of the rack and the arena, or the severely penitential exercises which more recent ages have prudently superseded. sublimest promises and its most harrowing threats seem on careful consideration and comparison not to affect as they ought the moral conduct of the majority, and to produce but little of the unworldly spirit they invariably en-

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gendered in the great religious thinkers. Still it remains the most conspicuous, and for large hodies of men the most potent influence of life; it absorbs through innumerable forms of priesthood the energy of many of the most highly gifted men of every nation; its doctrines are woven deeply into the web of civilized life, and its symbols ever arise triumphantly over the busy haunts of men up into the gleam of the sunlight; from the cradle to the grave its ceremonies and observances lend a distinctive character to the life of man. It is strange then that faith should be, as it undoubtedly is, no more than an empty symbol to the vast majority of men. Certain lines of moral and religious conduct are indicated by tradition; an invisible world is the attractive goal of the efforts and sacrifices involved in their pursuit; faith is the link which connects present devotion with the mysterious future that claims so large a jurisdiction over life. But faith is a word on which the mind is rarely focussed, and which, when an effort is made to analyze its contents and define its objects, seems to have an infinite variety of meanings in different indi-Men are tempted sometimes viduals. to reject it as an unmeaning expression, like to so many that have come down through the ages only to be rejected by this intensely thoughtful and critical generation. A more exact psychology can find no category in which it may be legitimately placed; it is relegated to less enlightened ages. Yet in spite of this divergence of the innumerable Christian sects on such essential element—the admitted groundwork-of their systems, we must admit that faith does find a definite and legitimate place in psychology and that it has necessarily a large province in the conduct of life.

Let us take some of the significations attached to the word and endeavor to disperse the mist in which conflicting sectaries have involved it. Sometimes the scheme of religious doctrines put forward by each sect is called its faith. With this objective serse of the word we are not now concerned; the subjective element, the acceptance of and adhesion to a creed or a tody of dogmas,

is its more primitive meaning. Metonomy, as in the case of belief, has extended the name of a mental act to its external cause. And again, leaving aside the notion of faith as an acceptance of religious teaching in the general sense in which men speak of their "faith." we encounter considerable difficulty when we come to speak of faith as a motive of such acceptance of doctrines. It is here that the confusion of thought, or rather absence of thought, begins; yet it is as a motive of belief that faith has such a vital importance for us and demands the keenest scrutiny. Broadly speaking, and adopting a classification sufficiently correct for our purpose, we may say that faith, as the motive of belief, sometimes takes the form of a sentiment, a feeling of harmony, trust and complacency; sometimes it means an intellectual assent or adhesion to propositions which are devoid of intrinsic evidence, but are accepted on an authority which we consider trust worthy. Such are the two acceptations of the word found in the teaching of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism respectively. And it is to their formal teaching we are to look for assistance in clearing of their wonted mistiness the outlines of faith. Their adherents at large reflect but little on the watchwords that are given to them. From their recognized writers and teachers we must learn their true position, from the divines and standard preachers of the An. glican Church and dissenting bodies, and from manuals of scholastic theology. From these it soon becomes apparent that they attach to the word the two meanings of feeling or of mental assent which we have indicated.

Now it would seem that if the just reproaches of Rationalists are to be avoided and faith is to have some defence at the free tribunal of modern criticism, the idea of faith clearly enunciated in Catholic theology is its only acceptable interpretation. Faith cannot be an act or quality of the will, it must belong to the mind. If feelings and sentiments are indulged without control of intelligence it will be at the expense of truth. Noble thoughts and sublime promises will naturally produce strong and thrilling emotions,

feelings of harmony and complacency; but the economy of life would be not a little disturbed if every high creation of fancy, irrespective of its objective value, were allowed to exert so powerful an influence on conduct. such feelings will instinctively arise in us cannot be wondered at when we consider the marvellous promise embodied in the Christian version of human life; but if these feelings were a guide to the truth of our vision, then indeed we could create worlds innumerable filled .with every happiness. The Cartesian criterion of truth would be reasonable compared with this. Feelings, of course, may be indulged when their object has met the approval of reason; but the emotions following upon the vision of faith are in a different position from æsthetic emotions. In these the nerve-thrill is itself a witness to the existence of its object. The powerful feelings excited in us by the sublime discourses of Christ bear witness to the beauty of His teaching and the incomparable value of the high promises He uttered; but the question whether there be in very truth an all-powerful and all-merciful Ruler embracing us in His infinite life, and whether a brighter world will open to us when the grave has closed on all our pains and sorrows, is not answered by them. Our hope and our joy are conditional, dependent on reason's approval. If we act otherwise, we take as a guide to action feelings that would never for a moment be granted the power of controlling our lives in other directions. The sentimentalism of Jacobi, and the instinctive impulses of Reid and Dugald Stewart have long been excluded from the number of criteria of truth into which they had intruded; how do we hope that they will remain a criterion of truth in this one province of religious belief? Preachers and writers are too often lost in a mystic sentimentality in their efforts to repress the imperative demands of reason with regard to religious doctrines. They forget that it is a question of fact to be solved by our ordinary means of obtaining knowl-We are asked to shape our lives on the supposition that a hidden world exists to which they bear an important relation. Its existence must be ascertained by the usual methods of inquiry before our efforts are directed toward it. We may act otherwise if we will, but we shall find no sanction for our conduct among the motives of prudent action.

And this is precisely the doctrine of Roman Catholic philosophers and theologians. Faith, as understood by them, is an act of the intellect entirely antecedent to the emotions the doctrine assented to may ultimately awaken. The will is a blind power; its movements or passions must not influence conduct except under the control of the mind. They are the real sources of energy in conduct, but powers to be guided by intelligence if their activity is to be profitable to life. Feelings must not be trusted as guides in questions of fact; they cannot be the motive of our acceptance of doctrines under whose influence they thrill so powerfully. Faith, therefore, as a motive of belief must belong to the intellect; it must be a deliberate assent following upon some train of thought that will bear analysis. In the concrete, no doubt, Catholics differ little, or not at all, from the members of other Christian sects; to them also faith would seem to be an acceptance of doctrines without logical motive. That some doctrines must be assented to without what is called logical proof is a truism; but we must not confound proof and motive, and it seems only too evident that the vast majority of those who speak of accepting their respective tenets on faith can only mean the acceptance of them without motive, or, at least, without other motive than unreliable emo-Yet, in the formal teaching of Catholic philosophy, faith has a distinct and coherent explanation; it is one mode in which the mind assents to certain propositions on logical grounds, apart altogether from their influence on our emotional nature.

And when we try to differentiate between faith and other kinds of assent to propositions we find that it is an assent granted, not on their intrinsic evidence, but, from the very absence of that internal evidence, on the authority of some one of wider and clearer vision. Time and space limit the exercise of our powers, and so there is a

vast range of things and occurrences which would never be added to the sum of our knowledge save for the testimony of our fellow-men. Our mind is finite, and cannot penetrate original research in every branch of knowledge; the material of its thoughts must be taken on faith in innumerable instances. Faith lies at the root of all education, pervades every branch of scientific activity, and is responsible to a large extent for the conduct of our civil life. In this sense, then, of an acceptance of propositions on the authority of another, the necessity of faith is obvious, and is so far from degrading the mind that its exclusion from the channels of information would sterilize its activity to an alarming extent. Its justification before a rationalistic criticism lies in the fact that there is a large amount of preliminary investigation to be effected on the part of reason before the act of faith can be legitimately elicited—legitimately, that is, with any assurance of its leading us to truth instead of error. It is obvious that the credence we give to the word of a witness will be unreasonable if we have not previously ascertained the extent of his authority; we must be assured of the accuracy of his own information on the point in question, and of his veracity in communicating the information to others. It is necessary also, if we do not come in direct contact with our witness, to obtain an assurance that his message has reached us in substantial integrity. Thus the indispensable preliminaries of faith imply a considerable exercise of individual reason in the ultimate analysis. We cannot rid ourselves of our mental responsibility; the issues of our conduct will fall inevitably upon our sincerity in exercising our discretion upon the motives of our actions. If our conduct is to any serious extent based upon the authority of another, upon a message that has been transmitted to us, we cannot be remiss in inquiring into the sources of the message and the integrity of its transmission; otherwise we can have but a feeble hope in the result of efforts and sacrifices founded on such a faith.

That is the abstract doctrine of faith which we find in sound philosophical

treatises, and if we apply it to the religious problem we shall do much toward the removal of the difficulties that beset its solution. We are not now approaching a problem of merely speculative interest, nor one in which reason exercises its restless ingenuity without the intervention of emotion. attitude of the mind in approaching it should be one of deep reverence and extreme caution. Life, in this age of large views of time and space, seems trivial in its duration, and mournful in its sad preponderance of labor and sorrow for the immense majority. if the religious story that invests it with so solemn a purpose and so glorious a promise be true, it should command the most generous devotion of every human being. And for some thousands of years men have lived and died in unhesitating conviction of its truth. Mysteriously their consciousness has dawned, and taken in this high view of their earthly career, then expired after a few years of checkered life in the hope of a brighter resurrection. It has assuaged the pain and sorrow no human ingenuity will ever eliminate from life; it has evoked innumerable triumphs of moral heroism and of noble philanthropy; it has impeded and disarmed individual passion in its selfish aggression and fostered an altruistic spirit that has done much toward the improvement of the conditions of life; it still appeals to the minds and hearts of the overwhelming majority of our Such a doctrine cannot be approached without emotion, yet examined and criticised it must be in these days when so much of traditional teaching has been rejected; and, indeed, there is no subject that fills our literature so persistently as this inexhaustible inquiry into the validity of the religious version of life. Faith, then, as a motive of assent to religious doctrines must also be preceded by an extensive employment of the mind before it is actually adopted. It is an acceptance of certain propositions that purport to be revealed concerning things that are invisible. A Supreme Being of infinite knowledge and truthfulness is the witness on whose authority we rely, and His utterances, given to the world ages ago, are conveyed

through all time to each one of us. There can be no doubt that faith has a legitimate sphere in such a scheme of things; there would be a number of positive enactments of the Supreme Being on the destiny of man, and a rudimentary knowledge of the hidden world, necessary for the proper conduct of life, which could never be received except by faith in such a wit-But it is easy to see that before this faith can be formulated a considerable body of truths must be first ascertained by purely rational inquiry. A science of God of some magnitude must be logically constructed before we can accept a message which purports to come from Him. We cannot accept the testimony of a witness of whose very existence we are unaware, and which we even feel excluded by certain considerations. Then the character of our witness must be clearly ascertained in so far as we base our thoughts upon his testimony. Thus we have the existence and the nature, the infinite wisdom and sanctity of God to prove before the province of faith can reasonably begin. Then we come face to face with the laborious proofs of the fact that a revelation was in reality communicated to the human race, the task of selecting the true revelation amid a host of competitors, the care of watching its development through a long period of history until it reached the stage at which it is presented to us. It is clear, then, that a large amount of philosophical discussion and historical research constitute the preliminaries of an act of faith. Rational theology and Christian apologetics are not luxuries of the scholar; ordinary men who fear to enter into their labyrinthic details can only avoid the task at the expense of another act of faith in the authority of the more learned; and in the present conflict of opinions such an act of faith is perplexing in the extreme.

Now this is the scheme of theology expounded in the Catholic Church. The Church of Rome has had two opposing forces to contend with in this century, Rationalism and Traditionalism: the one insisting vehemently on the rights and duties of individual reason; the other—a domestic foe—merg-

ing individual reason in the consent of the majority, or entirely suppressing its restless inquiries into sacred truth. The result has been a clear and consistent exposition of the Catholic doctrine concerning the relation of faith to reason, as we find it expressed in the proposition imposed upon the acceptance of Bautain and Bonetty. "Rationis usus fidem præcedit, et ad eam hominem ope revelationis et gratiæ conducit." The existence and veracity of God and the historical fact of a revelation are the præambula fidei; they must necessarily be investigated by rational methods before the act of faith intervenes. Even a probability arrived at from the consideration of the evidence adducible for them will not suffice: a logical certainty is required before there can be any question of faith. Natural or rational theology precedes dogmatic, or the scientific exposition of positive revelation: only when its pronouncements are individually verified with at least a moral certitude is it lawful to enter the region of faith. Dogmatic theology is, as Renan said, a stately and impressive structure. Some of the highest intellects of the world, from the third century until the present day, have been devoted to its construction; they have taken the detached fragments of the marvellous story of Christianity from the pages of the New Testament, and with the help of one of the most powerful philosophical systems of ancient Greece constructed an intellectual system that meets the approbation and satisfies the craving of religious minds throughout the civilized world. Its greatest weakness lies in its philosophical and historical basis, and to this very weakness it draws our attention by its characteristic doctrine of the necessity for certain præambula fidei—certain logical preliminaries to the act of faith in virtue of which we accept it.

Apart from Catholicism, wherever there is no clear and consistent analysis of faith, we find a strange confusion with regard to the value of rational theology and Christian evidences. It is assumed that faith is independent of their vicissitudes at the hands of modern criticism; that these philosophical preliminaries have been elaborated for

the speculative satisfaction of a certain class of minds, and are not necessarily related to the faith of ordinary men, who need not trouble themselves at the clouds that are fast gathering around them. Men who cling to revealed doctrines and frame their lives in harmony with their dictates, talk lightly of the failure of rational theology, and "recoil in terror," as even a canon of the Anglican Church says, before the tottering mass of Christian evidences. When men talk of the difficulties arising from modern scientific activity, and are anxious about the results of the metaphysical criticism exercised upon the traditional philosophy during this and the preceding century, they seem to see little or no connection with their "You want a religion founded on reason," said a dignitary of the Church of Rome to an agnostic, "mine is founded on faith;" and his confused utterance would be inconsistently reechoed by the majority of his confrères. Yet the slightest reflection brings out the insecurity and the unreason of such a position. If faith is a mere sentiment it may survive the acute criticism of modern times, but it says little for the issue of their lives; they are based on a hope which reflection reveals to be groundless. If it is an acceptance of Christian doctrines on a divine authority, then it is obviously essential that rational theology and Christian evidences, which vindicate the reality of that authority, should be guarded from hostile criticism. The whole magnificent structure of Christian teaching falls with the removal of its philosophical or rational basis; faith is rendered void if its preliminaries cannot be satisfactorily settled. Only a strange confusion of thought or a shrinking from reflection altogether, not unlike the fabled practice of the ostrich, can escape the inevitable conclusion.

This, then, is the critical point of the Christian position, and to it is naturally directed the attack of those who think its claims upon the allegiance of men illegitimate. Points of dogma, on which its innumerable sects are ever in conflict, have but a secondary importance to the religious interests of mankind. If the substance of

its message to the world—a message of thrilling and life giving hope amid the gloom—is truthful (and this substance is embodied in every section of Christianity) then may the world roll on in comparative security. But if the cardinal propositions of the whole Gospel message, the assertions that must be rationally verified before that message can lawfully, or at least reasonably, enter into the tissue of our lives, remain involved in mist and uncertainty, then all the noble energy of modern life, all the effort toward social regeneration, all action of organized philanthropy, all the miraculous revelations of modern science and the creations of modern art and industry do but intensify the irony of life. The religious problem is no Sphinx that sits idly by the wayside, or amid the sands of the desert: its awful contingencies must be ever pressing on the minds of thoughtful men. And who that studies the current of modern thought can be mistaken as to the position of these fundamental propositions, these pre-liminaries of faith. Rational theology has changed its tone almost with each succeeding age, until men are weary of learning and unlearning its arguments; physical research has probed the innermost parts and explored the depths of the universe and only taught us more emphatically its self-containing mechanism; metaphysical research and psychological science assure us we have no power to solve the great enigma of its whence and whither.

The period at which a revelation is supposed to have been given has retreated into the far depths of time, and our eyes are dim with gazing into the past and endeavoring to reconstruct historical phenomena of such vital interest to our lives. A new century is drawing near, bringing a new faith, faith in humanity—in the powers and promises of this present life, in the strength and glory of brotherhood; will it breathe new life into the old faith, whose preachers are ever heard lamenting its decay, or will it leave it to languish in neglect and disregard? Time will tell; we can only mark the distrustful and weary spirit that permeates our literature, the eagerness of the Christian sects for unity and concentration, and the anxiety of religious that have hitherto supported the faith apologists to find some substitute for of men in the Gospel story. — Westminthe philosophical and historical schemes ster Review.

#### AMERICAN CURRENCY CRANKS.

BY W. R. LAWSON.

DURING the past twenty yeas the monetary problem has been discussed more earnestly and universally in the United States than in any other country, and considering the ability brought to bear on the discussion it is a matter of surprise that so little progress should have been made toward a definite solution. Not a single point of agreement of any value has been reached; not one hoary-headed fallacy has been killed off. The same old round of false analogies, confusing arguments and ground-less assumptions is being trodden to this day. Most paradoxical of all, the controversy flounders on among theoretical generalities, and seldom touches the actual facts of the case as they present themselves day by day. There is no lack of shouting for an American policy, but very little study of the American situation as a whole and its special requirements. Seldom a word is heard of American financial history, where it might be presumed that the best key to the problem was likely to be found.

The historical allusions indulged in at the Chicago Convention were few and, as a rule, unfortunate. Particularly so were those of the presidential candidates. In his "cross of gold" oration, Mr. Bryan invoked a number of democratic heroes of old, including, of course, President Jackson, with whose monetary creed, however, he showed only a bowing acquaintance. Adopting the well-worn panegyric of Thomas Benton, he said that Cicero, in destroying the conspiracy of Catiline, did for Rome what Andrew Jackson did when he destroyed the bank conspiracy and saved America. Any one who can so misconceive and misrepresent the lesson of President Jackson's baneful attack on the monetary system of his day—the soundest that the United States has ever had-is

hardly to be reasoned with seriously. Nevertheless, the facts of the case are so plain, and they tell their own story so clearly, that it is a marvel how there can be two opinions about them. The kernel of the still unsolved and apparently insoluble problem is disclosed in them more distinctly than anywhere

President Jackson's fight with the Bank of the United States was a turning-point, and a fatal one, in American financial development. Till then the country had been making steady progress toward a sound currency and also a safe banking system, the one being involved in the other. From the foundation of the Republic down to 1836 a constant struggle had been going on between one great central bank and a crowd of small ones. Experience proved that each had advantages of its own and drawbacks. The small banks were more easily organized, they excited greater local interest, and in the early stages of settlement they may have given a stronger stimulus to local prog-Per contra they were very defective and unsatisfactory organs of circulation. Not only did their note issues frequently turn out to be bad money, but they offered irresistible temptations to bad banking. Whenever a central bank was fairly tried its note issues stood the test much better than those of the small banks.

The first Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress in 1791, and when its charter expired in 1811, the local banks, now greatly increased in number, had influence enough to prevent its renewal. Within three years nearly every local bank was in trouble, and many of them had to close their doors. In 1816 a new Bank of the United States was incorporated, and began business on January 1, 1817. The Government subscribed one-fifth of the stock of thirty-five million dollars, and reserved the right to appoint five out of the twenty-five directors, the private stockholders electing the others. Three-fourths of the price of the shares was payable in Government bonds, and the other fourth in gold and silver, which became a guarantee for the note issue. From the outset the notes of the new Bank were payable in specie, and such of the local banks as survived or had reopened after the crisis of 1814 endeavored also to get on to a specie basis.

This and other causes led to a rapid contraction of the inflated currency inherited from the war of 1812 and the banking boom that had attended it. In 1815 the total circulation of the United States was estimated at one hundred and ten million dollars, and three years later it had fallen to less than one-half. Severe commercial depression followed, partly as the indirect result of contraction, but much more as a consequence of the great fall in the European markets for American exports. According to an official report, in the latter part of 1819 the principal articles of American production had fallen nearly 50 per cent. in foreign markets." An outery was raised against specie payments generally and the Bank of the United States in particular as the authors of the farmers' ruin. And the old battle of sound versus unsound money was fought once more, as it has been repeatedly since, and is being fought again to-day.

The issue in these currency contests is invariably the same. Time after time the old familiar weapons are brought out on either side. The combatants range themselves under the same old banners and sound the same monotonous war-cries. A more or less inconclusive result ends the campaign, or, rather, shelves it for another occasion. In 1818-19 it was the small local banks against the one large bank, and this time the large bank won, but only with the strong help of the Federal Government of the day. In 1833-36, when the contest was renewed, the Government of the day had changed sides. President Jackson was a vehement partisan of State banks, and in their interest the only great national bank of issue the Americans have ever

had was struck down. Whatever Mr. Bryan may think of it, there is not a banker or intelligent business man in the States who does not regard President Jackson's action in 1836 as calamitous. From a banking and commercial point of view, it was utterly indefensible and its folly was soon proved by results. The abolition of the second Bank of the United States was as quickly followed by financial panic as the abolition of its predecessor had been twenty years before.

The panic of 1837 was a much more serious one than that of 1814, and farther reaching. It not only swept over the whole Union, but it extended to Europe, and precipitated one of the sharpest crises ever experienced in England. The Bank of England had to bear the brunt of the desperate efforts made by President Jackson to introduce a State bank currency based on gold. In the September quarter of 1836, over two millions and a quarter sterling was withdrawn from our gold reserve for shipment to the States, diminishing the reserve by nearly one-This much must be said for the champion of the State banks, that he gave them the best possible start, and if they did not succeed, they could not deny that they had been provided beforehand with every requisite of suc-But what was the result? A general suspension of specie payments in 1837 and a second in 1839. Between 1830 and 1838 the number of banks in the Union increased from 330 to 679, and at the beginning of 1839 they had further increased to nearly 1000. Before the end of the same year 343 had entirely suspended and 62 partially, while 56 either failed or gave up busi-

The history of the State banks forced on the country by General Jackson is apparently not familiar to the average American citizen, or no stump orator would venture to hint a wish for their revival. Yet that is the practical aim of the Democratic programme adopted at Chicago. In invoking the memory of General Jackson, Mr. Bryan, it is fair to assume, endorses the whole policy of 1836, and would be willing to risk a repetition of its disastrous consequences in 1839. What else can he

mean? And, if such be his meaning, there is much more behind it than a question of gold and silver. Mr. Bryan, in fact, raises the real and ultimate issue which less thorough-going Silverites either do not perceive or purposely keep in the background. Almost in so many words he declares for paper money. "We believe," he said, "that the right to coin money and issue money is a function of the Government." Further on he becomes more explicit:

"Those who are opposed to this proposition tell us that the issue of paper money is a function of the bank, and that the Government ought to go out of the banking business. I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that the issue of money is a function of the Government, and that the banks ought to go out of the Government business."

The full reports of the various Presidential Conventions at Chicago and St. Louis have probably not been widely read in England, but the few English readers who have waded through them must have been struck by the frequent and, as a rule, unfriendly allusions to our monetary institutions with which In the rabid fancy of the they bristle. Silverite and the Populist, Lombard Street is a golden-clawed vampire sucking the life-blood of American industry. If this metaphor seems strong, we may plead that it is really feeble beside scores that were actually used It pales its ineffectual at Chicago. fire before the following sample of Governor Altgeld's turgid rhetoric:

"My fellow-citizens, England devours the substance of Ireland. She gathers the harvest in the Valley of the Nile; she has carried away the riches of India; she has ravished the islands of the sea; she has drawn the life blood out of every people that have ever come under her domination. [Applause.] Shall this mighty nation after we have triumphed over English armies upon land, after we have destroyed English fleets upon the waters—after we have triumphed upon every field of honor and field of glory—shall we now supinely surrender to English greed, English cunning and corruption? [Loud applause and cries of 'No, No!']"

In a variety of keys, and with great exuberance of epithet, the same anti-English idea ran through all the most successful speeches at the Democratic Convention. Nearly every orator who had to propose or second a candidate for the Presidential nomination had a hit at poor old Lombard Street, and the successful candidate himself did not disdain the same well-worn gag. The Kansas delegate, who seconded Mr. Bland, recommended him as

"A man who knows that international agreement is a mere device to appease the people and once more disappoint and betray them; and that they who would place this nation under subjection to Great Britain in the matter of the standard of value are no friends of their country or their kind; and that the true ratio between the metals is sanctioned by time, 16 to 1."

Another Blandite achieved this remarkable peroration:

"Nominate Bland—name him now and the great silver waves of public sentiment will begin to rise higher and to roll faster across the grand Republic until they have buried beneath their mighty force that British policy of a single standard. [Applause.]"

The Silver waves took the hint, and "rose higher and rolled faster," until, in the speech of the gentleman from Louisiana who proposed Mr. Bryan, they reached this dizzy height:

"Fellow Democrats, these United States of America no longer kneel like a credulous child at the feet of Europe. [Applause.] Long enough ago, as you have been often enough told, this great republic of the West declares her political independence of the mother country. But it has remained for you, this grand gathering of the Democratic hosts of this great republic, to declare her independence of the monetary despotism of the same old stepmother. [Applause]"

"Monetary despotism of the same old stepmother" is a lovely phrase. We feel surprised that the inventor of it was not put in nomination on the spot. Nothing in the now famous Bryan oration approaches it in epigrammatic terseness and vigor. Mr. Bryan's monetary antipathies take a wider range, and are directed not merely against "the same old stepmother," but against monarchies at large. In his mind the issue lies between the great American republic and the combined potentates of Europe. Referring to his rival, Mr. McKinley, he said:

"It is no private character, however pure, no personal popularity, however great, that can protect from the avenging wrath of an indignant people the man who will either declare that he is in favor of fastening the gold standard upon this people, or who is willing

to surrender the right of self-government and place legislative control in the hands of foreign potentates and powers. [Cheers.]"

These gems of declamation are fustian, and nothing more; but one orator, Mr. Daniel, of Virginia, the temporary chairman of the Convention, tried to put a little reasoning into them. After a long argument to prove that there was not gold enough in the country to pay all its debts in gold, he arrived at the conclusion that the gold standard was simply a monarchical conspiracy directed by Great Britain for enslaving 70,000,000 of American citizens. In all seriousness he thus propounded his wonderful theory:

"Yet, in this distressed and contracted condition, the new fledged monometallists ask us to declare for a gold standard and to wait for relief upon some ghostly dream of an international agreement. But the people now do well know that the conspiracy of European monarchs led by Great Britain has purposes of aggrandizement to subserve in the war upon American silver money and stands in the way of such agreement.

"With their credit they seek to enhance the purchasing power of thousands and millions which is owed to them all over the world, and which you owe to them. They draw upon the United States of America for their food supplies and raw material, wheat, corn, oil, cotton, iron, lead, and the other like staples, and they seek to get them for the least money."

But our base designs have been seen through at last, and, in the proud language of Mr. Shackelford, of the Eleventh Ward, Cook County, Illinois, "the Democrats mean, and the American people mean, to throw defiance in the face of England." Alas, England has hitherto remained in happy ignorance of the danger that threatens her. Reuter's telegrams, too fully occupied with less important affairs, have not furnished her with a single sample of the thunder-bolts which, during the Convention, Chicago hurled at her devoted head. She little recks the fate that hangs over Lombard Street; little dreams that her gold standard and her "monetary despotism" are marked out for a common doom. Perhaps not a dozen persons in England have read these Chicago speeches at length, or bestowed a thought on the mischief they may do to Americans themselves should they pass unchallenged. The

present writer has studied them professionally as well as theoretically, and, knowing something of the real Lombard Street, he believes that impartial, unbiassed Americans will be glad to learn how widely it differs from its

Chicago caricature.

The Lombard Street of Populist stump oratory is the headquarters of the gold monopolists, the temple of dear money and low prices, the happy hunting-ground of creditors, mortgagees, landlords, financiers, and the whole "of that predatory and piratical element" which, in the elegant language of a Kansas delegate, "loots the Treasury, stifles commerce, paralyzes industry, and plunders the world." Lombard Street is the universal enemy against which a holy war is to be proclaimed by all the bona fide producers, with the tramps and demagogues at their head. Possibly not a single orator who helped to draw this fancy picture and to pile lurid colors on it has ever seen Lombard Street, or read a plain account of its actual business. If they had to spend a day in it, they might be surprised to find that it is not paved with gold, and that there is less show of metallic money in it than It might astonish in Chicago itself. them further to discover that its fabled monopoly is the very freest of free trade; that its alleged tyranny over silver-using countries is in the nature of things an utter impossibility; and that its blood-sucking propensities are restrained by a glut of money which makes lenders there thankful to earn as much interest in a year as they would get in a month, or even in a week, in the Western States.

The real Lombard Street deals in money of all kinds and qualities; not gold money alone, or silver money, or paper, but any form of monetary material. It deals honestly all round, and, by so doing, it has become the monetary centre of the world. It undertakes to convert at sight the currency of any country into that of any other country. In the process it uses very little gold, and can turn over millions sterling with less handling of coin than takes place every day in a second-rate Californian city. Gold as such has had little to do with the prosperity or

the power of Lombard Street. Silver might have served equally well if it had been adhered to with equal persistence and had its market value been as jealously safeguarded. It was not the yellow metal, but the standard and its strict maintenance that possessed the magical virtue.

The essential difference between Lombard Street and New York is not so much one of monetary material as of management. Wherever that has been good in Lombard Street it has been bad in the United States, and by this time every American, even Populist orators, should know why. In one place we have had steadiness, uniformity, and prolonged freedom from legislative disturbance. In the other there have been instability, uncertainty, and a harassing succession of legislative ex-As a result, Lombard periments. Street knows exactly what its standard of value is, and without claiming for it ideal perfection, or even superiority to criticism, we may at least affirm that for three quarters of a century it has proved itself more workable and better adapted both to international and domestic requirements than any other known currency-always remembering, however, that other and more important factors than mere gold have contributed to its success.

If we were asked to describe the dayto-day work performed by Lombard
Street at the present time, we should
begin by selecting from a London Post
Office Directory a list of the banking
and finance houses located there.
Though not very long it will be seen
to be highly varied. We attach to
each name an indication of the special
class of banking it represents:

Smith, Payne & Smith	Eastern Home
Ruffer & Sons.	**
Credit Lyonnaise	"
British Linen Co	Home
Barclay, Bevan & Co	46
Gillett Bros	American
Bank of British Columbia	
Commercial Bank of Scotland	Home
Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co	"
Martin's	61
Lloyd's	"
London & San Francisco Bank	American

Melville, Evans & Co	American
Parr's Banking Co	Home
Brooks & Co	6 4

Beside these there are in Lombard Street and its vicinity many bill brokers and discount companies who form part of the "monetary conspiracy" which inspires so much prairie invective. The men who, all unknown to themselves, are being denounced in the Wild West as pirates and exploiters of honest industry, could, if they were consulted, give a somewhat different account of their functions. might easily show that, far from exploiting American industry, it is much oftener American industry that ex-That the "pirates of ploits them. Lombard Street" are of some service to mankind requires no better proof than a few examples of their daily business, as, for instance-

They collect money from people who have more than they can employ, and lend it to other people who can employ

more than they have.

They purchase or discount commercial bills, of which a considerable number come from the United States.

They finance shipments of produce or manufactures from one part of the world to the other, the United States included.

They make advances on bills of lading, dock warrants, and other negotiable instruments representing goods bought indiscriminately from foreigners, Americans, and British colonists.

They provide capital for all sorts of enterprises, useful or otherwise, at home or abroad. In that capacity the United States has been one of their most pressing clients.

They negotiate loans, public and private, national, municipal, and industrial—another department which the Americans have largely patronized.

They are universal dealers in stocks, bonds, coupons, and every kind of negotiable instrument, not excepting even American railroad securities.

They transfer money from one country to another, and settle trade or financial balances between countries.

They act as arbitragers between the money markets of the world, converting one currency into another at their parity of exchange for the time being.

They collect English debts abroad and pay over the proceeds in sterling money, or they take sterling money and pay English debts abroad with it.

They relieve merchants from all the risks and inconveniences of buying and selling in a foreign country by guaranteeing exchange beforehand.

Generally speaking, they are distributors of floating capital, increasing its earning power to the capitalist while cheapening it to the industrial bor-

rower.

Out in Nebraska these may seem small and insignificant services, but we who see them in daily operation and have learned to consider them necessities of commercial life can appreciate them perhaps more justly. We know not only what we owe to them ourselves, but what other countries owe to And if there be a country which above all others should feel thankful for them it is the United States. If there be a class of producers who above all others have benefited by the facilities that Lombard Street has provided for turning their produce into sound money it is the Grangers and Populists who at Chicago screeched about "the monetary despotism of the same old stepmother." Fifty cent wheat, twenty cent corn, and seven cent cotton are calamities without doubt, and for the sake of the British as well as of the American farmer a remedy for them would be highly desirable. But what has Lombard Street had to do with them? And what could it do to cure them? Without Lombard Street they might have been very considerably worse; nay, it is certain they would have been. Suppose that British ports had been barred against American produce, as French and German ports have been, how much less would the Western farmer be getting for his crop than the slender pittance which, in order to complete his ruin, he now seems anxious to receive in silver instead of gold?

The South and West are both under deep obligations to the much abused Lombard Street for throwing open to them the best and most profitable foreign market they possess. If, as we believe, they get better returns for their exports to England than to any

other country, they have Lombard Street and its unrivalled exchange facilities to thank for it. But they have got it into their heads that Lombard Street is the golden Juggernaut that has crushed silver. It is on a gold basis certainly, but it has never raised a finger to hurt silver or to discourage the use of it by countries which preferred it. Lombard Street has always said in such cases, "Have a silver standard by all means, and make the best you can of it, so long as you let those who prefer a gold standard also do the best they can with theirs."

If we have succeeded in giving a clear idea of the distinctive functions of Lombard Street it will be evident that there is no occasion for it to discriminate against silver as an international form of money. All forms of money find a natural and useful place in its operations. So far as its foreign exchange business is concerned, the greater variety of moneys there are to arbitrate the more profitable for it. With the monetary substances themselves, or their comparative merits as measures of value, it has little to do. Its chief concern is with their relative market values at a given moment and in a given place. Money good enough for exchange purposes can be easily conceived without any metallic basis. If it be full legal tender in the place of issue that is enough for Lombard Street.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Bagehot pointed out this important but much overlooked fact: "All that a banker wants to pay his creditors," he wrote, "is a sufficient supply of the legal tender of the country, no matter what that legal tender may be." If a country like the United States chooses to alter its legal tender every few years, Lombard Street may have some trouble in keeping track of the changes, but otherwise it cannot suffer much. has simply to adjust the new legal tender to those of the other countries with which it may have to be interchangeable. The customers of the bankmanufacturers, merchants, financiers, and investors-who have been trading or investing in the altered currency may be victimized. They may, in plain terms, be robbed more or less; but even they are not without safeguards. For years past the investor has forestalled the Silverite and the Populist by buying only gold securities. The British manufacturer is safer still, as he buys and sells in the States chiefly in his own money, and the debts owing to him there are invariably in pounds sterling. It is the foreign debtor who has to worry out the question of exchange. For every twinge that Mr. Bryan's success might cause in Liverpool or Manchester it would cause convulsions in New York and all over the United States.

In the real Lombard Street the precious metals are secondary factors. Its fundamental and distinctive basis is credit—scientific credit, the most highly organized that the world has ever seen, the most widely ramified and the most skilfully operated. That is the secret of Lombard Street's influence. Might it not be advisable for the Wild West, hefore raising the standard of revolt against it, to try to understand it? Are the Western men perfectly sure that it has been their enemy and oppressor, and that they would be much happier without it? Secondly, can they release themselves from it by political declamation? And if they could, are they thereby to get rid of all their troubles-mortgages, debts, bad markets, and hard times?

In the Wild West they talk glibly of extinguishing Lombard Street, but to all other civilized nations that would be an inconceivable misfortune. bard Street is the financial clearinghouse of the world—not because of its gold standard, but because of its worldwide commercial and financial rela-It is a vast telephone exchange for monetary purposes, by which all parts of the globe are brought into The financial touch with each other. Wild West, or any other misguided section, may break away from the cosmopolitan exchange and set up a little one of its own, but the chances are that the little one would be the heavier loser. It is a fact of every day experience that the closer a foreign currency comes into harmony with Lombard Street, the more easily conducted is its international business, while the farther it drifts out of touch with Lombard Street, the greater the difficulty it has in settling its international balances.

These are truisms in Europe, however unpalatable they may be in Chica-Moreover, our monetary standard has little to do with them, and it might be materially modified without affecting them. The Populist threat of free coinage at sixteen to one, so far from being alarming to Lombard Street, would hurt it less than any other part of Europe or America; far less than it would hurt Chicago, and infinitely less than it would hurt Mr. Bryan's own State of Nebraska, for the simple reason that Lombard Street could sooner than any other disturbed quarter adapt itself to the change. It is the most fluid of all markets, the most difficult to coerce or restrict, and the quickest to readjust itself to changed conditions. Of all outsiders, it has least interest in the vagaries of cheap money-mongers, being faithest removed from their Whatever they offer it-gold, reach. silver, greenbacks, Sherman notes, or commercial bills-it will take at the current market price, no more and no All dollars come alike to it, no matter what they may be called, or how they may be rated to other dol-Its one and only test for them is what they may be worth in pounds sterling.

Whether the American people allow Bryan, or McKinley, or any one else to decide this question for them matters little to foreign bankers; but it matters a great deal to holders of American securities abroad, and still more to the issuers of such securities. If foreign creditors are threatened by it, much more so are American debtors, and, worst of all, the mortgaged farmer who expects salvation from every new freak of financial suicide. Grant him that he may forcibly scale down his mortgage one-half by declaring it payable in silver, but if his interest be doubled on him, as it is sure to be in the end, what will he gain by the change? A Chicago orator stated the public and private debt of the United States at \$20,000,000,000, on which an additional 1 per cent. interest would almost equal the value of the whole

American wheat crop!

During a presidential election outside opinions are not, we know, very welcome to Americans. They may be as little appreciated on monetary as on political subjects, but an outsider may be permitted to note the significant fact that Mr. Bryan's personal platform seems to go far beyond the party Offiplatform on which he stands. cially he is a free Silverite; actually he is a free Silverite and something more. State-made money is his ideal; and whatever material the State is pleased to use will suit him-gold, silver, or Far from blaming him for this extension of the programme it is Europeans espeto be commended. cially should welcome it, as it puts the issue before them in its full breadth and significance. Both in America and Europe bimetallic discussion has been barren hitherto because of its own narrowness. Gold and silver are not all the essential factors in it. Bryan reminds us of one more important nowadays than either, though monometallists and bimetallists agree to ignore it-paper money. With paper money a collateral question comes in as to the proper issuing—in other words, the proper money-making authority-the Government or the banks? That issue also Mr. Bryan brings to the front, as it has seldom been brought before in stereotyped currency discus-He is a frankly avowed revolutionist on the whole monetary question -the money-making power as well as the monetary materials.

Revolutionary methods have one redeeming quality: they go deeper down and get nearer the root of a matter than ordinary methods. It may be that more thorough treatment of the money problem is needed on both sides, among the defenders as well as among the assailants of the single standard. The stanchest champion of gold begins to realize that it too has its limitations and possible dangers in the future—in fact, in the very near future. The prominence it gives to gold as such may lead to inconvenient results, among others to plethoric gold reserves which may become a burden to commerce instead of a safeguard. The exaggerated importance which the older monometallists, who may be distinguished as the Peelites of 1844, give to gold, has also a tendency to obscure the various other factors in a scheme of sound money adapted to our present-day conditions, so much more complex than those of half a century ago.

In short, a touch of revolutionary spirit might not be amiss in the ranks of the gold men as well as of the Popu-The case for sound money needs to be re-stated on broader and deeper lines than those of 1844. New factors have entered into the problem since then, and the old ones have changed considerably in their relative impor-Bullion, coin, and credit are still the principal monetary materials, but their mutual relations have been almost revolutionized since 1844, and the difficulties of getting them to work harmoniously together are greatly increased. The mints and the banks of issue, especially the Bank of England. stand in a purely artificial connection with each other, which holds only because no practical strain has yet been Bank reserves, and still put on it. more bank deposits, have no recognized safeguards in our monetary scheme, though they are of infinitely greater moment than the stock of gold. In 1844 great pains were taken to ensure the convertibility of forty millions sterling of notes, but little or nothing was done or has been done since to protect nearly four hundred millions of bank deposits. The only monetary progress we can take credit for in that respect is a slight awakening of public opinion to the danger indicated.

No Englishman who has had intelligent experience of the working of the monetary system he lives under will pretend that it has reached its final development. He will have to admit candidly that it has grave defects, and that even its fundamental principles may sooner or later have to be recon-We have not achieved, or sidered. even approached, an ideal money. There is no finality about our present arrangements. Like other nations, we have so far only been experimenting, and our best experiments have not been entirely successful. The latest and most contentious of them, Peel's Act of 1844, is in acknowledged need of revision, and within the next ten years it may be materially modified. It has proved a very imperfect attempt to establish a self-regulating standard of value independent of, but at the same time closely connected with, banking

operations.

The Western notion of our monetary standard, that we consider it a Mosaic law to be imposed on the whole world, is singularly unhappy. It is contrary alike to facts and to the spirit in which Englishmen regard the subject. There was, perhaps, more truth in the old German idea that our gold standard had given us such an advantage over our commercial rivals that we wished to keep it all to ourselves, though that, too, was but a myth. Lord Beaconsfield effectually ridiculed it a quarter of a century ago, when, in addressing the citizens of Glasgow on the monetary disturbances which had then begun in Europe, and are not yet finished, he said:

"It is the greatest delusion in the world to attribute the commercial preponderance and prosperity of England to our having a gold standard. Our gold standard is not the cause of our commercial prosperity, but the consequence of our commercial prosperity."

If Englishmen were disposed to plume themselves in this connection, and to claim to be rather better off than their neighbors, it would not be on account of their gold standard, but of their banking organization, which is quite a different thing, and of greater practical value. Mr. Bryan unconsciously touches the crowning distinction of Lombard Street and the true secret of its power, when he recalls the fate of the National Bank, which was crushed by President Jackson in 1836. The future of the United States currency was decided then, and whatever contrast there may be to-day between it and the currency of the United Kingdom is traceable to that event of sixty years ago.

Modern money is much more a question of banking than of bimetallism. Any special efficiency or stability there may be in English money is due to our banking organization far more than to our gold reserves. Any improvement that may be made in it—and it admits of a good deal—will have to be sought for mainly through our banks. Con-

versely, it may with equal truth be affirmed that the vital defect of United States currency is the total absence of a strong banking organization on which to graft it. With the Bank of the United States there disappeared the last example in American history of a bank of issue adequate to modern needs and conditions. Had it survived there would probably have been no Bland dollars or Sherman notes; there might have been fewer Populists, and the Nevada Silver Kings might never have got control of the Senate. Mr. Bryan may have struck deeper than he knew when he went back to the Jacksonian conflict of 1836 for inspiration.

When the true issue emerges from the political chaos and turmoil of today it will in all likelihood resolve itself into a renewed contest of 1836. The question which Mr. Bryan believes to have been rightly settled then, but which all financial and commercial experience gained since declares to have been wrongly and disastrously settled, will have to be reopened throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Were it to be thoroughly reopened, the whole commercial world might watch its progress with keen interest, for it is not an American question merely; it is the monetary question for all countries, England included. Bank money is to be the money of the future. is already doing nine-tenths of the monetary work of civilization. Metallic money has become a mere appendage to it, and the relations of the two demand readjustment. Cannot a readjustment be contrived which will suit not one country only, but all?

In England we exaggerate the functions of gold and may sooner or later be obliged in self-defence to restrict them. It may become impossible, or at least too absurdly wasteful for us to go on monetizing all the fresh supplies of gold being poured in on us from scores of new goldfields. The same glut of production may compel us to part, however reluctantly, with our cherished tradition that the gold sovereign is an automatic measure of value. and as such is the best legal tender commodity available. We may in time even advance to the final question of all—the practicability of creating a real

measure of value and an unlimited legal tender good both for domestic and international use. These may still be dreams of the future, but they begin to assume form and substance.

A suggestion made by the present writer some time ago for a universal standard and legal tender based on an international metallic fund has been well received by practical financiers who are not wedded to any currency theory. It would require only the pooling of existing metallic reserves in the principal banks of issue throughout the world and a mutual agreement for each bank to maintain the original market value of its quota, whether gold Certificates issued against or silver. such a fund and guaranteed by it would have a permanent and unchanging value qualifying them in the widest sense to be both a standard and a legal tender. All domestic currencies would become subsidiary to this international money, and only so much gold and silver would need to be coined in any country as was actually required for circulation. Free coinage could be dispensed with for both metals and the legal tender power of gold—apart, of course, from the international certificates—might be limited to payments of at most £100. Both metals might in fact be reduced to token money and their long rivalry be terminated by setting over them a real full value money stable and indisputable.

To those who believe, as the writer does, in the possibility of an international solution like the above, the monetary outlook in Europe is by no means We may be much nearer hopeless. than we suspect to a final an I satisfactory issue of the battle of the standards, or rather of the rival metals. In the United States the prospect may be very discouraging at the moment, but the right goal must be reached at last. The Bryanites may be unintentionally helping us toward it. They have at least raised the true issue, as was never done before; and they are showing its full scope. From a free silver question they have raised it to a question involving the fundamental principles of credit, and the whole credit organization of the country, public and private. Between the sound money men and the Populists, Mr. Bryan has placed a clear alternative—Government paper or bank paper? He has declared unmistakably for Government paper, and every Conservative interest in the Union should with equal decision declare for properly regulated and secured bank-money. How to get capable banks of issue is the hardest part of the problem. It is doubtful if even adequate nuclei for them as yet exist, and in the teeth of Populist hostility, both in the South and West, they will be difficult indeed to build up. Nevertheless, they are indisputably the sine qua non of the situation.—Contemporary Review.

# JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, PAINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR.

BY J. AND E. R. PENNELL.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS is dead, the second President of the Royal Academy of Arts who has died this year. Although it is easier, perhaps, for his admirers to think of him now as the honored, the successful, the distinguished man, the brilliant artist, the typical Englishman—the light in which he was apt usually to be considered—vet it is far more interesting to look back forty-five years ago, to the time when Mr. Ruskin wrote of Millais and his friends, as of that "group of men, who, for their reward, have been as-

sailed with the most scurrilous abuse which I ever recollect seeing issue from the public press." He gained this abuse by painting pictures like the "Isabella," the "Carpenter's Shop," the beautiful "Mariana"—pictures which were honestly painted and as honestly damned. Thanks chiefly to Ruskin, the forties and the fifties are remembered as the Dark Ages. But the fact is, that not only was there a larger number of conscientious and genuine artists working then than today, but the honest critics were also

more numerous. They were absolutely ignorant, but what then? No one would suggest that when Charles Dickens devoted a whole article in Household Words to his endeavor to kill the Pre-Raphaelites, he did it in sheer exuberant fun; or that the critics who incensed Ruskin by their "distinctly false statements" about Pre-Raphaelite work, made them because they were paid to do so! No, they believed that they were telling the truth; it was their mission to tell it. And Ruskin undermined all British criticism, destroyed the old attitude of conscientious ignorance, when he pointed out "the kind of merit those works possessed beyond the possibility of doubt." Nor were the students of the Royal Academy Schools less honest, when they greeted the names of Rossetti, Millais, and of Holman Hunt with hisses: there is no doubt they thought they were serving the Academy with all their might, just as students of Paris, who, some years later, roared and gibed before the canvases of Manet, fancied themselves valiant in the cause of Art.

However, so little did artists and the fashionable painters of the day object to Millais, that even before he had painted his really greatest Pre-Raphaelite pictures, the "Ophelia," which he has never surpassed, and the "Sir Isumbras," the Academicians made him one of themselves. And in this country, upon his election, the general public at once accepted him as the great man artists had already recognized him to be. His pictures were bought, and he was denied the distinction of execration. From that day until his last, his public success was without a break; his life a continual triumph. But one must not think that Millais gained his position without effort.

From the time that he was five years old he was always studying and striving. There is no need here, as proof, to make a catalogue of his work; the daily papers have all been giving the list of his paintings, more or less inaccurately and uninterestingly, and telling the story of his life, which, after all, is but the naming of these pictures. To some, the well-worn story of the "sticklebacks" and the Round Pond

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points to his complacent satisfaction with his success; but to others, it is a reminder of how much he had accomplished, and how surprising it all was to himself that he should have become a Royal Academician, a baronet, universally accepted and honored official-Because Millais is said to have worn a tweed suit, to have painted in a pipe, to have fished in Scotland, and to have made more money with his own hands than anyhody else, it is counted greatly to the glory of British art. But these unimportant facts mean nothing save that the artist was interested enough in his work to live his life in his own way, without bothering about the conventions which dominate the average painter's existence. Ruskin proclaimed Millais to be a great man in The Times, when the Academy accepted him, when he persevered in doing good work, and living his own life in his own way, honest British criticism became disorganized. critics had to swallow their own words, and they have never recovered from the awful dose.

Nor since then has the "unattached writer" upon art, who confesses that he knows nothing, ventured, save to his own confusion, to admit exactly what he thinks and likes. He tried to prove, forty-five years ago, that to be one's self was a crime; now he tries to make out it is a crime if one is not one's self, especially if one is eccentric or absurd, or best of all, precious and self-conscious. Then, and a little before and a little later, Constable and Turner, the French Romanticists, the English Pre-Raphaelites, and, above all, the American Whistler, were the hated and the despised, though not the ignored. No critic now is too proud to flatter, to exalt, to toady to, to cringo to these men or their memory. Is the work any better than it was? Much of Turner's, certainly, has dis-Has Millet's "Wood Sawappeared. yers," like wine, improved with time? In what way has the "Ophelia" gained, or what new beauties are revealed in Whistler's portrait of his mother? In these days of sham delight in the right thing, even Rossetti's real masterpieces are not in the National Gallery, and Ford Madox Brown is really but a

source of perennial amusement to the serious ones of Manchester. For people care no more about art now than in those happy days when they publicly hated and despised it. The baby and the mustard pot, the pathetic-eyed Landseer, and George Chuikshauk, are still the ideals of the British nation, and, more likely than not, they will again be set up in high places.

Artists might accept Millais because they were amazed and impressed by his wonderful powers as a young man, and the Academy, on one of the few occasions in its history when it has allowed commercial and social traditions to be overpowered by genius, might elect him to its ranks; but by the general public he was really never appreciated until he stooped to its level. When the average modern collector seeks to secure the work of a great artist, it is almost invariably because he is encouraged by some dealer—whose interest in the matter, of course, is quite disinter-If but few of the old masters were successful during all their lives. if many more among modern men succccd, it is not because there are greater artists nowadays, but because more money is to be made by dealers and speculators, out of art. But to meet the new commercial conditions the artist has first to make concessions, that is, if he wishes to keep up appearances, if he wishes to keep in the swim, if he has nothing else to fall back upon.

Even a man as strong as Millais was forced to compromise with patrons. It is useless to pretend that any comparison is to be made between the 'Sir Isumbras," the "Mariana," the "Vale of Rest"-the pictures upon which Millais' reputation will rest with future generations—and the Miss Muffets, Cherry Ripes, and Cinderellas which he turned out to justify his popularity. But, having once decided to praise, the critics can countenance no If protest was such qualifications. made against Millais when he painted or, at any rate, sold a picture called "Bubbles" to be used as a poster, the vital point at issue was quite missed. People of intelligence know and understand that as good art can be put in a poster on a hoarding as in the choir of a cathedral. There was no disgrace;

there was no lowering of art when this picture was adapted to advertisement. The only trouble was in the picture itself. As a poster, to day, it still tells far better than the vast ruck of ill-beill-conceived, vilely-drawn, heavily-colored abominations which the waste places of the town are papered: to the horror of every one, save the young critic and the collector, who are afraid to say how much they are wearied of the great poster craze. But it is as a picture that "Bubbles" is found wanting. It suffers from that excess of sentiment and tendency to haste, to which Millais eventually yielded in response to the public demand. He was the accomplished painter to the very end. To few has such command of paint, such skill with the brush, been given. But to concede to popular taste is to betray the dignity of art, and it is kinder to forget that the man who, in youth, painted the "Ophelia," in maturity was guilty of the mere pretty, flashy, Christmas supplement.

It is not easy at the present moment to discuss Millais' painting as a whole. It is long, more than ten years, since an exhibition of his collected work was held. In the meanwhile, his more recent pictures have been seen in the Acadency spring by spring, but they have tended to lower unduly one's estimate of his achievement. The only chance to study his earlier work is in a few provincial galleries and at the Guild-But it is not by hall annual show. looking at the stray painting, here and there and at intervals, that a min's life work can be judged fairly and seri-Until his paintings are collected and hung together upon the Academy's walis, as it is hoped they will be in the immediate future, it would be premature, if not impossible, to give a just and thorough criticism of Millais as a painter. One refuses to be classed with those geniuses who travel on Cook's tickets from gallery to gallery, armed with shilling photographs and foot rules, settling all questions of art. Still, from the occasional glimpses of his earlier work, when the opportunity has occurred, one realizes that he has painted fine subjects and masterly portraits, which, when they can be seen together, will amaze and delight artists

who know him only by his later period

There is one phase of his work, however, which can be discussed—his book illustration. Until within the last few years it would have been useless to speak seriously of him as an illustrator. Too often, one is afraid that even he himself did not take some of his illustrations very seriously, for Millais, like all other great artists, was not precious or self-conscious in the modern sense. But at length it is beginning to be recognized that an artist may produce as important works of art in black-andwhite as in color—in some cases much more important. Etchings, during the last fifty years or so, have become valuable, and for one reason only. Simply because it has paid dealers to take them up, though this they might not have known but for Mr. Hamerton, Meryon's prints of Old Paris, Whistler's of Old London, have not improved since they could be purchased for a few francs or a few shillings, and nobody wanted them. But because everybody wants them now, they have increased a thousand-fold in commercial value owing to their rarity. In a few years, possibly in a few months, for one never can tell how, or when, these things happen, the collecting world will discover that hidden away, forgotten and dishonored, are single works of art in black-and-white by Sir J. E. Millais, works which can never be duplicated or multiplied; and then, before these the glory of the poster will fade, the etching, from the fact that it exists in half-a-dozen copies, will become cheap, and the Japanese print will seem a weariness to the flesh.

One does not mean to say that any of these forms of art is to be belittled. But it is strange that, up to the present, only the original drawing by the Old Master has been collected; though, during this century, and especially the latter half of it, original drawings in black-and-white have been made, which are equal to those by Dürer. Dürer's drawings have vanished in the process of engraving; almost all of Millais' drawings made upon the block have disappeared in the same way; but even the poorest of us can afford the few pennies, which is literally all one must

pay for the magazines and the books in which the engravings after Millais were published; while none of us may own one of Dürer's portfolios, or even see it, save in the Print Rooms of two or three Museums. The work of Dürer, which we now rave over, and, in an ignorant fashion, try to imitate, was made for the people, even as were the drawings which Millais did for Once a Week, Good Words, and the Cornhill, or Moxon's edition of Tennyson. And certainly there is an advantage in the fact that one may own all of these volumes and, therefore, study calmly and quietly at home, instead of in a public gallery—where one must go to see the. Dürers—the complete collection of Millais' illustrations. From them one learns that he had seen and enjoyed and been strengthened by the great illustrator of the past; that he was willing to profit by the methods discovered by his immediate predecessors and contemporaries—Gigoux, the Johannots, Meissonier, Menzel, John Gilbert-to produce a series of drawings, which, if so trivial a detail is worth consideration, are thoroughly English. Far more important, they are thoroughly artistic. Some, especially his illustrations for Trollope's Framley Parsonage, Orley Farm, and the Small House at Allingham, are perfect presentments of the life of his own time, and the volumes which contain these masterpieces can be purchased at outof-the-way, second-hand book-shops for eighteen pence each. This is no place to enter into an argument as to how much his designs gained or lost at the hands of the wood-engraver. What the artist really thought of the engravings of his drawings will never be known; though we have very plain speaking on the subject from Rossetti -who "loathed Once a Week"—in his But Millais' only published letters. verdict, from the time his first drawing came out, until the last appeared, was the "quite satisfied" used by a process engraver as an advertisement.

Millais did not confine himself to the subjects of his own time in blackand white any more than in paint. History, sacred and profane, poetry, old and new, were treated by him with the same enthusiasm, the same energy,

the same endeavor to illustrate the author's meaning. Though among his drawings, as well as his paintings-and the same can be said of every other great man—there were failures, still the larger part of his work was an unqualified success. He is supposed to have produced a number of etchings; but these are almost unknown, have been almost unseen. His first published drawing is said to be the "Fireside Story," illustrating "Frost in the Holidays," in William Allingham's Music Master, a book which includes designs by Rossetti and Arthur Hughes: "Excellent painters," Allingham writes apologetically in his Preface, "who, on my behalf have submitted their genius to the risks of wood-engraving." Millais' drawing was engraved by Dalziel. It represents a group of children, sitting at home "by the merry fire," listening to one-

"Who is to tell some wondrous tale
Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
Set chins on hands, make grave eyes stare."

The design is perfectly simple, it is well drawn - but that goes without saying from a man who by that time (1855) had produced some of his greatest work in color—and it illustrates the lines perfectly. There is no attempt at full tone or any tone in the picture, which suggests an ordinary room, all the interest being centred in the faces of the story teller and the listeners; and this concentration, or rather this subjection of the artist to the subject he is illustrating, distinguishes all of Millais' best work in black-and-white, as it does that of Menzel and Meissonier. In many ways his drawings, notably those for Moxon's Tennyson published a couple of years later (1857), often show more than the poet has expressed in words; take the "St. Agnes" Eve," for example. Of this it has lately been said, that it is a new imaginative reading of the poem, because in it the woman appears passing up a steep and narrow stairway between prisonlike walls. It is difficult to believe that Millais had any thought of trying to surpass Tennyson's description. The poet distinctly states that the scene is laid in a convent. Most old convents and monastic buildings have turret stairs with unglazed windows; stairs so dark that a candle must be taken, while, from one of their high windows, it would only be possible to get an arrangement of slanting shadows, the effect of moonlight and snow upon the ground and roofs at the same time. It would therefore seem that Millais merely thought the matter over and took the best point of view for his The imaginative rendering purpose. resolves itself into the fact that the artist was very much interested in the poem, and went to work earnestly and intelligently to show everything described or suggested. If to do this implies great imagination one would not quarrel with that use of the word. It seems to prove, rather, much thought, careful reading of the lines, and an endeavor to illustrate the whole poem by one picture. Both in conception and execution it far excels Stanfield's drawing of a convent that serves as a tailpiece. However, it is only this union of fine conception and accomplished execution that makes the really great artist. To discuss the two things separately would be an absurdity.

In many of the books published between 1857 and 1860 there are illustrations by Millais; among them, the "Finding of Moses" in the Lays of the Holy Land, the "Dream" and "Love" in Willmott's Poets of the Nineteenth Century. In 1859 he commenced work for Once a Week, and his name appears on the cover of the new magazine as one of the regular artist-contributors. He continued during 1860 to work for it, and in the following year, with the starting of the Cornhill, he was given Framley Parsonage to illustrate. this story he really finds himself. The last drawing in the volume, "Is it not a Lie?" is as good, as distinguished, as anything he ever did in his life. woman, in the great crinoline of the period, has thrown herself upon a bed in a room furnished in the fashion of the time, or, rather, in earlier fashion, for there is an eighteenth-century mirror on the wall, the only detail not hinted, but worked out. If one cannot see in the drawing of the figure and the auggestion of the room great art, one cannot understand it in the "Sir Isumbras" or the Elgin Marbles.

However, every "Mees Old Maid" in England knows all about the marbles, and can talk so glibly of them that she would never think of this little gem as As though to make it clear that he was not tied to modernity, in 1863 there appeared in Good Words his illus. trations to the "Parables of our Lord," a series of Bible pictures which, it is safe to say, have never been equalled. In these there is the same conviction and realism that one finds in the work of Rembrandt and the old men. No doubt, had Millais gone to the East with Holman Hunt, he would have added local color. As it is, one feels the same honest endeavor to render a scene that is revealed in the etchings of Rembrandt. The drawings are not all faultless. The introduction of the careless version of the Salute in the background of the Unmerciful Servant does not add to it. But, on the other hand, the serious study of the stony ground in the Sower, made on the edge of some English wood, is quite as convincing as if it had been done in Pales-Sometimes, in several of the other drawings, one detects a sort of concession to the tourist, to the travelled pedant: a concession which Rembrandt never made. Rembrandt's Jews are the Jews of the Ghetto of Millais' figures are nei-Amsterdam. ther altogether Oriental, nor altogether Hence those subjects in which there is no attempt to introduce local color are the most successful, and of these the grim "Enemy Sowing Tares" is unquestionably a master-piece. The Parable Series was reprinted in 1864, in book form, by Routledge, and of all the books of this period it is the rarest. The prey and the sport of the Sunday-School and the nursery, it has vanished. Some day the intelligent collector and dealer will struggle for this shockingly bound, pastel board-printed, gilt-edged volume, as already he struggles for the etchings of Rembrandt and Whistler.

In Dumas' Mattres Modernes there are several drawings, notably "The Death of the Consumptive," "The Ruined Devotee of the Turf," and

"The Wife's Appeal," which show that Millais, in the early fifties, worked out the projects for his pictures in penand-ink most elaborately, proving that he really cared for this medium, and that he was an illustrator from choice, not from compulsion. His interest in black-and white has continued, though not always active, even to this year. when he did the frontispiece for one of Mr. J. G. Millais' books—a drawing of an old naturalist. Millais was not by any means the inventor of book illustration in England, but he was unquestionably the practical exponent of the possibilities of that art in the early sixties. If Rossetti resurrected the Pre-Raphaelite method of drawing; if Frederick Sandys brought it to perfection; at the same time, Millais explained, most conclusively, that the life around us is as beautiful as anything in the past; and Whistler, Small, North, Pinwell, Keene, Du Maurier and Walker were among the witnesses to this great truth. One cannot help acknowledging, however, that the men who carried the English art of illustration to perfection were Frederick Sandys and Arthur Boyd Houghton. No one in England has ever approached Sandys' drawing in line for fac-simile reproduction by the wood-engraver. One has certainly yet to be shown modern drawings, made upon the wood or upon paper, in England, which approach those of Boyd Houghton. yet both of these men, certainly the latter, owe a very great deal to Millais. With him, this form of art was developed; when they, in their turn, stopped working, it ceased to exist. The black-and-white art of the sixties was a genuine and original movement in this country, and to Sir J. E. Millais belongs the credit for much of it. the Exhibition, which is sure to be held before long, a room should be devoted to his contributions to what justly may be called "the Golden Age of English Illustration." To leave such a record in paint and print is to have made life for him worth living.—Fortnightly Review.

## FORTUNES OF PARIS.

#### FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Paris has been the heart of France since Louis XI. consolidated a king-But the Revolution—the Revolution par excellence—changed all former conditions. Under the old régime the grands seigneurs crowded to the Court from the country to rival each other in the race to ruin. But only the men of the bluest blood and the highest pretensions were welcomed to the Louvre or the royal chateaux, although each of the seigneurs had his followers or parasites, whom he sought to advance. Each province had its parliament and its governor, who held the little court which sufficed for local ambitions. There the poorer noble or the well-born hobereau could cut a certain figure, and hope for a place or a sinecure suited to his station. There was a local noblesse of the robe, with a host of hangers-on, and besides the multiplicity of minor official appointments which have always existed in France, there were openings for men of brains and cupidity as intendants to administer the domains of the absentees-to grind the vassals, to exact the corvées, and to take heavy toll for themselves in the shape of commission and douceurs. That state of society was swept away by the Revolution. In those times of turmoil and terror, when the democratic caldron boiled over, the hereditary aristocracy disappeared, and the places they had filled were left va-Society was shaken to its foundations, and a new world had come up, with the general levelling of classes, where everything was thrown open to talent, energy, self-confidence, and audacity. The map of France was remodelled; the provinces, with their semi-independent satraps, who squandered their revenues in a sort of semioriental state, gave place to departments administered by préfets, appointed and directed by a central authority. Then the gravitation toward centralization in the capital became inevitable, and thenceforth Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of adventurers

of every kind, and, as we might add, of every nation.

We are not sketching the recent political history of France. We shall only remark, by way of introducing Captain Bingham's suggestive "Recollections," \* that the Government has oscillated between democracy and dictatorships since the assembling of the States-General and the collapse of the old régime. The coups d'état of Fructidor and Brumaire had prepared the way for the autocracy of Napoleon. Louis XVIII. accepted the constitutional charter drawn up and submitted by an elected Assembly, and Charles X. was sent into exile for tampering with that essential title of the Restoration. Louis Philippe, who might have done better for himself and his family had he been wise enough to insist on a regency and the rights of the young Duke of Bordeaux, was the "King of the French" and the chosen of the people, who elected to dismiss him in his turn when he outraged democratic susceptibilities. The Prince President, when he violated his sacramental oath and terrorized the Boulevards with a butchery, pleading Hugo's ανάγκη and imperative stress of circumstances, sought absolution in an appeal to the democracy, whom he hoped to master when the reins of Government were held firmly in his hands. Again he had recourse to the same expedient of the plebiscite, when his power had been shaken and his popularity endangered by the Mexican fiasco and his mismanagement of foreign affairs. Since that memorable day of September, when the gentlemen of the pavement appropriated power, what we may call the constitutional democracy has had everything in its own way, with the exception of the interval of Parisian anarchy under the Commune, which was the most fundamentally democratic development of all.

<sup>\*</sup>Recollections of Paris. By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. Chapman & Hall, 1896.



Paris is the most inviting field for adventurers; and it is perhaps the surest proof of the vitality and sound qualities of a really great nation, that France has not only survived the calamity of the German war, but made herself more formidable than ever as a military Power. Thanks to her vast internal resources, she has continued to prosper and pay her way, though she has reorganized her forces at an enormous expense, and replaced the strong natural frontiers of Alsace and Lorraine with artificial defences which experts pronounce to be well-nigh impregnable. Yet assuredly stability of government has done nothing for her, and "statesmen" rise to the surface with startling rapidity, to disappear like bubbles on the stream. Aspirants are beginning to realize that the path to power may be made somewhat too easy. A jealous rival asks no better luck than to push an embarrassing opponent up to the premiership. victim must either be precipitated from that sad eminence or take the plunge sooner or later. His single object is to fall with a certain dignity, so that in the universal shattering or discrediting of political reputations, the revolution of the wheel of fortune may give him a second chance. It was thought that Ministries had succeeded each other with startling rapidity in the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign; but with the extension of the suffrage and the democratic apotheosis, the pace has accelerated with phenomenal "Ma foi," exclaimed Talvelocity. leyrand, "il est bien distingué," when he saw an undecorated Englishman at a brilliant Court reception where every one was glittering with crosses and stars. And that may be said now of any fairly prominent politician who has not figured and failed as a Cabinet Minister.

Mr. Morley discussed the power of the Press, not long ago, at a literary gathering in London. Whatever it may be here, in Paris it is distinctly tending to increase, because there is greater stability in the Press than in the Parliament. Formerly the sparkling leader-writer who had made himself a name and become an authority almost invariably sought the suffrages of a constituency. If he could speak half as well as he could write—and most Frenchmen have persuasive facility of speech-he looked to office, crosses of the Legion, and a pension in retreat. Now the man who speaks habitually with the voice of the "Temps" of the "Débats" is far more of a power than the man who may make so brief a stay in the Ministry that the office messengers have scarcely time to identify See recent caricatures in the "Charivari," passim. Moreover, the leading pressmen not only have the agreeable sense of permanency, but they are as well paid as the Ministers and infinitely more independent. The hopes the Parisian press hold out to the ambitious intellects of young France are forcibly illustrated by the present state of things in journalism. know on sure authority that nothing is more desperately speculative than the venture of some clever young provincial who would take to journalism as a career -- or as the entrance to politics. If his contributions have the luck to be accepted in some provincial paper, he is seldom or never paid. If he is poor, he struggles on and perseveres in a garret on the French counterpart of the little oatmeal which is said to have nourished the early Edinburgh Review-It is touching and admirable to think of his manfully doing his best work, and keeping the fires of inspira-tion alive, cheered only by some faint, distant hope. Then perhaps the day comes when, like the Chatteris actors in "Pendennis," he finds he has attracted the notice of an omnipotent manager in the capital. The countryman goes up to Paris, transfers his literary headquarters to the Café Chose, is permitted or invited to sign his articles; and thenceforward, if he can stay as well as go the pace, his future is assured. The successful writer who signs is open to tempting offers, and it is necessary to pay him handsomely to retain his services. Moreover, he has a character to maintain, and though he may be unscrupulous or sophistical, in the main he is consistent. His support is courted, and if he be not actually bought, there are indirect ways in which a Minister or promoter can engage the alliance of an effective pen.

If the worst comes to the worst, and his profession palls on him, he knows that he can always try a turn at the

government of France.

Now that préfets pass like Cabinet Ministers, the minor official appointments no longer offer the former inducements to frugal Frenchmen who love a comfortable and assured income, the ribbon of the Legion, and local reverence. The prizes in successful journalism take many forms, and the leading journals are closely associated with the high finance. In France, as in Germany, many of the journals, like the railways, are financed by great Hebrew capitalists. It is no new thing; and to go no further back than the Second Empire, Captain Bingham gives a striking example of the power of the Rothschilds. Alfred de Musset, who was shy and sensitive, had been persuaded to read a new poem at the Tuileries on the distinct understanding that only the Emperor and his consort were to be present. During the reading a gentleman entered, and the poet stopped. It might have been expected that the Emperor would have resented the unprecedented intrusion, but the gentleman was Baron Rothschild. As he deprecated the moneylender's hold over an impecunious client, the poet had to be flattered into compliance, and the master of many millions remained to listen. We do not say that the devotees of mammon have become more eager or more unscrupulous since then, for that could hardly be. But the worship of mammon has become more absorbing and exclusive since the plutocracy is become the aristocracy of the democratic republic. Paris lost the show and seductive glitter which gilded the extravagances and corruptions of the Empire. The Elysian fields in the fashionable hours of the afternoon are more like the sombre realms of Pluto, though in fact Plutus is evidently the presiding Vulgar ostentation is the predominating feature, and if one would shine, money one must have. The old restaurants which have disappeared the Café de Paris, the Trois Frères, and Philippe's-were by no means cheap, but the others which have replaced them, and are most in vogue

for the moment, seem to seek to recommend themselves by extortionate charges. Still more significant is the fact that the foreign ambassadors find the outlay which used to suffice insufficient now. For diplomatic hospitality must satisfy and gratify the guests, and the haute finance, which is not the least important element of the society which is to be conciliated, expects to be entertained as it entertains. There is a lower stratum filled by the people of passage, who flock to the grand hotels or occupy a sumptuous apartment for the season. They have made their piles by pork or petroleum, by stocks or silver in North America; they have swindled the State and the foreign immigrants in Argentina or Mexico; they have enriched themselves by Transvaal gold or by diamonds in the Orange Free State; or they may be simply respectable parvenus who, having more money than they need, have gone over to Paris to have a good time. Their careless expenditure may be beneficial to trade, but it forces up the cost of living to all classes. The result is a choice of alternatives to the many whose modest or precarious incomes are barely sufficient for their wants. Either they carry French frugality to parsimony, pinching and saving, or they are tempted to risk small speculative ventures. If they win, they increase their stakes, for there is no such enticing passion as successful gambling. There are still leviathans who conceive daring schemes and plunge heavily for millions of francs, as in those days of the Empire and imperial concessions and sleeping partnerships with all-powerful Ministers, which Zola has depicted in the "Débacle" with exceptionally realistic vigor. But now the class of players has deteriorated, as at the tables of Monte Carlo. Still, as Paris will always be the heart of France, the Bourse is more than ever the soul of It is the financial journals, or Paris the financial columns in the political papers, which are sought and read with most anxious avidity. Nothing gives more piquancy to your morning paper than the possibility that some sudden rise or fall may announce either temporary riches or ruin. The spread of dangerously speculative investment is

obviously demoralizing to any community, but—though, we confess, we can detect few signs of that—it should conduce to amicable international rela-The man who has an open bull account, or who has placed his savings in Egyptians or in South African mines, cannot desire that his country should quarrel with the English, however much he may dislike us. does he. But neither the careful père de famille nor the hardy speculator can control the irresponsible rhapsodists of the Assembly or the firebrands in the press, who play solely for their own hands, and pauder to the blind pas-

sions of the populace. One other set of adventurers we must advert to who still set their faces toward the capital in spite of hard economical facts and sore discouragement. They are a dangerous legacy of the ostentation and indirect corruption of the Empire, as they were the backbone and partly the origin of the Commune. When Haussmann was carrying out his wholesale demolitions and reconstructions, he employed crowds of workmen at high wages. Distress in the provinces was relieved by the assurance of engagements in Paris. The Empire passed, but the workmen remained to recruit the ranks of the Communists and draw wages for playing at soldiers. The building which gave them employment had increased the room-rents and the cost of living by sweeping away the old rookeries and rabbit-warrens. Labor chômes now, and the monts de piété of the northern quarters do a brisker business at present than the Bourse. Yet a golden tradition is slow to die out, and ill-informed provincials still flock to the fabled El Dorado where the rich veins were exhausted a quarter of a century ago. Nor need we add that there can be no more perilous element than a mass of precariously employed workmen, in possession of the suffrage, who can menace by their mass meetings and semi secret societies the demagogues and tribunes who are eager to truckle to them. Had Boulanger had a grain more resolution, had there been a Fleury to force him to set the spark to those explosive materials, the conspirators of the Café de la Madeleine

might have succeeded like Kinglake's Brethren of the Elysée.

The chief interest and value of Captain Bingham's volumes are that they throw some novel and instructive light on the course of French history since the Prince Presid nt, after making his coup d'état, claimed to have re-established the Empire on national suffrage. They are desultory and gossipy, and we must necessarily treat them in a gossipy and desultory fashion. The writer speaks with a certain authority. Married to a Frenchwoman, he mixed much in Parisian society: he acted as correspondent to the original "Pall Mall," to the "Scotsman," and other papers: he was always on the search for facts: he had the entrée to the Ministries and the salons. He says he kept no diaries; but, like M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the "Times," he has a marvellously exact and tenacious memory. We have checked his volumes, so far as they concern the Empire, with those of Felix Whitehurst, who, when corresponding for the journal " with the greatest circulation in the world," was a favored and petted guest at the Tuileries, St. Cloud, and Compiègne. We know that Whitehurst would introduce ladies and gentlemen to the Emperor without even the ceremony of a previous request; and we have found Whitehurst, who knew more of the Court gossip than most men, always in essential accordance with Bingham. Moreover, the writer can vouch personally for the truth of various statements which seem somewhat startling. Captain Bingham's reminiscences of the two sieges -and through both he remained in residence as correspondent, per balloon or otherwise --- are especially curious, and his sketches of celebrities or notorieties are shrewd, incisive, entertaining, and freely illustrated by suggestive anecdote.

The "Recollections" begin in the spring of 1865 with the death of De Morny. The Emperor owed a debt of gratitude to the astuteness and determination of his illegitimate brother, and, to do him justice, he was not backward in paying such debts. He gave the embarrassed duke the Mexican question; he mixed himself up in the

scandalous affair of the Jecker bonds; and so the shady transactions of the speculative Swiss banker led on to Queretaro, Sedan, and Wilhelmshöhe. As for De Morny, he was the most brilliant and attractive type of the adventurers who were the treacherous props of the Empire. Dissipated and prodigal, he had nevertheless high intellectual qualities, and he exercised a magnetic fascination on individuals. Notoriously a faithless husband, he charmed his wealthy and highborn wife into devoted attachment. He grasped at money like Fouquet, and like Fouquet he lavished it magnificently on graceful hospitality and the generous patronage of genius and the arts. But money he was bound to have, and so the ill-fated Maximilian was sent to "He preferred leaving this world as the Regent d'Orleans did. He had to choose between renouncing the pleasures or sins of youth and a sudden catastrophe, and he chose the latter." It gives an idea of his sumptuous style of living, that when he died there were 145 horses in his stables. But that extravagance was one of the weaknesses of the Second as of the First Empire. Adventurers sprung from nothing, or with no family inheritance, received liberal salaries, which they were expected to spend. Lavish as the salaries were, the rivalry of ostentation made them insufficient, and if he lived on his appointments, the husband and father saw no means of providing for his family. To give a man exalted hereditary rank with inadequate income was virtually compelling him to practise oriental corruption. So the Ministers naturally became the sleeping partners of financiers, coulissiers, and promoters looking out for lucrative concessions. It was certain that every public enterprise was handicapped with exorbitant commissions; it was as certain that no State secret could be kept if money were to be made by selling it.

The French might have looked lenicntly on such Palace scandals as the imperial intrigue with Marguerite Bellanger, of which we have such an amusing account as might make matter for a comedy at the Palais Royal. They had been accustomed to the

amorous indiscretions of their greatest monarchs—of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. They might have tolerated the financial scandals, for they sympathized with and envied the fortunate offenders. But the Empire to maintain itself was bound to be successful, and to flatter the national pride by the glorification of the great nation. When the Emperor's star was eclipsed and he lost credit for political sagacity, his constitutional adversaries seized the opportunity, and the Radical agitators began to raise their heads. Even in early days he had been faced in the Assembly by three sarcastic and incisive debaters who had taxed all the suavity and tact of the President De Morny. But Favre, Picard, and Emile Olivier were guarded in their invective, and studiously confined themselves to the limits of correct parliamentary debate. Now there were ugly storm-warnings in the percrations of popular demagogues, who may have been actuated by enthusiasm, the thirst for notoriety, or by far-sighted worldly wisdom. The Emperor of Russia honored his parvenu brother with a visit on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867. Politically it was merely an unfortunate contretemps that the Czar should have been shot at in the Champs Elysées. It was more ominously significant that the illustrious guest should have been insulted at the Palais de Justice by a lawyer who had already the ear of the Courts. It was coarsely uncivil, to say the least, when M. Floquet, stepping forward, shouted "Vive la Pologne!" with general approval. For it has always been the fate of unlucky Poland to be the object of the sentimental attachment of subversive France, though nothing but disappointments and baffled hopes have come of relations that have invariably been abruptly broken off when French selfishness demanded the sacrifice of the protégé. Had the Empire been as stable as it appeared to superficial observers, Floquet had finished his career before it was well begun. But in French politics it is the unexpected one may confidently expect, when a man has physical stamina as well as talent and pluck. The exiles of Cayenne or New Caledonia may come home to fill high Cabinet office,

and trim the sails of the State in critical emergencies, if they do not actually steer the ship. Floquet, branded by the Imperialists as the blackest of sheep, lived to become President of the Chamber and Prime Minister. And dear as the Russian Alliance is to France, even Russian statesmen consented to tolerate him in the latter capacity. They knew, to be sure, that it was hardly worth while to object, since, though there to-day, he would

surely be gone to-morrow. Meantime Rochefort caused far more anxiety than Floquet. Had his nerve been equal to his intellectual audacity, he might more than once have precipitated a crisis, and notably at the funeral of Victor Noir. Maityrdom, in the shape of fine or imprisonment, he was ready to court, but he shrunk before bullets and the sabres of the gendarme-He stung like a hornet, he was perpetually renewing his venom, and the hum, like that of the restless mosquito, was ever troubling the tranquillity of the autocrats of the Tuileries. A typical French wit, the fluency, fire, and fertility that fed the daily "Lanterne" were simply amazing: he had something of the blighting mockery of Voltaire; he had a diabolical instinct for making self-seeking statecraft ludicrous; and more damning than all was the undeniable fact that the Empire supplied unfailing subjects for his Like the hornet or mosquito, he was always ready to search out the exposed points, or to sting an open sore into festering. He was banished, of course, or rather he took flight; but when the pestilential little news-sheet had been proscribed in France, a good stroke of contraband business was being done between Brussels and Paris. Each smuggled copy of the "Lanterne" fetched a fancy price, and passed from hand to hand, to be read with keen expectation. The laughers were with Rochefort. Louis Napoleon was not so cold-blooded a man as is generally supposed, and we fancy he paid Rochefort the compliment of cordially de-He would gladly have testing him. dropped him down an oubliette à la Catherine de Medicis, or welcomed him to Compiègne and St. Cloud with Merimée and About. But Rochefort was

one of those cross-grained and envenomed assailants who are neither to be petted nor flattered. Assuredly, in spite of common-sense and self interest. he would have stung the hand that sought to caress him. Like Floquet, he survived to play a conspicuous part in French politics, and to be a thorn in the sides of Thiers and Gambetta. The elections of May went daily against the Government. The great industrial and commercial cities cast in their lots with democratic Paris. The Empire, in dire distress, had declared for Liberal institutions; but the conversion was too sudden to seem sincere. Emile Olivier, who was already understood to be transacting with the system he had bitterly denounced, was hooted down by a crowded audience when he sought to obtain a hearing. Among the notable members then returned to the Assembly was M. Jules Grévy. nection with him, Captain Bingham gives another striking example of the irony of circumstances, and the instability of French political convictions. The moral is that a wise man should never commit himself, however strongly he may feel at the moment. Opposing Louis Napoleon for President, Grévy had insisted with forcible arguments that there should be no such office. He preferred the form of government by Committees. And yet !before he became officially the first man in France, Captain Bingham used to meet him at the Café de la Régence, whither he went every day to indulge in his favorite game of chess. Sometimes Bingham had the honor of being his antagonist. "He was unlike most of his countrymen. He had no French exuberance, and always maintained a dignity of manner, which was an effectual bar to familiarity. However, he was exceedingly amiable, and often furnished me with information on historical and other topics, for he was wellread, a good classical scholar, and a special admirer of Horace."

Meantime it had become the policy of the Empire to outbid the Liberal agitators and demagogues in the contest for popularity. It had the power of the purse. Its assailants could promise but it could perform. Like its prototypes of Imperial Rome, it was

generous of panem et circenses. The overcrowded population of Paris was kept in tolerable good humor by abundant work and excellent wages. demolitions and reconstructions that were supposed to make future émeutes impossible gratified the popular vanity, though they raised the price of lodgings and removed the workmen far from their work. It is an amiable feature of the French democracy that, so long as their own circumstances are easy, they enjoy vicariously the extravagant gayeties of the rulers. The train of carriages driving to the balls and receptions, with the decorated uniforms of the men and the toilets and diamonds of the ladies, give them the cheap pleasures of free public specta-It is only when famine-stricken as in the first Revolution, or when irritated by such humiliating defeats as those inflicted by the Germans, that the many-headed monster revolts, and raises the cry of "The Aristocrats to the Lantern!" These public entertainments were on the most sumptuous scale, and invitations were issued with democratic indiscrimination. Whitehurst, whose métier it was to report the doings of the best society for the bourgeois readers of the "Daily Telegraph," gives a vivid and picturesque account of them. He paints the scene toward midnight in the Tuileries, where every man was bound to appear in uniform, and each of the ladies were a ball-dress of the period— "as much a costume as any ever worn at masquerade or fancy ball." Tables were groaning under patés de foie gras and truffles en serviette, and there was an incessant flow of Sillery of the choicest vintages. "But to me the most interesting sight," writes the courtly correspondent, "was to see the Emperor moving round the circle and talking to his guests, just as monsieur un tel ought to do, and does when he understands the graceful duties of hospitality." Shortly afterward Baron Haussmann was entertaining 3000 persons at the Hôtel de Ville. The corresons at the Hôtel de Ville. spondent "looked on with supreme pleasure at a luxury which, while reminding one of the decadence of Rome, now indicates only the wealth of France."

Doubtless both the Préfet of the Seine and his master masked anxious hearts with smiling countenances, for they knew that the guests were dancing on a smouldering volcano. In four years the Emperor was a dethroned exile, and before that Baron Haussmann had been undeservedly and ungratefully disgraced; for after nobly carrying out the conceptions he had been authorized to realize, he withdrew into private life, a comparatively poor Yet in the summer of 1866 the tottering Emperor had received a striking testimony to his ascendancy in European politics, when Francis Joseph resigned Venetia into his hands, inviting his mediation for the restoration o. peace. In Paris he had always a useful ally in the clever Princess Mathilde, whom he not only pensioned, but had befriended by securing her handsome matrimonial settlements. Yet the salons of the Princess's hotel were ever open to brilliant mockers and frondeurs; and it was significant of the times that a piece of wit was invariably welcome, even if it told severely against the régime. As to that Captain Bingham has a characteristic story in which the joke was carried too far to be altogether agreeable to the society. It had come to the Princess's ears that M. Billault had a stingingly satirical song in his possession. The Minister admitted that he had the manuscript in his pocket; the hostess constrained him to read it aloud; the guests were sworn to secrecy, and the servants sent away. Very clever and stinging it was-so much so that "the first couplets were received with profound silence, followed by murmurs of stupefaction, stifled laughter, and cries of indigna-Several of the party were severely lashed, and the point was that the Emperor was made to plead guilty to innumerable follies and mistakes, to which the obsequious Billault responded with the invariable refrain, "Majesté, vous avez raison." The sworn secrecy was disregarded and betrayed. Next morning Billault received a note from his master, inviting him to breakfast, and commanding him to bring the verses. His Majesty read them, shrugged his shoulders, and behaved very well. He asked if the Minister

knew the author. Billault answered in the affirmative, adding that he was an upright man and faithful to the Government. "So much the better," said his Majesty. "You can tell him that I don't want to know his name, but that I should like to see his next production before it is read to the Princess."

Before 1870 the volcano was giving sinister signs of speedy eruption. The shooting of Victor Noir provoked a great public scandal, and the scenes at the funeral were ominous of serious trouble. The story of the events that preceded the outbreak of hostilities has been often told. The Emperor feared and resented the unexpected aggrandizement of Prussia, and Bismarck was eager to bring matters to an arbitra-He judged the situation and all ment. the conditions soundly, and knew well what he was about. The Emperor, as the writer happens to know, was entirely misled by his envoys to the Southern German States as to the state of feeling there. Had he been content or able to wait, he would unquestionably have found allies in Austria and Italy. But there can be no doubt that events were precipitated by sheer terror of the democracy. He elected for the lesser of two dangers with his eyes open. Frenchmen in general, and the Parisians in particular, were madly set upon a triumphant march to Berlin. The papers discovered in the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress prove that her husband did not stake his crown without very sufficient warning. The military attaché at Beilin, as we all know, was outspoken enough. And so far back as December, 1866, Ducret, who commanded in Strasburg, had written to Trochu: "While we are pompously deliberating on what must be done to have an army, Prussia simply proposes to invade our territory. She will be in a position to bring into the field 600,-000 men and 1200 guns before we have dreamed of organizing half that force. There is not a German who does not believe in an approaching war." confidential letter must have been intercepted, and copied in the Cabinet Noir. And similar warnings were multiplied to the Court, through the whole threatening course of the stormy nego-

tiations on the cession of Luxemburg and the Hohenzollern candidature. Thiers, as Captain Bingham points out, must be debited with his full share of the blame. The historian of the Consulate and Empire ought to have studied and weighed comparative military forces and their respective potentialities for attack and defence. for four years before the outbreak of war he had never ceased to inflame popular passions by bewailing in the Chamber the decline of French preponderance. He was yet to demonstrate his incapacity as a practical strategist when he hurriedly abandoned to the Commune the Paris he had himself fortified.

After the display of squibs and Roman candles at Saarbrück, when the young Prince received his baptism of fire, reverse rapidly succeeded reverse. But the mob had been so excited by wild canards of signal victories that it was dangerous to make even an approximation to the truth. We believe the personal courage of Count de Palikao was beyond question. Yet, "to gain a few hours, with the news of a crushing defeat in his pocket, he said in the Chamber, 'If I could only tell you all I know, Paris would illuminate this evening." On the other hand, when the news came of the culminating catastrophe of Sedan, the Empress bore up heroically under the shock, showing as much moral resolution as personal courage. Had she seen rational chances of effective support, undoubtedly she would have made a stand for the throne, although that has never been a national tradition. Captain Bingham remarks elsewhere on the ease with which French Governments have been disposed of since Louis XVI. refused to fight. The vox populi has always spoken with irresistible might, especially when shouting from behind the barricades.

The provisional military régime had abdicated, and now the eloquence of the Palais had its opportunity. The new self-elected Government was a Government of babblers and lawyers, though, indeed, the warlike Trochu out-talked them all. If brave words could have retrieved national misfortunes, they were the men to charge

themselves with the destinies of prostrate France. We can conceive the grim satisfaction with which Bismarck, Moltke, and Von Roon read their patriotic proclamations to the beleaguered citizens. The inflated bombast culminated in Jules Favre's Bobadil-like ultimatum, "Not a stone of our fortresses-not an inch of our soil." Captain Bingham had remained at his post as haphazard correspondent through both the sieges, and in both the lot of the besieged resident was anything but an enviable one. When the Germans had closed in, suspicions were everywhere rife; the cry of treachery was on the lips of each grimy patriot, and a foreign accent was a damnatory pièce de conviction. Trochu himself was arrested for a spy, though the General-in-Chief succeeded in establishing his identity. If a house happened to look out toward the detached forts of the enciente, it was dangerous to light a lamp without closing the shutters, for flashing of signals to the enemy was a common and capital charge. Out of doors the light began to fail, as gas and parassin were neces-The Boulevards of sarily economized. an evening were dismal as Père La Chaise; the trees in the Bois were being felled for fuel; and the Champs Elysées began to resemble the Chicago cattle-yards. Altogether life was desperately dull, and, what was more, it began to be desperately dear. On November 18, we are told, a plump sewerrat was selling for three francs, a turkey fetched a couple of guineas, and a pound of butter commanded £2, 16s. A month later an egg was priced at 14 franc, and a rabbit had risen from 14 to 30 francs. On December 9 Captain Bingham's cook, after standing in the long queue for a couple of hours, came home with rations for three days, consisting of a herring apiece. We had an opportunity of seeing Captain Bingham's butcher-bills, and they included camel, camelopard, elephant, and rhi-It need not be said that it noceros. was not every one who could afford to pay fancy prices for strange meats from the Jardins des Plantes et d'Acclimation; and it will always be a mystery how less fortunate individuals contrived to subsist upon public or private char-

ity; also how the fashionable restaurants for long continued to give their customers a creditable dinner for the reasonable charge of one louis. Still there was a limit even among imprisoned capitalists to fancy prices, and no purchaser could be found for the hippopotamus at £3200. Three weeks afterward the city surrendered, and, so far as we know, the behemoth survived.

The costs of the war would have been even more onerous had the Germans realized the resources of France. The famous economist, Leroy Beaulieu, understood them better. He wrote. when the war ransom had been fixed. "We know what sacrifices are imposed upon us by this increase of £400,000,-000 to our public debt and the development of our military expenditure. But our neighbors are ignorant of all the resources which French thought and French work can furnish." A few years afterward Bismarck became alive to his mietake, and would have retrieved it by a second summary invasion, had it not been for the interposition of the Czar. In these anxious days the writer had a letter from a man -not Captain Bingham-who had access to sources of information the most intimes. Like Bingham, he occupied an apartment looking out on the Arc de Triomphe. And he wrote, "I never dress of a morning without seeing the triumphant Prussians again passing under the Arch."

The Commune was a legacy of the humiliating war, and, as we said, of the extravagant expenditure of the Empire. Paris was discontented, impoverished, and overcrowded with workmen out of employment, from whom the insurrectionary Directory recruited its defenders. The bourgeois Thiers, soldier-like only in theory, was not the man for the critical situation. Had MacMahon been then in charge, events might have been very different. Thiers' best excuse was that he could not trust the soldiers. Had they looked up to a Marshal whose courage they respected, and been under the wholesome terrors of military law, there would have been little fear of their fraternizing with the discontented. The regular uniform has a supreme contempt for shopkeepers of the National Guard

and pekins in blouses. As it was, Thiers, though he had such dashing soldiers as De Gallifet at his back, showed a pitiable example of impotence and vacillation. There was no reason why he should not have at once drawn the teeth of the factions by quietly removing the guns parked on the heights of Montmartre. The writer saw them of Montmartre. a few days before the impending outbreak practically unguarded. Indeed the cannon had actually been secured, but unfortunately the teams to drag them away had been forgotten. That might have been the error of an incapable subordinate. But Thiers evacuated Parisso promptly that in his panic he would actually have abandoned Valérien, and that key of the attack was only saved by a timely reminder and remonstrance. Then respectable citizens were startled by the depressing news that they had been deserted by Admiral Saisset, the trusty commander of the National Guard, who had followed Thiers to Versailles. The law-abiding men of property had fondly believed that he, at least, would have stuck to his post. The Admiral afterward explained to Bingham that he had acted sorely contre cœur. But Thiers' orders were peremptory, and he was bound to obey.

One of the first striking incidents of the second siege was the demonstration of the Rue de la Paix, which ended in a slaughter of unarmed men. ways doubted whether the Communists were greatly to blame, and Captain Bingham's testimony goes far to exculpate them. A more insane project than for a procession of unarmed citizens to force a line of military posts could hardly have been conceived. But the friends of order were not content with simple persuasion: "the language used was of an excitable, if not a violent character." The National Guard gave them fair warning, and only fired when their line was being broken. Bingham says that the casualties would have been far more numerous had not the Federalists passed the night in the wine-shops. Moreover, it is more than probable that many fired in the air, otherwise the volleys at point blank must have been much more deadly. And the report we had from Laurence Oliphant corresponds with that of Captain Bingham. Oliphant was an eye witness, and helped afterward to drag some of the wounded into the offices of Messrs. Blount the bankers. He had been warned, by the bye, that he might expect a sign that he had been sinning against the light in declining to quit Paris at the orders of his prophet. He took that bloody drama of the Rue de la Paix as the predicted sign, and straightway sent in his demission as "Times" correspondent.

The gentlemen of the pavement had been succeeded by the gentlemen of the gutter, and these last were by no means pleasant masters. A strange mixture they were; for with Blanqui, who had grown gray in conspiracies, and with the Raoul Rigaults and the Felix Pvats, were such honest fanatics as Delescluze, such chivalrous though mistaken soldiers as Rossel. The world of Paris was more topsy-furvy than With men like Rossel and the fighting Pole Dombrowski at their disposal, the Communists chose for their General-in-Chief Bergeret the ex-wait-He could not ride; he did not care to walk so far; so when he delivered his famous attack on Versailles, he accompanied the column in a carriageand pair, till the fire from Valérien disturbed his equanimity. It was then that Paris was encouraged by the memorable despatch announcing that Bergeret lui-même was directing operations. There were exceptions, and Raoul Rigault was one; but Bingham does justice to the general incorruptibility of the feather-brained anarchists. So far as honesty went, they made a happy choice of their Finance Minister. "Jourde's wife washed the family linen as of yore (not that the Minister seemed to use much), and he took his hurried meals at a low eating-house. And, poor fellow, he looked sadly in want of good feeding." Indeed it is a singular fact that with Paris abandoned to the dregs of the populace, the deserted mansions of the rich were not given over to sack and pillage. There was the Bank of France, with untold gold in the cellars. The governor remained courageously at his post, and treated coolly and successfully with the commissioners of the Commune.

ransomed the vast treasures in his custody for less than a million sterling. And Bingham vouches for a fact which would otherwise seem incredible. "While the marquis was doling out his millions of francs to the Commune, he was sending regularly, once a week, silver and gold wherewith to pay the Versailles troops, who cost about £120,-000 a day." Almost as mysterious is the protracted defence, and it suggests that the dash had been taken out of the regular officers and privates, demoralized by a succession of crushing disasters. Cluseret, who had been War Minister for nearly a month, asserted that during that period "the Communists only lost 171 men, and that only 6000 men, not including 2000 artillerymen, were engaged in the defence." As Bingham, who accepts the statement, comments, "it was this insignificant number of combatants, who spent more time in the wine-shops than on the ramparts, which resisted for two long months an army of 100,000 men, 47 field batteries, and a formidable siege-artillery." It might have been supposed that the patriotic besiegers, at some personal risk, would have been eager to spare the capital the calamities of a prolonged bombardment. But for weeks they were content to play at long bowls with the cannon of the forts and enciente. Their firing was so methodical that the regular intervals could be confidently reckoned with. At times they made it hot enough at the exposed crossings, and Captain Bingham gives a grimly ludicrous account of a troop of bonnes waiting a chance to rush across to the bakery over the way. At last the Versailles troops slipped into the city in place of storming it; and we know how terrible and indiscriminating were the re-

prisals. No one can ever tell how many innocent victims were murdered at Satory or dropped to these nocturnal volleys of platoon firing, which disturbed the slumbers of the residents near the Parc de Monceaux and the Gardens of the Luxembourg. struck me as deplorable in those days," says Captain Bingham, "was the conduct of the population, which, after having shown the most abject submission to the Commune, now clamored No sooner was an arrest for blood. made than the cry, A mort! a mort! was raised."

On the close of that bloody tragedy which restored Paris and France to the rule of the constitutional democracy we may let the curtain fall. Since then every political notoriety and many an obscure individual have had their chance. Captain Bingham remarks that under the Third Republic there have been thirty-six Ministers of the Interior. It is relatively satisfactory, with regard to the continuity and stability of French foreign policy, to know that there have been only half as many Ministers of Foreign Affairs. which his comment is that these frequent changes keep up a certain excitement, and do not seem to do the country much harm. He thinks that ministerial instability appears to act like a sedative, and to prevent more serious complications. We are glad to believe that the English temperament is essentially different from that of the French; but should we ever realize the fond dreams of our advanced Radicals, and have annual Parliaments with paid members, we may go through a course of somewhat similar experiences, which will at least give us "a certain amount of excitement."-Blackwood's Magazine.

# A CLAIM FOR THE ART OF FICTION.

BY E. G. WHEELWRIGHT.

THAT imaginative and idealizing faculty which has revealed itself in all brought us, we recognize its conspicuages, accompanying all phases and developments of human life, needs no apology. From the standpoint to

which the rolling centuries have ous and potent influence in the history of mind. We see that the larger our perspective, the more uncertain become

the boundaries that separate the fact from fiction, authentic record from ro-Everywhere, in the heart of mance. every nation, we find the same tendency at work, restless, creative, distilling from the raw material of circumstance the subtle essence of imaginative art; and in this very faculty, universal and inevitable as it proves to be, we have one great source of that organic unity which "makes the whole world kin." It has given us, in its manifold developments, a common ground of sympathy; it has become the great interpreter of man to man. Thus the history of a nation's literature becomes for us the truest expression of that nation's life, bringing us into definite relation with each phase of its moral and intellectual advancement, causing us in a great measure to judge a bygone period by the ideals it has fostered, just as in future centuries we shall ourselves be judged. There is a deep interest in the retrospect which thus engages our We see how, gradually accompanying each footstep of man's progress, the limits of his subjective wor'd, his psychical life, grew ever wider; speculation and fancy crept in to supplement the facts of existence as dimly perceived by his understanding, and in the first ideal construction, the first departure, that is, from the immediate perceptions of sense, we have the germ of all imaginative literature.

But in those distant days when the earliest expression of man's religious impulse manifested itself in the wondering worship of Nature, imagination was merely the handmaid of that worship and dwelt mainly upon the few familiar themes. And which of us has not felt the charm of that primitive Aryan fancy? Who loves not Ushas, the dawn-maiden, "tender and infinitely loved," the bringer of light to men? Who can wonder at the perplexity of those untutored minds who watched the course of the mighty sun across the heavens until he sank below the horizon, "swallowed by the sea?" They seemed to have no guarantee that he ever would return to them; and when the clouds, his mantle, obscured the face of the heavens, to what could the darkness testify but to his wrath?

NEW SERIES, -Vol LXIV., No. 5.

Such primitive imaginings and others similar to them lead us by gradual stages to that most fruitful period of ancient literature which reached its consummation in the Homeric poems. The aftergrowth of religious speculation and philosophy already heralded in the east by the Babylonian legends and the cosmogony of the Jews had no place in the sweet spontaneity of Ionian verse. It arose from the strong young heart of the nation, with the simple naturalness of perfect art. The earlier abstructions have now become concrete realities; the constant tendency of language to personification has done its work; and the representations that were merely projections from the minds of men have been endowed with objective existence, so that their real origin has sunk into the shade. But not only has an elaborate mythology thus expanded; we have in the Odyssey a fresh and lively picture of the actual life of the time. The common facts of existence are seized and interpreted as it is the mission of all true art to interpret them; the heroic element as the age conceived it is still the background of the picture; but the accidents of the age are so subordinated to that perception of universal truth and beauty which came afterward to be the distinguishing mark of the Greeks, that the poem remains to this day a master-

This natural tendency, manifested in the earliest ages as well as in the most recent, to express the purest ideals, the noblest sentiments of the heart in poetry, cannot be overlooked. In conceding to poetical literature the place which by general consent it holds among us, we are only following the precedent of the whole civilized world. We are acknowledging that the poet is endowed with a supreme gift, a "divine afflatus," and has a keener perception of life and truth than is granted to most of his fellows. We understand what Aristotle meant when he said that "poetry was more philosophical than history.

Dealing with the ever-present and common realities of life and death, the poet constructs for us the imperishable ideal; he exalts the prosaic fact into its eternal significance, allaying our sense of incompleteness with his comprehensive grasp of truth.

But in the realm of literary Art, Poetry was not long suffered to reign alone. Another form of ideal representation soon sprang into existence, adapting itself at first to the needs of an increasingly intellectual people, and thus the Diama was born. In the hands of the three great Greek tragedians it emphasized the deep passions and sorrows of human life as no other form of expression had been able, or has since been able, to do. It was distinctly a creature of its age.

Its events and characters were encompassed with a relentless, stern necessity, but it preserved the calm characteristic of Greek genius in its sense of proportion and literary power. Comedy followed Tragedy, and long after the golden age of Athens had passed away, and the products of her genius were scattered abroad to be the great inheritance of future centuries, Poetry and the Drama continued to flourish side by side. But in the meantime forces were at work among the nations, initiating constant progress and change. The last degenerate remnants of the once beautiful old myths died out of Europe, as the Reason of man, turning its inquiry apon the mysteries of the Universe and the individual soul, began to frame more rational philosophies; the Gothic Empire, champion of the new religion that was to conquer Europe, rose upon the ruins of Ancient Rome; and the northern peoples grew into power and influence.

Still, for several centuries, the imagination continued to find its most apt expression in poetic form. Gaelic Celts poured out a song of triumph from hearts deeply stirred with love of their native land; the Scandinavians sang of great sea kings and heroes and heroic deeds; and the good Cædman drew his inspiration from the simple fervor of a religious soul. and by a new element crept into poetry, and in the twelfth century began to assume a more definite form. From the story-tellers of the East had sprung the taste for the marvellous, and the faculty of vivid narration that had appealed to the imagination of every race; but as society grew more com-

plex, and the lives of individuals and of nations came to be more closely interwoven, with increase of fellowship and of mutual ties, a deeper interest in the events of ordinary life appeared to develop also. Confining our attention to the literature of our own land, we find the first outgrowth of what we may call romantic narrative in the legends of Arthur and his Knights. Very significant is the early close alliance between fact and fiction. It was the prosaic ground of the "Chronicles"-the record of contemporary life—that yielded our first wellspring of romantic literature.

The subsequent evolution of this and of the other branches of literary art in England are familiar to all; for the history of our literature has become popular among us, and it is one of which we are justly proud. For our present purpose it is sufficient to consider the fact of that natural unity which embraces the several forms and products of the imagination; and to emphasize this connection which, we cannot but think, is in frequent danger of being ignored. Poetry, fiction, and the drama have, we submit, a kindred origin and a common aim.

The first imaginative impulse of man's thought created poetry; it was then, as it has ever been, "thought tinged with emotion," the stirring of the spirit within its narrow bonds, the straining to detect those secret harmonies which underlie the discords of the world. And, so far from falling into insignificance as knowledge grew, it has ever remained the sanctuary of the intellectual life; for although degenerate at times and made subservient to baser passions and unworthy ends, still the nobler self of every nation has always

The drama brought human character and incident more conspicuously into play. It was reserved for the greatest dramatic literature to transmute and vivify the facts of existence, and to interpret the passion and pathos of human nature as no other art could do.

But the imaginative faculty had still to seek another channel of expression; and in the eighteenth century the representation of contemporary life, hitherto confined to satire, poetical ropeculiar form in which it has come to be recognized as the novel. The steady rise and increasing influence of fiction, the enrichment which it has at various times received from the painstaking devotion of men of genius, the intrinsic worth and beauty of its highest products, all testify to its position in the "literature of power." Nor is it difficult to account for its popularity.

The "common deeds of the common day"—fragments of ordinary life with all their monotonous routine of circumstance—the hopes and fears, the sorrow and the joy that make up the sum of thousands of human lives who pass out of record and remembrance, carent quia vate sacro-how dear are all these things to the multitude! how deep and ever deeper grows the interest in what we know, and feel, and see! True, there is always the poet to raise these things into imperishable beauty, and the dramatist to set them before us condensed into a vivid portrait of actuality; but fiction, working in the same spirit and with similar aim, yet pursucs a different method, and gains a peculiar power. And in this very difference of method lies the danger which, at the present time especially, we seem too prone to overlook.

The novel, it is said, need not be taken seriously; it is sometimes, but need not always be, a work of art; it deals so familiarly with men and manners, with incident and custom, that its chief object is to amuse; the poet may be "born," and the dramatist also; the novelist needs but a little imagination and a dash of eloquence to justify his work.

Now, the prevalence of this style of reasoning and its adoption by some professed masters of the art has undoubtedly led to the unfortunate results which so many among us see rea-We have departed son to deplore. from the old traditions, and the result is an atmosphere of low vitality and degenerate work. In severing this latest product of imaginative literature from the natural and noble fellowship of its kindred arts, we have robbed it of its birthright, and ourselves of our joy in its possession. Of course, the evil is not exclusively of recent growth.

mance, and ballad, finally acquired the 'Just as there have ever been bad poets and bad dramatists, so, in every land where novels have gained pre-eminence, there have been writers who have made their art subservient to unworthy ends. But this does not alter our position. The fact is patent that, in proportion as the conception of the novelists' art has been lowered, so has the work itself become disgraced; and, in an age when the tendency is moving in this direction, it is not unwise to pause and reconsider the basis of fiction, its aim and scope.

> The poet Chaucer once summed up his teaching and his art in the following quaint lines:

> "Through me men go into the blissful place Of the heart's heal and deadly woundes'

Through me men go into the well of grace Where green and lusty May doth ever endure.

This is the way to all good adventure. Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow off

All open am I; pass in, and speed thee fast."

Such was the attitude of the fresh and simple genius whose work has held so high a place in the estimation of his country. Does it not convey to us the very essence of imaginative art and the secret of its power? Is it not the most blessed mission of the poem, the drama. or the work of fiction to lead us "into the blissful place of the heart's heal, and deadly wounde's cure?" It is true that the imagination cannot forever dwell upon the fair and gracious themes of idealized existence, nor would it minister to our needs in so doing; it must of necessity deal with the world as we know it, heightening the contrasts between good and evil, and enlivening our sympathies. And this is what the literary artist, working in whatever form he may, is privileged to His gift to us is for the hours of leisure—those quiet receptive hours, which, if rightly used, and fed with wholesome and stimulating influences, do so much to strengthen and enrich our lives. To the novelist belongs the power of vitalizing a conception so as to bring us into deeper sympathy with the portion of life that he depicts; we must feel that he is dealing with realities, repossessing with force and vigor

the simple facts of existence, the great. practical truths, which, by their very familiarity, may be forgotten, and which are never so old as to lose their freshness and significance. Tragedy and comedy enter alike into the wide domain of his art; passion, purifying us by "pity and fear;" mirth and gladness, refreshing our spirits; his keen perception pierces for us the outer shell of custom and intention which surround our lives, and reveal to us the secret play of character. His method is at once subjective and objective, realist and idealist; but, in the perfect artist, fidelity and reserve are so justly blended that the antithesis is lost.

It is inevitable that an art whose interest lies so especially in the heart of its own age should suffer more or less from the fluctuations and changes of the time spirit which wield such mighty influences upon the course of human affairs. Other times other manners, and a novel that has fallen into the too frequent error of emphasizing merely the ephemeral current of the day pays the penalty in oblivion. That which is written to suit the taste of the moment dies at the turn of the tide. We need but to glance backward over the record of a few years to observe this fact more fully, and to learn to estimate the passing crazes and affectations and reactions at their true value.

But the novels that augment our literature have preserved the significance of eternal truth among the influences of the hour. In proportion as they have clothed that truth in beauty of form are they entitled to be called works of art; and the deeper and wider their human sympathies, the more fitting and exquisite their form; the better also will they fulfil the gracious mission which the good Chaucer desired for his verse.

It were impossible in this connection to pass over without due tribute those great masters of English fiction to whom we owe so much.

The novelists of the eighteenth century gave us what is called the "simple school." Miss Austen, especially, with her wonderful gift of observation and delicately graceful style, has preserved an admirable reflection of contemporary life. We are grateful for

the fresh spontaneity, the quiet humor, and the faculty of vivid representation which create the charm of her work. She has given us life, as she justly expressed it, on "bits of ivory." There is no great passions stirred, no deep pathos reached; the truths of existence are summed up in the axiomata media of prudent living, and we are not troubled with anomalous cases which these may fail to reach. But the work remains, and is a pleasure to us because the form is so graceful, and the details are so true.

The best novelists of the nineteenth century have, each in their own way, enriched our literature and our resources with genuine works of art. When we think of the marvellous ease of Sir Walter Scott—the incomparable vigor that enabled him to complete the finest of his works in a period of twelve years—we marvel at the strength and felicity of his genius; and as our thoughts dwell upon those delightful scenes and characters which have become to most of us so familiar, we feel that the world is the richer for the quaintness of the antiquary, the loyalty of Rebecca, and the heroism of Jeanie Deans.

There are great moments in fiction as in life, and only the great novelist attains to them. But for us their memory is of inestimable worth; they sweeten the world for us, and preserve the heroic tradition of noble lives and deeds.

The moral beauty of unworldliness in Colonel Newcome gladdens our faith in human nature, and the pathos of Dickens re-awakens our sympathy. "Who can stand against that?" said Thackeray, when he read the death of "little Paul."

A supreme word in Art is also spoken in the redemption of Silas Warner's blighted life by means of a little child. In the great personality of the woman to whom we owe this rustic idyll we find the secret of her peculiar power. It was her sympathy. To her deeply observant, unbiassed mind, enriched by culture and reflection, nothing in human nature was insignificant—nothing appealed to her in vain. In her earlier works, before reflection banished spontaneity, she has given us

some of the most delicate analyses of character which our literature can supply, and whether she pictures the beauty of Nature, or the poetry of common life, the sweetness of little children, or the stern imperativeness of conscience in matters of duty, all alike are touched with the artist's consummate skill.

These and other gifted writers have bequeathed to us the excellent tradition of pure and conscientious work: many since their day, adhering to the principles of Art, and creating faithful representations of Nature, have won a place in the contemporary literature of Fiction, but recently the Art has suffered from the number of its votaries.

It is too late now to deplore the full tide of literary effort which has invaded us in this direction; the fact is patent, and we must do the best we can But it is not too late to deplore and to protest against a tendency fatal to Art and contrary to the best interests of society, which, if fostered and unchecked, will lower the tone and value of Fiction in the eyes of the civilized world. We have but to interrogate the records of history to discover that when a branch of literature lowers itself to baser influences, and concerns itself merely with amusement, or with the reflection of the accidentals and passing emotions of the day, it inflicts upon the taste of its generation and upon literature itself an evil which years of reaction may not destroy. And it is just these accidentals, this feverish desire for novelty, this surface life with its morbid psychology and illdigested ethics, which forms the constantly recurring theme of modern Fiction.

The human nature which was enough

for our greatest imaginative writers is not enough for our novelists to-day. It is as though they were in search of some new element, some moral and intellectual argon which shall enable them to interpret with more faithful realism the circumstances of human And in the meantime the sense of the beautiful is falling into decay; false ideals are cherished; reverence for women is out of date; and we have strayed far from that sweet and tender spirit which gave us the daisy as symbolic of a lovely womanhood, "with its gift of healing, its heart of gold, and its white crown of purity." But when we consider what the history of imaginative literature has been, and how noble a gift it has in its various forms conferred upon us, shall we not be most unwilling, as writers or as readers, to encourage an apostasy which is false to life and Art? History has shown us that every form of imaginative literature at the period of its best fruition has been allied to worthy aims. While dealing necessarily with the contemporary time, it has preserved the sense of proportion, and has occupied itself rather with the universal truths of life and conduct than with the passing phases of the day.

At the close of the nineteenth century our aspirations for the future should not lie lower than those of other ages past; and in considering this we shall refuse to acknowledge as literature that which, ignoring its birthright, puts theory for fact and harsh effect for beauty, as it is at least undeniable that truth and beauty have ever been recognized by our civilized world as the highest essentials of Art.—West-

minster Review.

# THE FAMILY COUNCIL IN FRANCE.

BY MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, OFFICIER DE L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE DE FRANCE.

# I .- ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

WE cannot with any certitude determine the origin of that extra legal tribunal in France, known as the Conseil de

Famille, a domestic court of justice accessible alike to rich and poor and at nominal cost, occupying itself with questions the most momentous as well as the minutest, vigilantly guarding

the interests of imbecile and orphan, outside the law, yet by the law rendered authoritative and binding. For hundreds of years the Family Council or informal Court of Chancery has thus acted an intermediary part : here summoned by humble members of the third estate to decide upon the guardianship of fatherless children, there convened in the Tuilleries on the occasion of an Imperial betrothal. From the Middle Ages down to our own time, nob e and roturier, wealthy merchant and small shopkeeper, have taken part in these conclaves, the exercise of such a function being regarded both as a civic duty and moral obligation. One object and one only is kept in view, namely, the protection of the weak. The law is stripped of its cumbrous machinery, above all, deprived of its mercenary spirit. Not a loophole is left for underhand dealing or peculation. Simplicity itself, this system has been so nicely devised and framed that interested motive finds no place in it. Questions of property form the chief subject of enquiry and debate, yet so hedged round by precautions is the fortune of minor or incapacitated that it incurs no risk. And in no other institution is witnessed to the same extent the uncompromising nature of French economy. tice here rendered is all but gratuitous.

According to the best authorities this elaborate code of domestic legislation is the development of mediæval or even earlier customs. Under the name of "l'avis de parents," we find family councils alike in those provinces having their own legal systems or coutumes, and those strictly adhering to Roman law. By little and little such usages were formalized, and so gradually becoming obligatory, in the fact, if not in the letter, were regarded as law. The extra-legal character of the family council is one of its most curious features.

Among the oldest documents referring to the subject is an edict of the fifteenth century, signed by Réné, father of Margaret of Anjou. The presiding judge is herein forbidden to appoint any guardianship till he has heard the testimony of three syndics, as well as of the child's relations, concerning the trustees proposed, their circum-

stances, position in life, and reputation. The syndics, be it remarked, were rural and municipal functionaries, replaced in 1789 by State-paid juges de paix. Intermediaries between the law and the people, the syndics were elected by vote, their term of office

generally lasting a year.

The coutumes of Brittany and Normandy took especial care to define and regulate the family council. Thus an edict of 1673 ordains that six relations on the paternal, and as many on the maternal side of any orphan or orphans, shall assist the judge in selecting trustees. A clause of the Breton Code enjoined that consultation should be held as to the education of the minors in question, "the profession, whether of arms, letters, or otherwise, for which they should be trained, the same to be decided according to their means and position."

In the Nivernais, the family council consisted of seven members; in the Berri of six; in the Orléannais of five. The Parliament of Bordeaux in 1700 fixed the number at six, as in the Berri. These facts show the importance attached to the function before the Revolution. Up to that period it was an elastic system based upon usage and tradition rather than law; the family council now underwent minute and elaborate revision at the hands of successive bodies of legists; finally embodied in the Code Napoléon it has undergone little modification to our own day.

One of the most curious documents in this history is the rescript drawn up by Napoleon III. and his Ministers at the Palace of St. Cloud, June, 1853. Following the statutes regulating the position of all members of the Napoleonic House, we have here the Imperial Family Council, as permanently and finally organized. The Emperor decided its constitution beforehand, once and for all. In other ranks of life such an assembly is called together when occasion requires.

"The Conseil de Famille," runs the ordonnance, "shall be presided over by the Emperor in person, or some representative of his choosing; its members will consist of a Prince of the Imperial family also chosen by the Emperor, of

the Minister of State, the Minister of Justice, the Presidents of the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State, the first President of the Court of Cassation, of a Marshal of France or General of Division named

by the Emperor."

As we proceed in this enquiry we see how utterly at variance are autocratic principles with the real spirit of this domestic legislation. A body thus framed was a mere vehmgericht, not dealing certainly with life and death, but with personal liberty and fundamental rights of the individual. Thus this Imperial assembly could declare any member of the family incapable of managing his affairs, in other words, shut him up as a lunatic. All the powers vested in the Conseil de Famille were in this case without a single guarantee to the individual whose interests were concerned.

The origin of this truly patriarchal system is doubtless twofold. Although not directly traceable to Roman law, the family council must be considered as partly an outgrowth of that source. In certain cases legal decisions concerning the property or education of minors in ancient Rome were guided or modified by the advice of near relations. But there was no obligation on the part of the magistrate; his decision was final.

On the other hand, the spirit of this domestic conclave is eminently Gallic. We find the same spiritanimating French life at the present day. In France, the family does not only mean the group of father, mother, and children, who gather round a common board. "La Famille," rather conveys the notion of a clan, the members of which are often settled within easy reach of each other, their entire lives spent not merely as kinsfolk, but as neighbors. To realize this aspect of French society we must live in the country.

"The entire system under consideration," writes a French lawyer, "is based upon the bonds which unite, or ought to unite, the members of a family. It is a development, and not one of the least happy, of the patriarchal spirit. Its general tendency is excellent, and the rules framed for practical use are admirably drawn up and adjust-

Further, this legislation is in pered. fect harmony with our national character and our theories concerning children generally. We love children, perhaps, too well, since so often we spoil them by excess of tenderness." Regard for the welfare of children and of property underlies the constitution of the "Conseil de Famille;" the same motives, therefore, that actuate minds in the present day were uppermost centuries ago. No more striking evidence of national affectionateness and forethought is to be found than in the family council as handed down from the days of the good King Réné to the Third Republic.

# II.—Its Constitution.

The family council may be described as the guardian of guardians. It is an assemblage of next-of-kin, or in default of these, of friends, presided over by a justice of the peace, called together on behalf of orphans, of mentally incapacitated or incorrigible minors (see Art. 388 and 487 of the Code Civil). It is composed of six members exclusive of the juge de paix, namely, three next of kin on the paternal and three on the maternal side; in default of these their place may be filled by Natural children, according friends. to the law, have no relations; in their case, friends or relations of the father acknowledging them are eligible. one who has forfeited civil rights by imprisonment can form part of the council; members must be of age, and where two are equally fit, the elder is selected in preference to the younger.

Here follow some clauses that strongly bring out the Napoleonic distrust and contempt of women. From end to end of the Code Civil we discern this spirit. The woman, the wife, the mother, is relegated to the status of minor, imbecile, or criminal. Thus, no married woman can join a Conseil de Famille except the mother or grandmother of the ward whose interests are in question; the same rules hold good with regard to guardianship.

Friends taking the place of kinsfolk are always named by the juge de paix, and cannot be accepted simply from the fact of offering themselves.

Unnaturalized foreigners, or French

people who have accepted another nationality, are ineligible for the family tribunal. Nor can those take part in the deliberations who at any time have had a lawsuit with parents of the minor in question.

So much for the constitution of the family council. We will now proceed to its formalities. Here it is necessary to say a word about the juge de paix, whose name occupies a prominent place in this history. "French law," writes a legist in his commentary on the Conseil de Famille, "constitutes the juge de paix natural protector of the minor."

The juge de paix, we need hardly say, is a creation of the Revolution. His mission, as set forth in the code, is to assist, conciliate, decide. He can sentence to short terms of imprisonment and to fines not exceeding two hundred francs. In cases of burglary, accident, murder, suicide, arson, he is immediately summoned to the scene to take evidence. It is his office to seal the papers of defunct persons, and to preside at the family council. The appointment of these rural magistrates is made by the State, and they receive from three to four thousand francs yearly, and a small retiring pension at the age of sixty. As a rule, entire confidence is placed in such intermediaries between the people and the higher Courts of Justice. A juge de paix once informed me that in nine cases out of ten he was able to arrange disputes hetween employer and workmen, or peasant owners quarrelling about bounda-The family council is convoked by the juge de paix on his own account or at the request of friends or relations of the minor; summonses to attend may be sent out in two forms, either by a simple notice or by a cédule or obligatory request. In the former case, attendance is optional, in the latter refusal without valid excuse exposes the offender to a fine of lifty francs. But what is a valid excuse? "Accident, sickness, absence," writes a commentator; in fact, any obstacle which the juge de paix holds insuperable. him rests the responsibility of the fine, also the composition of the council, and here may be noted one of the extraordinary precautions taken. As the rural magistrate is supposed to know

his neighbors, deliberations must take place within his especial jurisdiction. No minor's affairs can be settled except under presidency of the juge de paix of his or her district. Again, the sittings take place at the official residence, and in case of differences of opinion the juge de paix is entitled to the casting vote, another instance of his importance. Again, he must be no mean interpreter of the law. All kinds of knotty questions and legal niceties are brought out at these family conclaves.

Thus, upon certain occasions, the point has been raised—Can a Conseil de Famille be held on a Sunday or religious festival? Lawyers have been much exercised upon this point, no trivial one to rural magistrates. In country places important events are almost invariably put off till the resting day, and, as a rule, the matter has been decided in the affirmative.

Here we light upon a curious piece of Revolutionary legislation. A commentator on the question of Sunday family councils cites the law of 17 Thermidor, An. VI., according to which all State offices and public bodies "vaquent les décadis a jours de fêtes nationales."

The sittings are considered private, and no publicity is given to the subjects under debate. Occasionally some member of the minor's family not taking part in the council may be present. The greffier or clerk of the juge de paix is also in attendance, but no one else.

The non-responsibility of members summoned to deliberate is strictly recognized by law; for instance, if a properly constituted family council has decided upon investments which ultimately prove disastrous, neither individually nor collectively are they held responsible. If, however, on the other hand, connivance with intention to defraud is proved, they are proceeded against in the ordinary way.

The legal expenses attendant upon this domestic legislation are restricted to the minimum. Minutes are registered by the juge de paix at a cost of from one to ten or fifteen francs; certain important transactions require a fee of fifty francs.

There remains one more point to be noted under the head of constitution of

a Conseil de Famille. I allude to what in French legal phraseology is called "homologation," in other words the formal legalization of any decision arrived at by this body. Certain verdicts require this to be rendered valid and binding, others do not. Among the first are those relating to the sale or transference of a minor's estate, to the dismissal of a minor's guardian, to the dowry and marriage contract of son or daughter of any one deprived of civil rights. The nomination of trustees, the refusal or acceptance of legacies, the details of guardianship generally, i.e., education, bringing up of wards, and many other measures do not 1equire this process of "homologation," they are valid and binding without formal legalization.

#### III.-ITS FUNCTIONS.

The family council in its care of the fatherless child is anticipatory. we find a special provision of the code. The Code Civil makes special provision for a man's posthumous offspring. No sooner does he die leaving a widow enceinte than it is her duty to summon a family council for the purpose of choosing what in legal phraseology is called a "curateur à l'enfant à naître," or a "curateur au ventre." Duly elected, this guardian is authorized to undertake the entire management of her late husband's property, rendering a full account of his stewardship on This trusteethe birth of the child. ship of children as yet unborn awakens mixed feelings. Without doubt cases in which the head of a family has left no directions of the kind, may necessitate such precautions. At the same time do we not trace clearly here the subordination of women as derived from Roman law? "We must acknowledge," writes a learned commentator,\* "that the curateur à l'enfant à naître is named solely in the interest of a man's hirs, a result as pointed out elsewhere due to an adhesion to Roman law; Article 393 has crept into our code probably without due weighing of consequences on the part of the legislator." The curateur's duty is also to

verify the condition of the wife "dans la mesure des convenances," also the birth of a legitimate child. When we reflect that the legal heirs of a defunct person are his next of kin, we can easily understand the offensiveness of this law to an honorable, delicate-minded woman; at the same time we are bound to admit that such precautionary measures would in our own country prevent the scandal of a "Baby Claimant." French law, sometimes for good, certainly sometimes for evil, interferes with private life much more than in England.

When we come to the subject of minors, and orphans we appreciate the enormous power vested in the family council. The appointment of trustees and guardians, when not made by parents, rests entirely with this assemblage; \* also in its hands is a power requiring more delicate handling still, namely, the withdrawal of paternal authority. Here we meet with points recalling the Society for the Protection of Children, founded some years ago by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh. As will be seen, however, the family council holds entirely aloof from criminal cases, concerning itself with civil affairs only, first and foremost with the disposition of property. All who have lived in France among French people understand the pre-eminence attached to invested capital. The English for the most part live from hand-to-mouth. Our neighbors regard such a condition as sheer Bohemianism, brand of a shiftless stock. Thus a father who has become bankrupt equally with the forfeiture of civil rights by imprisonment is no longer allowed to manage his children's affairs, that is to say the property hitherto beld in trust for them: and here a remark by the way. As a rule, all children of middle-class families have some provision tied down to them from their birth. Thus an officer marries a wife with interest of capital bringing in about fifty pounds a year of our money. But that capital is

<sup>\*</sup> M. J. L. Jay, Conseils de Famille.

<sup>\*</sup>When the last surviving parent has failed to appoint trustees and guardians, the duty devolves upon paternal or maternal grandfathers; grandmothers are ineligible. This is the Tutelle légale, the Tutelle dative being that appointed by the family council.

strictly settled upon the children in the marriage contract. If dispute occurs as to the bringing up of such children, the same being left motherless, a family council is called, and all questions decided upon as in the case of a widow. "From the earliest time," writes a learned commentator, "minors have been regarded (by French law) as privileged beings, placed under the protection of society generally." Alas! history proves that this optimistic view will not bear too close an inspection.

French legists have doubtless done their best for the foundling, the illegitimate, the disowned. Especially. within recent times has the lot of these waifs and strays been ameliorated by the law. Terrible was their condition formerly as revealed in early records, also in statutes and legal commentaries. During the Middle Ages, when, according to a French writer, "Roman law fully exercised its disastrous influence, foundlings were deposited at church doors, sex and age of each child were inscribed in a book called the matricule (Lat. matricula), they were reared in convent or nunnery, and, when sufficiently grown, sold by auction. These wretched little beings were chiefly offered for sale in the large cities and purchased by the poor for a mere trifle, often disfiguring or even maining their chattels so as to excite public compassion. It was not till 1640 that St. Vincent de Paul founded the first foundling hospital in France. A century before, the ordonnance of Moulins had obliged the communes of that juris. diction to maintain all abandoned children found within their limits. 1599, the Parliament of Paris had moved in the same direction, ordaining that the charge of foundlings should fall upon the parishes to which they belonged."

It is the honor of the Republic to have established orphanages in all the cities and larger towns. By a law, moreover, of 15 Pluviose An. XIII., a kind of family council was appointed for the children of the State. The "conseil de tutelle" discharged the functions of a "conseil de famille." This trusteeship lasts till the majority or marriage of the individual.

We now come to a class only a degree less unfortunate. I allude to the acknowledged children of irregular connections, the illegitimate. French law, as we know, is very merciful to parents who will atone for such lapses. Marriage, no matter the age of the offspring, legitimizes. A natural child is thereby put on precisely the same foot-

ing as if born in wedlock.

In all other cases the law stands by him, in so far as possible, protecting and promoting his interests. there is a human being in the world requiring legal guardianship," writes a commentator before mentioned, "it is without doubt the illegitimate, friendless from the cradle, having no relations, none to look to but him to whom he owes his birth. The care and maintenance of natural children is the duty, the obligation of every father. If no provision were made by law to this effect, such provision would have to be made." The Code Civil has in so far as possible regulated the position of natural children. A family council, however, summoned on their behalf cannot be composed in the ordinary way, the illegitimate having neither kith nor kin. The relations of the father acknowledging them, friends of both father and mother are accepted, and the legal guardianship is framed on the same principles as that of children lawfully begotten. Volumes have been written on this subject, legists differing as to the right of a natural child to what is called legal or confessed guardianship, "tutelle légale," i.e., paternal, or "tutelle dative," i.e., appointed by the family council. When difficulties arise, the matter is settled by the Cour de Cassation.

After minors, orphans, and illegitimates come the "interdis," or individuals pronounced incapable of managing their affairs. These are imbeciles, maniacs, and persons condemned for criminal offences. Here the Code Napoléon, now known as the Code Civil, amended the sterner Roman clause, according to which a deaf mute was placed on a level with idiots. A dispute on this question having arisen at Lyons in 1812, the Cour de Cassation decided that a deaf mute giving evidence of intelligence, although unable

to read and write, must be pronounced

compos mentis.

In the case of insanity a family council is summoned as a preliminary measure, a judicial sentence being required before depriving the individual in question of his liberty. An instance of the kind came some time ago under my own notice. The conseil de famille had agreed as to the necessity of seclusion, the tribunal decided otherwise. It will thus be seen that, except in case of a veritable conspiracy of relations, friends, and juge de paix, the extensive powers of this domestic court is hemmed round with guarantees. Again, we must bear in mind a fact constantly insisted upon by French legists, namely, that we are here dealing with a "conseil d'avis," a consultation acknowledged by the law and responsible to the law, not with legislation it-

A final class coming under the wardship of the family council consists of the incorrigible and the spendthrift, in French phraseology "le prodigue."

Any guardian having grave matter for complaint against his ward, is empowered to summon a family council in order to pass the disciplinary measure called "la zéclusion," in other words, a term of modified imprisonment (Code Civil, Art. 468, De la puissance pater-

nelle).

This thoroughly French custom will be, perhaps, best explained by the following extract from a work of travels written some years ago. The place described is an annexe of the great industrial and agricultural reformatory of Mettray, near Tours :- "M. Demetz's pet institution is his maison paternelle, a refined sort of prison for the refractory sons of gentlemen. The building is attractive enough ontwardly and looks like a pretty Swiss châlet, but in spite of carpets and curtains the interior is gloomy. Unruly boys are sent here, under the charge of a tutor, for terms of one or more months. They are kept hard at work, and during the hours of study the keys of their cells are turned upon them, and they are watched through a pane of glass let in at the door. As a reward of good conduct more cheerful cells are given, looking on to the garden, and adorned with

pictures, but the peephole and key are

never wanting.

"' It is an admirable institution,' I said, a little doubtfully, 'and must relieve parents and guardians of a good deal of responsibility; but it would never do to lock up English boys and watch them at their lessons through a peephole.

"'We had an English boy once,' said the superintendent, then stopped

" 'And how did the experiment an-

"' Very ill, I assure you. He burst open the lock, defied his tutor—in fine, all but created a mutiny, and heartily glad were we to get rid of him." " \*

In quite another part of France, and many years after, I was again reminded of the prodigue and the provision made for him in the Code Civil. quote a short account written at the

time: †

"One curious feature of Citeaux (the great reformatory in the Côte d'Or) is the reception of incorrigible youths belonging to the middle and upper ranks. There are 900 boys in all here, and about 100 are neither young criminals nor street vagabonds but boys with whom their parents or guardians can do nothing. At Citeaux this class of inmates is paid for at the late of twenty pounds a year, and is put on precisely the same footing as the rest, except that the boys are not set to field work. Even with such reservation the probation is a hard one in the extreme. My driver to Citeaux informed me that he had recently conducted thither a widow lady with her son aged seventeen; also another widow with an incorrigible lad somewhat younger. The former declared it her intention to keep her son at the reformatory till he should be of age, unless he turned over a new leaf."

Without doubt the most important function of the family council is the choice of guardians, the tutelle dative as opposed to the tutelle légale, the former being accorded by this body, the latter being the natural guardianship of parents. The tutelle légale is obligatory, no father being at liberty

<sup>\*</sup> Through Spain to the Sahara, London, 1868. † Fraser's Magazine, September, 1880.

to reject the duty. So also is the tutelle dative; no individual selected by a family council as guardian and being related to the family of the minor is at liberty to refuse the charge; it is as much incumbent upon any French citizen as military service or the payment of taxes. This is a most important point to note.

A few exemptions are specified in the code. Thus, the father of five legitimate children is exempt, also persons having attained the age of sixty-five, or being able to prove incompetency from illness. The following also may refuse: ministers and members of the legislative body, admirals, generals, and officers in active service, prefets and other public functionaries at a distance from the minor's home.

The conseil de famille having named a guardian, also names a "tuteur subrojé" or surrogate, whose office is not in any way to interfere with the trustee, but to examine accounts and watch over the interests in question.

On the subject of tutorial sphere and duty the law is explicit to minuteness. Generally speaking, he is expected to act as a father toward his own child, having care of his ward's moral and intellectual education, protecting his or her interests, in fact, filling the place of a second father. While entrusted with the management of affairs as a whole, certain transactions lie outside his control. Thus he is not at liberty to accept a legacy for his ward without the consent of the conseil de famille. This precautionary measure requires explanation. Sometimes the reversion of property may mean very heavy legal expenses and an enjoyment of the same, a prospect too remote to be counted upon. An instance of this has come under my own observation. A boy, son of French friends of mine, was left the reversion of an estate, the life interest being bequeathed to an-His parents, somewhat reluctantly accepted the charge, paying a little fortune in legal fees and duties for property most likely to come to a grandson. No family council would have authorized such a course in the case of a minor.

Again, the guardian cannot purchase any part of his ward's estate or belong-

ings. Nor can he re-invest stocks and shares without authorization. On the expiry of his charge, that is to say, on the marriage or coming of age of the minor, the property in trust has to be surrendered intact, all deficits made up from his own.

On this subject a French lawyer writes to me :- "It is extremely rare that any ward has occasion to complain of his or her guardian. During a legal experience of twenty-five years, no serious matters of the kind have come under my notice. Nevertheless, my practice lay in a part of France where folks are very fond of going to law. It will occasionally happen that some elderly trustee persuades his young ward to marry him; these gentlemen have not perhaps been over pleased with their success in the long run. They are too much of a laugh ing stock." Legal coming of age, "l'émancipation," brings the guardian's task to a close. According to French law there are two kinds of emancipation, the formal and the tacit; these matters, however, lie beyond the scope of my paper.

The functions of the family council are fully set forth in the Code Civil; to understand its scope and spirit we must study the commentators. Readers in search of more copious and detailed information are referred to the great work of the brothers Dalloz, in 44 vols., only of course accessible in the British Museum and public libraries of France. Le Répertoire de jurisprudence général, compiled by Victor and Armand Dalloz, was first published in 1836, but remains the standard work of reference on legal questions. handy and admirable digest of the Conseil de Famille is to be found in the Traité, by J.-L. Jay, Bureau des Annales des Juges de Paix, Paris, 1854. Unfortunately, this book is out of

Among commentaries may be named Duranton's Cours de Droit Français, in 27 vols., Toullier's Droit civil Français, in 4 vols. The works of Delvincourt, Proudhon, Demolombe, Zachariara, Rolland de Villaguers, may be mentioned inter alia. Manuals of Droit Usuel, giving a brief outline of

print, and only to be picked up on the

quays or at bookstalls.

the family council, are too numerous to mention, and may be had from 25 centimes (see Ecole Mutuelle) upward. Thoroughly to appreciate this domestic court of equity we must understand French life, fully realize the extraordinary closeness of kinship, the tenacity of blood and name. The family council brings out the good side of such patriarchal feeling, familiarity with French society will ofttimes disclose the evil. For better, for worse, indeed, our neighbors may be said to inherit not only patronymic, patrimony, and paternal honor, but the entire family alike on father's and mother's Hence the apparent worldliness displayed in contracting mar-Not only are material prospects but moral antecedents religiously gone into. A blot on the family escutcheon, a shadow of disreputableness will prevent alliances, however approved of in other respects.

In spite of certain drawbacks there seems no reason why a modified Conseil de Famille might not prove beneficial in England. The simplicity, the uncompromising economy of the sys-

tem are highly commendable; the absolute impossibility of risking uncertain charges is a feature that contrasts favorably with our own legal procedure. But the self-incurred responsibility, that enforcement of guardianship obligatory on French citizens as military service itself—here we meet obstacles that might prove not easy to overcome. In conclusion, I cite the words of an experienced French lawyer, no learned commentator, but an ordinary hardworking practitioner: "The excellence of such a system is proved by one fact, namely, the very small percentage of law-suits arising therefrom. Very rarely it happens that a ward has any reason to complain of his trustees." We must bear in mind that inadmissibility for the charge of trusteeship is really a disgrace, on a footing, indeed, with forfeiture of civil rights. Hence, doubtless, the high character of French trustees in general.

It would be interesting to collect sketches of the family council from novelists. This subject, however, we must leave.—National Review.

#### THE DRIFT OF MODERN MEDICINE.

BY GEORGE M. CARFRAE.

About thirty years ago, I think, at a meeting of the British Medical Association, one of the questions discussed was this: "Has Medicine Advanced at all since the Days of Hippocrates?" It seems rather preposterous to make such a point in this nineteenth century. But if you think it over, a good deal can be said to show that the progress has not been so decided as, at the first blush, we might imagine. Hippocrates' descriptions, for example, of diseases and injuries are so accurate and complete that little can be altered or added in the present day. Dr. Adams, the translator of Hippocrates—himself a practical surgeon of no mean ordersays of one of the Hippocratic books: -"Several sections of the work are perfect masterpieces; such, for example, as the parts which relate to dislocations at the shoulder and hip joint,

and more especially the latter, in which it appears to me he has given a fuller and more complete history of everything relating to the subject than is to be found in any single work even to the present day." \* When, however, we come to the question of treatment, we find a very different condition of matters. In the universe, says Hippocrates, there are four elements—fire. air, water, and earth; and in the living body there are four humors—black bile, yellow bile, blood, and phlegm. Out of the excess or deficiency or misproportion of these four humors there arise diseases; by restoring the correct proportion, diseases are cured. Treatment founded on such a pathological basis could not be good for much-

<sup>\*</sup> Adams, Hippocrates, p. 557, Sydenham Society Edition.



venesection and powerful drugs were greatly in vogue; but they were very often more powerful for evil than for good. It is questionable, however, whether they were worse than the "antiphlogistic" method of thirty years ago, when the Hippocratic discussion took place. Should such a question be asked in the present day, there could be no doubt as to the answer it would receive. In surgery the advance has been such, in the last quarter of a century, as to amount, in my opinion, to a total revolution. Lister's discovery of the antiseptic method of treating wounds, running parallel with the discovery of anæsthetics, has enabled surgeons to perform—and perform successfully—operations which were deemed impossible twenty or thirty years since. Perhaps the most remarkable example of this is to be found in abdominal surgery. Abdominal tumors were then believed to be absolutely incurable; now their cure is one of the most successful of modern operations. A well-known gynæcologist told me, when I last spoke to him on the subject, that he had had one hundred consecutive operations of this kind without a single death; and his experience is by no means unique. The advance which has taken place in medicine in our day, although perhaps not so apparent, is, I hope to show, not less real and substantial.

The ultimate aim of all our studies in medicine is the prevention and the cure of disease. Sanitary science has done much, and is destined to do still more, in the way of prevention. I do not propose to chronicle its achievements: I shall confine my observations to the advances made in practical medicine. These have been mainly due to the discovery of specific remedies for particular diseases. Sir George Humphrey Murray, Professor of Surgery in Cambridge, in his address at Oxford to the Medical Society (18th October, 1895), says that: "If our hopes are realized in regard to recent therapeutic discoveries, medicine will have achieved even greater things than surgery. Vaccination has not only proved one of the greatest boons that ever accrued to mankind, through our profession, it has also been a source of profound in-

terest and speculation, to me at least, for many years in a physiological and pathological point of view. Did it stand alone? Were its results altogether exceptional? Was the immunity from a given disease (small-pox) engendered by the insertion into the system of a minute quantity of the poison of that disease modified by its passage through another animal to remain the solitary example of that kind of phenomenon, or were we to look for other like examples and the unveiling of new and far-reaching principles through them? I often wondered that the advocates of the "Similia similibus" doctrine, in their vain efforts to find some reasonable ground for their theory, did not alight upon or make more of the practice and results of vaccination, coupled with those of inoculation. Here was to hand the unmistakable evidence of a disease being hindered or prevented or stopped by a modification of the like, that is to say, of that which caused it. By inoculation—the introduction, that is, direct of the poison of small-pox—the disease was produced; by vaccination—the introduction of the like of that poisonthe disease was prevented. Prevention and cure are near allies; and was it not possible, indeed probable, that cure might be effected by means like those which staved off disease? thoughts often occurred to me, and doubtless to others. It is no small thing to have lived to see these ideas confirmed, to learn that immunity from other diseases besides small-pox is attainable by the introduction into the system of minute quantities of the modified essences of the diseases, and to dwell now in the midst of the lively discussions and observations which are going on respecting the influence of similar methods in the cure of disease. Should our hopes in the direction indicated be realized it is scarcely too much to say that the greatest discovery, the one most conducive to the welfare of mankind in our generation, will have been made—a discovery in therapeutics surpassing even those of anæsthesia and antiseptic methods in surgery." \*

<sup>\*</sup> Lancet, 26th October, 1895, p. 1029.



I propose briefly to enquire whether there is evidence to warrant us to hope that this great discovery, this consummation so devoutly to be wished, is, or in our day or the near future may be, In order to help us to come to a sound conclusion, however, it will be useful to state briefly what is the present condition of medical opinion with regard to the treatment of disease. This is clearly defined in the late Dr. Latham's well-known and justly cele-"There brated Clinical Lectures.\* are," he says, "two modes of dealing with disease open to the physician. It would save some trouble, and not, I trust, show me bent on handling the subject too artificially, and so spoiling it, if of these two modes of dealing with disease remedially I called the one cure and the other treatment." cure is meant the cutting short of the natural course of the disease; by treatment the management—by what are called rational indications—of a disease for which there is no known cure. The cure of ague by quining may be quoted as an example of the former; the treatment of typhus or typhoid by rational indications, of the latter. is hardly necessary to dwell on the superiority of the one over the other. No one now would dream of treating by rational indications a case of ague in the presence of specifics so satisfactory as quinine and arsenic for its cure. We know that one or other of these remedies, if carefully selected according to the indications for its use, will speedily cut short the natural course of the disease, and that without crisis or evacuation of any kind. In treating a case of typhus or of typhoid, on the other hand, we know no remedy that will act in this way. These diseases run their natural course unchecked by any known medicine, and our efforts are directed toward placing the patient in the most favorable circumstances dietetic, sanitary, and medicinal—for recovery. It was stated some little while back in one of the medical journals (The Lancet, I believe) that a specific had been discovered for typhoid. If time confirm this statement, as I be-

lieve it will, it is quite certain that no one will treat typhoid as we now do, i.e., by rational indications. The specific will as surely be used for it as quinine is for ague. In short, to treat a disease by so-called rational indications is to admit our ignorance of the specific remedy for that Such," says Dr. Latham, "is the difference between cure and treatment. when we come to follow them out in their operations, and to think what the one is and what the other, practically and in truth, the difference is so great that if this vast class of diseases, called fevers, belonging to the whole world, and always existing and raging somewhere, could be taken at once out of the domain of treatment and transferred to the domain of cure now and forever; and if, instead of needing remedies as many and various as are the times and places and men and circumstances wherein they arise, they are found capable of being safely and successfully consigned to one and the same remedy always, and everywhere, and in all persons, the practice of medicine would suffer the nature of a revolution—the thoughts, studies, habits. and feelings of medical men would be utterly changed.\* Again, he says: "The specific remedy and its certain cure, and the special remedy and its probable cure, will bear to be called great facts'; and, indeed, they are much to be admired. But to be so called and so thought of, they should bear the royal stamp, the stamp of experience—they should be current at sight among the wise and prudent, and pass with them for as good as gold. And verily, such specifics and special remedies there are. But they are few; few and precious-precious in themselves, and beyond themselves. For it cannot be that they should stand alone; they must have hindered enough of worth and value, if we could but find them out." † Here we have not only an appreciation of the value of existing specifics, but a foreshadowing of the fact that there are others, if we knew but how to find them. Notwithstanding this enlogy of specifics, Dr. Latham shows an inexplicable prejudice against

<sup>\*</sup> Collected Works, Sydenham Society Edition.

<sup>#</sup> Op. cit., p. 362.

<sup>†</sup> Op. cit., p. 386.

increasing their number. What he says, in fact, amounts to a direct contradiction of what he has just said. "Verily," he writes, "there is nothing so self-deceiving and evasive, and upon the whole so mischievous, as this love of specific remedies. It is akin to the love of the Marvellous. If it get strong hold of a man it incapacitates him from becoming a good physician. And why this continual search after a specific remedy for consumption?" \* Yet again, he rather sneeringly remarks: "The world, the educated world, has no other notion than that each disease has its own remedy; and that thus the whole practice of medicine really consists of knowing the disease and its antidote, and matching them fairly against each other. You physicians have not yet found out the remedy for hydrophobia. Here is Cholera come again, and you physicians know nothing more about the remedy for it than the first time it appeared among us. Here is this Diphtheria making cruel havoc, and you seem to understand a good deal about it as a disease, but none of you has any conception what is the cure for it." | Is it not a curious and significant commentary on this passage that the very diseases which Dr. Latham thinks beyond the hope of cure are those for which, as I shall presently show, we have found specifics?

Lord Bacon, though not a physician, was a keen observer, and medicine would have been in a very different position to-day if the profession had treated his suggestions with the consideration they deserved. With regard to the treatment of disease, he writes: "I find a deficience of the receipts of propriety respecting the cure of par-

ticular diseases. They (the physicians) have no particular medicines which, by a specific property, are adapted to particular diseases. I remember a Jew physician who used to say-'Your European physicians are like learned bishops, they have the keys of loosing and binding—nothing more.' It would be of great consequence if physicians, eminent for learning and practical skill, would compile a work of approved and experienced medicines in practical diseases." Again he says: "The part of Physic which treats of authentic and positive remedies we note as deficient." ! "Twelve years after Bacon's death-1638," says Dr. Russell, "the Countess of Cinchona, Queen Regent of Peru, was cured of ague by the bark of the cinchona tree, and by her cure the most striking illustration was given of the truth which Bacon had been uttering all his life-that medicine was to be improved by the discovery of remedies for the cure of particular diseases. The method he proposed for this advancement of the healing art was the careful collection of all well-established cures, such as this of Ague by Bark; in short, an accurate and complete register of all specific medicines." § It is difficult in our day to realize the importance of the discovery of this one specific—Bark for Ague—partly because we have the disease so much under control; principally because the conditions which gave rise to it (defective drainage, etc.) no longer exist. But the following statistics will give some idea of the ravages before and after the remedy for it was discovered :-

In seven years before the use of bark, that is, from 1629 to the year 1636, there died in England:—

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      Of measles
      210, or 1 in 374½ of all who died.

      Of consumption
      15,513, or 1 in 3½ " "

      Of ague
      10,484, or 1 in 4½ "
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Thus ague was almost as deadly as consumption and was responsible for nearly a fourth of the English death-roll during seven years. During the

next seven, 1653 to 1660, bark was coming into use, and the subjoined table shows the difference:—

<sup>\*</sup> Op. cit., p. 386. † Op. cit. p. 392. ‡ Advancement of Learning, Edition 1663. § History and Heroes of the Art of Medicine, p. 194.



from 1 in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 in  $6\frac{1}{2}$ . Then, for these are the figures :eighty years, bark is in general use;

That is, the mortality from ague drops and for the seven years, 1734 to 1742,

If such results as these are achieved by the discovery of one specific, how incalculable the benefit to mankind if we could "speciferize" (to coin a word) indefinitely, in the case, for instance, of such deadly diseases as hydrophobia, cholera, and diphtheria! I claim that Hahnemann did actually discover such a rule—the rule, "Similia similibus curantur;" and here I should like to deviate so far from my subject as to correct a very general misconception with regard to the exact nature of his discovery. It is not, as its opponents persistently assert, a principle of universal applicability, but a rule for the selection of the remedy-" let likes be treated by likes." If, for example, a patient is suffering from ague, let him be treated by a medicine which, given to a healthy person, will produce a similar train of symptoms; and such a remedy is found in Cinchona bark, or its alkaloid Quinine. I do not propose here to examine in detail all the valuable additions to our Materia Medica which have resulted from the application of this rule by Hahnemann and his followers but to confine myself to the discoveries of our own day, which most remarkably confirm its truth.

We have seen that Sir George Humphrey Murray describes vaccination as a wonderful example of the rule of similars, and he asks the pertinent questions: "Does it stand alone? Were its results altogether exceptional? Was the immunity from a given disease (small-pox) . . . to remain a solitary example of that kind of phenomenon, or were we to look for other like examples and the unveiling of new and far-reaching principles through them?" The discoveries of Pasteur and others, as we shall see, answer this question in very decided terms. Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia consists in inoculations of a modified and very much attenuated dilution of the poison taken from a hydrophobic animal. "The results of the treatment of rabies," says Sir James Paget, in an article on the life and works of Pasteur, " on this principle are well known, its success is certain, and is enough to justify the hope that by similar treatment, whether with virus simply attenuated, or with some lymph derived from a cultivated virus, or from the chemical products of its action on the liquids in which it is grown, other discuses may be similarly controlled. This is especially probable for those in which, as in rabies, there is a clear interval between the entrance of the virus and the first outbreak of the disease; and it is becoming very probable that tuberculosis will be one of these." Additional proof is found in the modern method of dealing with diphtheria. The antitoxin treatment of diphtheria—discovered by Dr. Beherens of Berlin—is on the same lines as the cure of small-pox by vaccination, and the cure of hydrophobia by a modified form of the poison of rabies. A small portion of a filtered culture of the diphtheria bacillus is injected into a horse. This is repeated periodically until the animal, being rendered "immune," is fit to be bled, when the serum of his blood is injected in small quantities into the diphtheritic patient. A great deal has been said for and against the efficacy of this -the antitoxin—method, which has resulted in its trial on a large scale in six of our Metropolitan Hospitals; and the Metropolitan Asylums Board has published a conjoint Report embodying the results obtained during the year 1895 in all the six, signed by the several superintendents, who are therefore all responsible for its conclusions, of which I shall quote a summary. These conclusions are :-(1) The mortality of cases brought under treatment on the first and second day of illness is greatly reduced; (2) that the combined gen-

<sup>\*</sup> Op. cit., p. 232. NEW SERIES-VOL LXIV., No. 5.

<sup>\*</sup> Lancel, 12th October, 1895.

eral mortality is lowered to a point below that of any former year; (3) that there is a still more remarkable reduction in the mortality of the laryngeal cases; (4) there is a uniform improvement in the results of tracheotomy at each separate hospital; (5) that a very beneficial effect is produced on the clinical effect of the disease. "We are further of the opinion"—the Report continues-"that in antitoxin serum we possess a remedy of distinctly greater value in the treatment of diphtheria than any other with which we are acquainted." For the rest, "The results embodied in this very valuable Report," The Times remarks, "agree substantially with those recorded by other observers in various foreign countries, and confirm the favorable opinion previously formed with regard to the action of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria."

So much for two out of the three diseases which Dr. Latham selects as typical examples of diseases which we must be content to treat by rational indications, but which are hopelessly beyond the possibility of cure. Let us now return to the third—Cholera.

A good deal of attention has lately been given to the study of snake poisons especially by Professor Fraser of Edinburgh, who thinks they may prove valuable as therapeutic agents. But Hahnemann discovered this quite half a century ago. And in 1837, Dr. Coustantine Heiing, one of Hahnemann's most distinguished disciples, published a book containing a full collection of the phenomena of snake bites, as recorded by earlier authors. These phenomena, of course-from his point of view—afforded valuable indications for curative action. Dr. John W. Hayward — another Hahnemannian — has since published perhaps the most complete work of reference on the Crotalus Horridus in any language. Speaking of the action of the poison of the rattlesnake in cases of cholera, he says: "The sudden and extreme coldness and blueness (which follow the serpent's bite), the collapse, choleraic state, cramps and diarrhoea and vomiting; embarrassed respiration, scarcely perceptible pulse, suppression of urine and sudden death, or consecutive fever

-afford very strong evidence in favor of the use of crotalus in many cases of at least sporadic, if not true Asiatic cholera, and it will certainly be indicated where the attack has resulted from septic influence." The following case which appears in The Medical Age will be of some interest in this connection :- A. L. Sandall, M.B., Municipal Commissioner, Calcutta, late Medical Officer to the Local Government, Bengal, declares that the empirical practitioner in India has wonderful success in combating the ravages of cholera. Case after case, given up by the faculty as hopeless, is successfully treated by him. I managed to elicit the fact that the powerful agent employed (subcutaneously) was a tincture of which the poison of the cobra formed the sole base. Later I discovered a woman in possession of a small supply of the tincture, and her success in treating cholera cases was, on a smaller scale, as striking as his. I could not help reviewing the astonishing fact that many eminent men of this city repeatedly found in their practice that cases of cholera, given up by them as hopeless, were cured—provided a certain charlatan was called in and permitted to inoculate his mysterious counter-poison, yet no one thought himself called upon to investigate the subject. I am prepared to avouch on the honor of a medical man my thorough conviction of the repeatedly successful treatment of hopeless cases of cholera by the inoculation of the sufferer with cobra venom." \*

Evidence is rapidly accumulating that erelong other diseases equal in deadliness to those already mentioned will be amenable to cure by the same means. Cancer, typhoid, pneumonia, epidemic cholera, etc., have all been successfully treated by cultures of their respective poisons and apparently with marked success; but we must wait for further and more exact data with regard to these before we can positively decide on their merits. Meanwhile we have evidence enough as regards the others to prove the truth of Sir George Humphrey Murray's surmise that vaccination for small-pox by no means

<sup>\*</sup> Medical Annual, 1895, p. 35.



stands alone as an example of prevention and cure in accordance with the rule, "Similia similibus curantur," and that the most brilliant results obtained in our day in curing disease are in conformity therewith. There is one more important sentence in Sir George's address to which I should like to refer. "Prevention and cure," he says, "are near allies." Nearer, I think, than he seems to imagine. We have not yet absolute proof that the curative agent in such diseases as we have been considering is also prophylactic, i.e., preventive. But, I believe, it will be eventually found to be so. Quinine, as we all know, cures ague; it is as well known that it acts as a prophylactic in the same disease. Again, it is believed by many that quinine is a specific for influenza; nor is evidence wanting that it is a preventive also. In The Lancet of 30th November, 1895, Dr. Graeser, of the German Hospital of Naples, points out that the timely and continuous administration of quinine during an epidemic attack of influenza, may undoubtedly prevent infection; and cites in support of this opinion his experiences of a regiment of Hussars stationed at Rome during the epidemic wave, 1889-90. For a period of twentytwo days he administered 0.5 gramme, i.e., about eight grains of quinine hydrochlorate, to each man of a particular squadron; and that squadron lost far fewer than the others, even in the same quarters.

Vaccination is generally looked upon solely as preventive of small-pox. But the researches of Dr. Marson have proved \* that even in cases where the patient has been exposed to the infection of small-pox, and has imbibed the poison into his system, vaccination will

still protect him. Pasteur's system of treating hydrophobia is also generally looked upon as prophylactic rather than curative, but the Annales de l'Institut publishes a very interesting account of the recovery of a Roumanian boy who was under treatment at the Passy branch of the Pasteur Institute. The cases of human beings so recovering from indubitable hydrophobia are so rare, that any statement of the kind must be accepted with great reserve; but in this instance such precise and well-authenticated information from competent men is given that M. Dedaux, who succeeded Pasteur at the head of the Paris Institute, does not hesitate to accept the information as reliable.\* Again, Hahnemann discovered that belladonna cures a particular type of scarlet fever. That disease being epidemic, he administered small doses of belladonna to those exposed to the infection in a large school where it was raging, with the result that the malady was checked. Examples of this kind might be multiplied, but enough have, I think, been cited; and there is at all events a great probability that the specific is also the prophylactic in such diseases as we have been considering.

In conclusion, I think we can reasonably claim:—(1) That in our day Medicine has made great advances, and that the revolution which Sir George Humphrey Murrav thinks possible is within measurable distance; (2) that this advance is due to the discovery of specific remedies in particular diseases; and (3) that the number of these will be increased in proportion as we carry out to its ultimatum the rule "Similia similibus curantur."—New Review.

# THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY: A REMINISCENCE.

#### BY WILFRID WARD.

THE "personal equation" is often an element very necessary to the true interpretation of a great writer's words. Of the many thousands in England

and America who have eagerly read their "Huxley" few have known the

I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs.

Huxley and Mr. Leonard Huxley for permis-

<sup>\*</sup> Reynolds' System of Medicine, vol. i., p. 477.

<sup>\*</sup> The Times, January, 1896.

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man. They are familiar, perhaps, with his essays on the "Gadarene pig affair" and the "Noachian deluge;" and they have in all probability—as the present writer once had—a one-sided impression of the intention and animus of such sallies. And a similar difference between the writer and the man extends to many other subjects. If this be so, it may be worth while for those who knew Mr. Huxley in later life to record personal traits which have interpreted for them much of his writing. Doubtless such sketches are necessarily themselves made from a special point of view. But what Huxley was to all his acquaintance can only be learned by knowing what he was to each. And conscious though I am how imperfectly 1 shall express recollections which are very vivid, I make the attempt with the less scruple, as it was suggested to me by one whose wishes in the matter should be paramount.

My first direct intercourse with Mr. Huxley was accidentally such as to confirm my original impression of him as a somewhat uncompromising and unapproachable man of war. I was collecting materials about the year 1885 for some account of the old Metaphysical Society, to be published in the biography of my father, W. G. Ward, who was at one time its chairman. wrote to several prominent members of the society, and received kind answers and contributions from all of them except Mr. Huxley, who did not reply to my letter at all. I remember thinking that I had made a mistake in writing to him, and that probably his antagonism to my father in the debates made him unwilling to say anything on the subject.

I was therefore the more pleasantly surprised when, in the year 1890, a common friend of mine and Mr. Huxley's (Sir M. E. Grant Duff) brought me a friendly message, expressing great contrition in the matter of the unanswered letter, explaining that it had arrived at a time of total prostration through ill health, and offering to write for my book an account of my father's share in the debates of the society. I

gladly accepted the offer; and the paper came, which, though brief, was very characteristic of Mr. Huxley himself both in its matter and in its manner. As moreover the account it gives will serve to show that side of Huxley which made him and myself afterward, to use his own words, "the friendliest of foes." I here insert it.

It was at one of the early meetings of the Metaphysical Society that I first saw Dr. Ward.\* I forget whether he or I was the late comer; at any rate we were not introduced. I well recollect wondering what chance had led the unknown member, who looked so like a jovial country squire, to embark in our galley—that singular rudderless ship, the stalwart coarsmen of which were mostly engaged in pulling as hard as they could against one another, and which consequently performed only circular voyages all the years it was in commission.

But when a few remarks on the subject under discussion fell from the lips of that beaming countenance, it dawned upon my mind that a physiognomy quite as gentle of aspect as that of Thomas Aquinas (if the bust on the Pincian Hill is any authority) might possibly be the façade of a head of like quality. As time went on, and Dr. Ward took a leading part in our deliberations, my suspicions were fully confirmed. As a quick-witted dialectician, thoroughly acquainted with all the weak points of his antagonist's case, I have not met with Dr. Ward's match. And it all seemed to come so easily to him; searching questions, incisive, not to say pungent, replies, and trains of subtle argumentation were poured forth which, while sometimes passing into earnest and serious exposition, would also- when lighter topics came to the front-be accompanied by an air of genial good humor, as if the whole business were rather a good joke. But it was no joke to reply efficiently.

Although my personal intercourse with Dr. Ward was as limited as it might be expected to be between two men who were poles asun. der, not only in their occupations and circumstances, but in their ways of regarding life and the proper ends of action, yet I am glad to remember that we soon became the friendliest of foes. It was not long after we had reached this stage that in the course of some truce in our internecine dialectic warfare (I think at the end of one of the meetings of the Metaphysical Society) Dr. Ward took me aside and opened his mind thus: "You and I are on such friendly terms that I do not think it is right to let you remain ignorant of something I wish to tell you." Rather alarmed at what this might portend, I begged him to say on. Well, we Catholics hold that so and so and so and so [naming certain of our colleagues whose heresies were of a less deep hue than mine] are not guilty of absolutely unpardon-

sion to print the letters from the late Professor Huxley which appear in the present paper.

<sup>\*</sup> My father was known in the Society as "Dr." Ward, from his Papal degree of Doctor in Philosophy.

able error; but your case is different, and I feel it is unfair not to tell you so." Greatly relieved, I replied, without a moment's delay, perhaps too impulsively, "My dear Dr. Ward, if you don't mind I don't;" whereupon we parted with a hearty hand shake, and intermitted neither friendship nor fighting thenceforth.

I have often told the story, and not unfrequently I have regretted to observe that my hearer conceived the point of it to lie in my answer. But to my mind the worth of the anecdote consists in the evidence it affords of the character of Dr. Ward. He was before all things a chivalrous English gentleman—I would say a philosophical and theological Quixote, if it were not that our associations with the name of the knight of La Mancha are mainly derived from his adventures, and not from the noble directness and simplicity of mind which led to those misfortunes.

Not very long after I received this graphic word-picture, I became a neighbor of Mr. Huxley's at Eastbourne. We exchanged visits, and afterward had many a talk on nearly every conceivable subject, which were among the most intellectually stimulating that I have ever known.

I shall best describe the impression Huxley made on me by contrasting it with the general idea which I, in common no doubt with many another, had formed of him. He always wrote, as Darwin has said, with his pen dipped in aqua fortis, and one naturally conceived of him as a combative and even an aggressive man. Moreover the layman's idea of the professional man of science generally includes something of the pedantic. One anticipates that his conversation, however instructive, will deal largely with very technical subjects in very technical language. Again, the tone of some of the essays to which I have referred was unquestionably Voltairian.

All the greater was my surprise to find the three elements of pugilist, pedant, and scoffer not only not prominent, but conspicuous by their absence. In their place was a personality of singular charm. External gifts of manner and presence, and powers of general conversation which would have ensured popularity to any mere man of the world, were combined with those higher endowments—including great breadth of culture as well as the acquirements of a distinguished specialist—to which no mere man of the world

could aspire. I must add that I believe the elements of gentleness and sympathy which gave so much additional charm to his singular brilliancy had become more noticeable in later life; and I have not always found my own. impression of a kindliness which suggested great tenderness of feeling shared by those whose acquaintance with him belonged to a much earlier date. these things were conspicuous at the time I speak of; and while I gradually learned how to explain their consistency with the polemical style which he preserved to the end in his writing, my first impression was that the man and the writer were very dissimilar people.

His appearance is well known. Above the middle height, the white hair without parting brushed straight back, the lips firm and slightly compressed; a very mobile expression; and I would add (what the current photographs do not represent) eyes full of fire, rather deep-set beneath bushy eyebrows, and a look of keenest interest in all around him, often of great wistfulness. Both in his manner and in his appearance there was marked distinction and dignity. The general impression left by his face was certainly one of intellectual force and activity rather than of scorn.

His conversation was singularly finished and (if I may so express it) clean cut; never long winded or prosv; enlivened by vivid illustrations. He was an excellent raconteur, and his stories had a stamp of their own which would have made them always and everywhere acceptable. His sense of humor and economy of words would have made it impossible, had he lived to ninety, that they should ever have been disparaged as symptoms of what has been called anecdotage." I was naturally led to compare his conversation with that of two remarkable men whom I had recently been seeing when first I met Huxley. There was the same contrast between his conversation and that of Tennyson or of Cardinal Newman as there was between their views. Tennyson and Newman alike always suggested more than they said. There was an unspoken residuum behind their speech, which, as Wordsworth once said of the peak of a Swiss mountain hidden behind the low clouds, you felt to be there though you could not see it. Huxley, on the contrary, finished his thoughts completely, and expressed them with the utmost precision. There were not the ruggedness and the gaps which marked Tennyson's speech, nor the pauses, the reserve, the obvious consciousness of suggestion on subjects too wide and intricate for full expression which one felt with Newman. The symmetry and finish of Huxley's utterances were so great that one could not bring one's self to interrupt him, even when this completeness of form seemed to be possible only through ignoring for the moment much that should not be ignored. No doubt the deafness, which increased in later years, made one yet more ready rather to listen than to talk; but the quickness of his perceptions was so great that dialogue was in its place a matter of no great difficulty. If he heard even a word or two he had the clew to the rest, and seldom failed to follow it successfully.

He seemed to me to be almost the ideal of a converser. He was never frivolous and yet never dull. He did not plunge abruptly into deep subjects, but exchanged the ordinary remarks and greetings with naturalness and simplicity, and then talked according to his company. If one cared for the problems of the mind and of human life, one came to them quickly enough. But he was perfectly happy and at home talking about politics or persons, about his garden, or even about the weather, if his hearers preferred it. And there was nothing which he did not contrive to make interesting.

No doubt such exceptional charm followed the law by which natural gifts keep a certain measure of equality in different persons. It was purchased at some cost. Incisiveness and brilliancy went with over-positiveness. Intolerance and one-sidedness appeared at a certain stage. And although to know him was to reject forever the idea that he was a scoffer, he treated the conclusions of the scientific leaders, even outside the sphere of science, somewhat as the Grand Inquisitor treated the definitions of the Church. Those who called them in question were regarded

as being "outside the pale." It will seem inevitable that one who differed so widely from him should think him (as I did) more ready to see the weaker side of theological positions far apart from his own, than to enter into their real strength. I except, however, from this remark the works of Bishop Butler and Sir William Hamilton, with whose methods he had much in common, though he rejected many of their conclusions. The form of his conversation was dialectical rather than suggestive or meditative. One was often reminded that he was, in some matters, the professed advocate of a cause, and even of a party. It was easy to accept his own statement in his autobiography that his temper was not naturally an even one. One could readily conceive, on provocation, that in word as well as in writing he would be a thoroughly good fighter; and one could picture him driven to bay, with his back to the wall, and dealing out destruction against great odds. I never felt in his discussions the full measure of philosophic calm. Opposite considerations to those which determined his own conclusions were indeed often seen and expressed with great lucidity, but less in the spirit of philosophic inquiry than in that of a just but convinced advocate, whose ultimate positions are absolutely predetermined. Poubtless one felt at the same time that there had been a more judicial sifting of considerations on all sides before his conclusions had been reached, and that the advocacy was not special pleading to order, but the outcome of deep convic-But none the less his method was distinctly that of the able and lucid exponent of one side. "That is my case, my lord," would have come naturally at the end. His exposition was not that of the thinker who sees horizons on every side, too wide-reaching to be fully described, and yet too unmistakable to be ignored. There were no half-lights or hesitations. All that was contemplated was very distinct; the results arrived at were very definite, and their drift consciously told for the defence of the clear system he had elaborated.

Yet so far as my own experience went, the intellectual pleasure he



seemed to find in letting each side say its say and do its best, prevented these characteristics of the partisan from marring intercourse; although, in weighing the value of his own views of things, they must be taken into account. In conversation, I nearly always found him, up to the point beyond which we tacitly agreed not to carry our debates, tolerant as a listener, though always more brilliant, forcible, and definite, than convincing, suggestive, or entirely comprehensive in his His love of the free play of dialectics, irrespective of the side on which they were exercised, was exemplified in his enjoyment of the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas. I have on several occasions interrupted him (as he told me at the time) in the act of perusing its pages. "Aquinas' bust perusing its pages. "Aquinas' bust on the Pincian Hill," he once said, "shows a combination of a singularly simple and devout heart, with a head of very remarkable capacity. He got his premises from his heart, and reached his conclusions with the admirable logical force of his intellect." "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel," is the tribute which Mr. Huxley has paid in print to the "Angelic Doctor." \*

The same appreciation of the intellectual drill of the schoolman is visible in his account (in the Lay Sermons) of a visit he paid some thirty years ago to a Catholic College—which, after the lapse of time, I may mention to have

been Maynooth:

It was my fortune some time ago [he writes] to pay a visit to one of the most important institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are trained in these islands, and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question—learned, zealous, and determined men—permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as

friendly enemies.

And after recording the confidence with

which the professors prophesied that a Church which had survived so many storms would survive the existing infidel movement, and describing the systematic training given to the Divinity students with a view to refuting contemporary attacks on Christianity, he adds:

I heartily respect an organization which meets its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is at present in very loose order; and many a modern freethinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline; and I for one lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Bishop Butler of the Analogy, who, if he were alive, would make short work of the current à priori infidelity.

My first talk with Huxley naturally enough turned on the subject of the old Metaphysical Society at which he had known my father. The society, which was originated at the suggestion of Mr. James Knowles, included most of the prominent thinkers on the philosophy of Religion, amateurs as well as professionals. Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Martineau, Cardinal Manning, the Duke of Argyll, Tennyson and Ruskin were among the more distinguished members. Huxley was very graphic and amusing in his remarks on this subject. "They were afraid of asking me to join at first," he said; "they thought I should be such a firebrand."

Eventually, however, Huxley did join, and the most friendly relations subsisted between him and (curiously enough) the Catholic members of the society, Father Dalgairus, Cardinal Manning, and my father. But, indeed, members of all schools of thought rapidly became friendly and sympathetic. "This was a great surprise," said Huxley. "We thought at first that it would be a case of Kilkenny Hats and coats would be left in the hall before the meeting, but there would be no wearers left, after it was over, to put them on again. Instead of this we came to love each other like brothers. We all expended so much charity, that had it been money we should have been bankrupt." The work of the society was principally one

<sup>\*</sup> See Science and Morals, p. 142,

of mutual understanding. Once each member thoroughly understood the position of his opponents, it was seen to involve a divergence in first principles which no argument could affect. Friendliness became the order of the day and debate grew less useful. "The society died of too much love," added Mr. Huxley.

I used, rightly or wrongly, to trace to the influence of the Metaphysical Society a very curious mixture of feelings in Mr. Huxley in respect of his theological opponents. No doubt his polemic against the theologians had been, as he said, suggestive of the "firebrand." Yet nothing could be more kindly than the two accounts I have cited of the Maynooth priests and of the Catholic theologian. And I believe it was the Metaphysical Society which fashioned this somewhat remarkable blend.

The society was founded in 1869. The years immediately preceding its formation had probably stamped deep on his mind a sense of unjust treatment at the hands of professional ecclesias-The advocates of Darwinism and of the "higher" criticism of the Scriptures—and Huxley was in both ranks —had been for years treated simply as the enemies of religion. The distinctions familiar to all of us now, the admission on all sides of a measure of truth in both these phases of speculation, were little thought of in the six-The Origin of Species had appeared in 1859, and Colenso had raised the Scripture question at about the same time. 1859 to 1869 had been for Huxley years of war; and with his very direct and practical mind, he saw in the theological protests of the hour nothing but thoroughly unjust persecution of himself and his friends for researches undertaken in the interests of truth. The ecclesiastical "obstructives" who condemned him without attending to his arguments remained in his mind for a long time as absolute types of bigotry. Their line of action appeared to him to set a premium on hypocrisy. The men who had the courage of their convictions were ostracized; and the time-servers among men of science who refused to brave the ignorant clamor of the multitude

enjoyed an unenviable popularity. Huxley's moral sense appeared to be simply revolted by this. Some will think that he failed to do justice to the element of instinctive caution which blended with the real bigotry of those critics who took up the narrowest attitude—the element explained by Cardinal Newman in his defence of the condemnation of Galileo. The principle of economy for the protection of weak minds was not at all congenial to Mr. Huxley, although he did in some degree recognize it. His ruling passion was the advance of scientific truth, and this was being impeded, and a noble sincerity to conviction treated as a crime (he thought) by men, some of whom at least did not seem to him even deeply sincere. It was officialism versus true genius.

He was not insensible to the element of moral reprobation among the opponents of evolution which made them mark him out as a daugerous man, and which struck, as he has humorously said, at his "respectability." And I have always supposed that it was in these earlier years of the struggle that he acquired the deep and genuine sense of injustice on the part of ecclesiastics generally, and of anger at what he considered preposterous superstition, which frequently reappeared, to the very end,

in his writing.

On the other hand, in the Metaphysical Society the conditions were so different that he inevitably met theological foes on far pleasanter terms. Intercourse was personal, and candid debate was the order of the day. Notably in the case of the Catholic members of the society he could have no feeling of the substitution of a sanctimonious moral reprobation for frank discussion. The great friendliness which arose between the extreme parties in the society introduced a new element of kindly divergence, and apparently gave birth to a real intellectual respect in Huxley for some of the detested theologians. His two sentiments were perhaps not entirely consistent, for men of intellectual force are not likely to defend absurd superstitions; but both remained. And they occasionally lcd, in conversation, to a playful combination of language recalling the severest

theological condemnation of his views, with the humor and friendly feeling which in almost all cases subsisted in his personal intercourse with opponents. "We wicked people," he would often say, in speaking of himself and his allies. A friendly meeting with priest or clergyman was enjoyed, perhaps as a sign that to some extent bygones were bygones; while enough remembrance of opposition remained to

give piquancy to the rencontre.

I have a good many notes illustrative of some of these phases of his thought. I think it was in 1892 that I saw him just after he had been to a meeting of the Trustees of the Pritish Museum. "After the meeting," he told me, Archbishop Benson helped me on with my great coat. I was quite overcome by this species of spiritual investiture. 'Thank you, Archbishop,' I said; 'I feel as if I were receiving the pallium.'" A little later he met at Maloja a Catholic professor of some German university, and had many a story to tell of their frequent conversations, and of the pleasure he derived from the priest's company, which he had evidently cultivated.

On another occasion he was at a meeting of the British Association in York, and he and Mrs. Huxley went to visit the Minster. He greatly enjoyed the remark on this occasion of Henry Smith (of Oxford celebrity), who met them there. "You did not expect to see us here?" asked Huxley. "Yes, I did,"

replied Smith, "but on the pinnacle." Something of the same humor, coupled with a remembrance of the days when his championship of evolution was most widely reprobated, appears in a letter which he wrote me from Gloucester in September, 1892, in reply to my congratulations on his being made a Privy Councillor:

Very many thanks [he wrote] for your kind congratulations. Morris has a poem somewhere about the man who was born to be a king, and became one in spite of probability. It is evident to me now that I was born to be respectable. I have done my level best to avoid that honor, but behold me indelibly stamped.

We are staying here with one of our daughters and enjoying the festival. . . . We hope to be back in Eastbourne next week, but we shall have to go to the Grand Hotel, as seven devils in the shape of workmen must be driven out of our house.

See what an opening I have given you for a conclusion to that sentence.

He often resented being identified with simple destruction in matters of religious faith, and disclaimed all sympathy with the scoffing spirit. His opposition to theology had not meant, he said, opposition to religion. I remember his showing me Boehm's bust of himself, and expressing strongly his dislike of its expression. "It is almost Voltairian," he said. "You should not destroy until you are in a position to build up something to replace what you have destroyed," was another saving of his: "Descartes saw that, and advocated a morale par provision, a system to act upon (pending the conclusion of his philosophical inquiries)—a system which included adhering to the religion in which he had been brought up." Huxley's application of this principle was very intelligible in his protests against dogmatic infidelity.\* But it used to seem to me, as I once told him, to be forgotten in his extremely polemical tone, which unquestionably did often lead others to abandon even a provisional adherence to any religious system. But I believe his failure to take this into consideration to have been partly due to the exclusively scientific cast of his mind. The cause of scientific discovery was paramount to all else; and whatever even appeared to impede it he assailed ruthlessly. Moreover, he wrote for experts, or at least for careful students. In point of fact, readers include the impressionable and unintellectual as well as the intellectual; and an anti-Christian rhetoric may, for such readers, destroy religious belief wholesale, including positions which the writer himself, to say the least, considered quite tenable to the end. He said to me once, in 1894, "Faulty and incorrect as is the Christian definition of Theism, it is nearer the truth than the creed of some agnostics who conceive of no unifying principle in the world." He proceeded to defend eloquently the argument from design, referring me to his volume of Darwiniana, to show that he had admitted in print that it could not be disproved by

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Physical science is as little atheistic as it is materialistic' (Science and Morals, P. 140. Ct. Life of Hume.)

the evolution theory.\* This position, which entirely tallies with his statement that only a "very great fool" would deny in his heart a God conceived as Spinoza conceives Him, was distinctly short of the degree of agnosticism currently attributed to him by those who read him hastily and blended their own logic with his rhetoric. Such an attitude toward destructive thought, coupled with Descartes' maxim, was perhaps the explanation of his recognizing a value and real sacredness in current religious forms which the aggressive irreligionists of France ostentatiously de-

spise. Nevertheless he claimed (half humorously) the sanction of Descartes, who lived and died a fervent Catholic, for pressing his speculative doubts to their utmost limit. He once told me that he thought his own Lecture on Descartes the best exhibition of his religious attitude as a whole. And it was impossible not to recognize the strenuous honesty which led him to look frankly in the face problems for which he could find no speculative solution. Regarded as a contribution to philosophy, such a method has commended itself to thinkers whose ultimate positions were various—Catholics like Descartes and Pascal, Theists like Kant, as well as negative thinkers. But Descartes did not abandon his religious convictions when he instituted his "methodic doubt," which was to be the instrument of their theoretic justification. It is the identification of what is really only a step toward the analysis of the foundations of belief with the immediate guide to practical conviction, which marks the difference between Huxley and Descartes. Apart from this, one felt the value to the cause of truth of Huxley's lucid and candid exhibition of the "case" of the negative thinker; and one could not but respect his enthusiasm for the man who gives forth his deepest convictions in the face of obloquy, even while one felt that in point of fact consideration for the effect on society might show what was in intention a protest against

insincerity, to have been in effect rash

\* See Darwiniana, p. 109. † See Essay on Science and Morals, p. 140.

and misleading. To Huxley this consideration was not, I think, of weight. To speak out each fresh fragment of truth which he supposed himself to have discerned was to him a duty, and not a complex one. He who thus spoke He did not, was confessor or martyr. I think, realize how often the truest he could see at the moment in science might mislead from the crudity and inaccuracy of its first statement, and from its apparent conflict with equally true convictions of society in other departments. He tended to identify outspoken candor with love of truth, and prudent reserve or patient suspense of judgment with insincerity.

This feeling came out in the course of a talk with him in 1894. He was speaking of Dean Stanley, whose brother Owen he had known in early life, and who had died out at sea in Hux-"Arthur Stanley was beley's arms. fore all things a sincere man," he said.

" Men of ability are common enough, but men of character and conviction are very rare. It is the grandest thing conceivable to see a man speaking out and acting out his convictions in the face of unpopularity. What a grand man was your Gregory the Seventh, though I should not have been pleased for his views to have prevailed. But he was a man of strength and conviction."

"It is re-He also talked of Kant. markable," he said, "that Kant is a very clear writer on Physics, though obscure on Metaphysics." I said that this seemed a testimony to his depth; it showed the obscurity not to be due to Kant's own want of perspicuity, but to the difficulty of the subject. Huxley, to whom things were always either evident or unknowable, demurred. "No," he replied, "it was because he did not want too many people to understand him. He would have been persecuted for his scepticism."

The Romanes lecture of 1893 has been much commented on as a recantation of his most aggressive theological views, and Huxley resented this account of it. He pointed out most truly that the position taken up in it had been long ago indicated by him. But many will continue to look on it as an example of his insistence in later years on

the more religious admissions of his own public teaching. If the logic was that of his other writings, the rhetoric was not; and it was natural that average readers who had ascribed to him an irreligious attitude, much of which was really due to the rhetoric rather than the logic of his earlier works, should now in turn note the change from the hostile tone which they had observed, rather than the identity of his logical position which they had never mastered. I saw him more than once before he went to deliver the lecture, and he was suffering both from weakness and from loss of voice—so much so, that he doubted his being able to deliver it at all.

In the end he went to Oxford and was most cordially received. The lecture was a remarkable one. He shows in it with great force how entirely the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, as represented in the "cosmic process" antecedent to human civilization, fails to account for the ethi-The cosmic proccal element in man. ess is destructive, and survival in its course is due to the selfish and selfassertive elements in sentient nature. These elements—which in man are the "original sin" of the theologians—remain in the race, and have to be counteracted, if social life is to be possible, by the more or less artificial cultivation of the sympathetic and conscientious elements. He sent me a copy of the lecture, and I wrote expressing my strong assent to some of its main propositions, although I added that he would no doubt not accept the "transcendental"conclusion which I should draw from his arguments.

The Oxford business [he wrote to me in reply], lecture, dinner and all, was too much for me; and even after three or four days' rest in a quiet country house I collapsed on our way to another, and had to come straight home. Since my return I have been almost living in the garden, and otherwise most diligently idle I read [your] chapter on the Metaphysical,\* though, and was delighted with the saying that it died of too much love, attributed to me by such a competent witness that I am not going to dispute the fact, though I had utterly forgotten it.

I was quite sure you would agree with my main thesis (in the Romanes Lecture), for it is only the doctrine that Satan is the Prince of this world—from the scientific side.

Why should not materialists be transcendentalists? What possible difference can it make whether the hypostatized negative "substance" is the same for mind and matter or different?

I am very sorry my cigar man served you so badly. I cannot make it out, as he invariably sends me the same quality. That confounded "cosmic process" has got hold of him.

Ever yours very faithfully, T. H. Huxley.

I have said that his conversation had the widest range. Point and humor were always there. If he spoke of persons or scenes, you carried away some definite feature of the personality or

events in question.

I well remember his description given with true Yankee twang-of a lecture he had to deliver at New York, where he was received with great enthusiasm. The reporters of the Baltimore paper called on him, and said they must have the lecture for publication on the day of its delivery. Huxley explained that the lecture existed as yet only in his own head. Still they pressed for it, and he complied with their demand, stipulating that if he rehearsed it for them they must give him a copy, lest they should publish one lecture and he should give another. The rehearsal was made, and the copy sent; but when he opened it—in the very Lecture Hall itself—it proved to be a wholly illegible transcript on tis-sue paper. To make the story perfect he ought to have delivered an entirely different lecture from the one reported; but his excellent memory served him, and the reports of the actual lecture and of the rehearsal, although somewhat different, were not sufficiently so to betray what had occurred.

I felt my impression of Carlyle's dogged Scotch unsympathetic persistency in measuring everything by his own ideas sensibly deepened by a story which Huxley told me of their mutual relations. Carlyle and he were for long good friends, but had a serious difference on the evolution question in the early stages of the controversy. Their personal intercourse ceased in consequence. After an interval of many years Huxley happened to see the

<sup>\*</sup> In W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival (Macmillan).

Scotchman crossing the street in London, and thinking that bygones might be bygones, went up to him and spoke to him. Carlyle did not at first recognize him, but when he had made out who it was, he at once said, with his Scotch twang, as though he were continuing the last conversation of years ago, "You're Huxley, are you? You're the man that's trying to persuade us all that we're the children of apes; while I am saying that the great thing we've really got to do is to make ourselves as much unlike apes as possible." Huxley, who had hoped that the weather or politics might have been admitted for the sake of peace, soon found that the best thing he could do was to retreat, and return to their tacit agreement to differ.

So, too, Stanley's impressionable and imaginative nature was brought out by him in an anecdote. Stanley, vividly impressed by the newest thought of the hour, liberal, and advanced by family and school tradition, had sympathized with Colenso's treatment of the Bible in some degree; yet his historical impressionableness told the other way. Huxley explained his position thus:

"Stanley could believe in anything of which he had seen the supposed site, but was sceptical where he had not seen. At a breakfast at Monckton Milnes's, just at the time of the Colenso row, Milnes asked me my views on the Pentateuch, and I gave them. Stanley differed from me. The account of creation in Genesis he dismissed at once as unhistorical; but the call of Abraham, and the historical narrative of the Pentateuch, he accepted. This was because he had seen Palestine—but he wasn't present at the Creation."

Admirably did he once characterize Tennyson's conversation. "Doric beauty is its characteristic—perfect simplicity, without any ornament or anything artificial." Of an eminent person whose great subtlety of mind was being discussed, he said that the constant over-refinement of distinctions in his case destroyed all distinctness. Anything could be explained away, and so one thing came to mean the same as its opposite. Some one asked, "Do you mean that he is untruthful?" "No,"

replied Huxley, "he is not clear-headed enough to tell a lie."

One of the subjects of his enthusiasm was John Bright—his transparent sincerity, his natural distinction, his oratorical power. "If you saw him and A. B." (naming a well-known nobleman) "together," he said, "you would have set down Bright as the aristocrat, and the other as the plebeian. His was the only oratory which ever really held me. His speeches were masterpieces. There was the sense of conviction in them, great dignity, and the purest English."

He once spoke strongly of the insight into scientific method shown in Tennyson's In Memoriam, and pronounced it to be "quite equal to that of the greatest experts." Tennyson he considered the greatest English master of melody except Spenser and Keats. I told him of Tennyson's insensibility to music, and he replied that it was curious that scientific men as a rule had more appreciation of music than poets or men of letters. He told me of one long talk he had had with Tennyson, and added that immortality was the one dogma to which Tennyson was passionately devoted.

Of Browning, Huxley said: "He really has music in him. Read his poem, The Thrush, and you will see it. Tennyson said to me," he added, "that Browning had plenty of music in him, but he could not get it out."

A few more detached remarks illustrate the character and tastes of the man. He expressed once his delight in Switzerland and in the beauty of Monte Generoso. "There is nothing like Switzerland," he said. "But I also delight in the simplest rural English scenery. A country field has before now entranced me." "One thing," he added, "which weighs with me against pessimism, and tells for a benevolent Author of the universe, is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they can have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts."

He enjoyed greatly the views within his reach at Eastbourne, and his enjoyment was stimulated by the constitutional walk which took him frequently up the downs. "The incubus of thought is got rid of," he said, "if you walk up a hill and walk fast." He was eloquent on the beauty of Beachy Head. "Building at Eastbourne is one of the few prudent things I ever did. It contradicts the proverb, 'Fools build houses for wise men to live in."

He spoke of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. "The general feeling was at first strongly for vivisction," he said, "but one German changed the current of opinion by remarking, 'I chloroform a cat because it scratches, but not a dog." This at once suggested possibilities of cruelty, and (as I understood) was the cause of the amount of restriction ultimately placed on the practice. Apropos of vivisection, he spoke strongly of the absurdity of the outery against it, as long as such things as pigeon-shooting were tolerated for mere anusement.

Speaking of two men of letters, with neither of whom he sympathized, he once said, "Don't mistake me; I don't class them together. One is a thinker and man of letters, the other is only a literary man. Erasmus was a man of letters, Gigadibs a literary man. A. B. is the incarnation of Gigadibs. should call him Gigadibsius optimus maximus. When I showed him the various accounts of the Metaphysical Society which had been sent to me, and which revealed certain discrepancies, he said, " Don't get any more, or the German critics will prove conclusively that it never existed." Characteristic, too, was his genial pleasure in telling us how his little granddaughter looked at him, and then said emphatically, "Well, you're the curiosest old man I ever saw."

My talks with him during the last year of his life were almost entirely connected with the philosophy of religious Faith. In 1894 I introduced to him a young friend of mine, an Oxford man, who lived in Eastbourne. On this occasion he was very eloquent in Bishop Butler's praise, and on the conclusiveness of his argument in the Analogy as far as it went. "But Butler was really one of us," he added. "That halting style, that hesitancy in expression, show that he was looking for a conclusion—something which he had not yet found." My friend re-

marked that Newman thought that that something was Catholicism, and that Newman had developed Butler in a Catholic sense. "A most ingenious developer," replied Huxley, with amused emphasis.

He went up to Oxford for the meeting of the British Association, and I saw him shortly a'ter his return. The whole thing had tired him very much, but the enthusiastic reception he had met with evidently gratified him. He criticised Lord Salisbury's address, in which he had spoken of the argument from design, and had attacked Weismann for ruling it out of court.

"After all [Huxley continued] my predominant feeling was one of triumph. I recalled the last meeting of the British Association at Oxford in the sixties, when it was supposed to be downright atheism to accept evolution at all, and when Bishop Wilberforce turned to me in public and said, 'Was it your grandfather or your grandmother, Mr. Huxley, who was an ape?' And now Lord Salisbury, though he ventured to attack us, did not venture to question the doctrine of evolution—the thing for which he had really been struggling."

He was highly pleased with an article on him which appeared in January, 1895, in the Quarterly. "It made me feel quite young again," he said. "It is a strong attack, of course, but very well written. I know a good bit of work when I see it." He recurred several times to this article, and the significance of his pleasure struck me when I came to read it. For, like the Romanes Lecture, the article emphasized that side of Huxley's teaching which was consistent with the Theistic view of life—a side so often ignored by his critics. "I have been attacked all my life," he added, "but so are many better men than me. Those whose views ultimately triumph often go through the most obloquy in their own time.

There is a sad interest in the last scenes of the life of a man of genius which will be sufficient excuse for describing in some detail the last long conversation which I had with Mr. Huxley. Some one had sent me Mr. A. J. Balfour's book on Foundations

of Belief early in February, 1895. We were very full of it, and it was the theme of discussion on the 17th of February, when two friends were lunching with us. Not long after luncheon Huxley came in, and seemed in extraordinary spirits. He began talking of Erasmus and Luther, expressing a great preference for Erasmus, who would, he said, have impregnated the Church with culture and brought it abreast of the thought of the times, while Luther concentrated attention on individual mystical doctrines. "It was very trying for Erasmus to be identified with Luther, from whom he differed absolutely. man ought to be ready to endure persecution for what he does hold; but it is hard to be persecuted for what you don't hold." I said that I thought his estimate of Erasmus's attitude toward the Papacy coincided with Professor R. C. Jebb's. He asked if I could lend him Jebb's Rede Lecture on the subject. I said that I had not got it at hand, but I added, "I can lend you another book which I think you ought to read—Balfour's Foundations of Belief."

He at once became extremely animated, and spoke of it as those who have read his criticisms, published in the following month, would expect. "You need not lend me that. I have exercised my mind with it a good deal already. Mr. Balfour ought to have acquainted himself with the opinions of those he attacks. One has no objection to being abused for what one does hold, as I said of Erasmus—at least, one is prepared to put up with it. An attack on us by some one who understood our position would do all of us good-myself included. But Mr. Balfour has acted like the French in 1870 —he has gone to war without any ordnance maps, and without having surveyed the scene of the campaign. No human being holds the opinions he speaks of as "naturalism." He is a good debater. He knows the value of a word. The word "naturalism" has a bad sound and unpleasant associations. It would tell against us in the House of Commons, and so it will with his readers. "Naturalism" contrasts with "supernaturalism." He has not only attacked us for what we don't

hold, but he has been good enough to draw out a catechism for 'us wicked people' to teach us what we must hold."

It was rather difficult to get him to particulars, but we did so by degrees. He said, "Balfour uses the word phenomena as applying simply to the outer world and not to the inner world. The only people whom his attack would hold good of would be the Comtists, who deny that psychology is a science. They may be left out of account. They advocate the crudest eighteenth century materialism. All the empiricists, from Locke onward, make the observation of the phenomena of the mind itself quite separate from the study of mere sensation. No man in his senses supposes that the sense of beauty, or the religious feelings [this with a courteous bow to a priest who was present], or the sense of moral obligation, are to be accounted for in terms of sensation, or come to us through sensation." I said that, as I understood it, I did not think Mr. Balfour supposed they would acknowledge the position he ascribed to them, and that one of his complaints was that they did not work out their premises to their logical conclusions. I added that so far as one of Mr. Balfour's chief points was concerned—the existence of the external world-Mill was almost the only man on their side in this century who had faced the problem frankly, and he had been driven to say that all men can know is that there are "permanent possibilities of sensation." He did not seem inclined to pursue the question of an external world, but said that though Mill's "logic" was very good, empiricists were not bound by all his theories.

He characterized the book as a very good and even brilliant piece of work from a literary point of view; but as a helpful contribution to the great controversy, the most disappointing he had ever read. I said, "There has been no adverse criticism of it yet." He answered with emphasis, "No! but there soon will be." "From you?" I asked. "I let out no secrets," was the reply.

He then talked with great admiration and affection of Mr. Balfour's brother, Francis. His early death and W. K. Clifford's (Huxley said) had

been the greatest loss to science—not only in England but in the world—in our time. "Half a dozen of us old fogies could have been better spared." He remembered Frank Balfour as a boy at Eton, and saw his unusual talent there. "Then my friend, Michael Forster, took him up at Cambridge and found out that he had real genius for biology. I used to say there was science in the blood, but this new book of his brother's shows I was wrong."

Apropos to his remark about the Comtists, one of the company pointed out that in later life Comte recognized a science of "the individual," equivalent to what Huxley meant by psychology. "That," he replied, "was due to the influence of Clotilde de Vaux. You see," he added with a kind of Sir Charles Grandison bow to my wife, "what power your sex may have." As Huxley was going out of the house I said to him that Father A. B. (the priest who had been present) had not expected to find himself in his company. "No! I trust he had plenty of holy water with him," was the reply.

Before he left we had an amusing instance of his positiveness. I reminded him that I had met him a month carlier in embarrassing circumstances. My hat had fallen into a pond, and I had asked him whether to walk home hatless or in the wet hat. "I took your advice," I said, "as the most learned man in England on such subjects. I put on the hat, and I have had a frightful cold in the head ever since." He replied promptly and quite seriously, "You would have had pneumonia if you had kept it off."

After he had gone we were all agreed as to the extraordinary vigor and brilliancy he had shown. Some one said, "He is like a man who is what the Scotch call 'fey.'" We laughed at the idea; but we naturally recalled the remark later on.

Shortly afterward I was anxious to get Huxley's advice as to an illustration I proposed to use in a review of the Foundations of Belief, connected with the gradual growth of sensitiveness to light in sentient beings. Being away from Eastbourne I wrote to him. His reply, written on the 27th of February—just before the commencement

of his last illness—has a melancholy interest now.

I am not sure [he wrote] that any information of the kind you need is extant. Among the lowest forms of life "sensitiveness to light" is measured only by the way in which they group themselves toward or away from light, and it may signify nothing but a physical operation with which sensitiveness in the ordinary sense has nothing to do. The only clew here is in the state of the visual organ, where such exists. It can be traced down from the highest form of eyes step by step to the end of a single nerve filament surrounded by dark pigment and covered by the transparent outer skin But whether in the last case the nerve ending is as much affected by the light (i.c. ether waves) as the nerve endings in the higher eyes are, and whether the affection of the nerve substance gives rise to a state of consciousness like that produced in us by light waves, are quite insoluble questions.

The most comprehensive discussion of the subject I can call to mind is in Tom. XII. of Milne Edwards's Leçons sur la Physiologie, and I can lend you the volume, and if you are back here before you want to use your information, I can supply you with oral commentary and diagrams ad libitum. There is not much water in the well, but you shall pump it dry with

pleasure.

The first instalment of my discussion of the Foundations of Belief will be out in a day or two. I am sorry to say that my opinion of the book as anything more than a mere bit of claver polemic sinks steadily.

clever polemic sinks steadily.

My wife is much better, and I have contrived to escape the pestilence yet. If I could compound for a day or two's neuralgia, I would not mind, but I abhor that long incapacity and convalescence.

Ever yours very faithfully, T. H. HUXLEY.

The very next day he was taken ill, and after four months, in which that vigorous mind and frame struggled with illness and exhaustion, he passed away.

So ended the life of one of whom Englishmen are justly proud for the extraordinary lucidity and brilliancy with which he impressed on his generation the characteristic scientific creed of his time, as well as for much else which specialists will measure with greater accuracy than the general reader.

In the problems of ethics of religion, to which he gave so much attention, I have attempted to convey my own impression, which will not be shared by those who fix their attention wholly on the destructive side of his teaching, that he united two divergent tendencies. Descartes combined the philosophy of "methodic doubt" with the faith of a Catholic. The same certainly cannot be said of Huxley. that an antithesis between his theoretical methods and his practical attitude did impress some of those most interested in his remarkable mind the foregoing pages have shown. I concur with those who believe that his rooted faith in ethical ideals, which he confessed himself unable to account for by the known laws of evolution,\* implied a latent recognition of the claims of religious mystery as more imperative and important than he could explicitly admit on his own agnostic principles. Careful students of his writings are aware how far more he left standing of Christian faith than was popularly supposed even in his explicit theories; and this knowledge appeared more and not less significant to many of those who conversed with him.

One thing, at all events, was beyond question—that his occasional flippancy in controversy represented no levity in his way of regarding serious and sacred subjects as a whole. It was in some cases provoked by real narrowness in good people, and sometimes by what I could not but consider his own narrowness, which failed to view minor details of popular Christianity in their true proportion; and sometimes by the temptation to take controversial advan-

tage of positions current among the orthodox which theologians themselves are likely eventually to abandon. Had he lived in the early seventeenth century he would have represented Christianity as standing or falling with the truth of the Ptolemaic system, and have depicted the theologians, who would not at once break with the Ptolemaic interpretation of Josue, as the most vivid caricatures of unreason.

Such considerations made it seem to many of those who met him more philosophical, as it certainly was more natural, not to attach the weight currently given to his attacks on incidental features of a system whose laws of organic growth he never comprehended.

Apart from these subjects one could

not but learn much, even amid great divergence, and feel that divergence itself became less by mutual explanation. Had he found a logical place in his theory of knowledge for the great ethical ideals he so much reverenced in word and in practice, I cannot but think that a far greater change in his philosophy would have taken place than he ever contemplated. At all events, he had the power of intercourse, large-

have had little in common with him, had the man been simply identical with his speculative agnosticism.—Nineteenth Century.

ly sympathetic, with those who could

## AFRICAN FOLK-LORE.

#### BY A. WERNER.

"Ir ethnologists should discover," says Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in his introduction to "Uncle Remus," "that these myth-stories did not originate with the African, the proof to that effect should be accompanied with a good deal of persuasive eloquence."

All that is known of original folktales collected on the African continent tends to confirm this opinion. It was only to be expected that in the course of three or more generations the African traditions handed down by the slaves should have acquired, among American surroundings, a great amount of local color, especially when we remember how strong and vivid in primitive races is the realizing imagination which enables the narrator to describe the events of his story in terms of things familiar to himself.

But it seems unnecessary to infer, as some have done, that the animal myths of the Amazon and other Indians which

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before."

present points of resemblance to the ''Remus'' stories must have been imported by African slaves. As Mr. Andrew Lang has so ably pointed out in "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," and elsewhere, the human intellect at a certain primitive stage is apt to reach much the same conclusions, all the world over, and to embody them in tales which have a striking similarity to each other. One of the characteristics of this state of mind is a readiness to "regard all things as on one level of personal life and intelligence." \* Uncle Remus's Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin are quite human in their feelings, motives, and mental capacity, and frequently perform acts suggestive of the narrator's having forgotten for the moment that they are not men. This trait comes out very strikingly in the stories of which I am about to give a few specimens.

It was my fortune to spend a good many months of the years 1893 and 1894 in that part of East Central Africa now known as the British Protec-During this time I acquired sufficient of the Mang'anja (or Chinyanja) language to converse with a certain amount of facility, and made some attempts at collecting the traditional tales of the natives. Had I been able to make a longer stay, the result would have been more satisfactory; as it was, I never succeeded in getting any stories from the old men and women, who are I wrote the accredited authorities. down a fair number from the recitation of boys and girls, who could not be expected to know them so well as their elders, and who, I suspect, in many cases have given very incomplete and fragmentary versions. It may even have happened that, in their eagerness to supply the Donna's demand for stories, they made them up as they went along—as some of the Zulus are said to have done for the late Bishop Callaway. But if so—and I hardly think it is the case—their invention ran very much on the lines of received tradition.

Many of these stories deal exclusively with animals; all proceed on the assumption that animals, human beings, and inanimate objects feel and act in much the same manner. Rabbits, tortoises, elephants, and others, hoe their gardens, cook their food in clay pots over the fire, and sleep on mpasas just like the relations and neighbors of the tale-teller. Baskets, calabashes, and the like are endowed with volition and motion whenever convenient. In one myth-fragment we see the sun and the rain figuring as personalities. Another point to be noticed is the frequency and facility with which metamorphoses take place. "The savage," says Mr. Lang, "is he who . . . drawing no hard-and-fast line between himself and the things in the world, is readily persuaded that men may be metamorphosed into plants, beasts, and stars." The inhabitants of the Shire and Nyasa regions have by no means outgrown the state of mind which holds such transformations as possible and normal. Sandula, "to transform," and its passive, sanduka, are words frequently on their lips even in daily life. Of this I remember rather an amusing instance at Blantyre Mission. A girl in the service of a missionary's wife was several times called by her mistress to come and take the baby, and at first returned no answer. On the third or fourth call of "Nchafuleni!" a voice (her own) was heard from the back regions: "Nchafuleni is not there-she is turned into a frog!" (a sunduka chule). Such a joke, of course, would scarcely—unless, indeed, by way of literary allusion—occur to a civilized mind unaccustomed to regard such changes as possible.

Perhaps the tendency to personify inanimate objects is exemplified in a remark of the headman at Matope's village on Ndirande (not to be confounded with Matope on the Shire, where you get ferried across into Angoniland). I was sketching there one day,. and Matope (this was his official designation-I don't know his personal name) looked on with interest. was a curious white granite rock, standing out like an obelisk on the precipitous side of the mountain. I questioned him concerning it, thinking it might have a name and legend, but all I could arrive at (after some profound reflection on his part) was this: " Ib

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Myth, Ritual, and Beligion," vol. i. p. 33.

\*\*NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV.. No. 5

has a bad heart, therefore it stands by itself. The other stones—those that are all joined together, and make up the mountain—they have good hearts." In short, the white stone was (from a Socialist point of view) an arrant Individualist!

The first story I am about to give was dictated to me by a boy at Blantyre Mission, who was, I believe, a Yao, though he spoke Mang'anja very well. It will be seen that it well sustains "Brer Tarrypin's" character for sagacity, though not otherwise exhibiting him in an amiable light. In fact, he shows a degree of cold-blooded vindictiveness which is truly fiendish. There is something of Shylock about him. I had some little difficulty in making sense of one or two parts, and am by no means sure that my version is correct, but such as it is, I give it:

Now the tortoise made friendship with the ng'anzi [iguana], and the tortoise went to (get) salt, and his friend gave him some salt, and the tortoise said, "How shall I carry my salt, friend?" "(to and look for luzi [bark], twist string, and tie up your salt." And he tied up his salt and went on his way (and said), "Friend, good by." And he put (the bundle) under his arm, and tied it round his neck; and as he walked and walked along, the (bundle of) salt slipped round to his back, rolling over and over; † and the ng'anzi came up behind him, and took hold of the bundle, and the tortoise walked along, jiggety-jig [njulu !]; and he turned round, "Let me see what has taken hold of my salt!" And he found that the ng unzi had taken hold of the bundle by the middle; and he said, "Do not seize my sult—I have brought it from my friend's." And the ng'anzi said, "I picked it up" (on the road); and he insisted very strongly that he picked it up. And the tortoise said, "You see the string passing round my neck. We tied it -1, the tortoise, am its owner;" and the ng'anzi said, "Let us go to the smithy, t that the elders may judge between us." they went to the smithy, and they found (there) eight elders. The ng'anzi said, "I have a mlandu & with the tortoise." The elderanswered, "Concerning what is this case of yours with which you have come hither to us?" And the ng'anzi said, "I picked up

\* l.e., in a bark cloth wrapper, or bag, like the loads of native salt brought down by the Shirwa ulendos.

§ Quarrel or lawsuit.

some salt, and the tortoise keeps on saying, 'It is mine,' and so I said, 'Let us go to the smithy, that the elders may judge us.'' And the elders said, "It is good (for you) to come with your disputes to us, the elders;" and they said, "How did he pick up the salt of the tortoise?" And the tortoise said, "Through my being short as to the legs; and I tied my salt to my neck, and it slipped round to my back . . . and I, the tortoise, turned back to see what was taking hold of my salt. And my companion, the ng anzi, said, 'Let us go to the smithy,' and we have come here.' And the ng anzi said, 'Let us cut the (bundle of) salt in half,' and the tortoise said, "It is my salt; and the ng'anzi said, "Yes," and the tortoise said, "Perhaps I have done wrong in walking on the path alone, and you have brought me to your (own) brothers and they say thus, that 'you are to cut the salt in half,' and I answer, 'Cut it.'" And they divided the salt, and the ng'anzi got a great deal of it, and the owner, the tortoise, had a very little, because his claws were short, and he was not able to take hold of it and tie it up. And the elders picked up (and kept for themselves) what had fallen down in the dirt: and the tortoise went away and wept (saying) that "My salt is wasted." And the tortoise went on to his village, and entered into his house; and he grumbled, "They have robbed me of my salt;" and he brought (the empty?) parcel on his arm, and his wife asked, "Where is the salt gone to?" And he said, "The ng'anzi robbed me on the road; (but) to-morrow I will go to my friend, and I will tell Lim that they robbed me of that sait." started on the road, and came to his friend and said, "My friend, they have robbed me of that salt on the road, and I have come to say that it was the ng'anzi who robbed me of it." The tortoise slept four days at his friend's, and on the fifth he returned. He found the ng anzi, he entered his hole; he was eating winged white ants. And the tortoise came up, walking very softly, and looked carefully, and saw the ng anzi. And he seized the ng'anzi by the middle; and the ng'anzi said,
"Who has taken hold of me by the middle?
I myself am eating white ants." And the tortoise said, "I have picked (you) up-I, too, have picked (you) up; the other day you picked up my salt, and to day I have picked you up by your head and your legs" (?). And the tortoise said, "Let us go to the smithy, as we did the other day." And the ng'anzi said, "Are you determined?" (lit strong), and the tortoise said, "Yes;" and the ng'anzi came out of his hole, and they went to the smithy, and they found (there) nine alders smithy, and they found (there) nine elders, and they heard (i.e., the elders suid). "Why do you seize the ng'unzi by the middle? Do you call (us) again for the second time today?'' And the tortoise said, "My companion ate my salt the other day, and I also have (therefore) picked him up by the tail and two ' They said, "Do you want to do what you did the other day?—you cut the salt in half." And the tortoise said, "Ha! ha! ha! ha!-it is good thus," and he rejoiced with his whole heart; and the ng'ann said, "You

<sup>†</sup> Or. "wobbling up and down"-in the original, gubudu gubudu—one of the curious in erjectional onomatopæas which abound both in Mang'anja and Yao.

<sup>†</sup> The usual rendezvous of the men in any village, where they gossip and smoke.

are determined (lil. you have become strong) that you will kill me!" And the tortoise said, "You killed my salt the other day-I also do thus-the same thing that you did to my salt. The ng anzı said, "Ha! it is all over with me -you want to cut me in half-good! That which you want to do, do! I am done for— I, the ng'anzi!" The tortoise sprang up—tu! and took a knife and cut the ng'anzi in half; and the ng'anzi cried out, saying, " Mother ! \* mother! mother! -I am dead to-day through the picking up!" And the tortoise took the tail and two legs, and went on his way, and came to his wife and said, "We have bought (this) with that salt of mine (which) the ng'anzi ate, and I to day have eaten the ng anzi, and he is dead." And here ends the story of the Ng anzi and the Tortoise.

Usually the closing formula is less elaborate: "It ended here—I na tera (or i na fera) pompo," or simply "Ya ta—it is finished."

Whether this tale really belongs to the Mang'anja or Yaos I cannot tell. I have, indeed, seen a Yao version in print (in the little native paper Kalilole, issued by the Mission), but, so far as my knowledge of that language enabled me to understand it, it seemed to me to differ considerably from the one just given. The two tribes are very much mixed up together in the neighborhood of Blantyre, and many individuals are bilinguists, so that the legends of one may easily be handed on to the other, and it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to determine their provenance.

The next story I shall give has our old friend Brer Rabbit for its hero. He is called by the Mang'anja kalulu, and by the Yaos sungula—which some translators, mindful of Æsop, and desirous of preserving consistency in the eyes of European readers, choose to render "fox." The kalulu is frequently met with in the bush near Blantyre, but, being rather larger than our English rabbit, and solitary instead of gregarious in his way of life, he ought, perhaps, to be called a hare. As to the dzimwe, I have never succeeded in establishing his identity. Some call him an ant-eater, and some an elephant; but the most satisfactory explanation I ever heard was: "He is nothing at all —he is just a story." So I conclude that he is a kind of bogy beast, unknown to science, and leave his name untranslated. This story of "The Kalulu and the Dzimwe" was told me by Harry Kambwiri, a native deacon of the Church of Scotland Mission, who has worked for some years as a teacher and evangelist, and is now in charge of the out-station at Mount Mlanje. He is a Yao from a village on the mission land at Blantyre, but almost equally proficient in both languages. Perhaps his school training helped him; at any rate, his story is more clearly and coherently told than those obtained from other sources. I also found that he was sometimes able to assist me by piecing out the imperfect versions of the younger boys:

There was once a rabbit and a dzimue, and the one said to the other, "Man!\* (sic) come, let us go and seek for food." And they came to a village and said, "We want to work"
[lit. hoe] "for food." And the owner of the village said, "Very good," and he gave them to hoe in his garden, and gave them beans, that they might eat there in the garden ; † and they went to the garden, and cooked the beans. When they had finished hoeing the beans were cooked, and the dzimwe said, "I am going to the water to wash myself; do you look well after the beans—we will eat when I return from the water." And the dzimue (went to the water and) took off his skin, and ran, and came (back) to where the rabbit was. And when the rabbit saw him, he feared (thinking) that he was some monster, and ran away. And the dzimwe ate up the beans, and went back again to the water. And he put on his skin, and returned and said, "Hast thou taken off the beans?" And the rabbit said, "No, thou man" [mwamna iwe]; "there came hither a monstrous beast, a terrible one, and I ran away, and it ate those beans." And the dzimwe said, "No, thou hast cheated me—thou hast eaten those beans thyself—it was not a wild beast—no!' And the next day they came once more to hoe, and cooked their beans. And when the beans began to boil, the dzimwe said. . . ."

Here follows an almost exact repetition of what has gone before, which we need not reproduce. After the rabbit has once more explained the loss of the beans, the *dzimwe* replies:

.... "Man! thou hast cheated me—to eat the beans twice, and refuse me any of them!" And the rabbit said, "Now I am going to make a bow, and if that beast comes, I will shoot it." And while they were cooking their beans the dimuse took the bow which the rab-

† The cultivated land is often at a considerable distance from the village.

<sup>\* &</sup>quot; Mai!" A common exclamation.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Mwamna" (= vir, not homo, which last is muntu) is a very common form of address between natives—even small boys.

bit had made, and said, "Thou hast not made it well; give it to me, I will make it right for And he kept cutting at the bow, by ittle and little, and he made it too thin in one part, and said, "Now it is good; if the beast comes thou canst shoot him." And the dzimue went to the water, and took off his skin, and ran, and came to the place where the rabbit was. When the rabbit saw that beast coming, he took the bow that he might shoot him, and the bow broke (in his hand), and the rabbit ran away once more. The dzimue ate the beans and went to the water, and put on his skin again, and returned and said, "Didst thou shoot that beast?" and the rabbit said, "No; my bow broke, and I ran away." And, next day, they once more cooked their beans, and the rabbit went away aside, and made his bow, and hid it (in the grass). When the dzimus went to the water to wash himself, the rabbit fetched that bow of his, and held it firmly in his hand, and took a barbed arrow. And that monstrous beast came again, and the rabbit took his bow and pierced him through the heart, and the dzimwe said, " Mai! mai! mai! comrade! how couldst thou wound me thus, all on acount of those beans! to-day I was going to leave some for thee, that thou mightest eat." And the rabbit said. "Ha! comrade! so thou hast been finishing up all those beans by thyself? I thought it was a wild beast." And the dzimue said, "Ha! thou hast wounded me with a barbed arrow—thou hast hurt me, comrade! How is this thing to be got out?" And when the dzimwe tried to pull it out he died. And the rabbit ate the beans by himself, and then went away home.

Here we have a point frequently recurring in these tales-the enviable facility with which an impenetrable disguise is acquired by stripping off the skin. It occurs in another "Kalulu and Dzimwe" story, told me by an Angoni boy-Dzineso, of Pampezi.\* Dzineso, however, had worked at Zomba and at Mandala, and may have picked it up from his Yao associates at one of those places, which seems all the more probable as the story was recognized by Harry Kambwiri, when I read to him the version I had taken down. partly answers to one given in the Rev. Duff Macdonald's "Africana" † -though with considerable variations; Dzineso's version appears to be imperfect. I give it here, with omissions supplied from the one in "Africana." and from information furnished by H. Kambwiri.

... And the rabbit went away with the dzimus, and they went along the road, and (the dzimus) said, "Go, let us ask for sugarcane and reeds." (And they asked for them, and the people) said, "What do you eat?"—because he asked for the reeds. (And he said) "I eat sugar cane." And the dzimuse ate the sugar-cane (and gave the reeds to the rabbit). And they went once more along the road, and (the dzimus) said, "Let us ask for mapira (a kind of millet) and pebbles." And the dzimuse ate the mapira, and gave the pebbles to the rabbit. And they went along the road and found a medicine tree, and the rabbit put (the medicine) into his bag, and he deceived the dzimuse, and said, "I have dropped my arrow" (as an excuse for stopping). And they came to a village, and (the people there) cooked porridge for them, and the dzimuse said to the rabbit, "Go back (to that tree) and fetch me some medicine," \* but the rabbit took some out of his bag. Then the dzimuse (was so vexed that he) refused the nsima, (and the rabbit ate it).

(And another time) he sent the rabbit back again to fetch other medicine, and (when he got back) refused him porridge (having eaten it himself in the meantime), and he cheated him, saying that many strangers had arrived (who had eaten up everything). Then the rabbit set his wits to work, and stripped off his skin, and put it in the veranda, and tied dance-rattles to his leg, and danced outside, so that the dzimwe stopped eating (and came to look), and the dzimwe ran away, and left the porridge, for he said that it was a wild beast. (And the rabbit put on his skin again, and came and ate the porridge which the dzimwe had left.)

(Then the dzimwe came back, and the people told him how the rabbit had fooled him. So he took off his skin and ran out into the sunshine, and died with the heat.)

Another story about these two companions is as follows:

Now there was a rabbit, and there was a dzimwe, and they were herding the goats. The rabbit hid his mother in the bush; the dzimuce had no mother. And the rabbit used to disappear (in order) to eat at his mother's; the dzimue just went hungry. The rabbit (went and) ate every day. One day, the rabbit said good by to his mate, the dzimue, and the dzimue said, "Go." The rabbit was going, and the dzimue passed on, and remained hidden from the rabbit in the path (i.e., followed him in the long grass beside the path). When the rabbit called to his mother, the dzimwe knew that the rabbit had a mother. Next day the drimus said good by to the rabbit, and passed on, and walked, and called the mother of the rabbit, and (when she came) he killed her, and then he went back. The rabbit, on the day after, went to his mother's, but (when he got there) he found her- not there! And he cried, and he returned hungry; but he did

<sup>\*</sup> He wished to get the rabbit out of the way, so as to eat the porridge while he was gone.



<sup>\*</sup> A large village west of the Shire about twenty-five miles from Matope. † Vol. ii. p. 327.

not tell his mate, the dzimwe; he just grieved by himself (a ka ngo dandaula).

A variant of this story, heard in Angoniland, goes on to say that the rabbit revenged himself by bringing a hot stone, which he put into the dzimwe's mouth, and so killed him. How he did it is not explained—but the dzimwe generally plays the part of the giant in European folk-lore, being big and incredibly foolish, though cunning up to a certain point. He begins, as a rule, by cheating, whereupon his victim goes one better, and usually "has" him by the most transparent of devices.

Another story, involving a species of transformation, was told me by Agundaga, a girl from Sochi, near Blantyre, as follows:

There was once a man, and he killed a great bird, and skinned it, and put the skin on the roof to dry. And the owner of the skin went to his garden. And the skin was changed back again into the same bird, and made itself a drum, and called all the (man's) fowls, and danced the chelecheteche: \*

"A na ngo ku tu ng'ande—
Chelecheteche—che che che—
Chelecheteche—che che che A na ngo ku tu ng'ande.''

When it had finished, it seized and ate one fowl. (Then it was changed back into a skin, and) next morning the owners of the skin of that bird went again to their gardens, and the skin was (again) changed into a bird, and danced the "chelecheteche." And (some people) remained in hiding, and saw what it did, eating the fowls, and they saw this bird that had been changed (from the skin) and killed it.

This story is tantalizing and mysterious as it stands; but perhaps Agundaga had forgotten some of it. The bird is introduced abruptly and allusively, as chimbalame chache—his big bird—perhaps there exists a tale of how it came into the man's possession. Here, as elsewhere, I was at a disadvantage. It was necessary to seize the propitious moment when the narrators were "so dispoged"—and the writing down—though most of them were obliging enough to recite at a pace not difficult to follow—was a task requiring all

one's faculties. If possible, I read over the stories, when completed, to see if they were correct, and repeated the process, when opportunity offered, with other auditors, and sometimes obtained emendations and additions in this way. But I seldom found I could quite understand the text when first dictated, and when able to study it at my leisure, often found points on which I could with advantage have cross-examined the narrators, when I no longer had the chance.

There appears to be a numerous group of stories in which an animal assumes the form of a man and marries Of course, in the "myth-maka girl. ing" stage of human development, the transaction would be regarded as perfectly possible without the transformation, which, in two out of the three stories of this class I have collected, is not expressly mentioned. But the details imply that the girl was at first ignorant of the bridegroom's true character. The first I shall give is very brief. It was told me at Ntumbi (South Angoniland) by a girl (Mbuya, daughter of Chipanga, the head-man of Nziza), whose mother was Yao, so that it may have come from the eastern side of the Shire. I translate as literally as possible:

A person refused husbands—there comes a monkey, he takes off the skin from his body, and is changed into a man. A woman of the Angoni married the monkey, and hoed the crops, and his [the monkey's] mates came out of the bush, and ate the crops in the garden of his mother in-law, and he went into the bush. It is finished.

This is evidently very imperfect, and I find I have failed to note down some explanations received later, which, I think, were to the effect that it was the irruption of the monkey's relations into his mother-in-law's garden which betrayed his identi y. [Native custom requires a newly married man to hoe a garden for his wife's mother.] The whole will become more intelligible if compared with the two following tales. Perhaps they were intended (as the Rev. D. Macdonald suggests in connection with "The Girl and the Hyena") to warn girls against a too persistent and fastidious rejection of suitors. This is the story of "The Lion's Bride''—told likewise by Mbuya:

<sup>\*</sup> Probably an unmeaning collocation of syllables, such as often forms the refrain of a song. The bird sang and danced at the same time, and is therefore said to have "danced" the song—for which I have been unable to find a meaning."

A girl refused a husband, and she married a lion. And when she was going to sleep in the house, she refused to undress; she feared his tail, [the only part of him not metamorphosed?] and she went to cut it off. He said, "My tail cut off—I refuse it! [Or, "and he refused it." Something appears to be wanting after this sentence ] . . . And she went to the house, and refused again to undress, and was going again to cut off (his tail); and when she found him out (that he was a lion), she ran away from that husband

More elaborate is the tale of "The Girl and the Hyena," of which two, if not three, versions have already been published. It is given in the second volume of "Africana," and also in a small book of Yao stories (now, I believe, out of print), collected by Mr. Macdonald at Blantyre, where it is given both in Yao and Mang'anja. These two versions—if my memory serves me-are not identical, and the Mang'anja one, of which I have a MS. copy, is not the same as the one in "Africana." My version, dictated by a small boy of twelve, from the neighborhood of Katunga's,\* differs considerably from all these:

There was once a woman who refused (all) husbands. There came a leopard; she said, "I don't want (you)—no!" There came a rabbit; she said, "I don't want (you) - no!" There came a hyena, and he came to rub oil on his powder horn inside. † And the woman came and said, "This man is the one I want." † . . . The husband said, "My wife, let us go home." Her brother, who had sore eyes, followed after them, and they said, "Where are you going?" He crouched down (and hid) and (then) followed them (again), and they said, "Where are you going?" Her brother arrived at the village, and (she) put him into the hen coop. When the night was dark, many hyenas came, and sang :

"Let us eat her (as) meat—(but) she is not fat (enough yet)."

The brother heard it, and next morning, at daybreak, he said, "My sister, they say, Let us eat her, but she is not fat enough yet."
She said, "You lie." He said, "Yes! (it is true) let us twist a string, and when it is dark, we will tie it to your little finger." And at night they tied it, and when the brother heard

\* Or Port Blantyre, on the Shire

natives on the River now possess guns.

‡ Something seems to have dropped out

the hyenas singing, "Let us eat her," etc., he pulled the string  $-Kw\acute{e}$ ! and his sister awoke, and heard them. And in the morning he said. "You have heard them, my sister." And he said, "Brother in law, lend me an adze (nsompo) that I may cut a great piece of wood to mend the grain mortar." \* And he finished making it, and he put his sister's nsengwas | into the log, and fastened them tightly, and put his sister into the basket, and said,

Chinguli chánga, nde, nde, nde, Mperekezéni, nde, nde, nde, Ku li amái, nde, nde, nde, Chinguli chánga, nde, nde, nde." ‡

And the basket flew away with them, and) they fell on a tree. And the hyenas followed after them, and he said (as before), " My chinguli," etc. And they fell down on his mother's mlondo, \( \) and he said again, "Chinguli changa, nde, nde, nde," etc. The people said, "Listen! up in the air they are saying, 'Chinguli changa, nde, nde, nde,'" etc. And they saw them fall down—vapa! || And (the boy) said, "Behold! my sister called me a

\* In the original chinguli, augmentative of nguli, which, according to the Rev. D. C. Scott's Mang'anja Dictionary, means (1) "a whipping-top," made and played with in much the same way as ours: (2) "a patch of wood to mend the mtondo grain-mortar," I had the first meaning given me-I forget how, exactly, and long vainly tried to make sense of the passage. As a round hole would have to be cut in the log, to make it fit the top of the wornout grain mortar, this would serve as a convenient pretext for hollowing a log to hold his

Nsengwa is a small flat basket. Two fastened together at one point of their edges, make a closed receptacle—the plural seems to show that this kind is meant.

t The meaning of this is:

" My chinguli—nde, nde, nde" [meaningless syllables]

Accompany her (to the place) Where my mother is."

This and the previous song are always sung by the narrator, and usually taken up by the listeners. I cannot help wondering whether the meaningless "Ingle-go jang, my joy, my joy" of "Uncle Remus," on p. 124 of Routledge s edition, can possibly be a distorted version of this. It is true that it occurs in a totally different story—that of "Brer Bar' and "Brer Bull-frog"—but the sense of the words once forgotten, they might easily be displaced. Most of the relics of African languages preserved in America, however, seem to point to the West Coast. The only one I can call to mind just now is the word goober, for ground nut ("Uncle Remus," p. 115), which is the Fiote (Lower Congo) nguba: in Mang'anja it is ntedza.

§ The large mortar, cut out of a solid log, used for pounding grain.

|| An onomatopœic word expressing a sudden fall, as of a bird when shot.

I confess I do not quite know what to make of this. The original has "Na'ngo dzera kudzola mafuta liwengwa lache pamtima" Perhaps the hyena came in the guise of a hunter, and made the borrowing of oil for his powder flask the pretext for his visit. Many

sore eyed one [reproached me with my sore eyes] (till) they said, 'Let us eat her, when she is fat.' And I have come home with her."

Katembo, though a very intelligent little fellow, seems to have missed some of the connecting links in this story, which will, however, become clearer by a comparison with Mr. Macdonald's version, here following. The language of the latter differs, as well as the details. This may be accounted for, partly by a divergent system of orthography, partly by dialectical difference -the Mang'anja of the River people being considered purer than that spoken at Blantyre. Some of the phrases, too, almost strike one as purposely simplified for the white man's benefit thus ntanga la nkuku (by-the-by, it should be ya not la), "the basket of the fowls," instead of chipwere, the regular word for "coop," used by Katembo.

There was once a woman, and she had a daughter, and she said, "My child must not marry (any) but a good man." And there came a man and she refused him. And, afterward, there came another, and he said, "We have heard that this child of yours refuses men." Her mother said, "Wait, I will tell her herself," and she went and told her, and (the girl) said, "I do not want him." And after that a hyena was changed, so as to be a man, and (came and) said, "I want to marry." And the mother said, "I do not know "—it may be she will consent." And she told her, and the girl said, "Yes, I am willing to take that man." And he said, "Let us go to my home, and see my mother." And they went away together (lil. they followed one another). And the woman had a brother, and she said to him, "I beg of you, my brother, that you will not follow me -you have sore eyes." † They arrived at the village, and the brother slept in

+ Katembo's version shows that the brother

disregarded this request.

it to his sister's little finger, and he said, "If I hear (him saying) that he will eat you, I will pull the string, and you will wake and hear the words your husband says." And when he pulled the string, afterward the woman said, "Yes, my brother, it is not a lie. Today I have heard him, but what shall we do?" And the man (i.e., her brother) said, "I know -I will borrow an adze (nsompo), and cut out \* a tree." And he borrowed an adze and hollowed out a tree, and put his sister into it, and it flew, and went on high and satin a tree. And the hvens said, "Mother, I told you, and you refused; I said, 'Let us eat her;' behold, now, how she goes away home.'' And the brother said, "My sister, you had a bad heart-you wanted to drive me away, saying, 'You shall not come (with me), you have sore eyes.' But to day you shall see your mother." And they came out at her mother's village. And they said, "Tell us where you went," and he said, "My sister—they were going to eat her, and I helped her to escape." And her mother said, "This my child was disabedient. was disobedient. When men came (asking) that we might give her in marriage, she refused. But you accepted the hyena, and you drove away your brother, and he saved you. See! -you have seen us (again), you went very far astray (?), but do not begin (to act in this

This tale connects itself with the widespread superstition of the wizardhyena or were-wolf. Concerning wizards (afiti; sing. mfiti). I may here note a few fragments of information obtained directly from natives. Boys are afraid to go out at night, lest they should meet afiti. The mfiti wanders about roads or paths, carrying a bright light, which he extinguishes on the approach of a human being. He can make himself as tall as the house and become small again. Sometimes you wake at night, and see one standing by your bedside; then, if you boldly defy him and say you will find him out by day and make him drink mwabvi, he will disappear and do you no harm; but you must have a stout heart (ku limba mtima) to do this. More than one boy professed to have seen a mfiti inside his hut at night. He was "just like ourselves" (chimodzimodzi ife tomwe—that is to say, a "black" man) but quite naked, without even a lewera round his waist. They were, how-

the hen coop. In the middle of the night, the husband awoke and said, "I am going to eat my wives." And her brother heard him. And in the morning, when it was light, he said, "My sister, did you hear that your husband is going to eat you (as) meat?" And the woman said, "No, I did not hear him." And he said, "Just wait a little (?): to day I am going to look for a piece of string, and I shall tie it to your little finger." And he tied \* In the original Kaya, mwini ache—literally "I do not know—(she is) the owner"—i.e., "I have nothing to do with it—she will arrange the matter for herself." Kaya is more nearly the matter for herself." Kaya is more nearly equivalent to the Spanish "Quien sabe?" than to a simple "I do not know," sometimes it has the force of "perhaps."

<sup>\*</sup> I.e., hollowed out (ku semera), as in mak-

ing a canoe. This is done with an adze.

† He says "your mother" (amako), not our mother (amaku) - possibly because they were children of the same father by different wives. ‡ As a serious theft took place at Blantyre,

ever, too much frightened to survey him carefully, and speedily hid their heads under their blankets. Nchafuleni, already referred to, is the authority for the statement that, if you meet a mfiti on the road by night, and speak to him, you are struck dumb. This is not exactly a parallel case to Mœris and the Wolf. Old Silimani, the occupant, in 1894, of the "leper's hut" on the outskirts of the Mission grounds, averred that he sometimes heard the afiti passing his dwelling by night, "but," said he, "they cannot kill a man unless Mulungu gives them per-mission." The blaze of a bush fire one evening on the slope of Nyambadwe (the flames of which rose to an extraordinary height) was by him attributed to afiti, but he did not enter into details. In the Chipeta burying-ground, which is hidden in a nkalango, or thicket (some distance to the right of Sclater Road, as you come from the Mission), I saw many holes, looking like shallow graves purposely left unfinished and open. These, I was told by a missionary's wife, were intended to catch the afiti when they came to rob the graves—possibly in the shape of hyenas, but this I did not hear.

Of sorcerers taking this shape I cannot say I have heard directly, but received some interesting information from a gentleman who had been for some time (two years, if I mistake not) in the Makanga country \* without a white companion, and therefore had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the native language and customs. The Makanga believe that a wizard, when he dies, becomes a hyena, and in that capacity possesses a human wife, who is quite an ordinary character by day, but by night unbars the goat-kraal or the hen house for her

husband and accompanies him into the bush with his prey. Mr. H.'s goatkraal was broken into one night when (so he said himself) it was fastened so that no animal could have got in without assistance. He and the natives (in the morning, I suppose) tracked the hyena for some distance into the bush, and saw marks of his having dragged the goat with him. But alongside his spoor there ran the prints of little bare feet, like a girl's. The people pointed "The fist's wife to them in triumph. let him into the kraal, and now she has gone into the bush with him to eat the goat." Mr. H. suggested that a person might have followed in order to drive away the fisi (they are notoriously cowardly brutes) and recover the goat; but they scouted such weak attempts at Euhemerism.

I have only space for one more specimen, a curious little story, involving transformation into a tree. Like that of the "Lion's Bride," it was obtained in Angoniland. A mpande, it should be explained, is a precious ornament, a disk about two inches across, apparently cut from the centre of a large, white, spiral shell. They come from Quillimane and the coast generally, and are highly valued. I once tried (but unsuccessfully) to buy one of a man who was wearing a couple strung to his garters (if those can be called garters which have nothing to hold up) just

below the knee.

A frog carved a woman (out of a piece of wood) in the bush, and made her his wife, and put a mpande on (? in place of) her heart. The chief took his wife away from him. Her name was Njali—the frog's wife. The chief took her from him. (The frog) sent a wild pigeon (njiwa) to fetch the mpande, and she refused it, and (the pigeon) returned. He sent it a second time, and it went. And it took the mpande, and the woman died, and she was changed into a kachere-tree—that woman was changed into a tree.

Is this mpande connected with the idea of the jewel, or other charm, which holds the life, as seen in many Indian and other stories?\* I am a little doubtful on this point, because, if the mpande were put into the figure instead

\* On the W. bank of the Shire and S. of Angoniland. The late Mr. Montague Kerr, (in "The Far Interior,") gives the Makanga a very bad character; during Mr. H.'s sojourn they seemed to live in constant terror of Angoni raids.

\* I remember several instances in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," but cannot give the exact reference.

shortly after two distinct alarms of this kind among the boys, it is probable that some one found it to his advantage to play on their superstitious fears. The native burglar is said to discard every scrap of his not too abundant clothing, and oil himself all over, so that he may not be easy to hold, if caught.

\* On the W. bank of the Shire and S. of

of a heart, all that is intended may be that it was the removal of her heart which killed the woman. It all turns on the precise signification of the particle pa, which usually means on, or at (the meaning may be that it was fastened or hung over the region of the heart); and this is not a philological disquisition. But it is interesting to note that an old woman at Ntumbi, Angoniland, used to wear round her neck a curious ivory ornament, which she refused to part with, saying that it was her life, or soul (moyo). It was about two inches long and half an inch wide at the thickest part, with a hole drilled at the upper end. It might be roughly described as a rounded peg, tapering to a point, with a neck, or notch, at the top. It did not seem, so far as I could see, to be a representation of any object.

There is a long story, which seems a great favorite, concerning a guinea-fowl who performed the operation of cutting tattoo marks (mpini) for certain girls. It also introduces cannibalism, and "a big bird with one great wing,

one great eye, and one great leg;" but I could only secure two or three fragments, and cannot make much sense of them. It is interspersed with short songs, which all the children present joined in singing. The late Bishop Steere, in the preface to his "Swahili Tales" (p. vii.), alludes to this custom, and further says that the songs are frequently in a different dialect, or contain obsolete words. Certainly I find most Mang'anja songs, whether incorporated into stories or learned independently, very difficult to understand.

These tales are frequently told round the camp-fire at night, and there is a custom sometimes observed which reminds one of their connection with veillées—de la masasa,\* if not du chateau. When the narrator pauses for breath the audience exclaim in chorus, "Ti ri tonse"—"We are all" (there). Probably the intention is to show that the listeners are still awake, and when the narrator finds that the answering voices have fallen to two or three, he stops.—Contemporary Review.

# QUINTA-LIFE IN ARGENTINA.

BY J. BARNARD JAMES.

I.

### LA QUINTA.

THE phase of life which forms the title of the present article is one which, to the best of the writer's knowledge, has never yet been described in English. So it will probably be necessary to preface this account by explaining the meaning of the Spanish word "quinta." The dictionary will inform you that it is the "country-seat," and that is approximately its signification; but it conveys rather the idea of

the garden, orchard, and grounds, than of the house itself. A gentleman who lives in town generally keeps a quinta a short distance out in the country, for the purpose of supplying his table with flowers, fruit, and vegetables. In summer the family resort there, much in the same way that English people pay a visit to the seaside. And so it becomes necessary for them to have a suitable house. When they go out to the quinta, where they remain from about the beginning of November to the end of February—these of course being the summer months in that part of the world—they regard it as only a temporary abode, and are prepared to rough it more or less. So the quinta house is frequently allowed to get into a somewhat dilapidated condition, and quite unfit for winter tenancy. This, however, is by no means always the case, and of late years it has become

<sup>\*</sup> Masasa is a shed or booth hastily built of sticks and grass, for shelter on a journey, or run up for their temporary accommodation by gangs of laborers from a distance—e.g., the Angoni at Blantyre. Sometimes men on a journey will lie round the fire wrapped in their blankets, and drop off to sleep one by one, the rest continuing the conversation till a late hour.

more common in the neighborhood of Buenos Aires for people to live permanently at the quinta. The residences are consequently being built after a more substantial and luxurious fash-Their brick walls are covered with plaster and further adorned with handsome stucco-work of gayly-colored arboreal designs, executed by Italian immigrants. In England no doubt this sort of thing would present a very glaring and tawdry effect, and be quite out of place; but in a country, where the sun generally shines and light is really golden-hued, it seems to harmonize with the vivid shades of green, red, and yellow of the sub-tropical vegetation.

The patio is ordinarily a feature of Spanish and South American houses. It is an open court exposed to the sky, round which the house is built, and into which the doors of the various apartments lead. The floor is usually tiled; tangerine and almond trees in tubs will frequently be ranged a short distance from the walls, and sometimes a fountain will play in the centre. The surrounding rooms, besides having doors into the patio, always have intercommunication, so that the circuit of the house can be made without crossing this part. Instead of a central patio, or in addition to it, there is often a galerèa, the latter differing from the former only in being roofed in and open in front. It generally fulfils the function of a cool and pleasant sitting-room.

Another feature of Argentine country houses is that there is very seldom an upper floor. All the rooms, whether for purposes of eating, sleeping, or sitting, rest on the ground. The reason for this is that the violence of the pampero-that mighty wind, which, rising in the far south-west, gains in strength as it sweeps unchecked across the treeless and level pampas—would render lofty houses unsafe, however well they might be built. The roof, which is nearly flat, is carefully kept clean, as on it is collected the supply of rainwater, which is conducted by pipes to the capacious pozo (cistern) at the back of the house. The general aspect of the interior is, according to our notions, usually rather bare, but really well-suited to the climate. Polished floors, with perhaps here and there a jaguar or guanaco skin; furniture of a gaudy French pattern; but one rarely sees any of those dainty touches that an Englishwoman knows so well how to bestow, and with which the simplest rooms may be made to look bright and pretty. Semi-darkness invariably prevails, for the sunshine, so much hated by the South American, is intercepted by the closed Venetian shutters.

To describe the quinta itself is somewhat more difficult than to give an idea of the house, for in the former more variety occurs, according to the predilections of the owner. The native Argentine has frequently a prejudice against trees, believing their proximity to be unhealthy; so he will often have all those near the house cut down, and lay out the garden French fashion, in geometrical patterns. In others, however, the vegetation is allowed to have free scope, and trees and flowers, fruit and vegetables, grow luxuriantly under the directing hands of the gardeners, who are almost invariably Italians. In such quintas one may observe the giant eucalyptus, which sheds its bark in winter and not its leaves, and for several months looks like a beggar clothed in rags, standing proudly alongside of the yellow-flowered acacia (aroma); the vivid green of a camphor tree may be seen in contrast to the more sombre hues of a clump of handsome firs; here an avenue of limes, there a paraiso (paradise tree) grove. Roses abound everywhere in profusion, spreading abroad their sweet fragrance all the year round. In the spring the perfume of violets is almost overpowering, so plentiful are these usually unobtrusive flowers. Here is a cactus eight or nine feet high, with red blossoms bursting from its fronds; there a stately palm with air-plants (epiphyte orchids) clinging to its trunk, and beyond is a vista of almond, tangerine, orange, and lemon trees. Every hue of green is represented, and in all directions the bright colors of gorgeous flowers adorn the scene.

Living creatures too announce their presence on every hand. The air is filled with the twittering of birds and the buzzing of insects. As one walks

through the grounds, innumerable canaries fly rustling from the trees, and dragon-flies dart about in surprising quantities, not singly, but in swarms. The scissor-bird with his forked tail may be seen burying himself in the foliage. Another bird, one of sulphur color (the Saurophagus sulphuratus), would seem to be playing a game of "I spy," for, perched on the topmost crest of a fir tiee, he now and again cries out most distinctly "bien te veo" (I see you well). Then with a sudden swoop, and tail outspread like a fan, he carries destruction among the hurrying insects. The teru-tero and the bicho-feo (which latter appellation is Spanish for "ugly beast") may likewise be distinguished by their cries, from which they derive their respective names. Advancing a little further in the quinta, one may hear a sudden buzzing and unexpectedly come upon a pretty sight: a tiny humming-bird, poised on rapidly fluttering wings before a flower, darts his long tongue quickly backward and forward into its chalice. What dainty food, the juice of flowers! But it is also from the insects hiding there that the hummingbird derives his nourishment; and it is said that the rich coloring of his plumage is in great part owing to the poisonous juices he imbibes in thus searching for food. But, whist! with a flash he is gone, for the hummingbird's flight is generally so rapid as to render him invisible to the human eyc.

It is not, however, the winged creation alone that is represented in this Lizards dart like lightningflashes from hole to hole; ugly toads, five or six inches long, which exude a poisonous slime from their backs when irritated by the dogs, crawl lazily about. Snakes also there are in plenty, not the monsters that one finds in the forests of the Amazon, but nasty little venomous ones, which you must be careful not to tread upon when walking round the quinta at dusk, as they turn quickly and bite. A large one for the neighborhood, measuring four and a half feet in length, and beautifully marked with black, red, and green, was killed one morning by the writer in his bedroom, where it had probably passed the night. One must be careful, too, not

to sit on the grass, as gigantic spiders (tarantulas) of ferocious aspect make their holes there, and their bite is deadly; and other loathsome insects, some in appearance like faded leaves, will take liberties with one's person if they get the chance. On the outskirts of the quinta crowds of shy guinea-pigs play, and rabbit-like make for their burrows directly they perceive your approach. They have mortal enemies in the snakes, which swallow them whole, and in the comadrejas, which are pouched animals of the opossum kind, with long powerful claws and sharp, fierce teeth. Rabbits have not been able to make headway against these opponents, though the experiment of naturalizing them has several times been made.

Let us pass on to the kitchen-garden, where strawberries are ripe nearly all the year round, and where tomatoes, sheltered from the sun by their broad leaves, are cool in hottest sum-The Brazilian tomato also, with its flavor of black-currant, grows there; likewise the nispera, in appearance like a yellow plum, and in taste resembling gooseberry, though its three stones are The vines in their seadeadly poison. son are loaded with grapes; melons and pumpkins strew the ground, along with the commoner vegetables familiar in England. There also is found the egg-plant, whose fruit is so rich, and the mealy sweet potato. Beyond in the monte (or orchard) are peach, apricot, nectarine, and plum trees, all bearing such crops that soon one ceases to appreciate the flavor of the fruit, while the pear, apple and fig likewise flourish nobly; and further still, in the monte of wild peach trees, browsing on the thick carpet of alfalfa and trefoil, are the cows and horses, of which animals there is usually a goodly number.

Of course all quintas are not so well off as the one I have been describing. Much naturally depends on the means of the proprietor, and the amount of land he is able to obtain, for near Buenos Aires, a city whose population numbers close upon three-quarters of a million, there is often difficulty in purchasing or leasing land. Many quintas, however, possess all the features I have mentioned, joined to others de-

pending on their individual natural advantages of position, aspect, etc.

#### II.

## EL PASEO À CABALLO (THE HORSE-BACK RIDE).\*

The early morning ride is one of the pleasantest experiences that quinta-life presents. The clearness of the atmosphere, the softness of the sun's rays, the exhilarating influence of the fresh yet balmy air, combine to render this part of the day the more enjoyable, since a few hours later one will be perspiring at every pore, and rendered languid by the oppressive heat. sun has risen between three and four o'clock; suffice it for us to be up and bathed at five. Then, sallying forth, we take our horses from the grooms awaiting our arrival in the paraiso We issue from the quinta, a small cavalcade of five or six young people, all in the highest spirits. The dust on the wire-fenced tracks is kept down by the heavy dew, while the grass in the open camp ton either side is beaded copiously with it. and presents a rainbow view of diamonds, constantly changing color in the clear, white sunlight. After walking our horses a short distance we put them to the canter, holding their mouths firmly, as they are pulling hard, eager for a race. Presently we pass a pulperia (a roadside inn), whence rush dogs of ferocious aspect, which make for our horses. These we keep at a safe distance with our whips, for if they are permitted to get near enough they will seize in their teeth the horse's tail—which is allowed to grow fairly long to keep off the flies -and they will sometimes succeed in pulling the terrified animal, who is rendered quite helpless thereby, to the ground or at least on to his haunches.

These savage mongrels, which are met with outside every house, owe their ferocity a great deal to their manner of living. It is customary in the camp when a horse grows old, to turn him

adrift in the tracks, where he picks up a scanty living by the roadside till the sun has dried up every vestige of grass; then he eventually drops dead either from old age or starvation. A passing camp man will probably take the skin, if it be worth having; but, in any case, there the carcase lies unburied, spreading a feverous odor abroad, till the dogs in the neighborhood scent it, and begin to demolish it. It is common enough, when out riding, for one's nostrils to be suddenly attacked by the horrible effluvium of dead horse; to pursue one's course, one must pass the animal, and when so doing, from the very interior of the carcase out rush two or three dogs which have eaten their way in so as to be completely hid-

One day, just outside the gate of our quinta, a horse fell dead. An Argentine would take no notice of such a trifle, and would remain perfectly unconscious of the obnoxious smell. However, we were not so constituted, and therefore told one of the gardeners, an Italian, to go and bury the horse. "Que esperanza!" he exclaimed. "Would you give Christian burial to a horse? You could not do more for a fellow-man." We explained that it was not out of any particular regard for the deceased that we wished to accord him this privilege, but out of respect for our own nostrils and health. "Que estraños son los Ingleses!" (what queer people the English are!) he observed; no doubt such a point of view had never before been presented to him.

Having safely passed the dogs, we come to a small village, the plan of which is similar to that of all towns and villages in South America. In the centre is the Plaza or square, on one side of which is the church, oblongfaced, with a turret at each front corner; a road runs all round a well-worn grass-plot, skirted by paraiso trees, and having a kiosk in the middle, where in the evening of dias de fiesta a band plays, while the people promenade lightly clad. We go round two sides of the *Plaza*, and continue by the road at the corner opposite to where we entered, and are soon out of the village. But we seem to be approaching another—a small one, girt with a wall—

<sup>\*</sup>Spanish—paseo=French—promenade.
† ''Camp'' is the Anglicized form of the
Spanish word campo, which literally means
field or plain. In South America it is used to
signify the open country in a general sense.

the houses of which are in miniature, like big dolls' houses, though the doors are large enough for a man to enter. This is the cemetery—the city of the dead. Open the padlocked doors and you will see shelves lining these ghostly residences, on which are placed the coffins, with their grewsome contents in various stages of decomposition. Hurry past this unwholesome place; there is a nice piece of open camp before us. Let us race; see who will first reach that great tree yonder. "Vamos, Chico!" "Vamos, Mala Cara!" Ah! there is a ridge and a brook before us. "Up! Jump now!" On again over the level. "Hurrah! Chico wins!"

Our way now skirts a corral, into which some cattle have been driven. A man on horseback has just thrown a lasso over the horns of a fine young bullock, and is pulling him through the gate, opened for him by another man, while the remaining cattle crowd, terrified, at the opposite end of the corral. The unmounted man, having shut the gate, promptly hamstrings the struggling beast, then cuts its throat, and, almost before the death-throes are over, begins to take off the hide. Close at hand a third man is engaged in cutting up a bullock that a quarter of an hour ago was rejoicing in the fresh morning air, and is placing the meat in a van ready to go into Buenos Aires to market. This is a common enough sight, though disagreeable to unsophisticated English eyes; so let us turn from it quickly, and get into the road again on our homeward way.

We have not proceeded far along the road when we find our way blocked by a pantano, or bog, which it is necessary to cross with extreme caution. Rain is only very occasional in summer-time, but when it does come it seems as though the floodgates of heaven had burst open, and the deluge converts the heavy dust into deep mire. A single day suffices for the water to drain into the slight depressions which occur in this usually flat country, and the tracks then resume their normal condition. But where the water has collected, it converts the stoneless alluvian soil into a deep and treacherous bog. Even after months of drought these pantanos are often sources of difficulty and danger. The ardor of the sun's rays will cake the surface, giving an appearance of stability; but, when the hapless rider has reached the middle, it will sometimes break off into an island, quiver for a moment under his weight, and finally collapse, precipitating him and his shricking steed into the engulfing mire, from which there is no escape.

In crossing a pantano it is usually best to leave it to your horse's natural intelligence to find the safest path; and if he refuses to advance, you may generally conclude that it will be wiser to make a détour—of perhaps a league or more—unless you do not mind risking your animal's life and maybe your

own.

One day, when the writer was out riding with a friend, we saw, some distance ahead, a pantano stretching across the track. An Italian market-gardener, returning from Buenos Aires after the disposal of his wares, was approaching on the other side, in his van drawn by three horses. The pantano was not broad—some ten yards or so and the van was lightly freighted; so the driver urged his animals forward with stimulating voice and whip. We arrived at the edge of the pantano as his horses reached the middle. At that moment the leader lost his footing, slipped forward into the mire, and began to flounder helplessly. The owner sprang from the van into the bog, and tried to help the poor beast to recover its footing, but in vain. Its head was presently submerged, and soon its struggles ceased. It then became evident that the other horses were in extreme peril; the leader, sinking deeper and deeper, was dragging them The poor Italian became frantic; with vows and imprecations he alternately invoked and cursed his patron saint, the mother that bore him, and the patient, resigned animals, whose heads he strove to keep above the mire.

Meanwhile we were not idle. We first shouted to him to hitch on his lasso and throw us the end, when our horses might, from terra firma, have hauled his animal safely through. Alas! he had no lasso; neither had we. In hot haste my friend galloped back to get one, as well as other help,

from a pulperia half a mile behind. I sprang into the mud and tried to cut the traces of the leader, so as to free the remaining animals. But this was a difficult task, and before it could be accomplished the other horses had succumbed and were swallowed up. The only thing to do was to detach them from the van to prevent its being drawn after them. And when my friend returned with a couple of gauchos, the poor Italian was loudly bewailing the loss of his horses, representing half at least of his worldly belongings.

But on the occasion of this early morning ride—the type of so many others—we safely cross our pantano, which is not a bad one. Already the sun is getting hot, and our horses throw up clouds of dust. In front of us is a bullock-wagon, the wheels of which are nine feet in diameter; there is not an onnce of iron in the whole construction, but it carries a load of fifteen or sixteen tons of alfalfa, and six sturdy oxen are enough to pull it. The carretero (wagoner) sits on the middle of the yoke of the hindmost, and with a long iron-tipped pole goads them on, crying, "ico," or directs their course with a prod to right or left. We canter past him in order to get out of the dust his bullocks make, but presently come in for more dust still. overtake some gauchos driving a flock of more than a thousand sheep. cious-looking fellows these gauchos are, their faces by exposure bronzed to the color of an Indian's skin, and their bodies all bristling with weapons. One is probably a half-caste, judging from the contour of his face, but he is no darker than the rest. And their villainous appearance makes one feel that one would rather not meet them alons away out in the camp.

But the sheep are going too slowly for us to keep behind them, and the dust is suffocating us. We therefore politely call to the gauchos, "Con su permiso pasaremos" (with your permission we will pass), and riding close to the side of the track manage, by sending the sheep scampering, to effect a passage beside them. Nevertheless it is a quarter of an hour before we have reached the foremost of the flock, and

a few minutes later we have come to the last turning before arriving at the quinta. So we walk our horses to let them cool as much as the now burning-hot sun will allow. We pass in at the gate, so up to the stables, hand our steeds over to the grooms, and return to the house, via the peach orchard, where we pause to refresh ourselves with the luscious fruit.

## III.

## LA MANANA (THE MORNING).

After an early morning ride nothing is more pleasant and refreshing than a cold bath. And having exchanged dusty riding apparel for cool lineu or flannel, the young people join their elders in the comedor (dining-room) for eight o'clock coffee. Though this is not regarded as breakfast, the boys, being hungry after their exhibarating canter, probably attack a melon that is on the table, and some rolls of pan creollo (native bread) and delicious fresh With this café con leche, the most refreshing of beverages, is drunk, though in many native families mate. would be taken, a custom which is else-The gentlemen of where described. the household then saunter down to the monte to look at the horses, while the ladies adjourn to the galería, or attend to any domestic duties they may

The interval between café at eight and almuerzo (breakfast) at eleven is variously employed. If the locusts are about, everybody, male and female, engages in a raid upon them. If the locust has not yet paid a visit, that other quinta plague, the ant, will probably receive some attention; though their suppression lies chiefly in the hands of the gardeners. Sometimes the gentlemen will join the ladies in the cool galería, and lounge about smoking the everlasting cigarette, read the newspaper, or discuss with one another the all-absorbing subject of politics or the fluctuations in the price of gold. In South American life, people spend a good deal of time in aimless pottering about. At length almuerzo is announced as ready, whereupon all reassemble in the comedor.

It is usual to commence this meal

with fruit, after which soup is served, followed almost invariably by a dish called pochero, which consists of solid hunks of beef boiled with every kind of vegetable obtainable. This is succeeded by the asado or "roast" (un asado is properly "a spit"), and then café negro is brought in. Native wine -which, being pure jaice of the grape, is excellent, especially that from San Juan and Mendoza—is generally drunk with the repast; though at Buenos Aires a very good, light beer, resembling lager, is brewed, and often taken with the midday meal. The gentlemen light their cigarettes before leaving the table, and having finished their coffee, all adjourn to their rooms for the usual siesta.

Some account of the unwelcome visitors already mentioned will probably be found interesting, and indeed a description of quinta-life would be in-

complete without it.

The neighborhood of Buenos Aires is not the regular habitat of the locust, and they rarely came until a few years ago. However of late they have paid an annual summer visit. About November vast numbers arrive from the north-west, and settling in the quintas and alfalfares (fields of a kind of flowering grass), for a time greedily devour everything green, beginning with the tenderest and most delicate shoots. But it is not merely the quest of food that has brought them hither. soon almost cease eating, and the What numbreeding time commences. bers are likely to result may be imagined from the fact that each female lays about 10,000 eggs. These are deposited in the ground, clinging together, the brown cocoon somewhat resembling in shape a corn cob. Then for a short time they recommence eating to restore their wasted strength, and one fine morning early the whole multitude take wing and disappear as if by magic. They return to their old haunts in Entre Rios and the Province of Córdoba, carrying devastation with them along their route; but, alas! the legacy they leave behind is likely to prove a plague more dire than they have shown themselves

The wise gardener has not been idle

all this time. He has endeavored to preserve some of the most desirable fruit and vegetables from their ravages by pressing into the service his *chicuelos* (youngsters), together with his womenfolk, of whom he has frequently a plentiful supply—his wife, his mother, his ancient grandmother, his wife's sister, and so on. Each being furnished with a tin can and a stick, they keep up a perpetual din alongeide the rows of green peas, beans and tomatoes, and prevent the locusts from settling so thickly just there. But as these good people of necessity desist at night, very little benefit results from their hideous The men are engaged in tom-tom. like manner till the breeding time begins, when their locust raid takes a The insects are too more active form. much occupied to attempt escape, and a wholesale slaughter is entered upon. In the open spaces a heavy roller is drawn over all that lie in the way, destroying thousands at a time, and millions of prospective progeny. Every one is armed with a stick or flail, and strikes wildly in all directions, 1emembering that in each female slain the development of ten thousand more may be averted. What was the Lernean hydra to the fecund locust? labor of cleansing the Augean stables was nothing compared with the Herculean task of annihilating a whole swarm of these insects.

But with the departure of the parent-locusts, the most important work begins. When breeding, the insects mostly choose the same locality to deposit their eggs. This the gardeners straightway commence to dig up, shovelling together in a heap every discoverable nest of cocoons. They saturate this heap with paraffin, and, setting it on fire, consume all the eggs they can in the flames. The ground all round is well sprinkled with a mixture of paraffin and water, as this prevents the germs from developing. Throughout the quinta search is made for scattered nests, which are treated in the same way; but in spite of all these efforts so many remain unmolested that the labor seems practically of no avail. And, moreover, if in the adjoining quinta the gardeners are lazy and let things take their own course, a harvest of locusts sufficient to supply the whole

neighborhood will result.

A few weeks intervene before the eggs hatch, when one day, while the hot north wind blows, one discovers that the ground is. as it were, becoming carpeted with small green insects, much resembling English grasshoppers. In this first stage of locust-life they are called saltonas or "jumpers," because they have no wings, but advance by means of a series of leaps. Under the burning sun the eggs are hatched so fast that one can see the patches of insects broadening, till they become merged in one another, and form one gigantic army stretching for a league along the front, a mile in the rear, and in some places piled knee-deep. One mind now seems to fill the whole crowd: they are gifted with a most healthy appetite, and are determined to satisfy it in a systematic manner. So they all march in the same direction, which is with the wind, and devour everything of vegetable growth in their way. Suppose the advance of the enemy to be perceived from a quinta, which, perhaps, by good luck, has not been visited by the parent-locusts, and where the proprietor was consequently congratulating himself on his immunity, and chuckling as he ate his peaches and looked at his ripe tomatoes. now the wind is blowing dead on his quinta, and in less than an hour the saltonas will arrive. Precautions must be taken to try and divert the march. Immediately every one about the place is engaged in making a big bonfire across their way. The line of fire must stretch without interruption from end to end of the quinta. Gallons of petroleum are procured so as to keep it brightly flaming, and there is no lack of dry fuel about the place. At last, and quite soon enough, the saltonas arrive; millions perish in the flames, millions under the rollers, the flail, the horses' hoofs; but likewise millions pass the obstacles safely and carry their ravages into the gardens that so much has been done to preserve. However, if the wind continues, sufficient have been slain or turned from their course to greatly lessen the evil, and, with considerable energy, the gardeners may

save the quinta from destitution. Of course it is often rescued by the wind changing just as the locusts are about to enter it. But if the wind now sinks, here they decide to stop and sample the vegetable produce exhaustively. It is not long before the whole place bears a desolate appearance. The peach and apricot trees look like skeletons; for the leaves, the tender bark, and the fruit are gone, but the stones are left hanging to the boughs, suspended by a

slender fibre—a weird sight. Under this vigorous dieting the saltonas have been growing till they are about two inches long. And now they develop quite a new character: they cease eating, and fall into a comatose state, in which they remain till they cast their skins and emerge with their ruddy bodies and four gauzy wings. They are now called langostas, which equally means "lobsters," "shrimps," and "locusts." Timidly, at first, they try their wings, but gaining strength with renewed feasting, they soon practise them energetically, and the swarm fills the air. They penetrate everywhere, even exploring the house. At night, the mosquito nets serve a double purpose, for in the morning several langostas may be found perched upon them, and they sometimes find their way inside. may be awakened from sleep by lying on something uncomfortable. One puts one's hand down to see what it is; one finds a squashed locust. es nada"-it's a mere nothing. riding along they flit round your head like a swarm of bees, some impertinently settling on your coat. You take hold of the body of one to remove it, but it clings with tentacled legs. With a little force you pull away the repulsive creature, when it ejects from its mouth on to your hand a brownishgreen slime, having a most obnoxious

odor, and which makes the skin smart.

Not long after their transformation from saltonas to langostas, they follow the example of their parents, and fly away toward the north-west, where they remain till next breeding-season brings them back to their native place.

The other quinta plague is that of the ants (hormigas). It is not the carnivorous red ant which gives trouble,

for it acts as an excellent scavenger, most useful in a hot climate. But the black ant, which is about twice the size of his brown-coated brother, does terrible damage to the most delicate plants. If one's hobby is the cultivation of roses, and one is just expecting a rich harvest of the choicest specimens, it is decidedly annoying to find, when going out one morning to observe their progress, that the ants have appreciated their delicacy also, and, being up earliest, have already stripped nearly every tree of leaves and flowers. A pile of the spoils is still lying round the roots and being rapidly carried away along the high road that they have made to their storehouse, perhaps a mile or more distant. How can it be prevented? Well, there are several ways, and perhaps the most effectual is to surround the lower part of the trunk of the tree that one especially wishes to preserve, with a cylinder of tin, to the height of about a foot, and sunk a few inches into the ground. This cylinder should nowhere touch the trunk, but should have a space, about an inch deep all round, between it and the bark. The result is, that when an exploring ant climbs the tin coil and reaches the top, he finds an unbridged precipice before him, across which he cannot jump, and into whose dark depths he is afraid to venture. But many plants cannot be protected in this way, so more aggressive measures have to be taken. Following the roads that the industrious creatures clear through the grass, the weeds, or rough ground, one presently arrives at one of the entrances to the subterranean passages leading to the nest. This is thronged with a busy crowd; some are issuing in all haste, having deposited their burdens and going in search of new ones; others are laboriously tugging leaves and flower-petals, many times their own size, toward the hole. Five or six are engaged in bringing a rosebud intact, but when they reach the mouth of the passage they find it too large for the entrance. They are merely" carriers," and can do nothing to remedy this; but one of their number rushes off headlong into the hole, and speedily returns with one or two bigger fellows having powerful in-

NEW SERIES, -VOL LXIV, No. 5.

cisors, who are "cutters-up." In a minute the rosebud has been dissected, and is being triumphantly carried to the nest. It seems a terrible shame to be obliged to wage war against these industrious and intelligent creatures. who, in so many respects, resemble human-kind—though they do travel a long way often to accomplish very little, and to fetch what they might find close at hand. But, quien sabe! perhaps our own ways are equally devious, if we did but know it. Without this warfare we should have neither fruit, flowers, nor vegetables, to say nothing of the damage they do to the woodwork of the house, of which they do not hesitate to make a thoroughfare if it suits their convenience.

A common way of destroying the ants is by means of a small metal cylindrical furnace half-filled with any kind of dry, inflammable rubbish, and in the top a pan suspended containing flowers of sulphur. When lighted, a lid is screwed down over this, so that the smoke can only issue from a bent metal tube, which conducts it to the A pair of bellows, worked ant-hole. by a handle, is attached to the lower part of the furnace, thus making the fire burn, and forcing the sulphurous smoke along the ant-passages. whole apparatus is suspended on wheels, and can thereby be conveniently moved from part to part of the quinta. With this instrument, such volumes of suffocating smoke can soon be produced, that it will often be issuing thickly from holes two or three hundred yards So you may imagine the ants distant. have a somewhat lively time of it -or, perhaps, rather a deadly one.

In spite, however, of waging war against them, they multiply so rapidly that it is only where the gardeners fight them very energetically that they can be kept down; and the amount of damage they do is often appalling. When up country, on the border of the Gran Chaco, where, of course, these insects work their own sweet will, the writer once discovered a deserted wooden hut. Incautiously leaning against the structure, he was surprised to see the whole of it collapse. But on examination, he found the reason to be that every portion of the woodwork

had been perforated and undermined by the ants, and only required a very slight touch to crumble into ruins. The inroads of the ants had probably been the cause of abandoning the hut.

#### IV.

## LA TARDE (THE AFTERNOON).

Refreshed with an hour's siesta, the family reassemble in the patio or beneath the trees in the paraiso grove, in order to take mate. This custom, which universally prevails in South America, is, in native families, observed several times during the daythe first thing in the morning, again at eight o'clock, after the siesta, and at a few hours' interval throughout the afternoon and evening. Though one is said to "take mate," the mate is really a gourd, which has been dried and hollowed out, forming a kind of cup or bowl. Into this are placed three or four spoonfuls of the dry leaves and crumbled twigs of an evergreen plant known as yerba (Ilex paraquayensis). This is infused like tea, by pouring hot water into the mate. Sugar may or may not be added, according to taste. Then a reed-like metal tube, called a bombilla, having a perforated bulb at the lower end, is plunged into the gourd. The lips are applied to the bombilla, and the hot liquid imbibed by drawing it up the tube, the perforations in the bulb permitting the solution to pass, but keeping back the leaves and dust of the yerba. The flavor of the infusion is slightly bitter, of a somewhat aromatic nature, and is quite distinct from that of our national beverage, though Europeans sometimes describe it as " Paraguayan tea." It is generally considered to be wholesome, sustaining, and a valuable corrective to the unvaried meat diet of the camp.

The manner of taking mate generally surprises and disgusts English people till they become accustomed to it. The party are sitting or lounging about, while an old Italian crone, a servant of the household, prepares it as described. Having filled up the mate from a ket tle, she makes sure that the bombilla draws easily by testing it with her own

lips. Finding it does, she passes it on to you, when you are expected to suck up the contents till a gurgling noise informs you that there is no more liquid in it. You hand it back to the old woman, who thereupon refills it with hot water, and presents it to the person sitting next to you. In this way all the party are in turn served, an extra spoonful of yerba being added after about half-a-dozen infusions. The same mate is used by every one, and to wipe the mouthpiece of the bombilla before drinking would be a deadly insult. When each has had a turn, the thing is again circulated several times, and it is not unusual to take six or seven mates before adjourn-

The extreme heat of the day being past, the younger male members of the family perhaps suggest a game of pelo/a. This is the Spanish national pastime, second, of course, to bull-fighting, and in South America is played with as much zest and is a matter of as much interest as the English games of football and cricket in our own country. In most large quintas a pelota court is erected, and it is common to find one attached to a much frequented pulperia, for the use of customers. The game in many respects resembles fives, the court, however, being larger and having only one side wall. A line, painted on the comented floor, marks the other boundary, and beyond this seats are ranged for spectators. When amateurs are playing, the bare hand is generally used for striking the ball; but when professionals or internationals are engaged, or even for a private match, the cesta is employed. This is a kind of basket-work scoop, about eighteen inches or two feet long, and is strapped to the hand and forearm. The ball being caught in it can be propelled again with enormous velocity against the back wall; and at the Frontin at Buenos Aires, where the best players in the world may be seen, and where the court is over one hundred metres long, the writer has often seen the ball rebound from the wall with such force as to fall far out of court. Betting, of course, waxes furious throughout the game, for an Argentine is never so happy as when he is gambling. In fact, in South

America every event of life is more or less a subject of speculation. The dice-box is found in every almacen and confiteria at the disposal of customers, and a throw of the dice settles matters, from such trifles as who shall pay the score to such important questions as who shall assassinate the President of the Republic.

Speaking of gambling gives one an excuse for a momentary digression. In the revolutin of '90 some Argentine gentlemen, who were taking no part in the struggle, used to amuse themselves, when fighting was going on in the streets of the capital, by picking off with their rifles stray individuals, and betting on where they would hit them or who would kill most in a given time. They themselves would be safely ensconced behind a parapet on the roof of a house; but it is comforting to know that occasionally another merry party, from a coign of vantage behind them, would find amusement in making the former their butt, which was a case of "the biter bit." These dastardly murderers, for the accomplishment of their bets, regarded not the life of either women or children. writer and an English friend, being out to see what was going on—a somewhat foolhardy thing to do-hesitated at a doorway, doubting if it would be safe to cross the street. "Oh! come along," said his friend, "it's all right, there's nobody about." At that moment a child of thirteen pushed by them, and made a rush for a house-door on the other side. Ere she reached the opposite curb, she rolled over, pierced by a bullet fired in sport by some fine caballero on the roof! Ah, they have a keen sense of sport, these Argen-

In a quinta belonging to English people, instead of a pelota court there is frequently a ground for lawn-tennis. But the sun being so hot, it is impossible to get respectable turf; most people, therefore, play on what are called "mud courts." The stoneless soil is rolled perfectly level, after having been well watered, and the sun soon dries it as hard as a brick. These courts play very true, the only drawback being that after a few games one gets terribly dirty and dusty.

Several times during the afternoon one hears clapping at the quinta gate and a voice crying "Ave Maria!" No one would venture to enter another person's grounds without permission, for here it is a truer maxim than in England that a man's house is his castle. And an intruding stranger might receive a revolver bullet if he passed the outer gate, especially at night, without being desired to do so by one of the inmates. In reply to the continued clapping and shouts of "Hail, Mary !" we call "Entre Vd.," and the cartero (postman) gallops in on a terrible old crock of a horse that he has probably picked up for nothing by the roadside. Having delivered his letters with a very condescending air, and impudently asking la niña (the daughter of the house) if here is from a sweetheart, he mercilessly applies his rebenque (whip) to his horse's flank, and departs. The next comer is a Turkish peddler, who spreads out his wares on the marble floor of the galería, and tries to persuade the ladies to buy some of his beautiful lace, made in the country by poor Italian immigrants. The gentlemen he will tempt with penknives, pipes, and cigar-holders. After a great deal of bargaining some purchases are made, the price given being about one quarter of that originally asked, and the itinerant merchant then throws in a small present as a yapa, for good luck. The cartero would probably have received a yapa of ten cents for bringing the letters, if he had been able to restrain his tongue. But he would rather lose his yapa than his joke. The former would have represented a drink of vermouth, the latter several drinks; for will he not relate it half-a-dozen times at the almacen in the village to the loungers there? And each will

drink with him as a jocose fellow.

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," is a good old adage, which finds its fulfilment here. For a beggar has only to catch one of the cast-off macarones by the roadside and appropriate it; and if he wishes he can lead a spare horse. That which costs nothing is always cheap. So los mendigos pass from quinta to quinta, estancia to estancia, in what English beggars would consider sumptuous style.

Toward sunset some of the young people generally sally forth again on horseback, not this time for a wild gallop, as in the morning, but more sedately and in more formal dress. On the road at this hour they will probably meet friends from other quintas with whom they stop to chat. who do not accompany the riders, go out to the gate and salute their acquaintances who pass. Strangers also greet the ladies with " Buenas tardes, señoras" (good afternoon, ladies). And the picturesque lecheros (milkmen), on their ambling horses, with great milkcans beating time to the animal's motion, familiarly call out " Adios, niña," and jog on their way singing a snatch from a Basque song: "I love the eyes of a maiden fair."

And now the caballeros are returning from their ride, and the sun is sinking rapidly below the horizon. Ten minutes suffice for it to change from daylight to dusk and dusk to darkness; for there is practically no twilight here. And even in summer the light fails much earlier than in England, where one can often play tennis up to, or even after, eight o'clock. But it is seldom possible to continue the game However. till seven at Buenos Aires. as at that hour at latest dinner is served, it does not so much matter.

#### v.

# LA NOCHE (THE NIGHT).

In spite of mosquitoes and various other troublesome insects, the evening in this latitude forms the pleasantest part of the twenty-four hours. Deliciously cool the air seems after the broiling heat of the day. And after dinner seats are taken out and placed where the gentle, intermittent breeze can be most felt. There is none of the restful quiet in nature that characterizes an English summer evening; a thousand different noises are to be heard. A small insect, no bigger than that inhabiting the cuckoo-spittle, produces a prolonged clicking like an oldfashioned sewing-machine in use, and quite as loud. The frogs and toads about the quinta are continually giving voice in not unmusical, metallic notes. The idea that their doing so is a sign

of rain has to be dispelled, for whether rain follows or not, they regularly engage in their nocturnal croakings during the summer. The night-jar's deep voice too may occasionally be heard, and sometimes a sudden twittering of birds in a tree, together with a hissing sound, tells one that a serpent is in search of prey. Sometimes all the dogs in the neighborhood with one accord commence barking furiously, and the deliciously fragrant air becomes sullied with an odor which makes one feel faint. There is evidently a skunk not far off, which has been alarmed by some dog and has emitted his obnoxious spray, the smell of which will be carried on the wind for half a mile or Thank goodness, the skunk prefers, as a rule, to keep at a distance from dogs and the inhabitants of quintas, or life would hardly be worth liv-

Fireflies of extraordinary brilliance fill the air like shooting stars, or crawl through the grass, beetie-like, with the lantern beneath their tail illumining their way and making their insect-prey visible. So bright is their light that, holding the face of a watch near to one caught in a spider's web, the time can easily be seen on the darkest night. Argentine girls, when they have a baile (dance) in the patio, catch fireflies and place them under their lace head-dress, where the insects look like the small incandescent lamps worn by dancers in the ballet. Twenty or thirty, put under a glass shade in a dark room, afford a kind of spectral light by which the objects in the apartment can be easily distinguished, and a book placed near the shade can be read, though the light

is trying to the eyes.

After sitting awhile, enjoying the music of nature and the coolness of the night, after watching for a time the numerous meteors that can generally be seen in the southern sky, and having expressed disappointment in the Southern Cross—for it is upside down and all askew-but admiration of the wonderful star-filled dome above, the party adjourn to the patio, and take mate again. While this is in progress, a noise at the gate and the cry of " Ave Maria!" are heard. A moment later a coach drives up to the door, and there

alight half-a-dozen people from a neighboring quinta, who have come to pay an evening call. As a point of etiquette, on entering, the gentlemen take their revolvers and puñales (poniards) from their belts and place them on a side table. This is a sign that no hostility is intended, and that the visitors have every confidence in their host. Then they join the circle and all take mate; the caballeros continue to twist cigarettes, and the fair-skinned girls flash their dark-brown eyes in the direction of the masculine mustaches.

Speaking of girls, it is probable that in no country on the face of the earth are more beautiful women to be found than in Argentina. The usual type is fair-complexioned, with long black hair and wonderful lustrous brown eyes. But one will occasionally come across that rare Castilian type of exquisitely chiselled features and silky, golden It is then that the painter realizes his ideal of beauty, and that one perceives that Nature sometimes attains to the poet's highest conception. Unfortunately, however, one finds that the mind of an Argentine girl is not equal to her form and face, and her society will soon pall. For as a rule their education has been scanty, their ideas are very circumscribed, and they have no interests. And one soon returns to the conviction that there are no girls in the world to compare with an English girl.

When the mate has circulated a few times and the conversation begins to flag, a baile is suggested, and the doors of a room where there is a piano are thrown open, so that the music may be heard in the patio. A kind of walt

is played, but in very slow time. The couples at first inerely promenade round, but presently they begin to revolve solemnly, one of the chief features of the dance being the various graceful postures into which they throw themselves. A few turns, and again they walk leisurely round the patio; great care is taken not to get hot, for the cool evening is too much appreciated to lightly cast away its greatest benefit.

The guests take their departure about ten o'clock, and then the ladies of the household retire; for here all keep early hours. The men gaze once again, through puffs of smoke, at the magnificent night, at the clear moon sailing so serenely above, and at the constellation of "la canasta de flores" (the basket of flowers: Orion's Belt forms the bottom of the basket, which in the Northern Hemisphere appears upside Then they withdraw also to their chambers, and are soon resting from the fatigues of the day, their loaded revolvers within arm's reach: for who can tell what may happen during the reign of darkness?

Ere long only the usual hum of night is to be heard—occasionally a dog barking, or the moaning of sleeping cattle; from time to time the rumble of a bullock-wagon travelling on through the slumbering camp, its monotonous noise broken by the frequent "ico" of the driver; and now and again the singing of a belated gaucho. And with the shrill notes of mosquitoes, safely outside the net, for a lullaby, we sleep on till the white morning light calls on us to awake and enter upon a new day.

-Temple Bar.

#### THE DECLINE OF FUR SEALING.

BY M. REES DAVIES.

Two hundred miles almost due north from Unalaska, the largest island of that chain which stretches two-thirds of the distance across the North Pacific from Alaska to Kamschatka, lies a small group of islands which are perhaps richer, and which have assuredly given rise to more international com-

plications, than any other group of equal extent in any portion of the globe. These are the Pribyloff Islands, and their wealth is derived from the vast numbers of fur seals which go there to breed in the spring months of every year. The islands are four in number, and their names are St. Paul,

St. George, Otter, and Walrus Islands. The last-named is a mere ledge of lava, flat-capped, and nearly awash; and besides being a favorite summer resort of the animal whose name has been given to it, has been made the breeding ground of countless thousands of sea birds and wild fowl. Otter Island rises sheer and bold, out of a sea that is generally vexed, to a height of three hundred feet. Save at the northern extremity, where the land drops to afford man a landing-place, the black, precipitous wall stretches all round, and is anything but inviting. At one time sea otters congregated there; but most of them had been slaughtered and the rest had vanished to more congenial quarters even before the sale of Alaska by Russia to the United States. miles to the north-east is St. Paul, a large island inhabited by nearly two hundred Aleut Indians, who, together with the local representatives of the company owning the lease of the islands, are concerned, during about eight months of the year, with the sealing industry, and who hibernate during the remaining four. It is a barren place, obviously volcanic in origin, with a backbone of hills running east and west from shore to shore, and no vegetation save grasses, tussocks of wild wheat, and a few gayly colored lichens and crinkled mosses. Sand-dunes along the shore, and for some distance inland from most points, are plentiful here, and, as they are eminently suitable as rookery grounds, and as, moreover, they are almost entirely absent from St. George, the other large island of the group, which is nearly thirty miles away, the relative superiority of St. Paul as a sealing station is understood. For the rest, St. George rises high, abrupt, and bluffy, and has a population of less than a hundred, who live in neat little wooden houses that rather suggest a New England village, and who have a church in which to worship, and a school in which their children may be educated.

Apart from their connection with the sealing industry, there is little that is attractive about the Pribyloff Islands. When the sky is clear and the sun is shining they are no worse to gaze upon than many an outlying sea-washed

island, say on the western coast of Ireland or the northern coast of Scotland. But then the sky is very rarely clear, and the sun very rarely shines in this part of the Behring Sea; and the desolate isolation of these two islands with their two satellites impresses one almost painfully as he beats about under their lee in a thick drizzling mist which seems never to cease throughout the summer, or in an exceedingly damp fog which overhangs the land, refusing to lift, and allowing only the summits of Polavina Sapka and of Boga Slov to be visible 600 feet in the air. About October the cold winds from Siberia carry off the moisture and clear the air. by this time the seals have taken their departure; the pelagic sealers, induced by this consideration and by the stormy weather, have done the same thing; and when both animals and men begin to reappear with the return of spring, the warm ocean current that drives up from the Pacific has melted the sludgy ice-floes which drifted down from the north, and has reasserted itself once more. Evidence of that reassertion remains almost constant until the next autumn in the shape of those fog-banks which hang over the islands and the sea line, and those persistent drizzles which prevent one from ever being dry. There is an atmosphere of heaviness and depression hanging over every-During the months of June, thing. July, and August for eight years past there have only been eight clear days. The temperature seldom reaches freezing-point during the sealing season. On the other hand, the mean for August—the warmest month—does not go higher than 47° F. These are just the conditions desired by the seals, and it is because they present them so uniformly that the Pribyloff Islands on the eastern side of the Behring Sea, and in a lesser degree the Commander Islands on the western side, happen to be the most famous breeding grounds of the northern hemisphere. The fur seal cannot endure extreme cold; therefore on the approach of winter it takes its long swims into the Pacific. It cannot breed in the water; therefore on the approach of spring it makes its way northward again. The American herd, for the most part if not exclusively,

swims straight across from the outlying Aleutian Islands to the neighborhood of Queen Charlotte and Vancouver Islands, and on the return trip skirts the coast of Alaska and re-enters the Behring Sea by way of Unalaska. The Russian herd winters in the seas off Japan, and (save for those that breed on Robben Island, in the Sea of Okhotsk), returns to the Commander Islands by the way it came. They choose their summer homes for their isolation and their climate. Sunshine and warmth are injurious to them. They look for a cool, moist, and cloudy place, and this is what they find without further seeking on the two groups of islands which we have named in the Behring Sea.

The United States acquired the Pribyloff group along with the vast province of Alaska in 1868, and after the huge slaughter by poachers in 1869, when over 200,000 animals were killed, imposed regulations designed for the perpetuation of the breed and the benefit of the Treasury at Washington. The latter aim has been accomplished, for the revenue derived to date has been far in excess of the sum paid to Russia for the whole of the province. But, in spite of its best endeavors, America finds the animals diminishing in number every year, admittedly as a result of the growth of pelagic sealing in the Behring Sea and in the open Pacific. By the terms of the first lease of the islands the Alaska Commercial Company was permitted to kill one hundred thousand seals per annum. The number will appear large, but there is space for more than 3,000,000 seals on the two islands, and down to 1881 they were crowded; and, as the killing was limited (save for a fixed number of pups which served as food for the natives) to the superfluous males, there was really a fairly steady increase of life on the rookeries. Between 1881 and 1884 the number remained stationary, and then began to dwindle. The extent to which it has fallen away may be inferred from the fact that last year only 15,000 males were killed, and that the average for the past six years is no more than 13,500. It is impossible to ascribe the falling-away to the off-shore sealing carried on by the native tribes of Alaska and Washington Territory between the months of November and May. This has always been a recognized industry, which can be said to count for nothing in the extermination question, by reason of the relatively small number of animals killed by the crude methods in use. Besides, this branch has also declined; the seals seen are fewer, and the take is smaller than was the case even six years ago.

even six years ago. Simultaneously with the decline on the islands, and along the north west coast of the American continent, pelagic sealing has gone on flourishing from year to year. This kind of sealing had its actual beginnings outside the Behring Sea in 1879. In that year there were two or three schooners in the trade, all engaged in the Pacific north of the forty-fifth parallel. In 1884 there were twelve schooners, and one of them, the Mary Ellen, passed into the Behring Sea to improve her luck, which had not been bad. In 1885 there were sixteen pelagic sealers, and two of them copied the example of the Mary Ellen and followed the seals past Unalaska. In the succeeding season the entire fleet, which had grown to eighteen vessels by this time, spent one-half of their time in the open ocean and the other half in the neighborhood of the seal islands, and some, at least, of them made raids upon the rookeries, and committed havor among bulls, bachelors, mothers, and pups. It takes about four years for the injurious effects of the pelagic methods to manifest themselves; and this accounts for the fact that, between 1881 and 1884 inclusive, there was no marked fluctuation, either upward or downward, in the size of the herd. In 1885, however, the decrease was startling and unmistakable, and for the first time it was found impracticable to kill the number of seals permitted in the lease. So far from recovering the lost ground in the following season, matters grew worse. They have continued to grow worse every year since. Meanwhile, pelagic sealing was extending. In 1889 there were twenty-three vessels; in 1890 there were twenty-nine; in 1891 there were fifty; in 1894, sixty-two;

and in 1895, ninety-seven, of which

sixty-two were Canadian and thirty-five

When the American Government released the sealing on the Pribyloff Islands in 1890 to the American Commercial Company, the killing limit was reduced from the 100,000 permitted to the first holders of the lease to 60,000 for the first season, and the Secretary of the Treasury reserved to himself the right to reduce this limit, à discrétion, during succeeding seasons. Last year, as we have already stated, he found it imperative to fix the number at 15,000 males. In the same your the Canadian and American schooners captured in the Behring Sea 44,169 seals, and in the open sea, north of the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, 12,122 more, the total pelagic catch being 56,291 seals. As compared with the corrected figures for the 1894 season, this shows a net falling off of 5547 seals, which is accounted for by the poverty of the spring catch along the coast. But the number killed in the Behring Sea alone was larger by 12,584 (say 40 per cent.) than in the previous year.

It was in order to provide some effective check against the threatened extermination of the whole race of seals from the Pribyloff Islands, and to define accurately the position of the various parties interested, with a view to the cessation of disputes for the future, that the Court of Arbitration met in Paris in 1893. After settling the several points relating to the jurisdiction of the American Government in the Behring Sea, the arbitrators passed nine regulations for "the proper protection and preservation of the fur seal in, or habitually reverting to," that sea. Among other things, they established a close season, extending from May 1 to July 31 inclusive, "in the part of the Pacific Ocean to the north of 35 degrees of latitude and eastward of 180 degrees of longitude, till it strikes the water boundaries described in Article 1 of the treaty of 1867, between the United States and Russia;" made it unlawful to use nets, firearms, and explosives in the Behring Sea, and prohibited the killing of the seals at any time and in any manner whatsoever within sixty geographical miles of the Pribyloff Islands. They further made

it incumbent upon the master of a sealing schooner to keep a strict account of the date and place of each several operation and the number and sex of the seals captured during every day of the season.

So far as they went, the regulations were admirable. The arbitrators could not have gone much further without inflicting a death-blow upon pelagic sealing. All the same, they failed to put a check upon the diminution of the herds. It is very easy to see where the root of the trouble lies, if one only cares to see it. The spring catch last season was poor, as we have stated. Information received up to the time of writing indicates that the catch this spring has been poorer still. The position is significant, as showing that the excessive killing has begun to react upon the legalized marauders themselves in that branch in which mere numbers tell for or against success. The increased catch in the Behring Sea is accounted for by the increase in the number of schooners, and by the fact that, while they are at the Pribyloff Islands at all, the mother seals must leave the islands to find food for the sustenance of their young. This is the most potent consideration of all. The females swim rapidly, and they go great distances in the search for food. They are known to travel as far as two hundred miles from the breeding grounds, so that, generous as the sixty-mile limit appears, it is really of no value in saving the suckling mothers from the hands of the men on the prowl for them. No seal mother will suckle any pup but her own, and, as her progeny is entirely dependent upon her alone for the first three or four months of its existence, it follows that the mother must make many excursions into the water before her pup is able to look The chances are twenty after itself. to one that on one of these numerous expeditions—it may be on the first, or it may be on the tenth—she is speared and killed by the polagic hunters. any rate, the latest official returns show that seventy-three per cent. of the American and fifty-six per cent. of the Canadian catch (the mean is as nearly as possible sixty-five per cent.) in the Behring Sea last year consisted of fe-

males, and that 28,000 seal pups were found dead from starvation last year on St. Paul and St. George Islands, because their mothers had been killed outside the sixty-mile zone. These figures, serious though they are, do not represent the total mortality. The loss after killing in the water varies considerably, according to the skill of the hunter, the proximity of the boat to the seal, and the state of the weather. Say that two are lost for one recovered—an almost absurdly low estimate—and you come a little nearer to an adequate notion of the number killed. But even all this does not complete the catalogue of the pelagic sealers' delinquencies. Last year more than twelve thousand animals were killed on the way north-Three out of five of these were gravid females. They were hurrying to the islands to deliver their young

when they were caught. One need not pursue all the issues raised up by considerations such as these, and it is almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to point out to him that this burning of the candle at both ends—this cutting off of the future as well as the present supply under circumstances peculiarly revolting—is bound to make a difference in the total of the herd. The Pribyloff seals now do not exceed 200,000 all told, and four vears ago, according to a careful estimate, there were more than double that number. The Canadians point triumphantly to the increase of the pelagic catch, in face of the restrictions, as proof that the herds are flourishing as they never flourished before. They quietly ignore the fact that it must be on the breeding islands that the diminution first shows itself, and that chances of killing are theirs in the Behring Sea which the Government will not permit on the islands. for the fine haul of mother seals after the close time, the pelagic season of 1895 would have been perhaps the most disastrous in the history of the trade. In two or three years, provided the Americans do not, in the meantime, carry out their threat of killing all the seals on the islands, with the idea of ridding themselves once for all of their sealing troubles, the falling-off of the pelagic catch ought to convince all

men concerned or interested that the breed is being exterminated. In the mind of an impartial observer there can be no valid doubt that the American contention is the right one. United States are the owners of the Pribyloff Islands, from which they have derived a large income, by the scale of the concession to kill seals, and by the tax paid by the Company on every skin taken on the islands. Not unnaturally they look with anger upon the wholesale slaughter of females by the men whom they regard as interlopers. while they do not love the pelagic fishers, they have not been unwilling to tolerate them on equitable terms. The trouble arises over the definition of the word equitable. Not unnaturally, again, they are dissatisfied with the Paris award, because experience, which has proved dear to them and cheap to the other side, has shown it to have failed largely of its beneficent purpose. They are at no pains to conceal their dissat-Thus in the report for 1895 isfaction. of the Secretary of the Treasury we find these remarks:

"The experience of the last two seasons, during which fur sealing fishing was conducted under the Paris award regulations, must satisfy the most sceptical that these regulations will not result in protecting the seal herd from undue destruction. While it is undoubtedly true that these regulations, by establishing a closed season during May, June, and July, have somewhat retarded the destruction, yet the official figures of the catch justify the conclusion that, under their operation, the fur seals of the American herd will be exterminated commercially within a few years."

It will be remembered that the American advocates at Paris insisted strenuously that the only practical regulation would be one prohibiting pelagic sealing north of the thirty-fifth degree of latitude. This, however, would mean the virtual extermination of the pelagic sealers themselves, for the animals rarely go as far south as this; and a regulation to this effect would result in a monopoly to the Americans on the one side and to the Russians on the other. It was decided that the Paris regulations should be submitted to a new ex-

amination every five years. On this basis the next meeting of representatives will take place in 1898, unless there be an extraordinary call in the meantime, and it is a question whether a rearrangement in that year will not come too late. But assuming that it will not, some radical changes will have to be made at the next meeting; and (among other departures) it will be necessary either to exclude the pelagic sealers altogether from the Behring Sea, or to extend the close time and enlarge the limit, for it has been clearly demonstrated that a sixty-mile radius is totally inadequate to protect the females, and, consequently, their

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the American rule on the Pribyloff Islands down to 1890, it is certain that our friends are doing all in their power now to maintain the breed and to nullify, if they may, the inimical influences at work. Raids by unscrupulous rovers were rather numerous at one time. There was undoubtedly much over-driving. There were stampedes upon the rookeries occasioned by efforts to secure "drives" too close to their borders, or by carelessness of various kinds, which led to the trampling to death of many pups and to the premature departure of many adults. Then something like 7 per cent. of the unweaned pups were killed for foodand let it be observed, by the way, that seal meat is not to be despised provided you do not get a satiety of it. In 1891, as we have seen, the killable limit was reduced. In regard to this year, it may be remarked—as showing how the rookeries had become depleted by the operations of the pelagic sealers, added to the limit until then in force on the island—that the catch was only 21,238, and that 60,000 could not have been obtained even had the time for killing been unrestricted.

The regulations now in force are very strict. No females whatever may be killed, the killable class consisting of the bachelors which congregate on the "havling" grounds, and are prevented from approaching the breeding grounds by the ferocity of the older bulls, who are sufficiently numerous for all purposes. There is no

disturbance of the feeding seals, and not a single firearm is permitted to be used between the day on which the first seal arrives and the day on which the Government agents last seal departs. supervise the killing. The natives, who are the only individuals who drive or handle the seals, start out between two and six o'clock in the morning and drive inland a small herd of bachelors. They move slowly enough—a mile in three hours-to prevent the animals from becoming overheated and their fur from becoming spoiled. On the killing grounds they divide the seals, which are very docile beasts, into groups-or, as their phrase is, "pods" -of twenty or thirty, select a given number of three or four year animals, and kill them with clubs. The remainder wander back to the water again. A bachelor seal invariably returns to the hauling ground he came from, and that particular ground is left unmolested for seven or eight days in order that he may recuperate. After the skins have been removed, the Government agent counts them. They are salted and packed in "kenches" in the salt houses near by, and the natives eat some portion of the flesh, and leave the remainder to rot. They are tremendous eaters of seal-meat, but obviously the three hundred who inhabit the two islands are not equal to the task of consuming all the flesh of all the animals killed. may be imagined, therefore, that by the end of the season the odor from the rotting carcasses is very pungent, and far from pleasing. Strange to say, there is never any outbreak of fever among the natives, who for the rest are looked after by the Americans as they hever were by the Russians. When the former came they found these Aleuts wretchedly destitute. They lived in semi-subterranean huts built of turf and such pieces of driftwood and whalebone as had been washed up on the The Russian Fur Company supplied them with next to nothing, and they subsisted almost entirely upon seal-meat. There being no natural fuel supplies on the islands, they kept themselves warm by crowding together in their turf houses and by covering themselves with the grasses that grow on the higher reaches. The lease to the Alaska Commercial Company stipulated for the annual supply by the Company to the inhabitants of St. Paul and St. George of 25,000 dried salmon, sixty cords of wood, and a sufficient quantity of salt and preserved meats; for the maintenance of a school on each island during at least eight months of the year; and for the exclusion of all distilled spirits and spirituous liquors from the trade with the natives. These conditions were faithfully carried out. More than that, the Company provided decent wooden houses rent and repair free: erected churches; established stores at which goods were sold about as cheaply as they could be procured in San Francisco; provided medical attendance and medicines gratis, and even founded and maintained a savings Under the new lease, eighty tons of coal have been substituted for the sixty cords of wood; the Secretary of the Treasury decides what shall be the quantity of provisions distributed gratuitously every year; and in addition to the existing obligations, the Company is compelled to make provision for the sick and the aged and for widows and children.

The hunters have a fixed nomenclature to designate the several motions and attitudes of the seals in the water. When an animal is "finning" it is lying on its back gently moving its flippers; when "breeching" it is leaping out of the water as a dolphin does; when "travelling" or "feeding" it is moving along at a good rate. A "sleeping" seal, again, lies on its back on the surface with only its nose and the tips of its hind flippers protruding above the waves. "Rolling" is an equally expressive phrase; it is applied to an animal that is lazily engaged in rolling over upon the surface of the water. In any one of these positions the seal offers a fair mark for the Winchester rifle or the shot gun (loaded with buckshot) of the white hunter in the open waters of the North Pacific, and sometimes, it cannot be doubted, in the Behring Sea itself. The Indian uses a spear when hunting from his canoe along the coast, and, as the spear is attached to a stout line, the percentage of losses by sinking is infinitesimal. When he is engaged on a schooner he

still prefers his own weapon. He leaves firearms to the less expert white man, who cannot handle a spear with deadly effect, and who any way feels more at home with a "shooting iron" in his hands. The heavy loss by sinking that goes along with the use of a rifle is easily explained. The shot is fired at a distance ranging usually from thirty up to one hundred yards, from a boat which is being tossed about by choppy waves. If the seal be wounded it takes a big dive and has a good chance of escape provided there is not a cordon of boats on the watch for its reappearance. In the end it may die, or it may recover and find its way to the Pribyloff or the Commander Islands somewhat later in the season than had been its original intention. Maimed and limping animals are always to be seen on the islands, and buckshot is constantly being picked out of the hides of the male seals killed by the Company. Should the seal be killed it sinks, and if the shot which despatched it has been fired from a distance of fifty yards or more the carcass has probably disappeared beyond the reach of any gaff long before the boat reaches the spot. No boat goes out without a gaff six feet long; but distance from the seal, the skill of the hunter in marking the exact place, and the condition and color of the water are all elements which count in the recovery or the loss of the animal. There is no superfluity of sentiment about the hunter. He cannot tell the sex of the creature that bobs up suddenly out of the water. could it would make no difference to Female or male, his business is to capture as many as he can in the time at his disposal. For his outlay is heavy; the expenses of the trip are cumulative, whether his catch be large or small; and he reckons there is no room for mercy-if such a thought ever enters his head at all-with so many other fellows further on to snap up what he allows to pass, and with such heavy drawbacks upon his profits. Be he Canadian or be he American, he has nothing but abuse for the regulations which compel him to respect the close season, and to stop outside the sixty-mile zone after he has been allowed to pass Unalaska on the way north. We suppose he is not to be blamed for pursuing his advantages. He is acting within his rights, and should he choose to go beyond them he takes the risk of the confiscation of his catch and even his vessel. What is wanted in the interests of the seals is a partial withdrawal of these rights.

The owners of the Pribyloff Islands have a grievance of a very genuine kind against Great Britain. It was clearly the intention of the arbitrators that in the Behring Sea no risks from the carrying of firearms should be taken. The pelagic sealers being the men they are, the only effectual way to prevent them from using their weapons is by sealing them up during the 'ime they are in the waters where the employment of such weapons is prohibited. In 1894 the two Governments agreed that all vessels before entering the Behring Sea should have their arms under seal. As the number of seals taken in the open ocean-all or nearly all with rifles-was duly registered at the time the vessel left Unalaska, or one of the ports of Japan or British Columbia or the United States, a double safeguard was provided. Last year, however, the British Government refused to renew the agreement, on the ground that it had not in practice worked for the protection of British sealers. There is now nothing in the world to prevent the sealers who have come north, after killing as many seals as they can on the eastern or western sides of the ocean (only a clever expert can tell an Asiatic from an Alaska skin), from using their guns from August onward in the Behring Sea, provided the revenue cutters are not about, and evading detection by swearing that the skins found in their holds were all shot in the open ocean. The opportunities are numerous and There are only seven vestempting. sels—six American and one English to patrol the waters surrounding the islands. To be sure, the detection of only four law-breakers out of three hundred and twenty eight examinations made last season by the American revenue cutters seems to tell in favor of the honesty of the pelagic sealers' methods; but you cannot argue on this basis. Nature herself is in league with the men on the schooners; for, though the perpetual fogs, mists, and drizzling rains screen the revenue cutters from the gaze of the marauders, the latter are twelve times more numerous, and, while the thick weather screens them as well, it also deadens the report of their guns. One does not care to say that guns are generally in use in the Behring Sea, but it is indubitable that they sometimes are; and the absence of any adequate restriction—the absence of any restriction whatever save the honor of the sealers, which may or may not be sufficient—affords an opportunity for very natural grumbling on the part of the Americans, and for unpleasant observations bearing upon British selfishness and unfairness.

The American dissatisfaction on this score, and more especially on the score of the inadequacy of the regulations for the protection of the seals, is reflected in a Bill which is now awaiting the consideration of Congress. This Bill proposes that an international commission, composed of representatives of Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and Japan, as the four nations immediately concerned, should be appointed to consider measures to prevent the threatened extermination of the Pribyloff Islands seals. Failing the appointment of such a commission, it is further proposed that the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, be authorized to take and kill every fur seal found on the islands. and to sell the skins to the best advan-This is a very extreme and very effectual solution of the whole difficulty, and one may not unreasonably doubt whether the measure will become law. It is too drastic a remedy, and the wisdom of it is not altogether ap-A Bill of somewhat similar scope was introduced into the House of Representatives last year, but was dropped because of the pressure of more urgent affairs. The Behring Sea question is one on which all classes of Americans feel keenly. Waiving, therefore, the rather remote supposition that they do not realize the gravity of the situation, the inference is that the majority of the legislators would rather allow the goose that lays the golden eggs to die a natural death, if it is to die at all. By killing off the seals in a

fit of pique, the Americans would lose much and gain nothing in return. But, though they entered into a specific agreement in order to give the Paris regulations a thorough trial, they are entitled to secure a modification of that agreement before the expiry of five years if they can show good cause.

A dispassionate view of the two years' operation of the regulations shows that they have operated to the advantage of the pelagic sealers, and to the disadvan-

tage of the rookeries, which are becoming depleted at a phenomenal rate. If it is—and surely it is—worth while saving the race from destruction, then the one rational conclusion is that something should be done promptly to save it. It is matter for rejoicing that our Government has decided to despatch a party of naturalists to Behring Sea to study the question.—Gentleman's Magazine.

# TRAFALGAR FROM THE SPANISH SIDE: AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

#### BY W. LAIRD CLOWES.

## BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

If there be one thing whereon, more than on any other of our characteristics, we Englishmen pride ourselves, it is our superiority to legal prejudice. We hold every man innocent until, by process of law, he be proved to be guilty; we treat with equal impartiality the native and the alien litigant; we are ready in our courts to hear all sides, and we despise any judgment based only upon ex parte evidence. But if, in our law courts, we treat the foreigner as the Briton's equal, we do it, not because we really believe him to be so, but because we desire to demonstrate the purity and scrupulous fairness of our justice. In truth, we do not care what happens to the foreigner. Nothing is probably too bad for him. we do care what happens to our own reputation.

Outside the law courts we are less fettered. There the foreigner is a person whose words and opinions, though received, perhaps, with conventional politeness, really count for absolutely nought. Thank heaven, it has not yet ceased to be with us a cardinal principle that a Briton is, in every respect, a better creature than any other man on earth. This is why we are generally content to look at our history and progress from our own point of view only. We do not often deign to admit foreigners to the honor of assisting us in the formation of our national verdict upon any subject that touches our in-The researches of a Duro may have helped to modify the conclusions of a few bookworms concerning certain episodes in the proceedings of the Spanish Armada; but, happily, they have not influenced our school-books, our cheap histories, and our popular opin-We rightly turn up our insular noses at a French, a German, or a Belgian version of the story of Waterloo. We do not go so far as to deny that Frenchmen, Germans, and Belgians were present at the battle, and that they participated in some of its incidents; but, even so, what value, we want to know, can possibly attach to the evidence of persons of such inferior mental calibre, such very un-English habits of thought, and such notorious untrustworthiness?

There is another, but subsidiary, reason why we do not commonly suffer foreign conclusions to influence British verdicts. People upon whose flag the sun never sets need not be great linguists, and it is unfortunately a fact that the majority of foreigners who have rashly ventured to deal with affairs that in any way concern us have foolishly elected to write in language which most self-respecting Britons do not condescend to be acquainted with.

Far be it from me to suggest that, as a matter of duty, we should either admit any foreigner to be worthy of the slightest credence, or incommode ourselves to the extent of learning foreign languages and reading foreign books. I do, however, incline to think that occasionally we may find it amusingthough some believe that we can derive no useful instruction or suggestion from foreign sources-to glance for a moment at some of the great events of our history through alien glasses; and therefore I make bold, at this season, when the anniversary of Trafalgar is again upon us, to offer to the reader a view of the battle, and of the events following upon it, as witnessed by Spanish eyes from Spanish ships. Since this view does not, wonderful to relate, clash to any considerable extent with accepted British conclusions on main points, and is supplementary rather than contradictory in its character, I need not, perhaps, apologize for giving it. If I had before me some arrogant German contention to the effect that Blücher had a large share in the winning of Waterloo, or some gasconading French claim to the effect that Bridport's action was not a great British victory, it would naturally be my duty to suppress it as being insulting as well as antecedently ridiculous. But this is nothing of the sort. over, it is published in an offensive way. Much of it is really history, for it is based upon historical documents; but it appears in the less pretentious guise of romance, the Spanish author, Don Perez Galdós, having, I suspect, the delicacy to perceive that it would be presumption on the part of any Spaniard to give to the world a set account of Trafalgar, after Englishmen have described the victory.

The supposed narrator of the story of the battle in Don Perez Galdós's book is one Gabriel, in 1805 a lad of fifteen, in the service of Don Alonso Gutierrez de Cisninga, a retired captain in the Spanish Navy. De Cisninga, as the day of the fight approaches, goes on board the Santisima Trinidad, at Cadiz, as a volunteer, and takes his servant with him. Gabriel, both before and after sailing, keeps his eyes and ears open, and sees and hears much.

It should be premised that, on August 21, 1805, Villeneuve had taken his

fleet into Cadiz, and had brought up the number of the allied sail of the line there assembled to 35. On that day, Collingwood, who was watching the port, had but four sail of the line with him. On the 22d, this force had been doubled by the arrival of Bickerton's squadron of four ships: but the observing fleet had remained very small until the end of the month, yet Villeneuve had not seen fit to go out and attempt to destroy it.

Writing of the situation in the early days of October, Gabriel says: "There is much talk about our naval officers being dissatisfied with the French ad-His fear of the English is so miral. great that in August, although the allied fleet was already assembled, he would not trust himself to attack Collingwood's little equadron that was cruising in the offing. . . . Our officers are beside themselves at the idea of having to serve under the orders of such a man. Gravina" (the senior Spanish flag-officer) "went to Madrid to consult on the subject with Godoy, and to inform him that we are doomed to a great disaster unless another Commander-in-Chief be appointed. the Minister, as usual, confined himself to words, the fact being that he dares not act upon any decision of his own. . . . Only fancy, when Villeneuve's ships arrived they had neither food nor stores, and the people in the arsenal would give them nothing. Villeneuve hastened to Madrid; and as Godoy dances only to the piping of M. de Bernouville, the French Ambassador, he naturally ordered that the French should be given what they need-Yet still they obtained nothing. The directors of the Arsenal and of the Ordnance declared that they would not hand over anything unless Villeneuve paid for it at once in honest cash down, and every one thought that that was an excellent attitude to take up. Otherwise these gentry would have no trouble in depriving us of the little that remains to us.

The jealousy and bickerings between the allies, instead of decreasing as the hour for action approached, grew worse. The Spanish party desired to see Don Federico Gravina, a tried veteran, or, still better, Don Cosme Chur-

ruca, the most scientific and energetic officer in the service, placed at the head of the combined fleets. Here is Gabriel's portrait of Churruca, who, a little later, fell gallantly in the San Juan Nepomuceno: "He was a man of about forty-five years of age; his face was handsome, its expression was sad; it was impossible to look at him and not feel sympathy for him. His thick, fair hair was carelessly gathered into a great knot, and thickly powdered, as was then the fashion. His eyes were large, and blue in color; his nose was delicately shaped, of good form, and rather long. His pointed chin increased the melancholy of his oval countenance, which indicated gentleness rather than en-This noble exterior was imergy. proved by a perfect figure, and by a distinguished courtesy such as in these days, when the canons of politeness are so confused, one can form no idea of. His body was not of powerful build, and he appeared to be in ill health. He rather resembled a man of learning than a soldier; and his high forehead, behind which deep and lofty thoughts lay hidden, struck one as little suited to affront the rude shocks of battle. And yet, as I discovered later, this man's courage was in no wise inferior to his intelligence. He was Churruca. The hero's uniform, without being exactly threadbare, betrayed that it had seen many a year's honorable service. I afterward learned from his conversation that the Government owed him nine years' pay . . . . 'The French Admiral,' said Churruca, 'does not know what decision to come to, and yet craves to do something that will cast a veil over his past mistakes. He wants us to go out and offer battle to the English. On October 8 he wrote to Gravina to the effect that he desired to hold a council of war on board the Bucentaure. Gravina attended, and took with him Vice-Admiral Alava, Commodores Escaño and Cisneros, Rear-Admiral Galiano, and myself. From the French fleet there were present dmirals Dumanoir and Magon, and aptains Cosmao, Maistral, La Ville-is, and Prigny. When Villeneuve lared his intention to go out, several ards opposed it. The discussion y and warm, and Galiano ex-

changed with Magon some rather energetic expressions, which would have led to a challenge if the others had not glossed over the affair. Our opposition did not please Villeneuve, and he let his tongue run loose, but Gravina knew how to suitably answer him. It was strange to find these gentlemen willing to put to sea in search of the enemy, seeing that, not long before, when there had been every chance of victory off Cape Finisterre, they had left us in the lurch. There were also other points concerning which the Council was not united. My view was that, the season being advanced, we could best take advantage of our position if we remained at anchor in the Bay, for we should then have to be blockaded, and the enemy would not be able to keep up a blockade, especially if he also attempted to blockade Toulon and Cartagena. It had to be admitted that the English Navy was better than ours, not only as regards armament, but also as regards construction of vessels, and, above all, in the matter of unity of methods and We had no good seamen on board; we had bad guns, and, finally, we had an Admiral who inspired no confidence in any of us, so that we could anticipate success only if we remained on the defensive in the Bay. But we shall have to do as we are told, and hand over our ships and men to the discretion of the French.' "

Gabriel and his master went on board the Santisima Trinidad early in the morning of October 18, the day before the sailing of the allied fleets. vessel, by far the largest and most powerful of her age, had four complete decks of guns. She had been constructed in 1769, four years later than the Victory, of wood cut in Cuba, and her length on the gun deck was 220 feet; her beam, 58 feet; and her depth, from keel to upper deck, 48 When first built, she had ports for 116 guns only; but she had been repaired and added to in 1795, and the number had then been increased to In 1805, this colossus carried no fewer than 140 guns. She was then commanded by Captain Don Francisco Xavier de Uriarte, and flew the flag of Rear-Admiral Don Baltasar Hidalgo de Cisneros. Her crew, of 1115 men, was,

says Gabriel, "Composed, half of good seamen, and half of pressed people of bad character, who knew nothing of the service." Villeneuve—" Monsieur Corneta," as the Spaniards nicknamed him -was in the Bucentaure, 80; Gravina, second in command, was in the Principe de Asturias, 112; Vice-Admiral Alava was in the Santa Ana. 112; and the Rear-Admirals Dumanoir and Magon were in the Formidable, 80, and Algésiras, 74, respectively. Rear-Admiral Escaño accompanied Gravina, apparently as Chief of Staff, or Captain of the Fleet. The allied line consisted of 33 sail, made up of one of 140, two of 112, one of 100, six of 80, 22 of 74, and one of 64 guns. the fleet were five frigates and two Outside was Nelson-the Spaniards called him "El Señorito"—with 27 sail of the line, made up of three of 100, four of 98, one of 80, sixteen of 74, and three of 64 guns; and with this fleet were four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter.

On the morning of the 20th, the whole Franco-Spanish armada was fairly on its way toward the Strait of Gibraltar, making, however, slow progress, there being thick weather, and a SSW. Villeneuve had previously instructed his captains that, if the British fleet should be discovered to leeward, the allied line was to bear down upon it together; while, if the British fleet should be discovered to windward, the allies, in close line of battle, were to await the attack. In issuing his directions, the French Admiral betrayed a certain degree of prescience. "The enemy," he said, "will not content himself with forming a line of battle parallel with our line, and so engaging us with his guns. . . . He will endeavor to jeopardize our rear. He will pass through our line, and will endeavor to surround and reduce, with groups of his own vessels, such of our ships as he may succeed in cutting off." But although Villeneuve thus foresaw more or less vaguely what was in store for him, he took no measures for confounding the tactics which, he anticipated, would be employed against him. In the afternoon of the 20th, he formed his fleet into five divisions, viz., the van, the centre, the rear, and two re-

serve divisions. How these were disposed at the moment of the attack on the following day will be shown presently. Gabrielle says that the formation was not very readily assumed, owing to the rate of sailing of the vessels varying considerably, and to the ships not being accustomed to manœuvre together. Soon afterward, a French frigate reported the British fleet to be in sight; whereupon the allies, on the port tack, cleared for action, and, at about 5 P.M., tacked and stood toward the mouth of the Strait. In the evening, the combined fleet wore, and stood to the north-west. Gabriel was stationed near a hatchway, in a line with a number of seamen and boys, and assisted in passing up sacks of sand from the hold. "I was astonished," he says, "when I saw them emptying the sacks and spreading the sand over the decks. . . . To satisfy my curiosity, I asked a ship's boy who stood next me, why this was done. 'It is because of the blood, he replied. Because of the blood?' I repeated; and I could not restrain my terror. I gazed at the sand, and at the seamen, who were chattering as they pursued their horrible work; and for a moment I felt myself to be a coward. But soon my excited imagination drove away fear, and I thought only of victory. . . . " The ammunition was passed up from below as the sand had been, and the guns were cast loose.

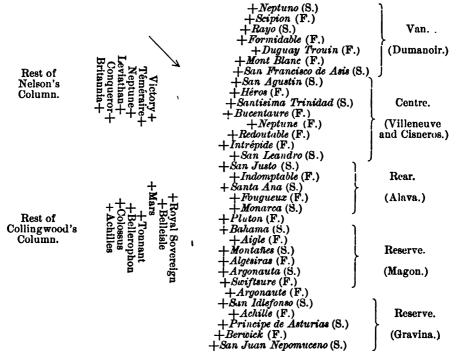
Before daylight, on October 21, Villeneuve discovered that the British, not very inferior in force to his own fleet, were to windward and not to leeward. He therefore ordered all his divisions to form a close line of battle on the starboard tack upon the most leewardly division, and to steer south west. After daybreak, at about 8.30 A.M., the French Admiral, perceiving an action to be inevitable, signalled his ships to wear together and form close line on the port tack, so as to bring Cadiz on his lee bow, and to facilitate his escape thither. Previous to this, Nelson had formed his order of sailing in two columns, and had ordered the columns to bear up. The Franco-Spanish line, owing to light winds, unequal rates of sailing, the heavy swell, and the inexperience or incompetence of some of

the captains, was badly formed, and at about 11.40 A.M., when Nelson sent up his well-known signal, the position was somewhat as shown in the following

diagram.

From this point Gabriel's experiences and impressions, all founded upon public and private Spanish accounts of eye-witnesses, become more interesting. "Among the soldiers," he says, "I saw many who were seasick and who were clinging to the bulwarks to prevent themselves from falling. It is true there were also some energetic fellows, especially among the volunteers; but the majority were conscripts, who obeyed only because they were obliged to; and I am sure, moreover, that not a single spark of patriotic feeling ani-

mated them. Yet the battle made them worthy of the occasion; and, in spite of the very different reasons which had brought these men together, I believe that in the exalted moments preceding the firing of the first gun, every soul on board thought of his God. for me, I was never in my life so excited as I was then. Though I was but young, I was able to comprehend the seriousness of the occasion. . . . So deeply rooted in my heart was the conviction of approaching victory that I felt a kind of sympathy with the Eng-I marvelled to see them coming with such boldness to a certain death. A sudden thunder shook all my dreams asunder. The first shot had been fired.



This formation does not exactly agree with that given in English histories of the battle. James says that the *Principe de Asturias* was the rearmost ship of the combined fleet, and that the *Santisima Trinidad* was second ahead, and not next ahead, of the *Bucentaure*.

"A ship of the rear division had fired the first shot at the Royal Sovereign, in which Collingwood's flag was flying. While this vessel engaged the Santa Ana, the Victory threw herself upon us. We in the Trinidad were all burning to open fire; but our captain

NEW SERIES-Vol. LXIV., No. 5.

waited for a favorable moment. ... The Victory began by attacking the Redoutable, and, driven off by her, fell under our lee. Then came the long expected instant; a hundred voices shouted "Fire!" repeating, as if by some infernal echo, the order of

our commander; and a broadside of fifty round shot was rained into the English ship. For a few seconds the enemy disappeared behind the veil of our smoke. Presently she reappeared . . coming right into us. Then she luffed, and sent us her broadside in return; but before she fired it our people had time to note how much damage had been done to her, and their enthusiasm was redoubled. The guns were well, though rather slowly served -a natural consequence of the want of practice of many of the gun captains. . . . The Bucentaure, which was under our stern, also fired at the Victory and at the Téméraire, another large English ship. It looked as if Nelson's vessel were about to fall into our hands. The Trinidad's guns had ruined her running rigging, and we saw with delight that she had lost her mizzen topmast. In the ardor of this first encounter I overlooked the fact that here and there we had groups of killed or wounded. Having posted myself where I believed I should be least in the way, I kept my attention fixed upon our captain, who, from the quarterdeck, issued his orders with the most heroic coolness. . . . I admit that at certain times I was possessed by an indescribable terror. With very little encouragement I could have taken refuge in the lowest depths of the hold. On the other hand, there were also times when I was seized by a species of mad courage; and then I clambered to the most exposed positions, in order to luse nothing of the great spectacle."

But the enthusiasm of the Trini-dad's crew must have soon been cooled; for, ere long, the huge vessel, though relieved from the fire of the Victory, was hotly engaged by the Téméraire and Neptune. "From the expression of my master's face," says Gabriel, "from the wild fury of Uriarte and from the curses and oaths of the seamen, I learned that we were lost. Our order of battle was broken in several places—the enemy had surrounded us."

"The scene on board the Trinidad," he continues, "was a hellish one. No attention was any longer paid to the sails. The vessel, indeed, was unmanageable The energies of all were concentrated upon the business of working

the guns as quickly as possible, and of giving the enemy at least as good as he gave us. The English shot had torn our sails to tatters. It was as if huge invisible talons had been dragging at them. Fragments of spars, splinters of wood, thick hempen cables cut up as corn is cut by the sickle, fallen blocks, shreds of canvas, bits of iron, and hundreds of other things that had been wrenched away by the enemy's fire, were piled along the deck, where it was scarcely possible to move about. From moment to moment men fell—some into the sea; and the curses of the combatants mingled with the groans of the wounded, so that it was often difficult to decide whether the dying were blaspheming God or the fighters were calling upon Him for aid. I helped in the very dismal task of carrying the wounded into the hold, where the surgeons worked. Some died ere we could convey them thither; others had to undergo frightful operations, ere their worn-out bodies could get an instant's rest. It was much more satisfactory to be able to assist the carpenter's crew in temporarily stopping some of the holes torn by shot in the ship's hull. . . . Blood ran in streams about the deck; and, in spite of the sand, the rolling of the ship carried it hither and thither until it made strange putterns on the planks. The enemy's shot, fired, as they were, from very short range, caused horrible mutilations. . . Very few who passed through the battle came out of it unmarked, at least to some extent, by the lead or iron of the foe. . . . The ship creaked and groaned as she rolled—and through a thousand holes and crevices in her strained hull the sea spurted in, and began to flood the hold.

The Trinidad's people saw the Commander in Chief haul down his flag; heard the Achille blow up and hurl her six hundred men into eternity; learned that their own hold was so crowded with wounded that no more could be received there; and witnessed the fall of Cisneros. Uriarte was left alone upon the quarter-deck. Then, when all three masts had in succession been brought crashing down, the gallant Uriarte also fell wounded. After he had been borne from the deck the de-

fence collapsed, and the Santisima Trinidad struck her flag.

It was about 5.30 P.M. when a party from the Prince took possession of the captured leviathan. The battle had by that time practically ceased. The first duty of the prize crew was to endeavor to keep the ship affoat; for so much water had already entered that the wounded were actually drowning in the hold; and the Spaniards were too demoralized to help themselves. Under English direction, the surviving wounded were brought up to the lower and lower-middle decks; the pumps were properly manned, and the carpenters' parties were reinforced. "I had previously," says Gabriel, "watched some Englishmen hoisting the English flag at the Trinidad's stern. If the reader will forgive me for giving expression to my reflections, I should like to say how much I was moved upon that occasion. I had always pictured the English to myself as pirates, highwaymen of the ocean, and scoundrelly adventurers, who could not be called a nation, and who lived by plundering. But when I noted the pride with which they hoisted their flag, and how they greeted it with boisterous cheers; and when I saw the delight caused them by the capture of a ship which was greater and more famous than any which had up to that day been seen upon the seas, then I seemed to realize that they also must possess a beloved country, and that to them that country had entrusted the vindication of its honor."

In attendance on his master, Gabriel had occasion to be in the captain's cabin when the English officers in charge of the prize crew were courteously answering the anxious inquiries of the Spaniards as to the results of the "What has become of the reaction. serve squadrons? What has Gravina done?" asked one. "Gravina, with a few ships, has got away," replied an Englishman; "but we are following up the Principe de Asturias, and I do not know whether she will reach Cadiz." "And the San Ildefonso?" demanded a Spaniard. "She is taken." "And the Santa Ana?" "She is taken, too." "I will make a bet that the Nepomuceno has not struck." "She, also, is taken." "You think so? What about Churruca?" "He has fallen," the Englishman answered sadiy. "Fallen, my God! But the Bahama must be safe? She is in Cadiz ere this?" "No; she has been taken." "Taken, too? And what about Galiano? Galiano was a brave man as well as an able one." "True," said the Englishman, but he also has fallen." "And what has happened to the Montañes and to Alcedo?" "Alcedo has fallen too."

Such was the tale of wholesale catastrophe told to the disheartened Spaniards, who burst into tears as they heard it. Then succeeded the terrors of a tempestuous night off a lee shore. The sea was so heavy that little could be done toward repairing the damage of the shattered ship. The Prince tried to tow her, but was obliged to relinquish the effort, owing to the risk of a collision. The people, who had eaten nothing since the morning, were half-dead with hunger, and tumultuously invaded the bread and spirit rooms. The cold was intense; and the ship, in which lay nearly four hundred dead bodies, had the odor of a charnel-house. In the morning the corpses were thrown overboard. Those of the officers had a few prayers read over them by a priest. Those of the seamen, wrapped in sail-cloth and weighted with a shot at the feet, were put into the water with less ceremony. Nor were there shot enough for all. At daybreak the Prince again tried to tow the Trinidad, and again failed, for the storm had increased rather than diminished. During the whole of the 22d, however, the English worked hard in hopes of saving the ship, the most splendid of the prizes. Scattered over the boiling sea were many other vessels, nearly all more or less damaged. and wreckage lay in all directions. Toward night, the Trinidad had fifteen feet of water in her hold, and all hopes of saving her had to be abandoned. was determined to transfer her survivors to some other vessel. These nambered about five hundred who were more or less sound, besides about three hundred who were badly wounded. At sunset the transfer was begun by means of the boats of the Trinidad herself, the Prince, and three other Euglish ships. Unhappily, many of the wounded, ere they could be brought up from the lower deck, were drowned there by the rising water. Gabriel and his master found themselves in one of the last boats that got clear ere the ship, still with numbers on board, went down.

In the darkness, the boat, instead of reaching a British ship, was picked up by the Santa Ana, which had struck to the Royal Sovereign, and which had a small prize crew on board. She was dismasted and unmanageable; but her hull was sound enough—sound as the event proved, to survive the battle for eleven years; for not until 1816 did this fine three-decker meet her end in Havana Buy, where she was wrecked. British officers in the Santa Ana were less courteous, and, indeed, a good deal more bearish, than those who had boarded the Trinidad. The prisoners met in the Santa Ana an officer who had fought on board the San Juan Nepomuceno, and from him learned in detail the story of what had befallen Gravina and the ships of the reserve squadrons, and of the heroic death of Churruca. Two days before the battle the latter had written to a friend: "If you hear that my ship has been taken you will know that I have fallen.

"Churruca," said the officer, "was deeply religious. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 21st he had assembled his ship's company on deck, and had caused the chaplain to absolve all and to administer the Sacrament. Then, addressing the crew, he had said: 'Children, in God's name I promise eternal blessedness to all those who to-day do their duty. Those who fail in it shall be instantly shot down; and if any such escape my eyes, or those of the gallant officers whom I have the honor to command, be sure that for the rest of their lives the stings of conscience shall render them wretched and miserable.' "

The Nepomuceno was surrounded by three British ships, but fought steadily until about 2 P.M., when three more British ships joined in the attack upon her. A cannon ball almost tore off Churruca's right leg at the hip. To those who went to his assistance he cried, "It is nothing. Go on firing!" and he refused to quit the deck. But half his people were killed or wounded,

and the rest were dispirited by the fall of their captain. As he lay bleeding to death, Churruca ordered his flag to be nailed to the mast, and audibly thanked his men for the bravery which they had displayed. Then, like Nelson, praising God that he had done his duty, he breathed his last. He had been married but a few weeks, and he had quitted his young bride in the midst of the honeymoon, to serve his country. Not until he was dead did the Nepomuceno strike.

On the night of the 22d, the Spaniards rose against the prize-crew of the Santa Ana, and retook the ship; and when, disturbed by the sound of firing, Gabriel went on deck on the morning of the 23d, he found her, supported by a Frenchman and a Spaniard, in distant action with two British vessels. Admiral Alava, though wounded, was at his post, and in command; and as the escaping ships were presently reinforced by the San Francisco de Asis, the Montañes, and the Rayo, three vessels which had got away with Gravina on the 21st, the English craft, which were themselves barely seaworthy, were unable to again take the Santa Ana. By that time the weather had temporarily moderated, and the French frigate Thémis was able to take the helpless 112 in tow, while the Asis, the Montanes, and the Rayo went in search of other prizes that might be recaptured. But they were not successful; and, the wind again freshening, the two former ran into Cadiz without having liberated the Nepomuceno, the San Ildefonso, and the Bahama. As for the Rayo, she fell into British hands on the 24th, and, a little later, drove ashore and was lost.

The huge and crippled Santa Ana, towed only by a frigate, made slow progress; and some of the people from her were, in consequence, transferred to the Rayo, and were in her when she was wrecked. Gabriel was one of those who got safe to shore. He made his way back to Cadiz with a companion in misfortune. On the road the stranger held forth as follows:

"So far as the Navy is concerned, I have finished with it. The deuce take fighting. The King has a bad memory; and if, when you are fighting,

you happen to lose an arm or a leg, you are forgotten altogether. The devil must be responsible for the way the King treats his seamen. Most of the captains who fought on the 21st had not received a penny of salary for many months. Last year there was a postcaptain in Cadiz who, not knowing how otherwise to feed himself and his family, went into service as waiter at an inn. There his friends found him trying to make the least of his misery; and at last they managed to release him from his humiliating occupation. You could not find that sort of thing going on anywhere in the world except in Spain; and yet people wonder when the English beat us! I won't say anything about our guns and ammunition. The arsenals are empty; and, although they proclaim it open-mouthed, not a penny-piece reaches them from Madrid. Of course, that is only natural, seeing that the King wastes all his money in paying people about the Court; and the fellow who gets rid of more of it than any one else is the Prince of the Peace, who ought to do pretty well with the 40,000 duros a year that are given him as Privy Councillor, Secretary of State, Captain-General, Colonel of the Guards, and I don't know what more. No; as I have said already, no more of the King's service for me. I'm going to bundle off my wife and child, and take myself off home. have served my time, and they must discharge me in a few days."

"But you ought not to grumble," remonstrated Gabriel. "You were in the Rayo, and she hardly took part in

the battle."

"I was not in the Rayo," said the stranger, "but in the Bahama, and the Bahama is one of the ships that fought longest and best."

"She is taken, though, and her cap-

tain has fallen!'

"That is true, and even now I can cry when I think of Don Dionysio Alcalá Galiano, the bravest skipper in the entire fleet. Certainly he was a hotheaded fellow, and never overlooked the slightest fault; but, in spite of his strictness, we all worshipped him, for a captain who is feared on account of his strictness commands respect as well

if he mingle justice with strictness. That is why his people really liked him. Besides, he was a generous and genuine man. If he wanted to do a friend a good turn he did not do it with the tips of his fingers. Why, once, at Havana, he gave ten thousand duros toward the cost of a single entertainment on board his ship."

"I have also heard," said Gabriel,

"that he was a wonderful seaman."
"A seaman? He knew more than the Prophet Merlin and all the Doctors of the Church. He had made charts, and discovered places which lie as far off as hell, or thereabouts. . . . Alcalá Galiano knew that all was up when he saw the cursed signal to wear together and form line on the port tack. . . . Nelson, who, as everybody knows, was no fool, saw our long line, and said, 'Ah, if I break through that in two places, and put the part of it between the two places between two fires, I shall grab every stick of it.' That is exactly what the confounded fellow did, and as our line was so long that the head couldn't help the tail, he worried us from end to end, while he drove his two wedges into our The Bahama was one of body. . . . the first ships to receive the English fire. About noon Galiano inspected his people, went through the batteries, and then made a little speech. Pointing to the flag, he said, 'Boys, you may be sure that that flag is nailed to the peak.' We knew who was commanding us, so that what he said didn't astonish us. He afterward said to Alonzo Butron, a midshipman who had been put on guard over the colors, 'Take good care of them. A Galiano never surrenders, and a Butron also ought never to surrender.'"

"It is a pity," remarked Gabriel, "that all these people had not an admiral who was worthy of them."

"It was a pity," assented the stran-"Now you shall hear what happened. The fight began, and, as you were in the Trinidad, I need not tell you that it was a good one. Three ships were firing into us, and we were engaged on both sides. From the very outset the wounded were as thick as flies. The skipper received a contusion

of the leg, and soon afterward a splinter hit him on the head, and wounded him pretty badly. But do you suppose that he cared? Not he! He stayed on the quarter-deck as naturally as if he were in his cabin, and didn't bother himself in the least about all the good friends who were worrying him right and left. He looked after the guns, and conned the ship as if we were at a review. When a round shot knocked his glass out of his hand, he laughed. I can see The blood ran over his unihim still. form and hands. He thought no more of it than he did of so much salt water. As he was worked up to a condition of fury, he shrieked when he gave his orders. If we hadn't obeyed him from duty, we should have obeyed him from anxiety for his safety. But that was soon all over, for a ball took off his The battle was not ended, but our enthusiasm was. When he had fallen, they hid his body, so that we shouldn't see it; but we all knew well enough what had happened, and after we had done a bit more fighting just for the honor of the flag, the Bahama struck to the English, who, I suppose, will take her to Gibraltar, if she doesn't sink, as I devoutly hope she may, on the passage.'

In due course the unfortunates reached Cadiz. "I must add," says Gabriel, "for the credit of my compatriots, that never did any community treat the wounded with greater solicitude. The people recognized no difference between Spaniards and enemies, but took care of all under the broad banner of compassion. Collingwood's memoirs have done justice to these noble deeds of my countrymen. Perhaps the magnitude of the misfortune had stifled all rancor. Is it not regrettable that nothing reconciles men

so quickly as catastrophe?"

And, indeed, the catastrophe had been a frightful one for Spain. She had sent fifteen ships into action on the 21st. Of these, but six remained to her after the battle and its consequences. The only consolation for the vanquished was the knowledge that shot, fire, and storm had deprived the British of most of their prizes; and that although nine ships had been lost

to Spain, only three of these were gained by Great Britain.

The narrative of Don Pedro Galdos is particularly interesting because, as has been seen, it directs attention not merely to the incidents of the great battle, but also to the occurrences which immediately succeeded it. The importance of those occurrences was to a large extent lost sight of in England. owing to the immense enthusiasm awakened by the announcement of Nelson's crowning victory. That enthusiasm allowed little time for thought, and less for criticism; and while people congratulated each other upon the fact that the Franco-Spanish fleet had been practically annihilated, they forgot, and may almost be said to have never remembered since—that of the nineteen vessels lost by the combined enemies of Great Britain, four were afterward recaptured by their original owners, six were wrecked or foundered at sea in the bad weather following the action, four had to be destroyed, one was accidentally burned, and only four ever anchored in British ports as material witnesses of the triumph. The loss of so many of the prizes was not, perhaps, in itself of great moment, for several of them were old -- the Rayo, for example, had seen nearly fifty years of service—but, unhappily, the loss of the ships involved much loss of valuable life. "As a practical proof," says James, " of the benefit that might have been derived to the fleet and prizes by attending to Lord Nelson's dving injunctions, the Defence accompanied by her prize, the San Ildefonso, anchored on the evening of the action, and weathered the gale in safety. The example of these ships was followed by two other of the prizes, the Swiftsure and Bahama, and, with the assistance rendered by the Donegal and Phabe, these also were saved." That the obeying of Nelson's last order would have been beneficial has been very widely doubted; yet, in view of the fact that three out of the four prizes which were saved did anchor, it is hard to resist the suspicion that if anchoring had been general, fewer ships and few lives would have perished.—Cornhill Magazine.

## THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

WHEN I first met Marshall Bellows he was a member of the American colony of Florence. He was perhaps forty years old, with clean-cut features, a smooth-shaven face, and dark-brown hair turning gray at the temples; and he was always well dressed. I met him at the English club, where he was wellknown and liked for his pleasant manners and sociable temper. He was also more properly a member of an unnamed club which meets at a certain wellknown Florentine café. There is a bar in front, where the Italians buy their vermouth, and at the back of the room there are a number of tables at which every day about noon, and again later on at four o'clock, you may see the same men, principally Americans and English. These are the men who were. They are generally past their prime of life, certainly past their prime of use-There are both rich and poor among them, and for the most part they are intellectual. The past is the topic of their talk, and their every word spells failure. Sometimes, very late in the afternoon, there are regrets for the days that are gone; the present and the future are by tacit understanding Where these men forbidden subjects. live when they are not at the café I do Their hours of meeting are not know. to them the hours of the day. It is then that they are at their best, and it is by them that I believe they would prefer to be judged.

Marshall Bellows was the newest member of this club. He had come to Florence because the life of leisure seemed to flow so freely and uninterruptedly there. One day seemed so much like the other, and the sunlight so good for thoughts of the past, and the still quiet nights for perfect rest, and both day and night so free from the noise and turmoil of the great cities.

Bellows had spun the yarn which he called the story of his life some years before, when he was about to start on his real career. She was a pretty girl, with a nice small figure; and like Bellows she had fine ideals. He had first met her at a country-house and had

lived under the same roof with her for one week; and in consequence for months afterward he had followed in her wake thankful for any odd moments she could spare to him. smiled on him till the time came when she met the man who, she thought, fulfilled all the ideals of her twenty years. It may be observed in passing that he fulfilled none of them; but he has nothing to do with this story. He became a most placid member of society, and his wife lost her pretty figure and forgot the fine schemes she had laid out for herself and society. She tried to devote them all to him in the first few weeks of her married life; but they fell on stony places, and she gave them up about the time that she closed forever the volume of Beethoven's symphonies on the drawing-room piano. The result was a mild, full-faced husband and a plump mother, too wellbred to speak of her own children's virtues but full of uppleasant information about the offspring of her intimate friends.

But to return to Bellows. He took what seemed to him the sensible course. He left the country with a good photograph of a fine lithe example of the best type of American girl in his portmanteau; and a fine lithe American girl she remained to him always. at first lived quietly at boarding-houses in Switzerland, because the scenery seemed very grand and it was generally lonely; afterward he spent the money he had thus saved at Monte Carlo. He became an incident in the life of the American colony at Paris, and learned to drive a coach up the Champs Elysées; and afterward, through his gains at Longchamps and Auteuil, he became a conspicuous figure for all the women who came to Paris to wonder And yet he was not happy. Somewhere in the country that he had denied there was that delicate framework, that high type of womanhood who had cast in her lot with another. He never climbed a mountain in Switzerland that he did not secretly hope to find her sitting disconsolute on the peak, and liable to be blown off at any mo-

ment but for his timely appearance. At Monte Carlo he wanted to break the bank, not so much to revenge mankind or to win the money, as to have the fact telegraphed to America and make her think that he was a much finer fellow than she had originally supposed, or that he was going to the devil very quickly and for all time. When he moved from the Riviera to Paris he studied the papers to learn what Americans had arrived at what hotels; and he drove his coach with the sole purpose that she might see him perched up so very high and looking so very fine. Whether she did or not he never knew, as he failed to reach a point where the four horses were not sufficient to occupy his entire attention.

After a few years of unproductive travelling, always accompanied by her photograph and a dog, which animal his reading and knowledge of the drama had taught him to be always necessary to a man crossed in love, he returned to America and the home that he knew before he met her. But he found that these years of travel had unloosed most of his old acquaintances, and even his It was not, after all, much to wonder at. He had brought back nothing to tell, and he had thought so much of his own story that it had to a certain extent affected at least his value as a companion. And so, after a halfhearted welcome and three months of indifference, he called on his lawyer and his banker, and having confided his chief difficulties to his dog, he turned his back forever on the land which he really loved and for which a few years since he had hoped to do so many and such noble things. All of which was of course a pity, and happened simply because the man needed one noble passion for one woman or one thing instead of doling out his sentiment and his fine ambitions on a romance which was not a romance at all, but only a very youthful imitation of

When Bellows returned to his exile abroad he decided to forget the past at his easel. He had a pretty talent for drawing; even now there are two prints from his sketches in a window on the Via dei Pucci, and although they are of a rather modern girl, and although

they are hung among the rough sketches of some old masters, yet there is something in them—that something which for lack of a better name critics call promise. He also did a little modelling, but he got no further than the copying period, and as a matter of fact, I believe, never had anything cast. But music was the rack upon which Bellows's friends pinned their faith and their apologies for his other failures. He certainly had a good knowledge of technique and played with a deal of feeling; but his music always left his listeners in such a dreary frame of mind that even that accomplishment was not entirely successful. He had rooms very near the Cascine, and he had made them beautiful with old furniture and brocades and good pictures and glass and silver and tapestries—in fact all the things on which the last few hundred years of Italy have placed their stamp of approval. In one corner of the drawing-room there was an old carved desk with a great flat top and drawers down either side. of these Bellows had packed away the practical story of his life. This to him was the one thing that he had done. and he believed that he had done it Every man, they say, can write one story, and Bellows had written his. He had worked on it for a long time, and from a mere sketch it had grown into a fairly long story, full, so Bellows thought, of fine ideas and pricking sar-When he was gone the world was to have it, and find regret in it for the past and a little warning for the future. Bellows laid no claims to any unusual ability as an author, but there was one thing he thought he did know, and that was woman; and while he had been in his opinion fair and just to her, he had at least been conscientiously truthful. He believed that he had combined the wit of a Sydney Smith, the cynicism of a Gilbert, and the analysis of a Bourget in that one short story. Perhaps it was all that he claimed for it; but as a matter of fact no one was ever allowed to read it. was a very sacred thing to Bellows, and it was only very late in the afternoon, when the talk at the club grew confidential, that it was even mentioned.

It must be said for Bellows that he

complained to no one, and doled out the sentiment and the passion of his life alone. He took long drives through the Cascine, and if there was a crowd he would leave his carriage and walk down through the narrow shaded walks or out on the little gravel path that runs along the Arno. It was a pathetic sight to see him standing there alone, late in the afternoon, leaning over the railing with the little river running at his feet, and across the stream the green banks, and beyond and above all the faint pink sky shading into the first gray shades of the coming evening. It was pathetic because it all meant so little to one to whom it might and should have meant so much. He was not looking at, but through one of the greatest pictures nature ever painted. He did not see the green grass and the last glow from the hot crimson sun that had sunk behind the hills; he saw nothing but a waste of years, a waste of his own life scorched of its noble ideals, a succession of petty triumphs and great failures.

He could be seen almost any night at the opera sitting alone in the pit, intent as any master could have been, but after all it was only an accompaniment to his own thoughts. He was setting the music of Gounod and Verdi to his own words, to the story of his life lying The heroine was in the deak at home. always the same. Many years had passed since he had seen her, and she had grown stout and somewhat careless in her dress, as even the best of women will sometimes forget themselves in their children; but to him she was always the same, pretty and graceful and young; and he, as he listened to the music, became young too and forgot the gray temples and the sharp lines cutting into his forehead.

But in time Bellows was no longer to be seen on the banks of the Arno and ceased to frequent the opera. He spent more of his time at the café, and the club often broke up in the late afternoon and left him sitting alone before the marble table and the empty glasses. Men who stepped in for a glass of vermouth before a late dinner would find him still sitting there in the deserted room looking intently across it at the gray-painted wall.

Men who live in Tuscany, and are not content with the wine of the country, are well enough when the tramontana winds blow down from the snowcovered mountains and bluster and scream through the high, narrow streets, and again when the rain and snow-storms drive the men and horses into shelter; but it is very different when the sun blazes out and turns its hot rays into every narrow lane and makes the Lung'Arno fit only for dogs. Then the man who is not content with the wine of the country finds, after he crosses a piazza, that the merciless sun has turned the streets into avenues of white chalk, and the gray-green tops of the olive trees on the hills form themselves into a crooked black line against a milk-white sky.

Bellows turned on his pillow and looked sleepily at the clock on the man-It was just seven and the tel-piece. April sun fell in a long unbroken shaft across the bed. There was something about the flood of the early morning sunshine that made him think of a room he had had in a little cottage at He used to spend his summers there, and every fine morning the sun used to awaken him from a long fresh sleep and he would lie there in the yellow light and listen to the hens cackling and the cocks crowing just outside his door. Bellows always used to say that these were the happiest days of his life. Things that he had done in those early days seemed to come back to him this morning very clearly; he recalled certain games he had played, and long days when he had sat ilently in his boat with a rod in his hand, or had tramped over the marshes with a gun under his arm. And then quite unconsciously he began to whistle softly a song he used to sing a very long time before.

"That's funny," he said half aloud; "everything seems so clear this morning."

There was no headache and no pain, nothing but a little weakness in his arms and lips. His head was so very clear, and everything in the room seemed to stand out so much more sharply, and to mean so much more than it ever had meant before. For a mo-

ment he thought he would ring for his servant, but he changed his mind and tossed the clothes off his bed. He put on his slippers and his dressing-gown and walked out into the drawing-room. It was still cold, so he lit the fire and then walked out into the sunshine of the balcony. The sky was the light blue of the clear Italian morning, and the stony street lay very white and clean and almost deserted in the early He looked down at the entrance of the Cascine and saw, through the mist floating from off the river, two men leisurely crossing the piazza on their way to work. Across the street in front of the theatre a man was pasting up the bills for the opera that night. He tried to read the letters of the name, and then it suddenly oc-curred to him that it did not make much difference after all, at least to him. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and stepped back into the room. The fire was crackling on the hearth, and the room looked very bright and snug with its red curtains and the deep brown walls. He stood quite still for some moments looking curiously round at the beautiful things he had gathered And then he suddenly about him. remembered that probably he would not see them again. They would be stripped from their places and scattered broadcast over the world. In a short time there would be another master here, and the individuality and the atmosphere which he had given to the place through these material things would have passed away. Surely there was something he would leave behind? It was true the pictures were not of his brush; some were by great men of this time whom he had known, and others were the work of men who died when men knew really how to paint. the shelves there was no book that bore his name; the music on the rack was the inspiration of masters who had died and left humanity their debtor for all time. Even the tapestry and the china, even the very silk of the curtains had been made by a people who were great in their own way, and who had been buried with the secret of their knowl-

Bellows pulled the girdle of his dressing gown tightly about him. Surely

there must be something? The photographs scattered about were the likenesses of pretty women whom he had not known for years, or of singers from the cafés chantants, whose names and good wishes written across the face he had bought with bank-notes. He turned slowly from one wall to another, from the eastern rugs under his feet to the old frescoes of the cupids on the ceiling. And then for a moment his eyes rested on the desk.

Yes, there was something; manuscript, his own story. He took it from the drawer, and began to read it, although he knew every word by He turned the first few pages over very slowly and read what he had written with much care. His brain seemed so much stronger this morning. and everything so much clearer and so much more as it used to be when he was younger and gave things the value they deserved, the value the world put upon them. Half sitting on the desk he turned the leaves of the manuscript slowly until he had read the story through. For a moment he still rested against the desk and looked across the room to the long, high window and the old lace curtains moving slowly about in the first breeze of the morning. He pressed his lips tightly together, and then his face relaxed into a smile; but it was a face in which there was no gladness, a smile that men wear who are called by the world good losers.

"It is very strange," he said to the long window and the fluttering curtains, "but I really thought the story was new and good; this morning it seems that it is very old. It's the story that every man and every woman could write, did they wish to tell of one happy or unhappy time in their own life. It has been told a thousand times, and very much better than I have told it."

He carried the bundle of paper to the open hearth and let it fall from his hand among the burning coals. For a moment they divided it into two high points, and then a tiny blue flame caught the corner of the package and curled the pages one by one until a chance flame turned the whole into a blazing mass.

Bellows stood with his arm on the

shelf above the fire and his head rest- leave his story a charred, black, useing on the back of his hand. He less mass in the red embers. - Macmilwatched the flames rise and fall and lan's Magazine.

### THE ÆSTHETICS OF THE DINNER TABLE.

#### BY COLONEL A. KENNEY HERBERT.

If we were asked to classify the literature of cookery I think that we might divide it into three distinct groups. We might place in one of them all practical treatises or guides which are intended for the education, or to refresh the memory of the cook; in another, scientific works which deal with the chemistry of cookery and the selection of food in relation to nourishment and health; and in the third, books which treat—to use the words of the late Mr. Abraham Hayward in his Art of Dining of "the æsthetics of the dinner table.", I have already given a brief sketch in The National Review of the most noteworthy compilations of kitchen precepts, from the earliest times to the quite near past, and since the chemistry and dietetic value of food stuffs are subjects which are better left in the hands of the specialists who have discussed them. I propose now to say a few words concerning the writings which I have placed in the third cate-And this is a pleasant task, for while many cookery-books can claim the merit of much matter-of-fact usefulness, and some of them may amuse us as quaint records of bygone oddities of diet, and while scientific discussion must always command our attention and respect, it is in the last class, no doubt, that the ordinary reader will "The hisfind the greatest interest. tory of gastronomy," says Mr. Hayward, "is that of manners, if not of morals; and the learned are aware that its literature is both instructive and amus ing; for it is replete with curious traits of character and comparative views of society at different periods, as well as with the striking anecdotes of remarkable men and women, whose destinies have been strangely influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits." It need scarcely be said that to produce such an epitome as this the mature and

varied experience of a lifetime spent in the great world, the gift of a light hand, and a ripe knowledge of the good things of the table after their kind, are equally necessary. Some of the authors I shall presently speak of possessed nearly all these attributes, and have left behind them the most interesting jottings of the times in which they lived, with delicate vignettes of even earlier days. Others, again, seem to have been contented with the publication of their views on the subject of artistic eating, and notes concerning the authorities who were associated with them, all well worth reading as indicative of the influence of fashion on gastronomy and the caprice of taste. But the writer who would enter this field of the literature of cookery to-day is constrained to adopt a different course. It is not possible for him to make mention of living personages by name or to draw sketches of their entertainments, neither can he relate just yet anecdotes of the existing Court of St. James's and London Society interwoven with descriptions of pleasant little festivals at which politics and intrigue may have played a subtle part. Just, however, as the tales connected with the good dinners and good diners of the pre-Victorian period were told by a few of its specially well-informed survivors, so no doubt will like things of the latter days of the nineteenth century find worthy chroniclers in the time to come.

Not until the beginning of the present century, as far as I have been able to ascertain, did any writer come forward to discuss the subject of eating and drinking philosophically. Dr. Johnson saw the opportunity and promised that he would take advantage of it, but he never carried out the idea. There certainly was one, Tobias Venner, who, in his work Via Recta ad Vitam Longam, published in 1620, de-

parted altogether from the lines of the common cookery-book. Like many honored contributors to the culinary library, this author was a physician. and his advice indicates considerable enlightenment, but I think that his treatise should be placed in the second rather than the third category, for he goes minutely into the alimentary value of food, and the chemical properties of some of its varieties. He wrote for the educated and well-to-do, and seemed to think that any rough stuff would do for "hinds." Thus he considered that bull's beef was good enough for ploughmen, and amusingly pointed out that the flesh of partridges should not be eaten by "the common sort" because it was likely to "breed in them the asthmatick passion." "Wherefore." adds he, "when they shall chance to meet with a covey of young partridges they were much better to bestow them upon such for whom they are convenient than to adventure, notwithstanding their strong stomacks, the eating of them." Observe the strength of the word "young," as commentators say, in this passage. Does it not suggest that a nice young partridge would have been particularly "convenient" to the worthy doctor? He was undoubtedly a man of refined taste, for one little meal that he suggests might have been designed by the author of The Original so æsthetic is it in its brief simplicity:a couple of poached eggs, sprinkled with vinegar, seasoned with black pepper and salt, served with bread and butter, and completed with a draught of pure claret. This is nearly as dainty as Brillat Savarin's Curé's Omelette "with the old wine sparkling in the crystal decanter." No: I think that it may be conceded that for the views of men of educated taste in regard to food-treatises written for Society, that is to say, by members of Society, by gourmets for gourmets, and by racontours for appreciative readers, all of them of literary rather than practical value-we must wait until Grimod de la Reynière, the Marquis de Cussy, Fayot, and Brillat Savarin took it into their heads to publish their experiences.

In order to judge of the writings of the authorities whom I have just named, it is necessary to picture to ourselves

the days in which they lived, the fashion of the time, and the state of Society around them. To do this properly we must go back to that period in the history of gastronomy when the art of cookery became the subject of enlightened consideration in France—to the times, in short, of Louis XIV., the Regent Philippe d'Orleans, and Louis XV. In the reign of the first of these rulers we read that Condé, the great captain, Colbert, the statesman, Madame de Sévigné, the accomplished narrator of the tragic death of Vatel, and many other distinguished people, encouraged the new school of cookery which Catherine de Medicis had founded. During the Regency which followed, attention appears to have been paid, for the first time, to the chemistry of cookery, while the dinners of the Regent were celebrated for their combination of refinement and art, "for matelotes of the most tempting quality," says Brillat Savarin, "and for turkeys superbly Savarin, "and for turkeys superbly stuffed." Louis XV., himself a practical cook of singular proficiency, continued to foster the development which his predecessors had so zealously promoted. It was to him that Madame du Barry gave the celebrated petit souper which led to the institution of the Order of the Cordon Bleu for accomplished cuisinières, and he is credited with the invention of "tables volantes," which descended after each course through the floor and rose again replenished with fresh surprises. Unlike the rest of his race, Louis XVI. was not a gourmand, and in his time the royal table was no longer what it had been, but the taste of Society outside the palace had been highly cultivated too long to be seriously affected by this change. Refinement and luxury continued in the houses of the nobility, the dignitaries of the Church, and the financiers. But a crash came of course with the Revolution. Society was then shaken to the very foundation, and many of the chief patrons of gastronomy were swept away. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the art of cookery received much more than What really occurred was a check. The great private houses were of course closed, the Court ceased to exist, and the princely hospitality of

the days that I have just spoken of came altogether to an end. But the cooks survived, and before long found a new field for employment in the restaurants, for as soon as the Reign of Terror terminated, and people were once more clothed properly and in their right minds, their appreciation of good food revived, and these places—destined to become a renowned feature of the French capital—rapidly increased in popularity. Their history is worth tracing.

It is on record that about the year 1770 a man arose who evolved the idea of opening a room where meat and drink might be provided for wayfarers, and very rightly concluded that if the former were well cooked and nicely served, and the latter sound, such patrons would not grudge a payment somewhat in excess of the actual cost of the meal. This genius was known by the peculiar name of Champ d'Oiseau, and his cabaret was established in the Rue des Poulies. So successful was the venture that by 1789 it had paved the way to a hundred others, and by the end of the century to very many more.

We now come to the time when the first book of the series we are discussing was published. In 1803 M. Grimod de la Reynière produced his Almanach des Gourmands, "the first serious and sustained attempt," says Mr. Hayward, "to invest gastronomy with the air of an intellectual and refined pursuit." This work clearly indicates the condition of things to which I have tried to lead up, for under the heading, "Itinéraire d'un gourmand dans divers quartiers de Paris," which forms the second section of the book, he names the best among some five hundred places where good food could be got. He moreover mentions three distinct causes which co-operated in their rise and progress. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed among the French during the ten or fifteen years which preceded the Revolution, "for the English," says he, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the ton, drew by their example all Paris to the cabaret," and thirdly, the breaking-up of

the rich establishments, which drove the chefs to the public for support. At any rate, it seems clear that the bon-vivant of the period was better able to gratify his palate at his favorite restaurant than at the houses of his friends. The celebrated Rocher de Cancale was a place of note much frequented by this author and his convives; indeed, he was helped in the composition of the menus which appear in his Manuel des Amphitryons by the proprietor of that establishment, M. Balaine. It may be said, indeed, that between the period referred to in the Almanach and the Restoration after Waterloo the Parisian restaurants attained highest pitch of excellence and success. Society, such as it was during the Directory Consulate and first Empire, did not distinguish itself by entertainments, though here and there we read of special exceptions. The dinners of Cambacérès, Talleyrand, Barras, the Princesse Napoleon Borghése (Pauline Bonaparte), Junot, Duroc, and M. de Fontanes—whom Mr. Hayward alludes to as "the upstart chiefs of the Republic, the plundering Marshals, and parvenus nobles of Napoleon"— were a good deal spoken of, and are mentioned by the writers I have named. The Emperor, who we all know was very far from being a gourmand, seems to have acknowledged the importance of successful dinner-giving as a means for creating and extending political influence. "Tenez bonne table et soiguez les femmes," said he, on despatching the Abbé de Pradt to Poland, and, observes Alexandre Dumas the elder, "il voulait que tout grand fonctionnaire de l'Empire le fût. Ayez bonne table,' disait il, ' dépensez plus que vos appointements, faites des dettes, je les payerai," and, adds Dumas, he did so. To return, however, to the writings of Grimod de la Reynière. The Almanach was no doubt useful at the time as a resumé of the seasons in which various kinds of fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, and vegetables are at their best, and as a gastronomical chronicle of the months of the year; useful also may have been the "Itinéraire" I have already mentioned. But the "variétés, morales nutritives," and "anecdotes gourmandes" with which

the book is wound up were before long so completely eclipsed by the writings of the more brilliant littérateur, Brillat Savarin, that they probably enjoyed but a short-lived reputation. "Mais tout son excellent esprit a été jeté au vent," says M. Fayot, "pour n'avoir pas été resserré dans une forme élégante et précise comme celle de la Physiologie du goût." In his next book, Le Manuel des Amphitryons, de la Reynière confined himself to a dissertation upon the art of carving, a compendium of menus, and some remarks upon what he called "les élémens de la politesse gourmande." Here the menus disclose the fashion and taste of the period. Taking one at haphazard for twenty people, we find in addition to soups, fish, relevés, grosses pièces, and plats de rôt, twelve entrées and ten entremets! With such an embarras de richesses in the way of food, no wonder that repetitions, which nowadays would be at once denounced, are fre-Thus, among the twelve entrées there are three of chicken, and four of fish, while such substantial things as a saddle of mutton and a cushion of veal are included in this part of the dinner! Fearing, on the whole, that he may have suggested too light a repast, the author apologizes quaintly as follows: "il faut considerer que les entrées renferment plusieurs pièces solides et nourissantes." Nevertheless, M. Grimod de la Reynière laid down many a good rule, and is quoted as an honored authority by writers on cookery to this day.

The writing of the "Physiologie du goût" was—so its author, Brillat Savarin, has recorded in his preface—a pastime which he reserved for his old age. As a matter of fact he did not long survive its publication, but even in the short time that elapsed—barely a year —he had the satisfaction of seeing it crowned with success. Aptly described by Mr. Hayward as" incomparably the completest essay upon the æsthetics of the dinner table," this notable work has never been surpassed. It seems, indeed, to defy time and change, and to be as well worth reading now as ever. "Its great charm," observes the critic I have just named, "consists in the singular mixture of wit, humor,

learning, and knowledge of the worldbons mots, anecdotes, ingenious theories, and instructive dissertationswhich it presents; and if, as is currently related, Walton's Angler has made thousands of true fishermen, we should not be surprised to hear that the Physiology of Taste has converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers." Looking back to the time in which he lived, and the evidence that we possess of the excessive over-crowding of the menu which was then fashionable, it is curious to notice what an enlightened view Brillat Savarin took of the principles which should govern artistic dining. He limits the number of guests, and he gives the soundest advice as to their selection. "Let the men have wit without pretension, and the women be pleasant without being coquettes;" and then with regard to food, "let the dishes be exceedingly choice but few in number, and the wines of the first quality each in its degree." What better counsel could be given to-day than this? That he had the courage of his convictions is shown by the occasional descriptions he gives of little dinners. He was an advocate of a dangerous practice, however, which could hardly be followed by his most earnest modern disciple. Hs rejoiced to introduce just before the breaking up of the party, at about eleven o'clock, a bowl of punch, accompanied by hot toast buttered with When men have dined salt butter. well, to tempt them with that which is worse, is surely the unkindest form of hospitality. Can we not picture to ourselves that punch, hot, strong, and probably sweet, the salt, buttered toast encouraging the unwise guest just to take one glass more of it, and then the melancholy legacy—that awful head on the morrow, cheapening the sufferer to such an extent that he would gladly sell himself for a penny? Some of us, when kept up until night has passed into morning, have now and then calmed our nerves with a devilled bone or biscuit, or some equally short peppery trifle, but, thank goodness! no punch.

Following the excellent work of Brillat Savarin, after an interval of some years, there was published in Paris, in

1843, a very readable pot-pourri of writings about dinners and diners, called Les Classiques de la table. editor, M. Fayot, contributed an essay himself upon "La gastronomie," and the rest of the volume was made up of reprints of various well-known writings, of which the principal were the "Physiologie du goût" of B. Savarin, "Les ressources de la table pendant toute l'année" (the Almanach) by Grimod de la Reynière, and "L'art Culinaire" by the Marquis de Cussy. The last is chiefly interesting on account of its author's history, for beyond showing himself to be a man of highly cultivated taste and a reliable judge of the good things of the table, he did not succeed in improving upon the work of the other two writers. Beginning as a member of the Royal Household under Louis XVI., he contrived to escape the dangers of the Revolution, next appearing as Préfet du Palais under Napoleon. After the abdication of 1814 he proceeded in charge of the Empress to Parma, "Marie Louise l'aimait beaucoup," says Dumas the elder, "charmée par ses belles manières, mais lui lors qu'il s'aperçut qu'elle n'aimait point Napoleon, qu'elle paraissait même ravie de la façon dont les choses avaient tourné, il demanda instaniment, malgré les instances qu'on faissait pour rester à Parme, la permission de revenir à Paris." During the hundred days he returned to his former appointment; but with the fall of Napoleon he was overtaken by misfortune, for although placed in a position for many years in which he might have made a fortune, he appears to have been too generous and, perhaps, improvident. With the new régime he had no chance of employment; but he had a friend in M. Lauriston, who, hoping to secure a small sinecure to keep the poor fellow from actual want, ventured to plead for him with Louis XVIII. The King, however, was obdurate; he would do nothing for an ex-official of the Imperial establishment. But when Lauriston explained to his Majesty (who, it may be remembered, was a noted gourmand) that it was the Marquis who had invented the exquisite blend of strawberries and cream with champagne, "toutes les difficultés

furent aplanies," so runs Dumas' story, the King at once called for the minute of appointment, and "with his Royal hand" wrote at the bottom of it "Accordée."

In Les Classiques the secret is amusingly betrayed that the great connoisseurs were not without their small jealousies, and took the opportunity every now and then of crying each other down. De Cussy, for instance, not contented with amending B. Savarin's dictum that a cook can be made, but that a rôtisseur must be born, by substituting saucier for rôtisseur, very clearly hints that the author of the "Physiologie" did not practise what he preached, for he says that he was a man of little discrimination in the matter of eating and drinking, that he discoursed without wit and with a heavy expression of countenance, while at the end of a dinner he was absolutely leth-Of Cambacérès he says that he argic. ate heartily and grossly, that his mental powers so brilliant in a Council of State were dull at table, and that, like B. Savarin, he was silent and sleepy as soon as his appetite was satisfied. Further secrets are divulged in some "Souvenirs de la table" contributed by Carême who was a bit of a littérateur He gossips freely about in his way. Cambacérès, Talleyrand, B. Savarin, and others, some of whom he served. He had not, evidently, a very high opinion of B. Savarin, whom he considered to be neither gourmet nor gourmand, but simply a hearty eater. The alleged excellence of Cambacérès banquets he altogether repudiates, observing that he made use of the "remains" of previous dinners. "A chaque service il notait les entrées qui n'avaient pas été touchées, ou qui l'étaient peu, et le lendemain il composait son menu avec cette vile desserte. Quel dîner, juste Ciel!" "La desserte ne doit être employée qu' avec précaution, habileté, et surtout en silence!" The Minister, he asserts, kept the key of the gardemanger himself, noted everything, and dealt out what he considered necessary. Often things lost their freshness and were spoiled by this parsimonious practice. He was quite unworthy of the honored title of gourmand. Talleyrand, on the other hand, dispensed his

hospitality in a right princely manner, like the English Lord Castlereagh, George IV., the Emperor Alexander, and other lavish patrons of la haute cuisine. Talleyrand, it appears, always played a rubber of whist after dinner in silence, and then retired to his cabinet de travail, when his flatterers observed, "Le Prince réfléchit," but the straightforward "Monseigaeur dort!" These souvenirs should be taken perhaps with a grain of salt. It is not often, to be sure, that Ministers of State, with a great reputation for their entertainments, are criticised in all the stern reality of type by their chefs; and we may be quite sure that any personage who might so far forget himself as to keep his august eye upon his larder and his kitch n expenses, would fare badly if submitted to the censor-

ship of his cook. Quite the most charming sketch in its way among the Classiques is Lady Morgan's account of the dinners she enjoyed at the houses of M. de Ségur and the Baron de Rothschild-the lat-The fair writer was a ter especially. pronounced admirer of Carême's art, and the great chef, then at his best, was in the service of the Baron. Certainly no more delicate compliment to his skill has been handed down to us than this:-"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was that it was in season, that it was up to its time—that it was in the spirit of the age—that there was no perruque in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish, no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavor of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands extracted in silver dews

## "' On tepid clouds of rising steam '--

with chemical precision-

formed the fond of all. Every meat presented in its own natural aroma every vegetable its own shade of verdure; the mayonnaise was fried in ice, like Ninon's description of Sevigné's heart

('une citrouille frite à la neige'), and the tempered chill of the plombière (which held the place of the eternal fondus and soufflés of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite avalanche which, with the hue and odor of freshgathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner men have written epic poems." This was an occasion, we have been told, on which it pleased Carême to affect a studied simplicity, the mood in which, according to contemporary criticism, he was more successful than when he went in for extreme elaboration.

Lady Morgan's flowery tribute to Carême may be regarded as a fitting link between the French writers of the earlier half of the century, who treated the subject of cookery philosophically, and the first Englishman who took up his pen in a similar vein. This author was Thomas Walker, who in his unhappily short lived periodical, The Original, contributed a most interesting series of papers on the "Art of Dining." His views, which were published in 1835, must have positively astounded his English readers, who were at that time addicted to much pomp and ceremony in their punderous entertain-The cumbersome and ridicuments. lously ostentatious system of serving dinners in relays of numerous dishes, every one of which was placed upon the table, was universally followed and looked upon as perfect. Big battalions of family plate, with the silver sauceboats on their flanks, were thus paraded for general admiration, while the major portion of the food was to a great extent cooled and spoiled by being stupidly brought into the fighting-line before it was required. Against this utterly inartistic way of doing things Walker wrote in the most trenchant manner, and did not hesitate to denounce it as palpably erroneous from a gastronomical point of view, and strongly tainted with barbarism and vulgarity," while the effect produced by it he stigmatized as being "far removed from real and refined enjoyment." After describing the absurdity, the many mistakes, and even the nuisance

of the overladen table, the unnecessarily long bill of fare, and the tedious service, he boldly advocated that dinners should be composed of few but really good dishes, each of which, thoroughly complete in regard to its adjuncts, should be brought in separately with as little parade and waste of time as possible. Together with this he urged the abolition of the senseless practice of ornamentation, and the placing of hideous "centrepieces" and epergnes upon the table. In plain English these ideas were at least fifty years in advance of the time when they were written. Even Mr. Hayward, who reviewed the papers in The Quarterly Review in 1836, was evidently too warmly prejudiced in favor of the existing fashions to accord the full meed of praise that Thomas Walker's contentions, viewed from a modern standpoint, merited. He allowed that the small dinner might be all very well for certain people and certain occasions "but to desire the gorgeous establishments of our first-rate Amphitryons to be broken up, and the ornate style of living to be totally suppressed, would be," said he, "as unreasonable as to propose the suppression of palaces because houses are better fitted for the ordinary purposes of life." This, of course, was an evasion of the question argued in The Original. Walker did not suggest the breaking up of any establishments but a general simplification of the method in vogue on the grounds of good taste, artistic feeling, and the service of food at its best. Things have by degrees worked round to that standard, and in the last decade of the century we are able to appreciate the right judgment and cultivated mind of the man who lifted up his voice against the Philistinism of sixty years ago. The selection of agreeable combinations of food is a task that few can hope to fulfil to the satisfaction of every The written menu is at best a suggestion which is open to correction or alteration according to taste, and on this account, doubtless, some of Walker's sketches of little dinners might be improved. Still, his principles are excellent, and I take it that some readers of The Original who have come to riper years have felt considerable respect for

NEW SERIES,-Vol. LXIV., No. 5.

a host who, in the thirties, could magnanimously protect his guests from the tyranny of turkey and roast beef on Christmas day, and bid them take for their pièce de résistance woodcocks "at discretion," one or more as each might desire, brought in hot and hot. In the matter of wine, however, is there not a smack of the good old times in this?-" With the turtle there will be punch; champagne and claret afterward; the two former I have ordered to be well iced. I shall permit no other wines, unless perchance a bottle or two of port, as I hold variety of wines to be a great mistake." From this we gather that a few bottles of port more or less were a mere bagatelle, hardly worth mentioning, even in the opinion of the author of The Original. Lastly, the most brief summary of Thomas Walker's writings would be incomplete without advertence to his many happy phrases, which, if quoted separately, might take rank as equal, if not superior to the aphorisms of Brillat Savarin. For instance, referring to the "monstrous absurdity" of attempting to entertain an elaborate style with insufficient means and an inadequate establishment, he says:— "State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst." Again, in explaining the characteristics of port and champagne: "There is about the same difference between these two that in poetry exists between Paradise Lost and The Rape of the Lock." And this: "Ostentation excites disgust or contempt, and destroys enjoyment for the sake of display, by introducing variety without reference to reason." "Thomas Walker," wrote Mr. Henry Morley in an Introduction to a reprint of The Original in 1887, "frankly delivered himself, and brought the way of life, as it was seen by a refined and social gentleman, well educated, shrewd, and without one low thought, so plainly within view of his reader that neither young nor old, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, could read through his book without having been in some degree amused and taught through his experi-

And now a few words about the very able little treatise on The Art of Dining, by the writer whose name I have

mentioned so often, Mr. Abraham Hayward. This book was made up by a re-arrangement, in 1853, of two articles which he had written in the years '35 and '36 for The Quarterly Review -the one to which I have already referred about The Original, and the other entitled "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," his object having been " to bring down and adapt to the present time the disquisitions, descriptions, and directions contained in them." Here we find that, in addition to his remarks upon the reform suggested by Thomas Wolker, Mr. Hayward gave a very careful analysis of the "Physiologie du goût" and traced the history of gastronomy from its earliest days to the period of his personal experiences. No name of any note in connection with the subject is omitted in this work, and throughout the resumé there is an uninterrupted flow of genial humor and anecdote which will probably never be better managed by any writer who may aspire hereafter to carry on the chronicles of the æsthetics of the dinner table. Not only was Hayward very well read in regard to the past records of food and feeding, but he lived for many years in the midst of all that was clever and entertaining in the society of two capitals. He knew his Paris almost as well as his London. Of most of the leading Amphitryous of his time he was a personal friend, and with no restraint or chef of repute was he unacquainted. As a tale-teller with an inexhaustive répertoire of incidents both interesting and amusing concerning people of note politically, socially, and gastronomically he was probably without a rival. From this store he seems to have drawn in a pleasant chatty way without a trespass beyond the boundaries of kindness and good A frequent diner-out, he made the most of his opportunities, and being an appreciative disciple of Gastræa, very naturally acquired a great experience and became an acknowledged authority on what Walker called "aristology." As I have already pointed out, the fashion of his time was not the fashion of these our modern days as far as the composition and serving of a dinner were concerned. We ought not, therefore, to wonder that the

menus he proposes for the four seasons are far too long and heavy for the present generation. The dinner he describes which was given to Lord Chesterfield at the Clarendon, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, may be taken as a sample of the highly finished banquet of that period. The party consisted of thirty, the price was six guineas a head, and the dinner was ordered by Count d'Orsay. There were thirteen entrées and fifteen entremets, and before the reader loses the thread of the narrative in "et cetera," he can count fifty two different dishes! The mention of Count d'Orsay's name reminds me that Hayward quotes in extenso a letter from that undoubtedly reliable authority on the subject of the Parisian restaurants of 1852. Knowing, as most of us now do, that one by one nearly all the celebrated places have disappeared. it is interesting to read Count d'Orsay's gloomy opinion of them as far back as forty-three years of ago. Writing from Paris he says with regret that "the culinary art has sadly fallen off," and goes on to name four first-rate, four second-rate, and four third-rate houses. but adds: "At none of these places could you find dinners now such as were produced by Ude; by Sover, formerly with Lord Chesterfield; by Rotival, with Lord Wilton; or by Perron, with Lord Londonderry." He complains of the expensiveness and vulgarity of the cooking—" a sort of tripotage of truffles, cockscombs, and crawfish. mounted on the back of a fillet of beef, and not a single entrée which a connoisseur can eat; the roast game tourmentés and cold, for their feathers are stuck on again before they are served up." "French gastronomy," adds he, in conclusion, "has emigrated to England, and has no wish to return. do not absolutely die of hunger here, and that is all that can be said." recapitulation of even half of the stories told in this entertaining book would occupy far more space than I can possibly take up, but an instance or two of the author's light and pleasing style ought not to be omitted. Speaking of conversation at dinner, and the very necessary part it plays in the enjoyment of a party, he observes, "but what a

deceased clerical wit called 'flashes of silence' may occasionally intervene. We were once dining with the author of Vanity Fair at the Rocher, when a matelote of surpassing excellence was 'My dear fellow,' exserved up. claimed the distinguished moralist, 'don't let us speak a word until we have finished this dish.'" In another place, à propos of Thomas Walker's advice to those who have to dine alone, i.o., to approach the table with a cheerful mind after an interval of relaxation from whatever may have seriously occupied the attention, and then to fix it upon "some agreeable object," he says, "We don't know what agreeable object ' was particularly meant here, but the author of The Parson's Daughter, when surprised one evening in his armchair two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologized by saying, 'When one is alone, the bottle does come round so often.' It was Sir Hercules Langrishe who, being asked on a similar occasion, 'What! have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?' answered, 'No-not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.' "

For the next writer of note on the subject we are discussing, it is necessary again to cross the channel and consult the Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine, by Alexandre Dumas the elder. As I mentioned in a former article, this work was partly a cookery book, the practical part of which was supplied to a very great extent, by M. Vuillemot, the proprietor of the "Tête Noire" at St. Cloud, and various chefs whom the editor knew, and partly, to use the words of Sir Henry Thompson, "a medley of scientific jottings, with plenty of gossip and numerous anecdotes." It is, of course, only with the latter part that we need now concern After having read ourselves. Classiques de la table, the reader will find that a considerable part of Dumas' chit-chat came from that source, but here and there he tells a good story, such as that to which I have just referred in connection with the Marquis de Cussy. One of Napoleon will bear repeating, because it gives an improved version of an incident which as generally described is no doubt familiar to

many. The old story, according to Hayward, was that the Emperor, annoved with some occurrence or other at a Conseil d'État, sat down to breakfast one morning in one of his worst tempers, and had hardly tasted a mouthful when, stung to madness by some exasperating recollection, he drew his chair back, and with one kick overthrew the table and all its contents, then rose and paced the room with rapid strides indicative of frenzied rage. Dunand, the maître d'hôtel, looked on unmoved, and quietly gave his directions to the staff, who cleared away the wreck; and, as if by magic, rapidly laid out a duplicate of the déjeuner, which was announced, as if nothing had occurred, with the customary 'Sa majesté est servie." Napoleon, appreciating the delicacy and tact of the action, turned to the maltre d'hôtel with one of his inimitable smiles, and said, "Merci bien, mon cher Dunand," thus showing that the hurricane had blown over. Dumas is much more circumstantial. It was a time of political gravity, a rupture with Prussia imminent. The Emperor sat down, took a few mouthfuls of soup, and then removed the cover of one of the dishes which contained his favorite crépinettes de cochon, when, becoming suddenly enraged, he kicked over the table, the whole of the breakfast with the broken china being scattered over a priceless Persian carpet. The next moment he strode in an ungovernable passion from the room. Dunand, thinking that there was something wrong with the crépinettes, and perfectly overwhelmed with dismay, stood trembling with fear. Duroc alone kept his head, and calmed the affrighted maître d'hôtel. "You don't know the Emperor," said he; "his anger had nothing to do with the breakfast. Take courage, and provide another as quickly as you can." As soon as matters were rearranged, the Emperor was summoned, Roustum, the favorite Mameluke, being deputed to perform the task. The great captain entered the room, and, missing Dunand, sent for him, upon which the maître d'hôtel, still white with apprehension, appeared at the door carrying a beautiful poulet rôti. Napoleon immediately took a wing and ate a few crépinettes,

then, beckoning Dunand to approach, he stroked his cheek and said in accents broken with emotion, "M. Dunand vous êtes plus heureux d'être mon maître d'hôtel que je ne le suis d'être le roi de ce pays." After this he finished his breakfast in silence—"avec les traits profondément affectés."

No sketch of the principal writings on the subject of the æsthetics of the dinner-table would be complete without a few words concerning Sir Henry Thompson's charming little treatise, Food and Feeding. With just sufficient science to come well within the understanding of the ordinary reader, with the clearest explanation of the values of various kinds of food, and of the culinary processes adapted to their better preparation, there is in this book much excellent advice on the subject of dining with good taste and discrimi-The first edition appeared at the very moment (1880) when such " Perhaps counsel was much needed. the truth is scarcely yet sufficiently recognized," wrote the author, "that the quality or character of a dinner does not depend on the number, the complexity, the cost, or even the rarity of the component dishes. Let these be few in number and be simple in composition; but if the material itself is the best of its kind, well cooked, and tastefully presented, the dinner may rank with the best and is certain to please." That this precept has been accepted as a guiding principle by every one who studies refinement and true art in connection with dinner giving, has long since shown that Food and Feeding was not written in vain. book, in fact, soon made numerous conversions, and led many earnest disciples to practise in their entertainments that artistic simplicity of which Sir Henry Thompson is well known himself to be a most successful practical exponent.

Delicate Dining, by Mr. Theodore Child, is another work of well-merited

reputation in this direction, and a little brochure by "Grid," called Real Cookery, deserves honorable mention for its sound advice, and the trenchant manner in which the writer condemns the "vanity, humbug, and affectation" of the highly decorative style of serving dinners—the "rose dyed purées," and "the flock of miniature geese floating in a pond of green aspic jelly."

We have now entered upon a period in our social history in which the necessity of attention to gastronomy is fully recognized. As I have said, enlightened views of the characteristics of a nice dinner have been generally adopted. The demand thus created for any information that may tend to further development has been met by the Press, and in many papers the cookery column has become an institution. In an age of universal newness it is perhaps only natural that here and there this should have been taken up in a new way. The old-fashioned string of recipes would be too heavy, no doubt, for Society chronicles, so Margery writes to Belinda, and, after a discussion concerning frillery and tucks, chattily communicates a beautifully ambiguous recipe coaxed out of the cook with great difficulty while staying with the "dear Dulcimers." Nor is the æsthetic lost sight of. Certain fair correspondents have arisen who can paint fancy pictures in words-" all out of their own heads," as the children say-about breakfasts and luncheons and dinners which, if not very valuable from a practical point of view, are, at all events, amusing. Indeed, it may be admitted that occasionally a good suggestion may thus be picked up, for, to quote Hayward yet once more, "a tone of mock seriousness or careless gayety does not necessarily imply the absence of sound reflection, and the laughing philosopher may prove better worth attention than the solemn pedant."-National

## A ROMANCE OF THE MOLEHILL COUNTRY.

BY U. L. SILBERRAD.

MISS PHILMORE was not good-looking, she was not even very young, in fact most of her friends regarded her as an old maid already, though in reality she was not yet thirty. She was so staid and quiet, she could not sing, nor play tennis, nor talk well, she had not a bit of "style," always she had been the same little old gray thing. She never pretended to be anything differ-That was one reason why people liked her; another was that she could always be depended on. If the servants left in a hurry, if the girls wanted to get away for a visit, "send for Martha Philmore" was the invariable cry, and they never sent in vain. She was not a bit clever, and she was so terribly shy she couldn't have done much when she came, except be quiet and restful and do simple ordinary things that any one else could do better, but she was so handy and so sympathetic.

Considering these facts about her, and considering that she was practically alone in the world, except for her cousins the Fentons, it was not wonderful that these cousins should hit on the happy idea of sending Martha to look after Aunt Louisa. It was the look after Aunt Louisa. eldest Miss Fenton, now Mrs. Gilbert, who thought of it. She said, "Martha is not well off and has no proper home, unless you call staying about with one and another of us a home. I think it would be very nice for her to go and live with Aunt Louisa. Brighton is a pleasant place, and Aunt Loo is not half so bad to get on with as you girls make out."

Brighton may be a pleasant place for those that care for society, and can get it, but seen through the medium of a lonely old woman's life there is some doubt about it. As for its being nice for Martha to live with Aunt Loo, there was more than a doubt about that. Old Mrs. Warner, the lady in question, was the family bugbear. A sister of Mr. Fenton's and alone in the world, she discovered that her duty and her inclinations pointed to her living with her widower brother. He was not anx-

ious for the pleasure, and his daughters were extremely anxious that he shou'd not experience it. The family brains had been exercised for many years past to keep her contented with her present surroundings. As she had never known contentment for more than a quarter of an hour at a stretch during her life, this was a difficult task; so Mrs. Gilbert took great credit to herself for having suggested the plan of sending Martha to Brighton. Of course Miss Philmore knew all about the family view of Aunt Louisa, but she quite saw the matter in the other light too, that Aunt Loo was not really so bad but that moderate patience could put up with her, and that it was possible to have a lot of quiet enjoyment if you did not care for society. Moreover, she concluded it would not be at all a bad thing for her.

The truth, as Martha soon found, was that Aunt Louisa was not at all a nice old lady—she was very stout, the stoutest old lady possible; she was very selfish—greedily, aggressively selfish; she also had extremely unpleasant habits, caused by living alone. She loved, too, very dearly the sound of her own voice recounting her troubles, many of which originated in her brain; her notion of comfort was an easy chair, a cushion, and a big grievance. Last and worst, she took such a fancy to Martha that she would never let her out of her sight if she could help it.

"My dear," she would say, "you don't want to go out to day, it's not at all nice—much better stop at home with me and have a cosy little time."

Or perhaps it would be, "Don't sit in your bedroom to mend your dress, come in here and do it; don't mind me, it doesn't matter what you have got on—I like to have you popping about me."

She was a kind-hearted old soul in her way, and so very lonely that Martha, who was ever pitiful, never thought hardly of her even when she stopped in the King's Road to slang her chairman (for she could only go out in a bathchair or drive) for nothing at all, or when she whispered audible asides in church about the congregation during some beautiful prayer. It was hard for Miss Philmore, who herself was so sensitive and courteous, to hear Mrs. Warner airing her views on missing spoons and broken glasses to the small servant; the old lady was forever forgetting where she put things, and being of a suspicious nature she usually imagined them stolen; this, in connection with a particularly insulting way of speaking, caused occasional troubles.

As Mrs. Warner lived in a suite of apartments, her landlady objected to the servants giving notice on account of "the drawing room's temper," and one of the least pleasant of Martha's offices was making peace with the offended maids and mistresses. This apartment arrangement, though it was better than having a house in addition to Aunt Louisa to look after, had its disadvantages: there was only one sitting-room, the rooms were all on one floor, and easy of access to the old lady, consequently solitude was an impossi-

bility. "Martha was a good little thing," so her cousins said, "but enjoyment was left out of her." At least the only enjoyment she knew was sitting by the fire reading aloud or doing needlework in a comfortable way; that was her highest form of pleasure, as they knew her, so she ought to have been very happy where she was, apart from the circumstances we have described; but she was not so. In her small plain body there was a great hungry yearning soul. She was so shy and retiring, she never showed herself to any one; besides, people were always so anxious to tell her about themselves, there was never any time, even if she had wanted it, to tell about herself; but it was all there, the longing for light and love, the struggle to find out the great life riddles that presented themselves so She did not think much often to her. about her feelings, she took them like her face, as a matter of course, and did what came handy in her quiet way; but she loved to be alone sometimes, because it seemed then as if the chrysalis shell dropped off and she could feel her wings; she loved, too, to walk fast

by herself in the twilight when the wind blew from the sea, and the air felt as if it brought her whispers of better things; and she loved to read books that she could not altogether understand, because they told her of the wider world beyond her reach. Aunt Louisa did not like her to go out alone, she wanted her to walk beside the bathchair or else sit indoors with her; Aunt Louisa would not let her stop in her room a minute without coming to see what she was doing; and Aunt Louisa, directly she saw a book in her hand, wanted her to read aloud, and the literature she particularly affected was biography and the newspaper, "because they were true."

But Martha took her life very quiet-She tried hard to make the old lady happy, in which she succeeded; and she tried to be happy herself, in which she succeeded only moderately. She once found herself wondering why she had so little in common with the old maid friends that formed a circle round Mrs. Warner and the church she attended; she had no more in common with them than she had with her cousins, and yet they always said she was an old maid. But she put this thought from her quickly, which was just as well, for if the quiet little people who go about the world picking up the loose threads of other people's work once begin speculating on such matters, the other people will have to do their own thread picking up. One must be conscious of self to think about these things, and to be really able to feel, and think, and suffer for others, one ought certainly not to be conscious of self; hence it is wrong for the purely useful to attempt what ought to be the exclusive privilege of the ornamental. As Martha was purely useful, she did not allow herself to think, but quietly accompanied Mrs. Warner to all the tea parties and working meetings, and left speculation alone.

Those working meetings seemed to Martha somehow to have missed their aim; she was so earnest about things, she thought such a lot about the object, and how much she could do for it, and other members thought such a lot about the tea and talk, and did so surprisingly little for it. The ladies

interested her: she knew whose son was in the church and whose daughter was ill, who had seven grandchildren, and who had her mantles made at Sturt's—that was all part of her strange taste for other people's pleasures and difficulties. She liked to accompany Mrs. Warner to tea with different ladies, it was then she heard all about their relations and digestions.

Among Mrs. Warner's friends there was a certain Miss Frissit, an amiable old lady, quite juvenile in appearance and manner, bright and energetic, with a cheerful not to say "chirrupy" manner, greatly in contrast with Mrs. Warner, who was only happy when miserable—still they were good friends for

all that.

One day Martha and the old lady (in her bath-chair as usual) met Miss Fris-

sit on the King's Road.

"Lovely weather we are having for October, and so near the end of the month too," Miss Frissit said brisk-ly

ly.

"Lovely," agreed Mrs. Warner, "it's perfectly sultry; I feel quite overpowered in this thick cloak, I don't know how to bear myself; I can't say I like such weather this time of the year—I'm sure it's not healthy!"

"Well, perhaps it isn't," Miss Frissit acquiesced—she generally acquiesced—"still it is cheerful to see the sun; don't you think so, Miss Philmore?"

Martha loved the sun and she said so, adding an inquiry as to Miss Frissit's health.

"Oh! I'm very well now, thank

you," that lady said.

"Have you been ill?" Mrs. Warner demanded in a tone suggestive of the opinion that no one had a right to be ill but herself.

"Why yes, dear," Miss Frissit said,
"I have had such a terrible throat—
quinsy; I was very seriously ill I assure
you; that is why I've not been to see

you for such a time."

"Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear that; how do you think you caught it? Doing something foolish, I suppose, perhaps wearing some fur thing round your throat. I've no patience with the idiotic fashion, makes one so susceptible to the least chill; but there,

people never find it out till too late. But I am very sorry to hear about you—I don't know how it was I did not hear long ago; but then you live so far away I never got to see you scarcely, and going to another church and all I never hear anything of you!"

"No, of course, it is a long way for you—a long drag up from the sea; still, dear, you must try and manage to come—yes, come and dine and spend the evening with me, a nice long evening. Now when will you come?" and Miss Frissit was already metaphorically deciding which of her two best table-cloths should grace the occasion.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure; what is to day?—Tuesday, then to-morrow is Wednesday; we could come to-morrow if that will suit you, we couldn't come any other day this week. But don't put yourself out for us, any day will do, we are such quiet folks; still to-morrow is the only day we have," Mrs. Warner said, apparently challenging Miss Frissit to object to her suggestion. Martha colored—she had not been included in the invitation by name; perhaps she was not wanted; she could not bear being forced upon people.

"Wednesday," repeated Miss Frissit, "well, now that is unfortunate—Wednesday is just the only day I can't manage; I have a cousin coming with her little children, such dear little children too, so very clever, it is most unfortunate; dear! dear! we must try and fix one day next week; I am sorry about it. Do you think Monday would

do for you?"

"I am sure I don't know, it's so long ahead," Mrs. Warner said in an affronted tone.

"I think you could go on Monday, Auntie," Martha suggested gently.

"Yes, do try," Miss Frissit added.
"Do, dear. Mr. Flannelette is coming, and I might ask Mr. Sandcroft who lodges next door—he is our curate, you know—to come in as well. We could have such a pleasant evening."

Mrs. Warner allowed herself to be persuaded. She had been a beauty and a flirt in her day, and still kept that which no woman who ever has it loses—a wondrous love for the other sex. Miss Frissit's invitation being

adorned by the inducement of male society was accepted.

"Of course you will come too, Miss

Philmore," Miss Frissit said.

Martha thanked her, and Aunt Louisa said with a sly smile, "Of course she will, with a young curate coming. What did you say his name was?"

"Sandcroft—Mr. Paul Sandcroft," Miss Frissit said; and catching sight of Martha's face, she asked, "Do you know him, my dear?"

"I don't know, it may not be the same man," Miss Philmore said ner-

vously.

"O—ho—Miss Martha, is that how the land lies?" Mrs. Warner exclaimed, with the joyful and somewhat vulgar chuckle with which some elder ladies hail what they deem to be the tender

passion.

"A Mr. Sandcroft stayed six weeks the summer before last in the place where my cousins live, while the rector was away, but it may not be your friend. If it is, I don't suppose he would remember me—I saw him very coldern"

"Ah! we shall see," Mrs. Warner said, looking very wise; and she repeated that same non committing remark at intervals, sandwiched in between questions concerning Martha's Mr. Sandcroft, during the rest of the walk, to the great discomfiture of her sensitive companion, who felt it to be very immodest as well as very libellous to suggest that any man, most of all a clergyman, should notice her. When one lives in a very flat country molehills become quite features of the landscape, and a real hill appears at least a Mont Blanc. So it was with Martha; her life was a very flat country, and dining with Miss Frissit was almost a Mont Blanc when coupled with the probability of meeting a moderately young man, a creature of whom she stood in great awe and avoided whenever she could. Before the great event came off Mrs. Warner gave her a good deal of information concerning Miss Frissit's past life as the principal of a small school for the juvenile "sons of gentlemen;" also a long and involved account of the manner in which she lost her school and her money, and was finally provided for by a relation who allowed her a very small but settled income.

"As for that Mr. Flannelét" (both old ladies pronounced it Flannelette), "he is an old bachelor who boards with her; he used to be a friend of hers long ago—a music master or something; he came into a little money, so he's independent, and they live together as happy as birds. Ah, my dear, if only I had some one like that, some man! Still, my dear, I've got you and I mustn't grumble, though I do feel it sometimes when I go into other people's houses (their own houses, mind you) and think to myself, There they are, happy and independent, while I have only lodgings—nasty, shabby lodgings-with all my nice furniture (much better than Miss Frissit's) stuffed into three poky rooms! But there, I'm not going to complain; there's plenty of mercies if one would only see them, and I could thank God every day for them in spite of lodgings and worries, if only ile had made that woman take up the carpets—they are as dusty as dusty can be, never up last spring. My dear, would you believe it?"

That the Almighty overrules the taking up or not taking up of lodging-house carpets is a matter open to question; but it was a transition of thought easily effected by Mrs. Warner, and if Martha had her doubts about the reverence of such talk she kept them to herself, and ignored the religious, merely commenting on the upholstering side.

It was Sunday evening as they were sitting over tea that Mrs. Warner gave this piece of information regarding Miss Frissit's income, Mr. Flannelét, the carpets, etc. It had been raining all the morning, so they had not been able to go to church—the old lady on account of the damp, the young one on account of being obliged to read the service to her companion, and generally keep her spirits up as she found the wet weather depressing. The bells of a neighboring church began ringing, and something in the sound, coupled with the look of the wet streets shining beneath the lamplight, as seen through the window over which, as yet, no blinds had been drawn, sent a longing

thrill through Martha. She tried to choke it down for a few seconds, but it would not go; the hungry soul rose up in the plain little body, and cried aloud for the food it had been denied so long; it cried for just an hour's freedom, just a little liberty, so that at last Martha asked to be allowed to go to evening service. Not a big thing for a soul to ask-a thing a good many souls ask to be excused; but then it must be remembered that this soul dwelt in the molehill country, and had never seen a spiritual mountain, and did not know what a physical one looked like quite. But little as it was Mrs. Warner was not inclined to agree; however, after vainly regretting that she had not told her chairman to come to take her to church as well (a proceeding which would have inevitably brought on bronchitis), she gave a grudging permis-

Martha sallied forth like the servant girls for her "evening off" into the damp lamplit night. The rain had ceased, and the sky was clearing, still, it was not a beautiful night by any means, but to Martha the reflections of the lamps on the damp pavement had a beauty of their own; the long, straight rows of lights leading on and on through the darkness had a strange charm, and the warm, moist wind that blew from the sea was ineffably sweet. She had no idea where she was going; she only walked eastward till church time, and then turned in at the first church she came to-a big red brick building, with a, for the most part, unfashionable congregation, amid whom she was entirely unnoticed.

Dear old service, grand old service, never finer than when quietly read in the dim light of evening, how many simple souls have you comforted! On that night it seemed so grand, and sweet, and peaceful to Martha, she had no philosophy to object, no disposition to criticise; she just believed what was simple and plain, and the rest she trusted to understand by-and-by. Then she settled herself to listen to the sermon with a half hope that she might hear something good (a hope not to be frequently indulged in without disappointment). A small man mounted the pulpit—a plain-faced, ungainly

man, with an awkwardness of bearing that seemed almost deformity, who peered wistfully at the congregation through his spectacles. But Martha did not notice it, did not see the ungainliness; she only saw that the face, ugly or beautiful, was noble with the nobility of a conquered self, of a pure and godly life; saw, too, that it was the face of the Paul Sandcroft she had met a year ago. Of course he would preach well—she knew that when she recognized him; he always used to, and she expected it of him now, nor was she disappointed. His sermon was like himself, earnest and pitiful, strong and true, at least so Martha thought; she had built up an ideal, and she was sure her hero would not fall from it. Her hero he was too, inasmuch as he had been the first to speak to her as an intellectual equal, to credit her with hopes and beliefs and feelings like others—perhaps I should more correctly say the only one rather than the first. So it was that she, like the simple little soul she was, had looked upon him as a hero none the less because she fancied his gaze was directed in an ordinary and unheroic fashion on her youngest cousin; rather she had been pleased thereat, for her cousins were the nicest girls possible, and one naturally wishes the nicest girl possible to marry a hero, even if he is not handsome. Still, nothing came of it, for the hero was not rich, and the youngest cousin could not manage without Parisian boots, the latest thing in sunshades, and an annual trip to the Continent. Perhaps Martha thought of these things a little as she stood by the door, at the close of the service, to listen to the voluntary, while the whole building shook with the noise of trumpets and drums, and the wild, grand harmony of blended sounds, till the last notes from the great pipes were lost in a quivering silence.

Four o'clock on Monday afternoon found Mrs. Warner and Martha wending their way eastward to Miss Frissit's; there was some steep going, and Martha had to push up behind the chair with parted lips and panting breath, but the narrow street, their destination, was reached at last. A very narrow street it was too, with small

"respectable" houses on both sides; most of the curtains were rather dingy and most of the lower rooms appeared to be embellished with a pot of artificial flowers set on a table in the windows; No. 7, Miss Frissit's residence, was no exception to the rule. Inside, the hall was very narrow, so narrow iu fact that it was with great difficulty Mrs. Warner steered sideways round the iron hat stand; Martha watched her in trepidation, but the feat was accomplished, and the old lady was finally landed in safety in the sitting-room. The sitting-room itself was not beauti-The wall paper was dirty, the furniture shabby, the pictures beyond description frightful, the carpet not much better, and the whole place was scented with the odor of departed dinners; but Martha, trained to look for and to find the one bright spot in every object presented to her gaze, noticed only the cheerful fire, with a small kettle singing on it and a large cat sitting before it.

Mrs. Warner had put on her best manners with her best cap, and was charming, Miss Frissit brisk and cheerful as usual, as she hopped (no other word describes justly her mode of locomotion) about the room, preparing tea and explaining to her guests that she much preferred tea and supper in the "ordinary way," only Mr. Flannelét liked dinner best. "So now, dear," she concluded, "I hope you haven't come expecting anything grand, for I assure you we live as plainly as possible, and I'm taking you at your word and not making any difference."

"That's quite right, that's what I like; I don't call a person a friend when you have to make a fuss for them," Mrs. Warner said most affably.

Directly after tea the hostess departed to superintend the preparations for dinner, leaving her guests with more assurances of not making any difference for them, and the newspaper. On being left alone Mrs. Warner "improved the shining hour" by going to sleep, and Miss Philmore, having already read the paper, and there being no books to read, stroked the cat and thought. She thought over the conversation that had gone on at tea—it was about the price of oysters and the

rival merits of Guinness's and somebody else's stout; varied by remarks on the digestive powers of the two ladies, the habits of Mr. Flannelét, and the delinquencies of the last new apology for a servant, whose sphere of usefulness was at Mrs. Warner's lodgings. Martha sat on in the fast darkening room thinking, thinking, till she felt as if the dingy walls were closing on her, and that she must break away, out into the sir

Suddenly her reflections were disturbed by the whole room being slightly shaken, and the window rattling mournfully; finally the door gave way and opened. It was an obstinate kind of door, and stuck wherever it could both at hinge and lock; not at all a romantic portal that would admit a villain noiselessly—it admitted no one noiselessly, but always gave due notice of an attempt to tamper with it. Of course the noise woke Mrs. Warner with a start that sent her cap forward and somewhat ruttled her equanimity. "You gave me quite a turn," she said to Miss Frissit, the offender.

"I am very sorry, dear," was Miss Frissit's answer, followed by a series of apologies for herself and door, which, however, were cut short by the entry of Mr. Flannelét, at sight of whom Mrs. Warner's face and temper again became serene.

Mr. Flannelét was a tall thin man in a tightly buttoned frock coat and a red smoking cap; a singular costume for dinner perhaps, but quite in keeping with that worn by Miss Frissit. Warner described Mr. Flannelét as "a nice, quiet, gentlemanly man," which after all was not a bad description, for quiet he certainly was; he spoke seldom, and when he did it was rarely above a whisper, and walked about also as if he was afraid of breaking things. He had the reputation among Miss Frissit's friends of being a genius, with what justice it is impossible to say—he did not waste any talents he might have on the present audience. If he possessed them he kept them for private use only; no one had ever heard of his doing anything clever except to make good coffee, which, considering how seldom it is done in England, must be somewhat of a feat; for the rest, he

had all his life scarcely earned bread and cheese, and did not even hurl Jovian rage upon an unappreciative world as much unsuccessful geniuses do. On the occasion of Miss Philmore's introduction to him he said nothing, and, like "Brer Fox," kept on saying it while the two elder ladies found a new and interesting theme of conversation in bread, the indigesti-

bility of new.

The curate did not appear till after dinner, and as he entered Martha found herself turning first hot and then cold in a foolish kind of way. He did not seem very surprised to nieet her: he had seen her last night as she stood listening to the music at the church door. He asked her if she liked the She answered, "It was very "Very nice, indeed!" It was organ. grand, and she longed to say so, only she was afraid. Then Mrs. Warner began about barrel-organs, a subject on which she grew warm; and Miss Frissit offered her opinions that they were really very cheerful in dull weather, and that for her part she liked them sometimes. Afterward followed a quiet game or two. At length the American clock on the mantelpiece pointed to half-past nine, and Mrs. Warner declared it was time to go. As the said clock was twenty minutes slow, and she had appointed 9.30 as the hour for her chairman to fetch her, it probably was none too soon to make a move-for his comfort at least.

"I wish you wouldn't mind just going to see whether my chair has come, Mr. Flannelét," the old lady said to the genius, who accordingly stalked solemnly to the front door and stopped

there nearly five minutes.

"Perhaps, Mr. Sandcroft, you wouldn't mind going to see what has become of Mr. Flannelét," Mrs. Warner said severely, glancing from the clock to Miss Frissit, as if she was answerable for the lateness of the hour and the non-appearance of her boarder.

"I'll go," the little lady said, bobbing about as she spoke. "Mr. Flannelét often gets thinking when he goes to see about anything. He has such very deep thoughts, you know—such very deep thoughts," and she bobbed out of the room. Mr. Sandcroft fol-

lowed in a few moments, however, at Mrs. Warner's request. "They're a couple of old women," she remarked snappishly, referring to the two outside. Presently the three came back with the news that there was no chair,

no man, and a dense fog.

Then there ensued such a talk as only is possible when two elderly ladies are, figuratively speaking, thrown on their beam ends by a new and awful perplexity. They had to get used to the notion, which took a long time; they had to surmise on the probability of an alteration, which took longer; and they had to decide what was to be done, which took longest. Finally, as there was a spare room in the house, it was decided Mrs. Warner should stay the night, and Miss Philmore should go home escorted by Mr. Sandcroft. It was in vain for Martha to put in a timid plea to be allowed to go home She was talked down; and so before long she found herself walking silently beside her hero on the slippery pavements. They made straight for the sea-front, as Mr. Sandcroft said it might be clearer there, in which surmise he was correct. Along the King's Road the lamps showed quite plainly, and the white mist was only moderately thick.

Martha could recall the time in the memorable summer when she walked from her cousin's house to the church with this same man. Every word they said lived in her memory as if it were but yesterday. How she had talked about that pretty young cousin and her views on things in general and sermons in particular till they reached the lane by the churchyard, when her companion had turned to her with his slow, sweet smile, saying, "And what do you think about these things?" To-night it all seemed so far off, as if, as they walked along the great empty road with the booming of the sea in their ears and the mysterious fog wrapping them round, they two and the lamp-posts were all alone in the world. This time they never mentioned the pretty cousin; they spoke of-well, things Martha never had spoken of before, things that made her afraid when she reviewed them in the solitude of her own room afterward.

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To be seen home by a gentleman is not a great event in most ladies' lives, especially if the gentleman is a very carnest clergyman with no pretensions to personal beauty, but in Martha's life it was a very mountain which dwarfed all other events; for the man was her hero, and he had, with a magic touch, unsealed the volume of her thoughts, and bade them flow out and show them-He alone of all the world thought of her as something different to "a good little thing," existing only to stop up gaps in other people's lives. It was not wonderful that she mentally marked that day in the chart of her life as a high peak; it was not wonderful that she lay awake that night thinking over all that had been said; it was scarcely necessary, however, that she should review her past actions in comparison with the character with which she endowed "him," and find them all wanting. "Yes," the little old maid decided, "I lead a selfish, narrow life; no one is the better for my existence. If I died to-morrow what record should I have? What have I done in all the course of my life that has helped the world along only a pin's point?" The only action she could recall that seemed really righteous was the occasion when she tried to teach Mrs. Gilbert's children their catechism one Sunday afternoon, when she was looking after them, because the nurse was out and the mother engaged with company. had dimly felt at the time that the catechism was a moral and inspiring influence in young lives. worked she was not quite sure. She did not love it herself, but she tried to teach them. They did not love it either; they said they liked the dreamy fairy allegories she made up much bet-She blushed in the dark as she recalled how they betrayed her into illustrating the duty to the neighbor in an expanded and unbiblical form, and how she had launched forth into one of those simple poetic stories that ever floated in her brain, and how it usurped the place of the catechism lesson en-"I have never done any good at all," she said. "I must try and speak to some one." But who? Every one she knew was better than she-that was very awkward. There were the

poor people. But she couldn't get out to visit them; Mrs. Warner would not let her go. What should she do? The only plan she could think of was when she was allowed to go out shopping, to deal at the poorer shops, and so perhaps get a word with some one who wanted help such as she could give, though as to what sort of help that was she was not at all clear.

It was more than a week before she could put her resolution into practice. Mrs. Warner, having taken cold, was forced to keep indoors, and so of course Martha was too. However, the day came when she had an hour to herself, and she hurried off to the poorer quarter of the town, selecting after a time as her base of operations a small linendraper's, where she made some unimportant purchases, and laid the foundations of a friendship by picking up and comforting the shopwoman's youngestbut-one, who fell over the doorstep as she entered. "One must begin by making friends," Martha told herself, as she threaded her way through the narrow streets home again. But somehow she found she never got beyond "making friends" with this woman or any other of those she came to know, any more than she did with Mrs. Warner's stolid chairman. She asked about their coughs and colds, their children and grandchildren, their ups and downs, but never anything more.

It happened about this time that an amiable old lady and gentleman came to live next door; being elderly and somewhat lonely too, they struck up a friendship with Mrs. Warner, who fell into the habit of dropping in at their house on her way home from her afternoon chairing. On these occasions she would tell Martha to go for a little walk by herself, partly because she thought it would please her and partly because she liked the old gentleman's undivided attention. Owing to this arrangement Miss Philmore had more opportunities of cultivating her humble friends.

One Sunday evening, in one of the narrow streets, she came upon a collection of youths who, according to their not infrequent habit, began calling after her and walking in front of her, not doing enough to attract the atten-

tion of the police, but still frightening a timid little creature like Martha. Just as her fears were getting the mastery over her, the black-coated figure of a clergyman came in sight. He took in the situation at once, and turning to the persecutors said sadly: "Boys, boys, what are you doing?" Silently, sheepishly, they slunk away, the few who would have stayed and answered pulled away by the majority, who explained vaguely in their own slang lingo who the clergyman was—it was the curate returning after service. explain his power would have been a task beyond them, beyond the rector too-no one knew how it was that he ruled as he did in all the slum district with its swarming life that lay round about.

When he had spoken to the boys Mr. Sandcroft had no idea who Martha was; not until they had gone did he recognize the small shrinking figure; then, as he was on his way to a mission room which lay in the direction she was going, he asked permission to accompany her. Afterward Martha blamed herself for not utilizing the occasion to tell him of some of her difficulties. The courage was lacking even when opportunities became frequent, and they did become frequent: for every Sunday night that Mrs. Warner went next door Martha went to church, and stopped to listen to the organ; and every Sunday night the curate walked with her to the mission room. After a while she thought he would imagine she waited for him and be troubled by her presence, so she left one evening directly after the service; it did not work, however, for he caught her up and asked her why she went before the music was finished, and of course she could not tell him, and equally of course she could not tell a lie, and she stammered till she was crimson with nervousness.

So it went on all through the autumn and winter. Sometimes Mrs. Warner was exacting and allowed her no liberty, sometimes she was social and insisted on tea-parties, and sometimes she was kind and allowed solitary walks; but most Sundays Martha had her evening out like the servants, and I amafraid she "kept company with a young

man," and walked with him as the servants do too.

At Christmas time she was surprisingly busy, making and buying and devising twopenny-halfpenny surprises for all the children she knew; very happy too over it. But then it did not take much to make her happy; she lived in a molehill country in the way of happiness, as well as in other matters.

The greatest, strangest thing in all her small gray existence happened in the end of February, when Brighton was getting empty, and the days were wet and depressing. It was all on account of the linen-draper to whom she meant to do so much good, and never did any at all. The youngest-but-one child, who fell over on the day of their first acquaintance, was ill; Mrs. Warner had been induced to go to an allafternoon working party alone, so her companion was free to go and help the mother, who had the shop and the baby both to look after, as well as the little Martha had often stepped invalid. into the small parlor behind the shop, where now the child lay on a horse-hair sofa, so she was no stranger, and felt none of the nervous shrinking she would have known in a larger and grander place. She was quite at home, and set to work doing the few little things she could. They were very trifling-she only brushed up the hearth, altered the pillows, turned the sofa back to the light and sang softly till the child went to sleep. Then the baby, who was in his cradle, cried, and Martha picked him up and walked the room with him, moving with that strange rocking step that nurses use. The baby hushed as the day grew dim without, and the elder child awoke refreshed; then the little old maid fell to telling the fairy tales she so loved to fashion-only children's tales they were, she was not clever enough for anything else. Some people, and they are not all foolish people either, think it is very clever to tell children's tales; Martha's tales were very simple, very beautiful, full of the music of the wind and sea, and they pleased all children. And when she told them she forgot all about herself and her surroundings, and just spoke as she thought, so that on that February afternoon she never

knew she had another listener till she had finished, when, turning round, she saw Mr. Sandcroft sitting in the shad-He had come, as she had, to relieve the mother a little while, for the shop was within range of his visiting, though Martha did not know it. course the discovery of her listener covered the story-teller with confusion; though she said nothing, somehow the deep, solemn "Thank you," which had been spoken at the end of her tale, silenced her; there was no mistaking its meaning, it was more than praise or applause. For a while the two sat in the stupid silence that such people indulge in; then a big girl, the daughter of a neighbor, came in from school and took the baby from Martha, who departed immediately. Mr. Sandcroft went with her; he apparently forgot that his visit had been very brief, and that the sick child expected him to stay.

When they left the shop they turned at once down steep ways to the sea; there were comparatively few people about, a rainy wind was blowing up from the sullen ocean, and the dusk had almost turned to darkness. As they walked along side by side, Martha felt that the time had come for her to speak of the matter nearest her heart; she coud begin by explaining the origin of her visits to the little shop they had just left—yes, that would be easy; she felt quite courageous, at least she would have done if only her goloshes would not keep slipping so; odd how little things make one nervous at such moments. At last, giving a vicious shuffle on the moist pavement, she began and told him all in a curiously involved and mixed-up way, explaining the selfishness and narrowness of her life, her efforts to do something that might fulfil her simple interpretation of the much expounded and variously rendered command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" told him everything-her failures, her want of courage, and her general uselessness. know I am too silly to do much, too silly and insignificant, but I should like to help some of these people, if I only knew what to say."

There was something in her plainfaced hero's eyes that would have made others than Martha call him beautiful as he listened, something that grew brighter still as he said, "So you think you have done no good in the world? Perhaps He for whom you work thinks otherwise, perhaps He will explain some day."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," Martha said, in troubled tones, troubled partly because she could not comprehend his meaning, which lay more in the voice than the words, and partly because of the increasing rain.

Mr. Sandcroft held out his hand for her mackintosh—it was a frightful garment, one of those round-about shiny black things whose beauty of form is only equalled by beauty of odor; very carefully he helped her to put it on, saying as he did so, "Will you let me try and show you some of the things you don't understand? I am ignorant myself, God only knows how ignorant; but together we might make out that which alone seems so hard; and at least there is one thing I know better than you—yourself. Will you let me try and make things clear?"

What need to go on? It is the same old story, and though it was told on Brighton promenade in a drizzling February dusk, it was much like other versions. He was only a curate, short and plain, and with no ambition for a bishopric; she was only a little old-maidish thing past her first youth, entirely without any beauty to be past; yet it was like other love stories—a little more prossic perhaps; they were both so very serious and also poor, it could not be otherwise—one cannot be romantic to the accompaniment of loose goloshes. And one cannot well embrace in a public place—especially if one is securely wound up in a sleeveless mackintosh, and people keep passing all the time. But what did it matter, poverty and goloshes, people and publicity, it still was love—love, sunny-fingered, touched the old maid's life and turned its gray to gold; love, warm and human, breathed on the plain-faced preacher, and showed him as he was; love lifted the little lonely woman out of the drizzling world and placed her in a happy cloudland; love explained all mysteries. cleared away all doubts, chased away all shadows, and turned the lamplit street to Paradise.

And when they heard of it, the Fentons said, "What an extraordinary thing for Martha to get married, she was simply cut out for an old maid. Still it's very nice, and really that odd little man is just suited to her." And they gave her a handsome present, and wished her all happiness. With both she was too delighted for words—the former was conspicuous in her household, and the latter was certainly fulfilled. She lived in a gloomy street, dressed no better than before, and in all things seemed little changed; she was still the hope of the distressed, her house was still the rendezvous of the

sorrowful and grumbling, and she was as anxious as ever to pick up the threads of everybody's life, and make all she came in contact with happy; in fact, she was still "a good little thing." But her life, her real soul life, had been altered, her days were as eventless as before, only they were lived on a higher plane. Something had lifted her out of the molehill country, and she now dwelt with her hero so high up that the glorious dawn of the great vague To Be shone with the rose tints of unselfish love on the calm mountain tops of her life.—Leisure Hour.

# THE FIRST FOOT.

### BY MARGARET HUNT.

THEY had been working in the hayfield all day with a bluzing sun burning down on them most of the time, but now the last pike was being raised and the last sweep dragged toward it. Some of the workers who were waiting its arrival were mopping their faces and watching its tumultuous course; some were picking up little rolls of hay which had escaped on the way, or wisps which had blown on to the hedges. Kitty Carter was one who had chosen the latter employment, and she had got an armful when, among the branches of a young ash, she thought she espied an even ash leaf. Now, every one knows that if you find an even ask leaf, i.e., a leaf which does not end as ash leaves ought to end, with a leastet at its tip, but has two placed opposite each other, and if you gather this and put it in your left-foot shoe and wear it till bedtime, and then put its crumpled remains under your pillow, you will infallibly dream of the person whom you will marry.

A glimpse of a leaf of this kind having been vouchsafed to Kitty, it was vexatious to be interrupted by the arrival of Farmer Dunthorne's son, even though he was the very man she wished

to dream of.

"What are you lating in the dike,
Kitty?" he asked.

"Oh, never you mind, Robert," she answered with coquettish brusqueness.

"But I can't help minding. I mind everything you do. I've had my thowts fixed on you all day long. Hasn't no one never tell't you that you're out and out the bonniest lass iv Durham county?"

"Talking that way's just foolishness, Robert," she replied, coloring

with pleasure.

"Now, you know it isn't, Kitty! Don't you never tak' a look at yourself i' the glass? Who has such bonnie blue eyes, or such shining goldiebrown hair, or such a face altogether? Come along, you've got what hay there is! Give it to me, it's a big armful for you!" But Kitty did not stir.

"Come, let's be off; they'll be done piking directly." She had one foot in the dry ditch, and as he spoke he tried

to draw her away.

"Oh, do be quiet!" she exclaimed.
"It's my belief you've gone and made

me lose my even ash-leaf."

"And if I have, what would it have tell't you more nor you know already? You know who loves you best of all—now don't you, Kitty?"

"Maybe I\_do, and more likely I

"Maybe I do, and more likely I don't," said Kitty perversely, just because she was so delighted. Never

had he said so much before.

"Kitty, dear Kitty. I- Oh, gracious heavens! what's going on over there?" He was looking at a gate at the far corner of the field, and when Kitty looked there too, she saw that all the workers had deserted the pike and were crowding round this gate in stormy dispute with a tall young man whom she did not know.

"It's some one who wants to cross our field to get to Sunny Brow, and the men want him to pay his footing first,"

said Dunthorne.

"Then I'll awarrant you it's Mr. Newby's son-him that ran away. I heard tell they'd forgiven him, and expected him home to-day. Just think! He's not been home for eighteen years! Let's go and see what he's like after all that time in London."

"He'd far better have been here helping his father. Those high medowses of his are fairly choked up wi' They've taken all the natur' out of the grass." This was said angrily, for not only was there ill-will between Dunthorne's father and Newby's, but he felt that things had just now gone too far between him and Kitty for her to want to run away to

see anything. "Oh, Robert, Robert! Look! look! They're killin' of him !" cried Kitty in wild alarm, for the angry men had penned Newby into a narrow circle formed by their outstretched hay-forks, and each moment this circle was becoming narrower. But Dunthorne was already half across the field. He heard the men's savage cries as he "You mun pay your footing!" "No excuses will be cried some. taken," cried others. "You chose to come into our work-field when we're throng on piking, so out wi' your brass afore worse happens to you!" women were as clamorous as the men. "Ding him down," cried one, "and just tak' what ye think fit out of his pockets!" "What's the use of putting a fine black coat on yer back," screeched another, "if ye don't know how to behave yersel' like a gentleman when it's there? Pay yer footing when yer asked, like other folks, or just tak' the consequences !"

"Drop that, this moment!" cried

Dunthorne authoritatively, and Kitty, who was close behind, thought no

greater hero could exist.

"Nought of t'sort! It's we'r right, and we'll hav't!" Nevertheless some of the forks were lowered a little. Seeing this, three men dashed into the circle and seized Newby-his torn sleeve bore witness to the strength of their grasp. Dunthorne broke into the circle too, and tried to release Newby, who had knocked down one man and was now trying to dispose of another. "Let him go, I say! Let him go! It's Mr. Newby's son."

"And what of that? Newby's men would mak' you pay if you set foot in their hayfield, and Newby's son mun

pay here!"

"He shall not!" cried Dunthorne angrily, and flung off another assailant, but no sooner was one of Newby's hands thus set free than he settled the question by pulling out a handful of small change and flinging it among the crowd. "There, you pack of beggars, there's what you want! If you drink yourselves drunk you'll not behave more disgracefully than you have done now! Nine men with forks against one with no weapon at all; but what can one expect in a place like this !"

"It's your native, at any rate," said

Dunthorne.

"I know-I know, excuse me, but they've ruined both my coat and my temper. Thanks for your help. Oh! I say! what eyes! What a beautiful girl! Surely she's not a common villager?"

"I must go back to my work," said Dunthorne, who knew he was speaking of Kitty; "this awkward business

has set us late."

He turned away and saw that Kitty was near. She could not have heard what Newby had said, but seemed more interested than Dunthorne liked. As he passed her she said, "My! but you did come down on those men! It was real grand!"

"I was sore put out in all ways, Kitty, both with what they did to Newby and what they did to me. I was so happy over there with you, but they drove all my happiness away."
"Dunthorne," said a voice behind

him, "being a Winston man myself, I ought to know every one in the village, but the eighteen years spent in the great metropolis have affected my memory. Will you introduce me to this young lady?"

"I'm not a lady," said Kitty with dignity. "I am Kitty Carter, and I live with my grandmother at Brigg End Cottage."

"I know it. It's on the carriage road to my father's. No doubt I knew you long ago."

"As a baby in arms," interrupted

Dunthorne.

"Oh, ah! I was only trying to establish a claim to Miss Carter's acquaintance."

"Say Kitty, please, Mr. Newby; Miss Carter does not sound right."

"Well then, Kitty, if I may use that pretty name, unless my memory errs. I seem to recollect that when the last pike was made the haymakers used to join hands and dance round it. Will you dance round this pike with me?"

"That's what comes of London!" said Kitty. "You've clean forgotten country ways. It's corn that folks dance and sing about when they're carrying the last load home-or maybe you're thinking of the dance at the mell supper?"

"Isn't there a mell supper when the hay's got in?" asked Newby, whereupon Kitty and Dunthorne laughed.

"I imagine by your laughter that this mell supper-mill, of course, it should be—comes off only in honor of corn."

"That's so!" said Dunthorne, and

again sweet Kitty smiled.

"I think I'll go home," said Newby, with some pique, raising his bruised

hat to Kitty as he went.

"What a stuck-up idiot of an animal that fellow is!" exclaimed Dun-"He thinks himself better nor all of us put together just because he has spent eighteen years in a dingy old printing house in dirty old London!"

"London's London!" observed

Kitty thoughtfully.

"And it's where you'd fain be, I reckon."

NEW SERIES, -- VOL. LXIV., No. 5.

"Just to see it. Winston's where I want to live."

"You can't do both," said Dunthorne, and she wondered what he meant.

" How they did rive his coat!"

"It wouldn't have rove if it hadn't been a twopenny halfpenny thing out of a slop-shop."

"How you do tak' agin a poor fel-low all of a minute!"

"How you do tak' a fancy to a fellow just as quick !"

" Robert !!!"

" Kitty !!!"

"Don't Kitty me!"

"Oh, now that he's to Kitty you,

I'm not, I suppose."

"There you go, making a few words into a great big quarrel! I only meant don't Kitty me when you're so unkind.''

"If I'm unkind I'm only like you!"

"I'm neither unkind nor wanting to be. It's you, Robert! It's you from beginning to end. Since Mr. Newby cam' nighhand us it's all you have been. You'd nothing but pleasant words for me by the dike-side—it's well for me that I didn't believe

"They were true, Kitty."

"Who's to say what's true and what's not? All I know for certain is that I'm going home, so good-by," and in a moment she was gone.

"Kitty!" he cried, "wait till I get my fork and rake and coat, and I'll set you across the fields. I've some-

thing to say."

"No! no! It would only be more of the same sort !" and away she sped, leaving him planted there in sheer amazement.

When a quarrel took place in Winston, and one of the disputants wished for a reconciliation, it was considered; expedient to let the other "sleep some of it off." Dunthorne, partly of necessity, adopted this course. His father had other hay "to win," so there would be more haymaking days with Kitty. To morrow it was to be the turn of the Well Springs field, and he would have ample opportunity to lure

back to her face the smiles on which

his well-being depended.

Alas! when to morrow came, he was sent to work on a different part of the farm, and next day he had to drive some beasts to Durham Market, from which he returned too late to see Kitty out of her house, which meant not seeing her at all, for she had told him not to go there, as her grandmother would not like it. When he had parted from her in anger, little had he thought that three suns would go down on their wrath.

Sunday came at last, and he got ready for church betimes, doing his best to banish the thought that Newby's way thither led past Brigg End Cottage. "He shall not walk to church with Kitty!" he resolved. "That is, not if I can hinder him!" So he set off before the time, passed Kitty's home, which stood in a garden full of flowers in an angle between river and road, and waited by a gate on the road by which Newby would The church bells began to ring cheerily; he waited and watched. No Kitty was visible, but erelong Newby appeared resplendent in a light summer suit, and one of the moss roses for which the Sunny Brow garden was renowned in his button-hole.

"Church?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes, church."

"Then let's go together, unless you're waiting for some one."

"And that's what I am," Dun-

thorne answered shortly.

"All right," said Newby, and walked Dunthorne observed, however, that he loitered at the Brigg End, but one of the church bells stopped, leaving to its companion the task of hurrying up laggards, and Newby doubtless thought what Dunthorne was beginning to think, that Kitty had already

" That sharp-sounding little bell will drive me out of my wits !" thought Dunthorne. "'Come! Come! Come!' it seems to ding angrily into one's I am coming, bell, as fast as I can! I know now that Kitty's gone —she never waits for you and your horrible noise! Thank goodness she set off afore he went by!"

He made all haste, but they were in

the middle of the confession when he entered the church. To get to the Windy Nook pew he had to pass Kitty. She was kneeling like the rest, and never looked up, but he saw what cut him to the heart-instead of the sping of southernwood which she usually brought, a moss rose from the Newbys' garden was lying by her side on a carefully folded pocket-handkerchief.

"There's neither peace nor comfort for me, no, not even in God's kirk," thought Dunthorne, and all through the service the flaunting pink of a rose he did not want to see came between him and the pages of his prayer-book.

The church "scaled" at twelve. Winston folks always had the justice to admit that their "parson was no spoil-pudding." Dunthorne hurried out. He would go home without so much as speaking to the girl. would wait for dear little Kitty and tell her that he could not live without He would stay and conceal his own feelings, but try to discover hers. The third course was that which he adopted, and while he waited in the porch Farmer Newby came to him.

"We are going to have a party next Saturday at Sunny Brow," said he. "It's partly to show our plisure at our lad's return, and partly to handsel our new kitchen. You know maybe that we've built oursel's a grand new kitchen? Well, me and my missis hope you'll put away any notions that I'm not so friendly to you and yourn as might be, and gie us t'plisure o' your company at our party—party's my missis's grand name for't. I just calls it our kitchen-warming. Now don't be iv a hurry to say no-there'll be dancing, and I reckon you like that; and bonnie lassies, and I don't suppose you've any great objection to them, so why shouldn't you plisure us by coming?"

"Thank you for your kindness—"

"Now, my good lad, you're surely not going to say no! It would be wrang! It would be trying to keep up ill will. None of us at Sunny Brow has a scrap of ill will to you or yourn, and I'll not tak' no for an answer. Come if you will on Saturday, and you'll be welcome."

"You are kind!" began Dunthorne,

but Farmer Newby was gone. In another minute Kitty appeared. She glanced at Dunthorne and colored up to a shade of pink as bright as that of the rose which he could not forget, and just as he was feeling that it might be pleasure at seeing himself, Newby came from behind, leaving it doubtful if the blush had not been due to his presence. Dunthorne went to her, and heard her joyfully accepting an invitation to the Sunny Brow party. Worse still, the rector came out, and, espying his churchwarden, Dunthorne, exclaimed, "The very man I want!" and carried him away to discuss some little parish matter.

"If you ax me, Robert, I say go."
"But, father?"

"He'll be agin it of course, but why keep up ill will?"

"What's it all about, mother?

never knew."

"About nothing! Your father's been touchy and jealous all along. He niver could be made to see that Newby hadn't got all the good land, and he himself all the bad, and yet when all comes to all, I'll a-warrant you that our farm fetches in fully as' much as Newby's."

"Then father has no real ground

for being crazed?"

"None! There's nothing better about Newby's farm but its name. Sunny Brow is pleasant-sounding, but it must ha' been a fool who christened this place Windy Nook, and expected a farmer to settle down comfortable in't. Go to the party; it's real handsome o' them to ax you!"

" "You're one of t'right sort, my lad," said Farmer Newby, "you tak' things as they're meant; but you're late. They've been making gam' alive here for better nor an hour!"

The dust was rising in clouds, but Dunthorne soon saw Kitty in a light blue dress and ribbons. She was one of a group of young folks in the opposite corner. Young Newby had just been blindfolded for a game of blind man's buff. "He can see!" cried some; "he can see! If he puts his head back he can see all down the side of his nose."

"Not I!" cried Newby. nothing at all !"

"For sure?" they asked.

" For sure," he answered; but Dunthorne was convinced he did.

The game began in due form with the inquiry: "How many horses has your father in his stable?"

"Three: black, white, and gray," replied Newby, as prompted. Whereupon the man who had put this question turned him quickly round twice or thrice to make him lose his bearings, while he said : "Then turn about and wheel about, and catch whom you may!"

Kitty meanwhile was watching this

so intently that she saw nothing else. "Why, Kitty!" said Dunthorne, "one would think you had never played blind man's buff before!"

'You here, Robert! I never saw

you come in !"

Robert, who believed that even if fifty handkerchiefs bound his eyes he would have felt her presence, thought sight quite unnecessary, and was hurt. "Yes, I'm here," he began sadly,

That speech was never ended, for with great outspread arms Newby was bearing swiftly down on the part of the room where he knew Kitty to be, and darting frantically hither and thither to make her afraid to leave the

"Kitty," whispered Dunthorne, drawing her quickly away with him, "I have thought of nothing but you

A shriek from Kitty, and a wild plunge under Newby's arms, and a hair's-breadth escape of Dunthore and Kitty, was the only end of this speech.

"Why have you never given me a chance?" he began, as soon as words were possible, to the girl who had clutched his arm on the way, but a moment later he found that she was not Kitty-Kitty had been tumultuously swept to another side of the room, and Newby, with the precision born of a fair amount of sight, was following her. She tried to escape, she made herself small, she ducked, she darted hither and thither, but

every resource was unavailing, and she was dragged by her captor into the

middle of the room.

"Whe is't!" cried many voices. "Ye'll have to say that," for they felt that a man who had lived eighteen years in London required instruction in village games. Newby pretended not to know, and Dunthorne had to stand by and see him pass his hateful hands over the girl's face and hair, as if touch were the only sense on which he had to depend for identification. Dunthorne could have killed him.

"Why, it's Kitty! It's pretty little Kitty! I'll take my oath of it!" he cried at last, pulling off the handker-chief as he spoke. "It is! It is! It is! I knew I couldn't be deceived. Now, Miss Kitty, it's your turn to be blindfolded, and I'll be the one to do it." Then, in a leisurely fashion, he began

to tie the bandage over her eyes.

It was part of the game, but it was not a part that Dunthorne relished, and it enraged him to see Newby throwing himself in Kitty's way at every turn when the game was once more in progress. She seemed to be aware of this, for whenever her hand touched a man's coat, she tried to grasp a girl's dress to disappoint him. "Fire, Kitty! Fire!" cried Dun-

thorne once when she was too near that She knew the voice, and, darting to the point from which it had come, caught a man who thrust himself in her way, and he was Newby.

"You've been catched twice run-" Some oue ning," said a man near.

else mun be blinded."

"No! No! It's the fiddler's turn; we'll have a polka now," cried Newby, and Newby was in power.

"Dance it with me, Kitty," pleaded

Dunthorne.

"That I would in a minute, but I'm engaged to Mr. Newby."

Dunthorne looked dismayed. "There'll be other dances, I-"

"Then the next."

"It depends on what it is. I've promised Mr. Newby two polkas and

one country dance."

"And that's about all the dancing there'll be. Games go down best here," said Newby, and then went to make some arrangement.

"Good-night, Kitty; I'm going

home!

"Oh, Robert, I didn't know you were coming," pleaded Kitty regretfully. "You never do come here."

"Come, Kitty," interrupted New-

by, "let's waste no time."
"Get a partner, my lad." said old "With that music I Mr. Newby.

could dance mysel'."

"In a minute," answered Dunthorne, but did not. Once or twice he fancied that Kitty was trying to stop to rest by the door where he was standing, but if so, her attempts were frustrated.

He went into the garden, which the moss roses he hated made so sweet. The moon was behind a dark cloud, so was everything else that he cared for, but the shufflings and scrapings and stumblings of the dancers, and their loud exclamations, made their way out to him. To escape the sight too, he went and leant against the wall by the Presently Kitty and Newby came to the open window. See them, he could not, but he heard him say, "I must get another game up. Wait for me here."

"Oh, yes." she answered, "I am

that tired-"

"Tired, Kitty? With you for a partner I could dance forever."

"Yes, tired," she persisted, "and

hot too."

Some light was falling on a cluster of china roses just outside the window. For the sake of coolness, Kitty put her hand on them, and instantly found it taken into the grasp of another hand, the touch of which she knew well. "Robert?" she whispered.

"Yes, get your things on, and let me set you home. You don't know how I'm feeling, and how I want to

talk to you!"

"Now!!! There won't be another

party for years!!!"

"Yes, now. Now, I beg of you. Oh, Kitty, come, my heart's set on't."

"If I must, I must. Go to that seat by the gate, and I'll come after the game—I must stop for that."

"All right! Bless you for com-

ing!' "Sh'!" she whispered; so Newby was returning.

The game was over—now she would

The fiddle struck up Tullochgorum, and Robert looked in and saw her dancing. Another game began—he went to the dancing-room. How bright her eyes were! How rosy her cheeks! Games were for children, not for people with the game of life to play. Next time he looked in, Newby, handkerchief in hand, was walking round a great circle of players, who were saying:

"King William was King David's son,
And all the royal race is run;
Choose from the East, and choose from the
West.

Choose the one that you love best. Salute your bride and kiss her sweet, Then rise again upon your feet."

Dunthorne knew the game. Newby, of course, would drop that handkerchief at Kitty's feet. Kitty would then fly in and out under the outstretched arms of the ring of players, and he in and out after her, until he caught and then kissed her. was what would happen, and rather than see it, Dunthorne fled-not to the seat this time, but home, pursued as he went by sounds of merriment. Even before he reached Brigg End Cottage, however, he began to think he had acted foolishly, and something told him that Kitty would have come soon. "I'll sit in the arbor in her grandmother's garden," he thought. "Some of the neighbors will set her to the gate and leave her there, and then I'll tell her all that's on my and mind."

He waited for an hour before she and her escort came; he heard her say good-night to them, but then he heard her say, "Good-night, Mr. Newby. It has been a pleasant party!"

"It was a great deal more than that to me! Good-night. I'll come to tea to-morrow if I may?"

"Yes, do. There'll be no work

going on, it's Sunday."

He went, and then Kitty looked for the big pansy plant under which the key of the house was hidden, and still Dunthorne kept to his resolution not to reveal his presence, but when the key was in the lock he strode out exclaiming, "I was waiting for to speak to you, but I've nothing to say now! Good-night, and what's more, good-by!"

"Robert! What do you mean?"

"I mean that there need be no more

talk betwixt us, that's all !"

"You're vexed I didn't dance with you; but I couldn't. He made me promise them dances afore I knew you'd be there."

Robert silently moved to the gate.

"How unjust! How was I to know you were coming? You've niver before set foot in that house, and as for the dancing, I had to keep my word!"

"You didn't keep your word about

walking home with me!"

"They held me fast—they mocked me, and dancing is such a plisure, and one has so little on't!"

"It's not the dancing only — it's all you said and did, and are doing

still !"

"Oh, go on! Say all the bad you can of me, and niver once think of the times out of mind to-night that I tried to get away from him and to you!"

"And now he's coming here tomorn, and not a word said again it by
you! When I wanted to come, I was
told to keep away! If I'd asked again
to-night, it would have been no again.
Mortal man can't stand what I have
stooden; but never again! No, never
again! You may have him here tomorn and every other day. It's nothing to me, for I'll never cross your
doorstep as long as I live—no, not if
you were to go down on your bended
knees to ask me to come in!"

"I'm not likely to do that!" said

Kitty proudly.

"Likely or unlikely, that's my last word."

"My bairn! my bairn! what's ailing you? You're fading away before my very eyes!" said Mrs. Carter, four months later.

"Nothing's ailing me, granny-

nothing at all."

"Niver tell me that! I've been young mysel' and know. It's a love trouble. Did that Newby mak' you think he would ax you to wed him an' then sneak off with no word that's the clash i' the villar

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"He did ax me and I said No. I

wish I'd niver seen him!"

" It's Robert Dunthorne, then; he's worth fifty Newbys," was granny's thought, but she said, "It might do you good if you did a bit of work up at Dunthorne's now and then, same as before."

"I couldn't! Me and Robert's differed," said Kitty, and burst into tears.

"Mr. Dunthorne's my landlord. It's a queer thing that neither him nor Robert's ever been inside my doors."

"Many's the time that Robert's wanted to come; but that's months ago."

"And what for didn't he?"

"Because you were always saying

you'd have no young men here."

"If you've young men you've love, and if you've love you've heart aches. That's why I said it. Eighteen was soon to begin."

"Granny, did your heart ever ache?" "Aye, my bairn; so sore that I

mind the soreness still."

Kitty kissed her, and henceforth there was another bond between them,

but the old woman was silent.

- "You're quiet, granny!" said Kitty. I'm a studying." In the evening she was "studying" too, and after this, she who had always held that "girls were best at home," began to find daily errands for Kitty "down town," i.e., in the village. When she returned Mrs. Carter "perused her face," but listless sadness was there when she went out and listless sadness when she came in.
- "What would you do if you met Robert?" Mrs. Carter asked at last.

"Look another way, granny; but not because I didn't want to see him."

"You'd far better look at him, and

hold out your hand too."

"If I did he wouldn't speak to me;

but I'd die first !"

"Granny," said Kitty after a long silence, 'it seems a queer thing to ask a granny, but did you ever hear of a girl doing things to bring back the lad she liked—using charms, I mean?"

"Bairn, you mind of the time when I was a lass like you and your grandfather was a rackety lad who plagued me oft, and we had a quarrel which most got my life. I went to the wise

woman and she tell't me-oh, but it is such foolishness!"

"Don't stop. Tell me what she

said."

"She said that I was to tak' an onion and set it thick with pins, and for every pin I set in't his heart would feel a prick of pain, and he'd go on from bad to worse till he was forced to come to me."

"And you did it?"

" Aye, I did it, and buried the onion -she tell't me to do that too, and said that let him strive agin it as he might, he'd be forced to come afore it pined away."

"And did he-did he?" cried Kit-

ty, with dilated eyes.
"Well, honey, what think you? My name was Mary Mason then, and it very soon turned to Carter, like his."

Shortly after this Mrs. Carter observed a scarcity of pins, but no Robert

Christmas was drearily dull, and when New Year's Eve came Kitty foretold that next day and every other day would be just as dowly.

"Happen you'll be wrong, my Anyhow, what our days are to be lies very much in our own power. Let's tak' care to get the luck on our

side."

"But how?"

"Our first foot's the main thing." "That's the milk-boy, if he doesn't

forget us."

"Forget us? You are determined to see things black! He's not failed us for two year, but I'll speak to him and mak' sure.

At four the boy came as usual, and Mrs. Carter said, "You're our first foot, my lad. Come at seven to-morn, your Newry gift shall be ready for you." The boy grinned and promised.

"If he sends his sister after all?"

" Ask who's there and keep the door shut till you know. He's fair-haired, that's right."

"All the fair-baired lads in the country side couldn't bring us luck," said Kitty dolefully.

"A lass would bring more ill-luck still."

"What else is there to do?"

"When you wake up in the morning, give a good happy laugh, for whatever you do on Newry's Morn you'll do all the rest of the year."

Kitty sighed.

"But you'll try?" pleaded the old woman.

"Aye, I'll try. I'll manage it some-

"Then, when you're up, you mun put this new money into yer pocket. It's a prisent from me, my honey, and there's a half a crown, a two-shilling bit, a shilling, a sixpence, and a threepenny bit. It's all new, and I've been hoarding it up for months. If you keep it in your pocket all to-morn, you'll have bits o' money o' the same sort there all the year."

"Granny!" sobbed Kitty, "you're full o' thowt for me, and I've none

for you!"

"You're my dear bairn! Now, that's two things I've got you tell't. Mind them! Whatever you do, let no lass cross our door-step, and gie nought out till something's taen in."

\* \* \* \* \*

Kitty remembered the laugh. Mrs. Carter heard it early in the morning. "That's a good lass!" she cried. "Now put your money in your pocket." That done, Kitty went down, lit the fire, and put on the kettle, and by that time Mrs. Carter was dressed.

"There's the milk!" cried Kitty.

"I heard the gate clash."

- "I'll tak" it in myself. I am so afeared of your making some silly mistake!" so said granny, and hurried off and from sheer nervousness was just going to open the door without asking a question, when Kitty sprang forward, drew her back, and cried through the keyhole, "Who's there?"
  - " It's me."
    " Who's me?"
- "Bessie Clarke's young Bessie. Our Jack's been first-foot at so many places, and they've gien him so many sups of whiskey amang them, that he's just staggered home and tumbled down on the floor. Father's thrashed him, and mother's putten him to bed, so I comed here i'stead."

Granny, who felt that Heaven itself

was against her, uttered a terrible cry and fell noisily on the floor. Kitty screamed at the sight, and the child set the milk down and ran off to tell the first person she met that murder was going on at Brigg End Cottage, and nothing but screams were to be heard coming out of it.

Kitty meantime took her grandmother to the fire and put her on the long settle. "To think of a lass coming this time of all others!" she la-

mented.

"We'll keep the door barred till a man comes by," said Kitty, to comfort her, but there was no doing that.

Ten minutes later quick steps were heard, and there was a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" cried Kitty.

"It is I—Robert Dunthorne. Little Bessie Clarke has just tell't me that something was amiss here and man's help was wanted."

When she heard his voice Kitty bowed her head and clasped it tightly in her hands, but she said, "Will you

come in, Robert?"

"Yes, if you will open the door."

"Thank you. Stay outside for a moment when I first open it. Just stand where you are." She opened it, and instantly knelt down on the threshold and said, "I'll not be outdone by you, Robert. You tell't me that you would never enter this house—no, not even if I asked you on my bended knees, and I mocked at such a thought. Now you are willing to come in without any such asking, and I am asking you on my knees to do 't."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, taking her by the hand and raising her to her

feet. "My dearest Kitty!"

"Granny, here's your first foot! Here's Robert!" cried Kitty joyously, her hand still buried in her Robert's.

"I see him! I see him quite plain, but my poor old eyes mun be failing me, for I see no foot at all, and just three hands betwixt the pair o' you!"

Kitty smiled and blushed. Dunthorne said, "And that's all you will see, I'm afeared, if I'm allowed to have my own way!"—Longman's Magazine.

# FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

GENERAL SIE EVELYN Wood, according to the Illustrated London News, has expressed the opinion that Mr. Crane's work, "The Red Badge of Courage," is quite the finest thing in that line that has ever been done, and that the intuitions of the boy who has never seen war are worth far more than the experiences of any writer known to him, even though he may have been in the thick of the fiercest battle.

THE family of the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe request that any persons having letters of Mrs. Stowe will send them to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston, or to Mr. A. P. Watt, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, for possible use in a contemplated Life of Mrs. Stowe. These letters will be carefully returned to their owners after copies have been made.

JUSTIN McCARTHY'S small volume on Pope Leo XIII. has just been published in London, and is pronounced by the *Chronicle* "the best account of the present Pope to be found in the language."

VERESTSCHAGIN is about to publish a new book called "Autobiographies of Unimportant People." It is a series of sketches with realistic portraits of beggars, soldiers, priests, and other Russian types.

THE first part of the "List of Private Libraries," compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler, of Leipzig, will be ready in December. It will include more than five hundred important private collections of the United States and Canada. The index of subjects appended is intended to aid the reader to determine which collectors devote themselves to each of the specialties indexed. The second part will include about the same number of considerable private libraries in Great Britain. Possessors of libraries with whom Mr. Hedeler has been unable to communicate are requested to furnish him with details.

A NEW translation of Shakespeare into French is shortly to be published in Paris. It will differ from those already existing by being extremely literal, the intention of the author, M. Jules Lermina, being to enable his readers to read Shakespeare as he wrote through the medium of another language.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, is accused of having atolen wholesale not only from Longfellow but from the Sar Peladan's romances, as well as from Baudelaire, Flaubert, Shelley, Paul Verlaine, and Maurice Maeterlinck.

In order to celebrate worthily the fourth centenary of Melanchthon's birth, which falls on February 16th, 1897, a Melanchthonhaus, in the late Gothic style, is to be erected at his native town, Bretten, in the duchy of Baden. The building will serve as a museum for the statues and portraits of the reformer's contemporaries and for his valuable manuscripts.

A NEW School of Economics has been established in Belgium, the students of which will spend three successive years at La Louvière, Leipzig, and London.

This year a statute was adopted at Cambridge, regulating the procedure for depriving a graduate of his degree and all other privileges of the university, on a report from the Sex Viri. It has already been found necessary to apply the new statute, in the case of a person who has been sentenced to penal servitude.

The most prolific writer in Russia is said to be Mme. Irma Fedossova, a peasant of the Province of Petrossawodsk, who has given to the world more than 10,000 poems.

WE understand that the scene of "Gaston de Latour," an unfinished romance by the late Mr. Walter Pater, is laid in France, at the period of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the central figure is drawn on lines corresponding to the portrait of Marius the Epicurean, a refined and ardent nature developing under the influences of an age of transition, parallel to that of the Antonines. This volume, which is published in response to wishes very generally expressed by Mr. Pater's admirers, will complete the series of his collected writings. It has been prepared for the press by Mr. C. L. Shadwell, of Oriel College,

MESSES. SMITH & ELDER will issue shortly the promised edition of the complete works of Robert Browning, in two large crown octavo volumes of about 750 pages each, with two portraits, and annotations by Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. F. G. Kenyon.

"THE Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart," by Mr. Andrew Lang, will be published shortly by Mr. John C. Nimmo. The work is drawn from Abbotsford and Milton Lockhart Mss. and other original sources, and the son in-law and biographer of Scott will declare himself in his own correspondence with friends, such as Sir Walter, Dean Milman, Southey, Mr Jonathan Christie, Professor Wilson, and Mr. Carlyle; also with various members of his own family. Much light should be thrown by the work upon the society, literature, and, in a minor degree, the politics of 1814-54.

Messes. Chapman & Hall announce for issue in November the first volume of a new edition of the works of Charles Dickens, in thirty volumes, to be called the "Gadshill" edition. All the original engravings of Cruikshank, Seymour, and Hablott Browne will be given, chiefly from unused duplicate plates in the possession of the publishers; but in some of the later works new illustrations will be employed.

"A GREAT deal of credit for Russian literary progress," says Philip A. Feigin, in The Home Magazine, "must be given to the Nihilists, and the name of Necrasoff, who was the people's poet, must be mentioned. His poetry appeals only to pity for the oppressed, suffering, and exiled victims. His poetry is so real and pathetic that it touches the soul. It moves the Russian patriot to tears. Sad, pathetic melodies have been composed to match the meaning and the moral, and these songs are on the lips of all the nation. They are sung by the mother at the cradle. They are sung by the degraded and by the insulted. They are sung by the Nibilists when in triumph, or when a devoted member is punished by the Government. They are sung and whistled by the working class in their factories and mines. In fact, there is so much sympathy and charity in the words that form these songs, and there is so much sadness in the melodies that flavor them, that every Russian when in trouble feels relieved when he hears their familiar sound."

First among Du Maurier personalis will come those of Mr. Felix Moscheles, to be included in the work entitled "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish this autumn. Mr. Du Maurier, on the publication of "Trilby," candidly admitted to Mr. Moscheles that he had put into

that work all the "mesmerism" of their student days with some "more." The experiments alluded to were mainly conducted by Mr. Moscheles. "In Bohemia," besides settling the controversy as to the origin of "Trilby," will contain fifty-two original drawings by the deceased artist,

MESSRS, CONSTABLE'S "Library of Historical Novels and Romances," to be edited by Mr. Laurence Gomme, will be an attempt-by reproducing such of these romances as are available and suitable for the purpose in a uniform series, arranged chronologically under the reigns of the sovereigns to which they belong, and connecting them with an introduction, which shall trace the historical continuity from volume to volume—to make the series, as a whole, a representation of English history as it has been portrayed in fiction Illustrations of all the principal features will be given, which will include reproductions of royal and historical signatures, coins, seals, and heraldic devices. The first volume to be issued will be Lord Lytton's "Harold, the Last of the Saxons."

Dr. Julian Thomas (the "Vagabond" of Australian fame), of whose recent death at about the age of sixty five we hear with great regret, was a Virginian by birth. On the conclusion of the Civil War he took to journalism, and was connected with papers in New York and San Francisco. He was in France during the Franco German War, and, after travels in South America and the Pacific, went to Australia in 1874. His "Vagabond" papers in the Melbourne Argus, in which he availed himself of strange personal experiences, and advocated among other things the reform of the colonial lunatic asylums, created an immense sensation. In 1877 he was at the goldfields in North Queensland, and in the following year was war correspondent during the native revolt in New Caledonia. From 1879-89 he was a great traveller, visiting all parts of Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific, as well as China, Japan, and British Columbia. He commanded the Argus expedition to New Guinea, and was the first to call attention to French and German aggressions in the South Sea. He afterward (1889) visited Tonga and Samoa for the Age. In 1891-92 he was secre. tary to the Royal Commission on Charities appointed by the Victorian Government. Besides the "Vagabond Papers" (five series). Julian Thomas wrote "Occident and Orient."

"Cannibals and Convicts: Notes of Personal Experiences in the Western Pacific," and several plays. His work, both on the Age and Argus, had great effect on public opinion in Australia, and his personal good qualities endeared him to large circles in the country of his adoption.

#### MISCELLANY.

THE CALLS TO PRAYERS. -The Eastern Christians in the time of Mohammed called the faithful together for worship with wooden clappers, which the Prophet adopted prior to the institution of the muezzin, who screams the hours of prayer from the outside gallery of the minaret. But Mohammed seems first of all to have taken up the Semitic custom of calling to prayer with a horn, which also still existed among the Ethiopian Christians some two centuries ago. When the Saracens, under Salah-ed-Din, retook Jerusalem in 1187, the conqueror would not enter the city until all the Christian bells, put up during the previous eighty-eight years, had been smashed up for melting down. When the Turks took Cyprus in 1570, they in like manner melted down the church bells to make more cannon for the defences of the towns. But these bells must have been replaced by the Greek Christians—perhaps a good many were buried for safety, and dug up again—for in 1670 their noise was again forbidden by the Turkish pasha, and the wooden clappers were reverted to. They had to beat a board-"battre un ais," as the Abbé Mariti stated it. And indeed, when the question is pushed home, it would seem that some such wooden summoners were the only original "bells" of the Eastern Christian Church, and that metallic bells were not introduced to the seat of the Eastern Empire, Constantinople, until the ninth century. The records of the Synod or Council of Cæsarea mention the beating of the "holy timbers," lignea sacra (a reminiscence of tree-worship?), at the translation of the body of the martyr Anastasius; and there is other evidence that a board or tabula was beaten to call mourners to funerals—not so very far off the Chinese custom. The Greeks seem to have also used a pole or spear-handle, which they struck with a double mallet, and called a semantron, or signal. But it is at the same time worthy of note that during the three days-from Thursday to Saturday-of the Holy, or Greater Week, on which the bells are not rung in the Latin rite, a crotola, or crotalum (a wooden sort of clapper or castanets in Rome) is struck when actually necessary during the sacred offices. The earliest Eastern Christian bells are said to have been twelve of great weight obtained by the Emperor Michael the Sot (842-867), or by his successor, Basil the Macedonian, from Ursus Patricianus, Doge of Venice.

Up to about 1867 there existed scarce a Christian place of worship, whether Orthodox or Catholic, in Mohammedan Bosnia, to which worshippers were summoned by any other means than the toka, a wooden slab with a wooden hammer, which, since the irruption of the Turks, says Mr. J. de Asbóth, has been in use in all the villages of Southern Hungary. In all likelihood such was also the custom before the Turk; the Hungarians would else have reverted to bells at the first chance, had there been such a reversion to make.

Let us make a break and a diversion here, for a brief moment, by taking from Cotgrave the proverb, "Call fools to counsell by a woodden bell," which was his rendering of "A conseil de fols, cloche de bois." And as his wont ever was, he in the other quarters of his famous good dictionary gave other variants of it: "When loggerheads consult, logs serve for bells;" and "For woodcocks' counsels, woodden bels." And now return we to the Middle Kingdom. The Eastern gong is an instrument which most people would classify at once side by side with the bell; and there is no reason why it should not be the older of the two, especially when we find that in all probability the first gongs were sonorous stones. M. Gustave Dumontier has recently well described the khanh, which is to be met with in every important pagoda of Annam. They are cut from flat calcareous flagstones of a very fine grain, and a small boss is left on one side, where the khanh is struck with a little wooden hammer. If we dimly perceived tree-worship in the lignea sacra, we might show here how stone-worship is very probably to be diagnosed. M. Dumontier calls it a link between the bell and the drum, and even an archaic bell, and fancies it must have preceded all other musical instruments. Both the bell and the sounding-stone, or khing, are mentioned in the Li Ki, among the earliest Chinese instruments of music; and "the differently toned khing" there mentioned must be the Annamite khanh of differing diapasons, hung in a frame, and played upon with the hammer like a harmonica. Chinese Buddhist priests still use hand-gongs as bells. Sounding-stones were also used in the seventeenth century in the Christian churches of Ethiopia; and Vitruvius described a gong or cymbalum as belonging to the Roman water-clocks of his time. In archaic China, bells were used as musical instruments, with drums, at the Imperial banquets and at minor sacrifices and official cere The fabulous Emperor Hwang-Ti monies. was fabled to have made twelve musical month bells-just the number we have seen ordered from Venice to Constantinople-a myth which can be connected with celestial harmony of the annual round.

According to the ancient customs of Amiens the bells of that commune were rung in case of alarm or fire, or to call the people together; and when a town was, as a penalty, deprived of its bells by the king or some great feudal lord, it meant forfeiture not alone of the means of calling, but of the right of holding, a public meeting. While this kind of civil interdict lasted, all public business was either suspended or devolved upon the royal officials, and this condition of affairs only ceased with the town's submission, when it could buy back its "right of belfry."—Pall Mall Magazine.

SHOOTING FOR LIFE.—Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, in the May number of Pearson's Magazine, tells in a clever manner the story of a couple of young Englishmen in Peru who are captured by a notorious guerilla while fighting in the Chilian service, and condemned to death on the following conditions: that one shou'd be hung by the neck from a tree, and the other given a rifle to cut the rope by shooting at it:

"They handed me the rifle loaded and cocked. It was a single-shot Winchester, and I found out afterward, though I did not know it then, that, either through flendish wish to further hamper my aim, or through pure forgetfulness, they had left the sights cocked up at three hundred yards. But that did not matter; the elevation was a detail of minor import; and, besides, I was handling the weapon as a game shot fires, with head up, and eyes glued on the mark, and rifle-barrel following the eyes by instinct alone. You must remember that I had no stationary mark to aim at. My poor comrade was writh-

ing and swaying at the end of his tether, end the well-rope swung hither and thither like some contorted pendulum. Once I fired, twice I fired, six times, ten times, and still the rope remained uncut, and the bullets rattled harmlessly against the white walls of the chapel beyond. With the eleventh shot came a tinkle of broken glass, and the bell, after a couple of hurried, nervous clangs, ceased tolling altogether. With the thirteenth shot a shout went up from the watching crowd. I had stranded the rope, and the body which dangled beneath the magnolia tree began slowly to gyrate.

"Then came a halt in the firing. I handed the Winchester back to the fellow who was reloading, but somehow or other the exploded cartridge had jammed in the breech. I danced and raged before him in my passion of hurry, and the cruel brutes round yelled in ecstasies of merriment. Only Garcia did not laugh. He re rolled a fresh cigarette with his thin yellow fingers, and leisurely rocked himself in the split-cane chair. The man could not have been more unmoved if he had been overlooking a performance of Shakespeare. At last I tore the Winchester from the hands of the fellow who was fumbling with it, and clawed at the jammed cartridge myself, breaking my nails and smearing the breech lock with blood. If it had been welded into one solid piece it could scarcely have been firmer. But the thrill of the moment gave my hands the strength of pincers. The brass case moved from side to side; it began to crumple; and I drew it forth and hurled it from me, a mere ball of shapeless, twisted metal. Then one of the laughing brutes gave me another cartridge, and once more I shouldered the loaded weapon. The mark was easier now. The struggles of my poor friend had almost ceased, and though the well-rope still swayed, its movements were comparatively rhythmical, and to be counted upon. I snapped down the sights, put the butt-plate to my shoulder, and cuddled the stock with my cheek. Here for the first time was a chance of something steadier than a snap shot. I pressed home the trigger as the wellrope reached one extremity of its swing. Again a few loose ends sprang from the rope. and again the body began slowly to gyrate. But was it Methuen I was firing to save, or was I merely wasting shot to cut down a mass of cold dead clay?

"I think that more agony was compressed

for me into a few minutes than most men meet with in a lifetime. Even the onlooking guerillas were so stirred that for the first time their gibing ceased, and two of them of their own accord handed me cartridges. I slipped one home and closed the breech-lock. perspiration was running in a stream from my chin. Again I fired. Again the well-rope was snipped, and I could see the loosened strands ripple out as a snake unwraps itself from a branch. One more shot. God in Heaven, I missed! Why was I made to be a murderer like this? Garcia's voice came to me coldly. 'Your last chance, señor. I can be kept waiting here no longer. And I think you are wasting time. Your friend seems to have quitted us already.' Another cartridge. I sank to one knee, and rested my left elbow on the other. The plaza was hung in breathless silence. Every eye was strained to see the outcome of the shot. The men might be inhuman in their cruelty, but they were human enough in their curiosity. The body span to one end of its swing; I held my fire. It swung back, and the rifle muzzle followed. Like some mournful pendulum, it passed through the air, and then a glow of certainty filled me like a drink. I knew I could not miss that time, and I fired; and the body, in a limp and shapeless heap, fell to the ground."

COMIC ANIMALS. - A political cartoon, " made in Germany," but sold largely in Holland, has recently given huge delight to soberminded grown up Hollanders, and even more to the "Young Dutch party" man when he diverts his serious boyhood by a stroll among the shops of Amsterdam. It represents John Bull as a "land hamster," the greedy fieldrat of Germany, who has already stuffed Venezuela and Egypt into his cheek pouches, and has sent his pet dog, Dr. Jameson, into the Transvaal, though a notice at the gate gives warning that trespass is "streng verboden." The dog is just being let out of a trap, labelled "Johannesburg-made in Germany," and the hamster, got up as John Bull in a red coat and tall hat, is running away with his pet fastened to a chain, pelted by the Boers, while the other nations rejoice, and a boy in uniform is seen running across the veldt with a packet labelled "telegram." The whole composition is most comic, except the central figure of John Bull as the hamster. The reason is that the hamster, though most amusing in his actions, from his greediness, his sulkiness, and general character as miser and misanthrope, is not one of the obviously comic creatures, being nothing more than a fat, ratlike animal, with a short tail and a blunt nose.

The list of comic animals is not very long, and the comic elements in each are by no means the same in kind or evenly distributed. Those animals which have some particular feature greatly exaggerated do not necessarily raise a smile, any more than a vulgar carica. ture which depends for its comic element on the enlargement of a nose or a stomach is There are several creanecessarily amusing. tures which seem to have been made for this "low-comedy line," but are far less funny than others that, like the prairie-dogs, are quite pretty so far as form and features go. The obviously comic creatures, with no reserve of intention to back up first impressions, are the "long nosed monkey" and those other quadrumana whose legs, tails, beards, or mouths are exaggerated caricatures of human members; yet the monkeys are not by any means the most humorous of animals to look upon. In a list of the animals which are always mirth-provoking the sources of amusement caused in each case are curiously different. Young puppies when just learning to walk are invariably comic. Their noses are square and blunt, their youthful faces wrinkled and lined, their eyes weak and bleared, and their voices cracked and squeaky. This gives the appearance of age in very young creatures, and as they are round, fat, and have large feet, they are not at all unlike little hippopotami-an instance of animal caricaturing animal. Frogs and toads, but especially the former, and pre-eminently the German and Dutch frogs, have their special vein of comicality, due to their staring eyes, consequential, stupid mouths, fat stomachs, and sticking out elbows. There has been a consensus of human opinion about the frog's appearance from Æsop and the authors of "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," to Mr. Ruskin, in his remarks on Bewick's little picture of the frog, underneath which the old engraver had written, "Set them up with a king indeed!" Pigs, especially happy pigs, when not too fat, but only "well liking," and free to wander in a big yard and forage for themselves, are almost the most comic of animals. Almost all the necessary elements are present-fat bodies and fat cheeks, twinkling eyes, tightly curling tails short, turned-up noses, voices capable of expressing in a grunt intense

greedy self-satisfaction, curiosity, and all forms of squeaks and squeals for surprise, fear, and panic. The writer recently watched a family of young pigs, about 18 inches long, just turned out to spend the morning in a meadow, and returned convinced that there was not a moment at which their appearance and behavior was not too comical for description. Each flower and weed was tasted by the little pigs with the air of a connoisseur trying a new dish, and when they found a horse lying asleep taking its Sunday rest the whole litter stood in a semicircle round its head as if grouped to sing in a pantomime. Pigs are so funny, and every one so thoroughly recognizes the fact now, that it seems rather odd that the discovery should be so recent. There is plenty of allusion to the pig as a filthy, ugly creature in the East, and many old English anecdotes of their cunning and knowing ways about weather and food, but except the pig selling scene in "The Acharnians," which is sadly wanting in humor, there is hardly any early recognition of the comicality of pigs. The reason is that it is only the modern improved British pig that is comical. His alone are the round stern, the curly tail, the short nose, the dumpling cheeks, and the fine high spirits. The wretched grayhound pig of the East, or of the unimproved breeds of Europe, has not an atom of humor in him. Even a young wild boar is a glum little fellow, only growing lively as he grows hungry. We owe the "comic pig" to the encouragement of the Smithfield show and the Royal Agricultural Society. there is room for difference as to the humorous side of animal life in creatures which are not domesticated and have never changed. The owl is a case in point. The Greeks looked upon him as a grave and wise bird, and assigned him to Athéne. We think his appearance comic, and in common talk the owl represents a bewildered, rather dense person, who cannot see the obvious. Though the Greek revered the owl, Hindu feeling is exactly the same as ours. To call a stupid servant "ooloo"-" you owi!"-would convey exactly the same meaning in India as it would A physical explanation is just possible. We and the Hindus think of the nightowl, a bird bewildered by light. Athéne's owls, which are now sold in large numbers in London as pets, are little, wideawake ground-owls, able to see by day as well as by night. Most people who have watched pen-

guins hopping on the ground will own that when moving they are irresistibly funny. Their little wings, like fat hands without arms, round white waistcoats, short necks, and short legs with little, flat, black feet, make them like a bird edition of Mr Pickwick. Their only movement is a series of hops, with the head bent nervously forward as if they were afraid of falling-which they are - and their little wings stuck out on each side to balance them. Of course the penguin has not the least notion that it is funny or amusing, and is as uncomfortable as a Chinese lady trying to walk across a rice-field. Puffins rank high among the comic birds. Their "make up," which is that of a city waiter, is enhanced by the big, red and yellow bill, which is set on like a Guy Fawkes mask. Young puffins, which have not developed this adjunct to "facial expression," are far less ludicrous to look upon, and have none of the exaggerated inspector like air of their seniors. The Japanese artists, who have a fine sense of the ludicrous in nature, but usually read in some portion of human wit into their studies of animal life, show a proper appreciation of the comicality of the crab. They cast bronze crabs in all attitudes, the most effective being the enraged crab sticking up his pinching claws in a position of defence. If their mechanical skill also allowed of a clock-work movement, by which the crab could be depicted retreating sideways. with his claws raised and snapping, these works of art would be perfect illustrations of the comic side of submarine life.

The element of comicality is distributed among animals of the same species in a curiously arbitrary fashion. All the bears, for instance, are comic, except the polar-bear, which is only amusing when taking its bath. No grown-up dogs, on the other hand, are comical, except the Dutch pug, which being fat, goggle-eyed, asthmatic, and consequential, caricatures the pig, and suggests a human being of similar tendencies. But comicality depends quite as much on action as on shape. There is nothing ludicrous in the appearance of prairie dogs, yet they are intensely comic, mainly because of their exaggerated earnestness of demeanor. Their every action, whether keeping watch as sentry, or collecting straw for their beds, might be labelled "most important," and the contrast between " matter and manner" enhances the joke. No cat is ever comical; from the

lion to the kitten they are dignified when at rest, and pretty or amusing, but not comic, when at play. Neither is the elephant; that is partly because it is not a fat animal, for its skin hangs quite loosely on it, and drops into folds at the joints of the limbs, and partly because it walks with great freedom, deliberation, and dignity. But little elephants, which are fat, and have tight skins like a young hippopotamus, are ludicrous enough. Comicality in animals is due quite as much to their demeanor as to their shape. The giraffe's long neck never suggests a smile, yet from the anatomical point of view its owner should be among the most grotesque of beasts. -Speciator.

CHILD SACRIFICE.—It is usually believed that the practice originated in Phoenicia. The Phœnicians were a very religious people in their way; polytheists and idolaters, but showing in many ways an extraordinary reverence for their gods. In every city the tem. ple was by far the finest building, full of rich and beautiful ornaments gifted to it in honor of the gods. The supreme ruler deemed it his highest honor to uphold the worship of the gods, and for the most part bore a name that denoted his reliance on one of them for protection and guidance. The coinage bore religious emblems, the figure-heads on the ships were often images of the gods, and all great undertakings were preceded by endeavors to conciliate their favor. As St. Paul said afterward of the Jews, "They had a zeal for God," or rather for their gods, "but not according to knowledge." Yet nowhere did religion show worse than in Phœnicia. An old Latin proverb was verified: "The corruption of the best things is the worst," or, as we say in English, "The best wine turns to the sourest vinegar." Two very horrible practices became rife under the shadow of religionlicentious orgies and child sacrifices. one was connected with the worship of the female deity, Astarte or Ashtoreth; the other of the male, Baal, as he was called generally; but other names were given to him by other nations who practised his worship, such as Moloch or Chemosh. The Canaanites that inhabited Palestine before the Israelites were either Phœnicians or much influenced by them; and it was the abominations that proceeded from this atrocious worship that doomed them to the judgment which the Israelites inflicted. It is easy to see how horrible the consequences must have been when

practices of this sort were supposed to have the sanction of the gods. In most cases it is some check to evil when it is believed to be offensive to the powers of Heaven; but here, where Heaven was held to favor lust and murder, not only had the salt lost its savor, but it had itself become a creator of corruption, and there was absolutely nothing to prevent the people from becoming one disgusting mass of moral putridity.

We have no very authentic account of the manner in which children were offered in sacrifice to the gods. The most minute descriptions are derived from writers in the Tal. mud, and from other persons outside, who may not have had personal knowledge of the practices they describe. But we know that the offerings were presented to Baal or Moloch as the god of fire, and, to be acceptable, they required to be consumed by his own element. "The mode of death was horrible. The rabbis describe the image of Moloch as a human figure with a bull's head and outstretched arms, and the account which they give is confirmed by what Diodorus Siculus relates of the Carthaginian Kronos. His image, Diodorus says, was of metal, and was made hot by a fire kindled within it; the victims were placed in its arms and thence rolled into the fiery lap below. The most usual form of the rite was the sacrifice of children, especially of their eldest sons, by parents." (Rawlinson's "History of Phoenicia.")

"This custom was grounded in part on the notion that children were the dearest possession of their parents, and, in part, that as pure and innocent beings, they were the offerings of atonement most certain to pacify the anger of the deity; and further that the god of whose essence the generative power of nature was had a just title to that which was begotten of man, and to the surrender of their children's lives. . . . Voluntary offering on the part of the parents was essential to the success of the sacrifice; even the first-born, nay, the only child, of the family was given up. The parents stopped the cries of their children by fondling and kissing them, for the victim ought not to weep; and the sound of complaint was drowned in the din of flutes and kettle-drums. Mothers, according to Plutarch, stood by without tears or sobs; if they wept or sobbed, they lost the honor of the act, and their children were sacrificed notwithstanding. Such sacrifices took place either annually or on an appointed day, or before great enterprises, or on the occasion

of public calamities, to appease the wrath of their god." (Döllinger's "Judaism and Heathenism.")

In the mythology of Phœnicia it was related of El, the special god of Gebal or Byblus, but worshipped also at Carthage, that, when reigning on earth, he had a son named Icoud, whom he loved dearly, but when great dan gers from war threatened the land, he first clothed him in royal apparel and then offered him in sacrifice This was held to give Divine sanction to the practice, so that in times of calamity or apprehended danger, it became customary to offer human victims to the gods. and, the more honorable the victims, the greater the likelihood of the gods being propitiated. And we know from the clearest evidence that the practice continued to be observed for many centuries.-Rev. Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., in the Quiver.

AMERICAN MELODIES.—The great sentimental ditty of the ante-war period was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the usual theme of the song of sentiment in those days, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart havoc caused by the separation of slave-lovers. A touching incident truly! "Ben Bolt," written by Thomas Dunn English, was an enormous success all over the country, and was as well known in England as in America:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her
a smile.

And trembled with fear at your frown?"

And we all know what an impetus "Trilby" has recently given to this old favorite.

Other songs, sung by minstrel and other troupes, that swept through the country like a cyclone, were "Nelly Gray" and "Oh, Susannah!" both depicting the suffering of slave-lovers:

"My charming Nellie Gray, They have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any more,"

was heard on every side, and voiced by all sorts of singers. "Oh! dear Susannah' was more in the comic vein, and the request, "Don't you cry for me," was based on the consoling fact that "I'm going to Alabama with the banjo on my knee." "Uncle Ned," that curious old nigger we all knew in our youth, was of earlier growth, and may still be met with in old-fashioned places occasion-

Dan Emmet's "Dixie" and Foster's ally. "Swance River" (which has been revived again quite recently in London) have proved the most prominent and lasting of the antewar melodies. Stephen Cotton Foster, who so happily caught the negro musical methods and eccentricities, was one of the most popular song writers that America has ever had. He was born of Irish parents near Pittsburg, Pa., on July 4th, 1826, and died in New York, January 13th, 1864. He wrote the words and music of such old-time favorites as "The Old Folks at Home," "Willie, we have missed you," "Oh! Susannah," "Come where my love lies dreaming," " My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "Uncle Ned," "Old Dog Tray," and many more.

As regards the composition of the favorite Confederate air, "Dixie," many conflicting accounts have been given, but it seems quite certain that it was not as has been supposed -I am quoting from Mr. Adams again-of Southern origin. The song is said to have been written in New York in 1859 by Daniel Emmet, at that time a principal member of Bryant's Minstrels, as a "grand walk around" for their entertainment. The familiar expression upon which the song was founded was not a Southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus people of the North. Emmet travelled with many of these companies when "the South" was considered by showmen to be all routes below Mason and Dixon's As the cold weather approached the performers would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and the exclamation would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie!" The remembrance of this gave Emmet the catch line, and the remainder of the song is claimed to be original. It was continuously used during the struggle between North and South, and the rest of the world wondered while half a great nation took up arms to the sound of ' John Brown's Soul is marching on," while the other half answered by defiantly playing "Dixie's Land."—S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, in Lloyd's Newspaper.

THE WEALTHIEST OF NATIONS.—The wealth of the American people to day surpasses that of any other nation, past or present. This is what the Americans would call "a tall order," but the statement is capable of proof, and it will be a wholesome corrective to our insular purse pride to consider the matter. You must remember, too, that all has been accom-

plished in a century-a small community of squatters and farmers has in less than a hundred years become one of the greatest (if not the greatest) nations the world has ever seen. The development of the intellectual and industrial power of the States has in the last seventy years been stupendous, but our immediate concern is not with that, but with the marvellous growth in the wealth of the Republic. The census taken in 1820 showed the wealth of the States as \$1,960,000,000, or an average of \$205 for each head of the population. Seventy years later, to take the full length of human life, the return was \$65,037,-000,000, or \$1039 (or about £207) per inhabitant. The rate of increase has not been uniform throughout the period mentioned. In the first interval of twenty years America doubled its wealth, in the second it was quadrupled, but in following years, although the increase of wealth per head was unprecedented, the rate of geometrical progression was much less. From 1821 to 1840 the average annual increase was about £20,-312,000, or a little over 30s, per head of the population; in the next twenty years it was about £127,605,000, or nearly £6 per inhabitant: from 1861 to 1880 the annual increase was nearly £276,000,000 sterling (\$1,374,100,-000), or over £7 per inhabitant. These figures are startling enough, but in the last decade of our seventy years the accumulation was still more marvellous, the average annual increase being over £445,000,000 sterling, or about £8 per inhabitant.

We are used to big figures in England, and we like to roll off our tongues the large sums that a Chancellor of the Exchequer handles so airily in his budget speech, but we cannot show bank books with Brother Jonathan. who has a fortune of something like £13,-820,000,000. This is about 35 per cent greater than the wealth of Great Britain. But America is not really so well off as she seems. Her fortune is large, but so is her family; and if we take the average of wealth to population in various countries, America has to take third place. Great Britain is easily first, France comes next, the United States is third. and then follow Holland, Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Italy, and Austria. In comparison with population the wealth of the United States is therefore by no means wonderful; but we must remember that 94 per cent of that wealth has been created and accumulated in the last half century. In one generation

—that is, in the period of thirty years between 1860 and 1890—America added to her wealth no less than forty nine milliards of dollars, or one milliard more than the total wealth of Great Britain. The accumulation during the decade ending 1890 averaged eleven cents daily per head of the population, and there is every reason to believe that it will be no less during the current ten years. That will mean a daily increment of seven million dollars, at which rate the next census will show the wealth of the United States to be ninety milliards of dollars, or more than double what it was in 1880. The principal components of the public wealth given in the census are land, cattle, etc., railways, factories, houses, sundries. Of these, houses show by far the largest increase, railways being next. wealth in houses represents an annual investment of about fifty shillings per inhabitant of the whole of America during the twenty years ending 1890. The annual average in Great Britain is under twenty-three shillings, and as economists tell us that the outlay on houses is the surest gauge of wealth, we must conclude that the average accumulation in the United States is more than double what it is here. As a matter of fact our statisticians estimate the ordinary accumulation in the United Kingdom at £5, whereas we have seen that the American average is £8 per head.

Critics may say that America might have turned to greater advantage the elements at her disposal; philosophers may declare that the mere accumulation of wealth is not a subject for legitimate pride in any nation, and that in the case of America her vast wealth is simply the result of natural circumstances. That is only partially true. The wealth of America would not alone justify national pride; but her intellectual energy has kept pace with the industrial and mechanical enterprise. Nearly 90 per cent of her population over ten years of age can read and write, and her expenditure on education averages per head of the population, nearly twice the amount spent in this country. If we examine the post-office returns, we find, on an average, that each American writes 110 letters in a year, a Swiss writes 74, an Englishman writes 60, a German writes 53, a Belgian 49, a Dutchman 40, a Frenchman 39, an Austrian 24, and an Italian only 16; and you will find that these figures closely correspond to the intellectual development in the various countries.—J. Brand, in Pearson's Magazine.

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#### THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THERE are few of us, I suppose, even among the readers of the Contemporary Review, who will bid farewell to the nineteenth century without a stirring at those springs of memory where it becomes indistinguishable from emo-The occasion, judged by the light of pure reason, may seem unsuitable. The last days of 1900 will not, more than any other December, typify the close of human life. A century is not a natural period of which the close is registered by fading leaf or lessening light; it is a purely arbitrary division of time, the result of mere arithmetical convenience. Yet even the slang of the hour shows that we cannot help treating the close of a century as if it were the close of an epoch—the epithet fin de-siècle registers a persistent fancy. Let us not be fastidiously logical in the The life of the present is, to most persons, quite sufficiently engrossing; we may well avail ourselves of any accidental opportunity for retrospect. The spirit of a century has become a familiar object of attention. Carlyle's diatribes against the eighteenth century were one sided, exaggerated, unjust, but not meaningless. No doubt we must use the term vaguely; the life of one century melts into the life of its successor. Some have put back the real opening of our age to 1789; some have advanced it to 1832, the French Revolution and the first

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English Reform Bill being from different points of view regarded as its opening chapter. Where its real close will be marked by posterity we cannot say, but we may make use of its literal conclusion for a backward gaze; and the review is especially tempting to one who was born at the latest date mentioned above. A life including all events since the passing of the first English Reform Bill coincides with a. definite and important chapter of national history; to recall its memories: is to summarize the crises of a great and pregnant epoch. I would fain gather up, for those who care to listen, the lessons of a lifetime, but I am sensible of a peculiar difficulty in disentangling them from the lessons of a

Whether the growth of a new philosophy or the triumph of an old political creed be the more striking characteristic of the century almost concluded—whether these two great changes are but the varied manifestation of some single idea—or whether they are not rather antagonistic developments, contemporaneous in some sense by accident, from separate seeds—these questions would be answered very differently by different persons. And we may say the same of the question whether they are good or evil. But whether any other change can be named by their side as equally important is not a ques-

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tion with any one. All who can remember 1848 recall emotions and excitement blending naturally with the vague thoughts and emotions of youth, but then felt by all. The young and old seemed suddenly on an equality, the great interest was common. How vividly, across the mists of nearly fifty years, flashes that gleam of sudden purpose and meaning in life—as it seemed! And then ugain, if we come down eleven years nearer our time to another intellectual birthday, how the mists part, and one feels once more the throbs of a new life. It is the last group of recollections I would specially revive now. They came when I was of an age to reflect and criticise as well as feel, and they refer to that deeper life of which the interest is in some sense more abiding. A new race has come into the world since then. Everybody born since the year 1859, when the "Origin of Species" was published, has drawn in with every breath the ideas and opinions which make up what we call the philosophy of Evolution. If any conscious endeavor was made on the side of an elder generation to shut out those ideas, then the appetite for them was all the keener. hardly any greater delight in this world than the first contact of the mind with new truth. The sunrise of new ideas comes with a sudden glow to the whole being, and in the secular development of our intellectual life we may reckon the last forty years as the hour of sunrise. The new spring of ideas has filled the world with thoughts and aims not confined to those who are qualified to understand their scientific basis. Many have participated in them who knew no more of Evolution than the name; in a sense, all have participated in The new democracy has ensured that a gain or loss for one should be a gain or loss for all. The reign of ideas (in the words of Gibbon), "to the peasant equally true, to the philosopher equally false, to the legislator equally useful," has passed away; what has been whispered in the ear is now proclaimed on the housetop; thoughts which the few can understand find rapid translation into a dialect which all can echo; and whatever is taught by the philosopher, repeated

as it is by the preacher, the orator, and the dramatist, is brought home to every one who has any interest beyond the daily bread. It follows that a great intellectual revolution has produced a great moral revolution, and men, having been taught to think differently of the method of their origin, have come to think differently of their ideal aims, and of almost all that is implied in them

It is difficult to believe that so great a change of feeling and thought ever came over mankind in so short a time before. I can hardly imagine that the Reformation left a world so different from that which it found. The preaching of Luther taught men to take different views of the great realities on which their attention had been always fixed; it roused passionate antagonism within this sphere; it made men ready to slay and be slain for certain great ideas. But it did not change the moral Would any attitude of a generation. Protestant, remembering the time before Luther, have said that the sphere of general attention was altered? No one who remembers the first half of the century can fail to say that now. It seems to me, as I look back to the years before the publication of the "Origin of Species," that I remember a different world. It is not that the people had different opinions then; that of course they had; but the true change is that they have shifted their centre of spiritual gravity. Let me for a moment recall that vanished phase, remembered vividly, perhaps regretfully. One who was more at home in the pre-evolutionary world than in that which followed it is at a certain advantage in an attempted contrast. A change welcomed with rapture, followed with great disappointment, and now recalled with feelings combining both, may surely be analyzed with a certain disinterestedness. If the attempt revive keen individual emotion, it also inspires wide and varied views, belonging to humanity as such.

If I turn back, for instance, to the year 1849—which fixes itself in my mind, because I happened that year to see Wordsworth—I find myself in a world of dominant orthodoxy. The reader will recognize the appropriate-

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ness of the poet's name in that connec-His "Ode to Duty" is a perfect expression of what was highest and purest in the ideal of a time which turned from the turbulent horrors of the revolutionary wars to a sober, religious, temperate conservatism. It has so much that is simple and perennial that it may seem to express the ideal of every time, but I think there is in it also a breath of the past. a few of the well-known verses:

"I, loving freedom, and untried; No sport of every random gust, Yet being to myself a guide, Too blindly have reposed my trust; And oft, when in my heart was heard Thy timely mandate, I deferred The task, in smoother walks to stray : But thee I now would serve more strictly. if I may.

"Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear The Godhead's most benignant grace; Nor know we anything so fair As is the smile upon thy face : Flowers laugh before thee on their beds And fragrance in thy footing treads: Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

"To humbler functions, awful Power! I call thee: I myself commend Unto thy guidance from this hour Oh, let my weakness have an end! Give unto me, made lowly wise, The spirit of self sacrifice The confidence of reason give ; And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!'

generation which welcomed words like these was, we feel, animated by a spirit very different from that of our restless and impatient, or, if you will, progressive time. That vision of the orderly path of the planets as the type of human duty must be in some sense one for all time, for it echoes perfectly that aspiration taught by Divine lips, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." As the planet moves between divergent impulses, centrifugal and centripetal, and finds its balanced course one of perfect relation to its central sun, so should man, so shall man. It is the aspiration of every heart which turns consciously to any central sun of our moral life, and for such a one no change of time can make it out of date. But it is not the aspect under which an ideal life is manifested to the contemplation of our day. Contrast it with the only official utterance yet made by our new Laureate-" Jameson's Ride" (a production which, however regrettable from the point of view of the statesman, does not seem to me, from a literary point of view, as contemptible as it did to many)—and you have the spirit of two different ages. On the one hand, the orderly, the restrained, the reverent, the spirit which finds a meaning in obedience, in selfsurrender. On the other, the eccentric, the irregular, the spirit of dash The two (however disand defiance. parate in most respects) may stand as specimens of what a nation has in some sense accepted, at an interval of less than a century, and the difference is striking.

It is brought out still more if we follow out the succession of the Laureateship backward and forward, and note Wordsworth's predecessor and succes-If we turn backward, we find a representative of English poetry whom the ordinary reading world has now forgotten, rather unjustly as it seems Southey is a figure in biograply; we know him as the benefactor and brother-in-law of Coleridge, as the mainstay of the Quarterly Review; we forget that he was ever the representative of our national poetry. It is difficult to read any of his verses with other than an historical interest, but when historical interest docs lead us to turn to it, we perceive that it has fine quali-The reason they are now thrown ties. back into the shade is, perhaps, the very reason which makes him a signifi-There cant expression of his own age. is no spirit with which our time has so little sympathy as that reaction from the principles of the French Revolution which men still living can remember. It is a very important factor in history, and I think it has a good deal to say for itself on moral ground, but it does not appeal to anything which is dominant now. It gives vigor to such verse, for instance, as Southey's "Roderick," where his hatred for the French finds thinly veiled expression; but the vigor is associated with a sense of the obsolete, which curiously deadens interest, and which is quite different from the sense of the historic. We feel

the want of footnotes; we miss that self-sufficiency which is of the essence of poetic enjoyment. Southey, I should imagine, is less read than any of his remarkable contemporaries. Because he was a suitable and typical Laureate in a day of triumphant, reactionary, ruthless orthodoxy, he is specially out of sympathy with an age of which the watchword is Progress.

In Wordsworth orthodoxy lost its

harsh reactionary force; it lost its selfconsciousness, its self-assertion; it entered into alliance with the democratic spirit of our century; it appeared as a quiet background, forgettable, but always present. It is almost needless to explain that the name is used here in its etymological, not its conventional, meaning; as a synonym, that is, for the reign of right opinion-of authority in opinion. In speaking of orthodoxy, I am not thinking only, or chiefly, of its religious meaning; not of the predominance of an established Church, but of that centralizing influence on all regions of thought, which keeps a certain traditional rule in literature, in politics, and in everything which strongly interests mankind. As Southey expresses this in fierce reactionary Toryism, and Wordsworth in quiet, uninteresting Conservatism, so Wordsworth's successor in the Laureateship carries on the tradition in alliance with the new spirit then stirring in the world. When Wordsworth passed away, a few months after the vision of him in his beautiful mountain home which gladdened my youthful eyes, there was no hesitation about his successor. I remember an aspiration of some of my schoolfellows that under a female Sovereign we might have a female Laureate, and Mrs. Browning would worthily have filled the post; but no one could really expect so great an innovation while an Englishman stood before us so exactly fitted to the position as Alfred Tennyson. He represents the spirit of a comparatively recent past, as Wordsworth that of a remote past; they mirror successively the spirit of the second and third quarters of our century. He links the spirit which recoiled from Revolution to the spirit which turned to Evolution. Yet he belongs, almost as much as his predecessor, to the realm of orthodoxy. We all know, in his musical utterance. that there lies more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds, but that vindication of "honest doubt" belongs to a vanished world. Who cares to justify "honest doubt" now? It is firm belief which needs justification. Doubt is the right attitude for the modern point of view. And note that place kept for half the creeds—who would now feel the concession otherwise than an enormous claim? nyson belongs to the old world. saw the new-" In Memoriam" contains a curiously exact prophecy of the "Origin of Species"—but his heart is with the old. He was an ideal Poet Laureate; he mirrored the capacities, the aspirations, possibly the temptations, which belong to a poet whom the nation and the Court choose to typify their poetic ideal. There could be no question that it was the place for him, and if here and there we may find some expressions which associate his genius with flattery, we have to search carefully for them, and may allow ourselves now to forget them or, perhaps, to read them with a tender smile.

But when Tennyson ended his Laureateship, the long hiatus in the post shows how widely different was the We had many poetic writers of respectable talent-more, I should suppose, than fifty years ago. But when we sought for genius -! And in the only case where we might have found genius it was impossible to enthrone it as the choice of a nation. No one could ask the Queen to do special honor to the author of some productions of Algernon Swinburne. He loves England as few of our poets have loved her, but he has no sympathy with the faith of England. The two things are divorced in him which are united in every other poet whom it would be natural to compare with him. And so we have been obliged to choose a Laureate whom we may or may not admire. but whom we cannot consider as a representative of England in the same sense as any other who has filled the post during the present century.

This slight glance backward at the nineteenth-century occupants of the Laurcateship will show us, as it were

in a convex mirror, reflecting the spirit of the time on its poetic ideal, what is the influence of orthodoxy on literature. It is not that literature has been orthodox in the epoch passed in our review. It includes such thinkers and writers as Shelley, Byron, Carlyle. But if we think over it, we shall see that the kind of influence they exercised is as much a thing of the past as Southey's Toryism. At a time when no opinion is stamped with national acceptance, there can be no such thing as "different opinion." And the literary influence of "right opinion," in this sense, is great. If we were to read Byron's best verse without any knowledge of its author, and then turn to any writing of our day on what we might call the same side, we should be struck with the loss in the latter of a sense of restraint belonging to his work, in common with everything that was written when our century was young, There is no and lacking to its decline. longer any barrier around any traditional system of doctrine. On the contrary, there is a certain premium on eccentricity in all departments of thought. Those who aim at originality easily provide themselves with a substitute which has no longer the disadvantage of causing any social penalty; and while few can open new views of duty, any one can protest against the old. Coleridge has somewhere said that if there is an exact antithesis to simplicity, it is the determination to be simple. The remark may be generalized. At all events, it will ordinarily be found that nothing is so unfavorable to originality as the determination to be original. Here and there we find a man of genius who seems determined to say things oddly, and to be unintelligible to the major-But for the most part genius uses the ordinary dialect of humanity. The greatest poets of the world are not afraid of common place. Neither Shakespeare nor Goethe has any dialect of his own—they fearlessly approach the slope toward platitude. With some remarkable exceptions, the rule will be found to hold good that where eccentricity begins genius ends. The exceptions belong to our own time, but the rule is illustrated by our own time

as compared with that immediately preceding it. Fifty, or even forty, years ago we should have had no difficulty in naming half a dozen men of original genius among us. Now we could name many examples of talent and efficiency in a number of different lines. The great men of the nineteenth century, in whatever line you take them, at all events the great Englishmen, were all torn in its early years, or were then young. That is to say, they were formed under an ideal of orthodoxy. They were not themselves orthodox. Some of them were vehemently the re-But what we mean by orthodoxy was a kind of barrier which had to be broken through if its enclosure were to be quitted. There were certain views on which there was such a thing as a national opinion, and if any one denied that and set up his own in face of it, he had to give some proof of strength in opposing it. There was, we may say, an intellectual House of Lords; we possessed a delaying influence on all strictly original thought, something that kept it quiescent while it was immature. I remember George Eliot once saying how much she thought the genius of Tourgénieff owed, from a literary point of view, to the fact that he could never venture to express the whole of his meaning without provoking the displeasure of the Government. Something like that was true everywhere in the early part of the century. A mere list of the eminent men who belonged to its first and second half respectively would show that whatever else enforced temperance does, it does not repress original thought.

There has thus been a kind of change in the world which one may compare to a battle in which the loss has fallen chiefly upon the officers. I remember a time when we had a sense of having leaders among us. Whatever we believed we could look to some one endowed with genius who was as it were the sun of that system. We were all Papists in my youth. Now we have to think for ourselves. There is no longer any social stigma on those who think for themselves in the way there used Looked at in one way we may say that everybody is original now. But looked at from another point of view, we may say that no one is original. Both statements are exaggerated, no doubt, but it is the only way in which we can shortly express a truth.

Until the influence of a "right opinion" stamped with national approval and surrounding us like the atmosphere was removed, we did not perceive how much it told upon every one. Of course it told upon every one who believed this national pronouncement, but what I would urge is that it was a strong influence on those who disbelieved it. I suppose there never was an Englishman who was brought up on a more complete negation of Christianity than John Mill, and yet many of his words might be quoted to show how strongly the fact that he belonged to a Christian nation told upon him in modifying his views of things, how much the common element spoke in him through the individual. It told on him both ways. It influenced him by transmission, and it influenced him by antagonism. He was brought up an Atheist as his contemporaries were brought up Evangelicals, and yet he could not help being in some sense a Christian. And then again he gained much as an original thinker from the fact of there being a definite, well-fortified body of doctrine for him to protest against. Orthodoxy was like a great sounding board for the voices of the heterodox, and we find here as elsewhere that the two contraries pass away together. Because orthodoxy has ceased to exist there is no longer any such thing as heterodoxy.

Here the two streams of tendency which I have been endeavoring to trace mix their waters. That philosophic tendency which we know as the doctrine of evolution broke down this national "right opinion" by confuting its most cherished assumptions; that political tendency which we know as democracy opposed itself to the very existence of a national "right opinion," as the great barrier which Conservatism opposes in the path of prog-Their blended result has annihilated the conception of right opinion, as a possible ideal of national consecra-And with it has gone the delaying influence which gave all protest its distinction. We live in an era of intellectual as well as political universal suffrage. "One man one vote" is the ideal of the spiritual as well as of the parliamentary world. It follows in the first case as in the last that the aristocracy loses its influence. Right opinion has come to mean either truth or the opinion of the majority. It has ceased to mean, in any definite sense, the opinion of the nation. No doubt in some sense orthodoxy included both these things. The idea of a national belief presupposes that the majority are ready to be really influenced—not merely coerced—by the central authority, and of course it presupposes that those who prescribe belief do so on the ground of its truth. But the word truth, when applied to the creed of a nation, means something both more and less than the same word when applied to the belief of an individual. Truth on the highest subjects of human contemplation must admit some alloy if it is put into a form which is to be intelligible to the many. But the truth that we teach is not a mere fragment of the truth we embrace in moments of solitary contemplation. The teacher learns as he teaches. The endeavor to implant belief in another mind reveals new meaning in that belief.

People differ about the questions symbolized by the words Church and State as about any other; but whether they approve or disapprove the office of a national Church and all which it implies, they often discover, when they have pupils to teach or children to educate, that there is a kind of support in a set of common convictions all round us which we cannot entirely supply by anything strictly individual to ourselves. No beliefs held by a nation are false in the sense that we cannot get any strength out of them. Those that are stamped by national acceptance are of necessity purified from anything that we should call sectarian by the mere fact of being the utterance of a broad and various life, and when we pass into a period when no beliefs bear this stamp we may feel the gain greater than the loss perhaps, but ordinary people will feel that there is a loss. And indeed so widely is this felt that we are still living—though not so much so as some years ago-in a sort of inverted orthoy. The immediate effect of the opularizing of Evolution was to create a sort of secular scientific establishment. And to a certain extent that

may be said still.

It is to that extent the inevitable and reasonable result of the doctrine of Evolution. That doctrine may be compressed into the statement that the world was not made 6000 years ago, but is making still. The process which, within living memory, was accepted as complete in the first week of our planet's existence has expanded itself to mean the history of that planet, so that we are travelling not from, but toward the completed work of the Creator. Every day, we used to think -we who can remember the world before evolution—carried us farther from that time when the hand of God was laid on this framework of things in which we live. Every day, we are taught now, shows us more creative aim in ourselves and the world. fall of man was once an accepted assumption of historic retrospect. It is no merely Christian dogma; rather it is a classic belief which has been grafted on a single page of the Old Testament; it became the centre of a great doctrinal system, and held its place in virtue not of a few texts, but of many facts of human life which it connected, if it could not explain them. Now we may say that its hold on human imagination is seen in its inversion. The fall of man is at once expanded and inverted into the ascent of man. It is like that effect which Dante describes when he passed the centre of gravity in going through the centre of the earth. and saw what had been below him suddenly above him, and vice versa. had been travelling away from an Eden, a golden age. Suddenly we saw a change, and our Eden was before us. The Sabbath rest is ahead of us. are all co-operators with the Creator, and have to help on that blessed day when He shall look upon His work and find it very good. I am speaking of popular notions; I am trying to express vague general feelings. It would carry us too far to try to estimate exactly how much in them is true. It is enough for our present purpose that there they are.

We have thus a sort of inverted orthodoxy, in which the place of every object is altered, and the direction of every movement is reversed. The sudden fusion of the idea of progress and the idea of science—two ideas, each potent alone, united almost omnipotent -seemed at first to have supplied in a moment the force that was the slow growth of centuries of tradition, and to have created a new central doctrine which should gather up the influence of authority as well as of argument. Already we see that to be less true than we imagined. Nothing supplies the centralizing influence of tradition except tradition. An epoch of eccentricity cannot convert its most salient and unquestioned truth into a dogma. Still it remains that the double influeuce of Democracy and Evolution do keep many of these inversions. commonplace that the goal of flattery now is rather on the side of the poor than on that of the rich; it is an incontestable truth that the prerogative of influence is rather with the young than the old. The young have become the old in every sense in which age is an advantage. "Listen to our experience," the old used to say, or wish to say; "we have lived longer than you; we have lived through much that lies before you; our past is a map for your future." It was always difficult enough to bring home the experience of age to the imagination of youth; but fifty or sixty years ago it was an endeavor that was seconded by every serious thought and belief; it seemed obvious that, however much more attractive youth might be than age, wisdom was on the side of years. I am afraid the ideas of Evolution have robbed us of that solitary advantage. The young now, inasmuch as they are heirs to the storedup and growing experience of the race, are in a sense richer in it than the old. They come a generation later in that vast secular development which measures its wisdom by its progress; they started with all our ideas, born in them as feelings. We have sometimes found it difficult, perhaps, in reading ancient history, to remember that we must invert the significance of a date, to fix in our minds that 1896, for instance, would be not the end, but the beginning of the nineteenth century B.C. Something like this happens when we turn to the new ideas of Evolution. They mark the gain of years in a different direction, and change the signs of all our quantities. We have to review all that we thought unquestionable, and must sometimes feel as if the only use to be made of our early notions was just to turn them topsy-turvy, and remind ourselves that all anticipations

have changed places. What has been written above looks like a repetition of the well-known lament, "the former days were better than these." An endeavor to recall the convictions prevalent in a distant youth must always have something of that aspect. To recall a vanished youth is to recall possibilities which have passed out of life, aspirations which it has not fulfilled—more or fewer according to individual cases, but surely many for The years whose record we seek merely to interpret might check our transcript with the appeal, "Look in my face, my name is Might-have-been." Such is the attendant doubt of every endeavor like the present; but when space has been made for all that belongs to an individual youth, I believe a certain regret given to ideas then dominant and feeling since passed away is neither unnatural nor impolitic. To discern that whatever may be the disadvantages of orthodoxy, it supplies a valuable fence for the growth of originality; that the assumptions of authority shelter and foster that development of character which withers under the breath of mere criticism; this is no doubt to confess a certain divergence from that full adherence to the ideal of progress which, in the second half of our century, succeeded to the vacant throne of belief. It is to doubt whether that premium which an ideal of progress and a theory of natural selection unite to set on all eccentricity, does not to some extent defeat its own ob-But the world has always progressed by a surrender to alternate impulses. The great year of our development has its seed-time and harvest, and for him who ignores its successive seasons no fields shall ever be white unto harvest. The epochs of centrali-

zation are as naturally succeeded by

epochs of eccentricity as April is succeeded by August; some of us may yearn after the flowers and the songs of spring, but we cannot have ther and the waving corn together.

When first we learned the word Evolution, the spiritual life was under an eclipse. With the new doctrine, which under its first aspect enthroned Chance as the source of all things, a great wave of materialism passed over the world; and for a time the Eternal seemed to lose its meaning. It was inevitable that that meaning should grow dim. We had been taught that the world had been created in six days, and even those who looked upon that expression as merely poetical had regarded it as symbolic of a great truth, pointing back to an epoch when creative force was exerted on the world, and keeping the idea of a Creator supreme before us by this very separateness from its ordinary When we learned that there course. never was any definite enclosure given up to the drama of Creation, it seemed to us that the Creator had vanished. We felt like David, driven forth from the little enclosure of our early worship and forced to "serve other gods." "Nature red in tooth and claw" presented herself as the Creator, and those facts of nature which went on daily before our eyes suddenly acquired a lurid significance when they were lit up with the electric light that issues from the idea of Origin. But many signs come upon us at the end of this nineteenth century that the wave of materialism, which seemed so strong and steady only a generation ago, has spent its force, and that if the national recognition of our spiritual life be no longer suited to our spiritual development (a point on which no opinion is expressed here), it is to be succeeded by some form of individual discernment which shall again make the unseen world a reality to us and to our children. The process of evolution is by no means confined to the material world. If it have any truth at all, it is not a principle that was true before man's existence on the earth and afterward ceased to be true; it is rather the rhythm and spring of all history. It may be that man's appearance marked the conclusion of one great stage in the development of this

vast whole, but we cannot imagine that the drama of creation, which we are taught to see unfolding itself through the ages, has come to a conclusion now, and that all we have to do is to look backward for its progress and record. The principle of evolution is still among us. The young are born into a more developed world than the old. The thoughts of the fathers, it has been well said, become the feelings of the children. The speculations of one generation are recorded in the desires of its successor. In the material world, since man became dominant, natural selection has been, to a great extent, superseded by artificial selection, and the process whereby new species were fashioned is no longer exhibited to the outward eye; but it has entered the sphere of the invisible. It is made manifest in the world of "admiration. hope, and love''-in the world of the ideal, which is also most truly the world of the real.

It is an era in an individual life when the man or woman wakes up to discover that his or her desires, aims, hopesare no longer what they were. It comes first for the most part as a sense of loss. "Qui aimé j'ai je n'aime plus" -the exclamation of Madame de Staël -gathers up some of the most unforgettable and most instructive experience of life. But it is not mainly an experience of loss. Surely all who have attained old age have been startled when some chance fragment from the wreck of years has revealed to them the narrow limits of sympathy in youth. It is wonderful to be confronted with the limitations of a past self. wealth of a past self is a more conspicuous and usual object of retrospect, because loss is always more salient than But those who rehearse the lessons of a long life and find among them no record of expanded sympathies can find but little worthy of attention in the whole review. The change, if it be felt as real in individual memories, is a clew to something wider. some sense our children start where we started, but it is in a deeper sense that they start from our goal. The process of the ages passes through us to them, and the widened sympathy which no individual life wholly fails to bequeath becomes the secure and growing inheritance of the race. Sympathy widens downward. We cannot ignore the sufferings of the weak and the poor as the hest men of former ages ignored them. What each man means when he says "I" is actually in closer contact with the pains and sorrows of which his bodily organism brings him no direct report; the truth that we are members one of another is more vital. But does sympathy widen only downward? Some time ago one might have thought that it had that limitation, and at all times we find it more hard to track its upward than its downward course. there is such a thing as a new development of sympathy with God. We may in our day discern the working of what is called Evolution in those very channels which the idea of Evolution, at first, appeared to close. We may recognize that what we have called Revelation is but one aspect of the perennial widening of man's horizon which belongs to his slow descent. We have been accustomed to look on Revelation, like Creation, as confined within a narrow enclosure of the world's history, and then again perhaps, we swung back, in both cases, to an opposite error, and refused to recognize eras which concentrated the slow processes of ordinary development and simulated in their intensive force the work of Such eras have been, and may yet recur; it is my belief that such an age is opening upon us now.

Nineteen hundred years ago, it is believed by all who look upon this world as the scene of any spiritual history, mankind reached the end of a dispen-Great events were the landsation. marks and symbols of changes even greater than themselves-changes so great that to those who saw them close at hand they appeared to herald, in the literal sense of the words, the end of the world. They did herald the end of The old world passed away an age. with the coming of Christ; what followed was disappointing enough, if we look back upon it with the eyes of those who looked forward to it in the hopes of discovering a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, but at least it was not in the extent of the change they were mistaken.

generations which followed did see a new heaven and a new earth; if they were not permitted to behold an indwelling rightcousness, it was perhaps because that is a vision reserved for those who have quitted the trammels of mortality. It may be that they confused, and that at such crises all men confuse, the future that a few years must reveal to every one of us, and the future that belongs to the race in this visible framework of things. But that eager forward look of the disciples of Christ, so much more steadfast after His departure, if it overlooked barriers, and saw much development in a foreshortening which distorted its meaning, was yet not directed toward va-cancy. Those vague, vast anticipations no doubt embodied many fancies of their own, but it is impossible to think that the attitude of mind was not inspired by Him. It is impossible, I believe, not to recognize it as a characteristic of all that is nearest His teaching in what we call Christianity. We must learn here, just as much as in the case of creation, that we have mistaken a phase of concentration in a ceaseless process for that process itself; we must welcome new change as a tribute to and growth from that which we once supposed given to preclude all further change. If what we mean by Christianity has not all the hold on the world that it once had, do we not also see that ideas and aspirations which we have hitherto recognized under the name of Christianity are taking up new aspects and appearing in unexpected quarters? If there is a weakening of that common recognition of an invisible world which hitherto has made a part of the very existence of a nation, is there not a flow of strength and energy into other forms of that recognition which teaches us that it is indeed eternal? It is not that the old has lost The family and the its preciousness. nation are still divine, the Church is still a channel of divine influence. It is rather that their meaning is enlarged, that they are seen not only as facts, vast and important as these facts are, but also as symbols. New centres, new groupings, new forms of divine teaching are upon us now. The pow-

life are widened; individuality itself may be discerned to be richer than it was thought to be. The very lack of exceptional eminence among us is an aid in guiding our attention to the powers and opportunities that are common to every child of man. If great men have disappeared from among us, may it not be because we are meant to take a new view of the capacities and resources of the most ordinary men?

Here it is that the democratic movement of our day gains a new and hopeful meaning. The great truths of earth are associated with great names, with all that definiteness of impression which we associate with the word genius. With the great truths of heaven it is not necessarily so. Here it not seldom happens that "the rich are sent empty away." It must often have occurred to one who seeks reverently to gather up records of those dear and lost, to lament the coldness within left by the perusal of some deeply felt utterance, and wonder at what we may call, for want of better words, the rapid obsoleteness of religious expression. What a paradox we chronicle in the words! Here was a glimpse of the eternal to the eyes which met it; why has the hand which transcribed it, power of conveying that impression only, as it were, on a short lease? Because of the strong power in the human mind of absorbing all religious influences. have drawn in all that in some form, and do not want it over again. It has something of the discord of the semitone, it comes too near our deepest feelings for concord, and is divided from unison by those mysterious and subtle differences which separate one genera-If we would retion from another. store it to the realm of harmony we must accept it as a message from the remote, we must feel that in some sense it is past. No doubt there are expressions of the heart's yearning for God which have the permanence of a work of genius. The Psalms are not bygone. But similar expressions, hardly less adequate to convey those yearnings when they were spoken, have passed out of the world of vitality. They express an eternal desire, but they associate it with some feeling that belonged ers, the perceptions of an individual to a particular age, and the answer

came to that age in a form unsuitable to its successor—all the more unsuit able because it was drunk in eagerly at the time, and assimilated into the lifeblood of a generation. Men may record their emotions, their beliefs, and such record is perhaps its most interesting page in the volume of history, but the record which is fullest of interest falls flat as an appeal. Thus they yearned, hoped, loved—our hearts are thrilled with the thought. Thus they bid us yearn, love, hope—alas! we could as soon fly. Neither close bonds nor great powers can triumph Genius is as impotent as love to stamp this coin with its image and superscription. Dante and Milton seem exceptions because their religion is just what we ignore in them. It seems a strange paradox, but we are dealing with material in which we must be fearless of paradox. It is not for finite minds to harmonize the glimpses which in their rush through the bewildering experience of life they gain successively They must be content of the infinite. with a faithful transcript and a faithfal acceptance of other transcripts. Surely it is apparent how this falling away of human interpreters leads all to

open their ear to the voice which is speaking now.

The last Prophet who spoke before His coming, in whom the prophecy of every forerunner was gathered up, foretold that in the last days it would be the menservants and the maidservants who would form the channels of the divine afflatus. We must transport ourselves to the ages of slavery to appreciate the daring hope of that anticipation. The Highest is to speak through the lowest! An age when genius slumbers may be meant to show us some new manifestation of that "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," but we put out the candle when we would watch the stars. A higher than human wisdom seems to have extinguished our candles that the light of other worlds may gleam through our casements and no human medium intervene between the flash of revelation, and the human gaze seeking to follow it. Does the individual hope, which in life's evening once more salutes the stars of the dawn, here tinge the human outlook? It may be so, but I believe the hope belongs to an epoch. — Contemporary Review.

# ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND FRANCE.

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT.

"HISTORY never repeats herself? She is the least original of all the Muses; a spun-out tautology." The remark was Mr. Disraeli's way of putting a familiar sentiment. It was. when first made, suggested by the analogy which some one conversationally had drawn between the disturbances in European Turkey in 1876, and those which had agitated the same region at the beginning of the present century. Then, as in 1876, unlike 1896, a Russian Emperor, first the Tsar Paul, and afterward Alexander I., had admonished the Sultan, and his Porte, that unless the savagery of the Pashas were curbed, the Ottoman Empire was doomed. Those who would see these incidents more circumstantially narrated may be referred to the diverting narrative with which Professor de Martens has relieved his recent collection of Anglo-Russian treaties between 1800 and 1831.\* Mr. Disraeli's observation was made on the same day, in the same place, though not at the same time, that, for the last occasion, on the neutral ground of society in a drawingroom in St. James's Square, he happened to meet his old rival, Mr. Glad-The incident is now cited on the authority of a former private secretary of Mr. Disraeli, since dead, who happened to be present at the moment. The scene may be recollected by the single still surviving witness of it. The whole episode was brought

<sup>\*</sup> Recueil de Traités conclues entre La Russie et Angleterre, 1800-31.



to an amusing conclusion by the appearance of a small daughter of the house, caressing a tortoise. "My dear," said one of those present, recalling a remark of Sydney Smith, "if you think your kiss pleases the tortoise, you might as well kiss the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." It would be interesting to know whether Lord Rosebery's comparison, in his Edinburgh speech of October 9th, of stopping the Cyprus tribute to spite the Sultan, to tickling a tortoise to make it laugh, may have been suggested by a reminiscence of the St. James's Square episode of two decades ago. The repetitions of history are, as the departed statesman declared, indubitable. They are generally incomplete as well. Nothing could have been better than Lord Rosebery's incidental or implied contrast between the spontaneous and national uprising of English feeling in 1876, and its goaded excitement in 1896. Then, as the late leader of the Liberal party said, England had the armies of Russia at her back. Now those legions stand athwart her path. The historic dissimilarity between the situations, separated by the gulf of two decades, admits of various other illustrations.

Before passing to these, it may be as well to correct a partial though not an entire confusion easily to be explained. The Mohammedan ruler, to the excellence of whose motives Disraeli, from his personal knowledge, bore testimony in 1876, was not Abdul Hamid II. but his predecessor, Abdul Aziz, who, educated by a French tutor, and indoctrinated with European ideas, reformed the Turkish Courts of Justice, improved Turkish agriculture, but, falling into unpopularity, suffered deposition first, and, in the same year that Mr. Disraeli became Lord Beaconsfield, committed suicide. The anti-polygamous reign of Abdul Aziz synchronized with the Hertzegovina and Montenegrin disturbances. It included the earliest of the Bulgarian troubles, though the later and more revolting atrocities were reserved for the accession of Murad V., Their fulland afterward Hamid. blown abominations signalized Abdul Hamid's supersession of his brother, Murad, after the latter had lost his wits. One feature, favourable, though in different degrees, to a friendly understanding between the most Western and the most Eastern Powers, may in common be ascribed to the two periods. After the confirmed efflorescence of the jingo plant, the popular sentiment of England and Russia in 1876 became mutually alienated. Up to that point the social relations between the two Courts, with their reacting influence on the peoples, had been with Lord Derby at the Foreign Office, and Count Schouvaloff at Chesham Place, almost as cordial in 1876 as, under Lord Salisbury and Monsieur de Staal, they continue to this day in 1896. The existing Chief Secretary at the Russian Embassy in Belgravia is not yet quite so well known in London clubs and drawing-rooms as was his predecessor during the later seventies, the urbane and accomplished Monsieur Barthelemy. During more than twenty years the process of improved acquaintance between the polite representatives of the two countries has been steady. It has at last reached a point that, for mellowness of amity, may remind many of the popularity enjoyed in London on the eve of the Crimean War by Baron Brunnow, whose last appearance in London society was at the dinner given to him at the Clarendon Hotel just before he was finally withdrawn.

Even that was no novelty in the socio-diplomatic relations of the Chanceries and the capitals on the Neva and on the Thames. During his stay at Balmoral, in the person of a high court official, then and there on duty, the Tsar beheld the grandson of a former Russian subject and diplomatist. Throughout the opening years of this century Lord Pembroke's grandfather, Count Worontzow, represented the Russian Government at the Court of George III. This Ambassador, who was the father of Sidney Herbert's mother, anticipated by many decades the Anglophilism of his successor Repeatedly recalled, for-Brunnow. mally superseded, more than once reprimanded by his Imperial master for being more English than the English themselves, Worontzow never altogether quitted his post till voluntarily

he abdicated it. Even then he did not leave England, but as a private citizen settled at Southsea. Here he survived into the first half of our cen-Trivial events, superficial and insignificant in themselves, may constitute real landmarks in the growth of international feeling. Some ten years before, in 1874, the Tsar, who was the father-in-law of the Duke of Edinburgh, landed at Gravesend, a Russian man of-war peacefully anchored at the same spot in the river had been a feature in the London season. The officers of this ship requited the hospitalities extended to them on English soil by a ball on board their vessel, decorated for the occasion with taste that is now familiar, but that was novel then. A return entertainment in their honor was given a few weeks later by some English ladies at Willis's Rooms. The interchange of hospitalities formed the subject of a pleasant letter from a high official at St. Petersburg some months later, and was the social theme of the hour. It is sometimes assumed, in comment on the personal feelings existing between this country and that of the Imperial guest who has lately quitted our shores, that the classes among us are pro-Turkish, and the masses, from a spirit of opposition, philo-Russ. During the jingo period of 1876-78 official and fashionable sentiment in London may, under the influence of Lord Beaconsfield, have identified itself with our old ally of Crimean days. The Palmerstonianism which survived then has become ex-Of late, and especially tinct since. subsequently to the known unwillingness of Russia to coerce the Sultan, the oracles of the polite world have not shown any antipathy to Russia. The very exclusive Whig coteries, influenced by Mr. Gladstone, have long performed the mission of Muscovite The recluse of Hawarpropagandists. den is only one of many eminent men who have confessed the charm of the Pan-Slavonic gospel according to Ma-Two, who are dame de Novikoff. gone, Froude and Kinglake, celebrated the fascinations of this lady's political From the day that she first dazzled the assembled guests in the drawing-room of the Vice-Regal Lodge

during the Lord Lieutenancy of the seventh Earl of Carlisle, Madame de Novikoff has reflected on many of her countrymen and countrywomen, to their own great promotion, the favor which she herself has enjoyed in the smartest drawing rooms of the new régime, or in the most exclusive Whig coteries of the old. If during the jingo fever of a couple of decades since the Palmerstonian tradition was strong enough to make Turkophilism fashionable, the modish associations clinging on social planes of scarcely less repute since the days of Charles Fox and the Empress Catherine to the cult of holy Russia, have on the other side proved a compensating force.

One effect, plainly, sometimes rather humorously visible to the not very profound observer of latter-day sociology, has already been produced in this country by the visit of the Tsar. number of estimable persons to whom court favor is the sunshine of life is not small, nor their influence on the public press and on all well-behaved people, slight. For practical purposes the Russo-Turkish concert has for some half-dozen years proved more powerful than any anti-Turkish concert of the great Powers. There is, therefore, no inconsistency in the former partisans of the Turk against the Muscovite now giving a share of their cordiality to the Turk's new friend, and through the various channels at their disposal sending forth the word of order to extol the Emperor of All the Russias as not less good a gentleman than the "Shadow of God" himself. The current of the polite opinion of England has only anticipated that of France. Before the French empire fell, in real life and in pages more prosaic than those of Ouida, the Prince from St. Petersburg with his furs, his diamonds, and his pockets lined with roubles, had been a pet of Paris, an arbiter of all the elegancies at the glittering clubs in the Rue Royale, and the coveted cynosure of the modish victorias in the Bois de Boulogne whose fair occupants have their apartments in the region of the Parc Monceau. The visions of boundless wealth and of untiring open-handedness conjured up to the various worlds

on the Seine by the name and entourage of the Tsar, resemble the profuse dreams of largesse which, when those Eastern monarchs have visited the Thames, the titles of the Sultan or the Shah have inspired here. There is a further and a special reason for the Parisian desire to turn the Imperial visit to the good account of the Armenians, as well as to the cementing of the amity that is to help France to win back the lost provinces. During the Gladstone administration of 1880, the predisposition of the Boulevards, as well as of the Quai D'Orsay, in favor of a rectification of the Greco-Ottoman frontier, was largely explicable by the popularity that, since Napoleouic times, a Greek school in Paris has enjoyed. An analogous and not less local circumstance to-day accounts to some extent for the reaction which has taken place in Paris in favor of the luckless Armenians.

Speaking with some varied knowledge of the subject, Mr. Disraeli declared an English public to be the most emotional in the world. No one with any real knowledge of the facts would challenge that opinion, or commit the mistake of supposing that a crowd among the Latin races is susceptible of feelings so intense and abiding as are kindled in Anglo-Saxon hearts by the sight or the news of systematic savagery to man or beast. The national idiosyncrasies, therefore, of our neighbors across the Channel would scarcely permit them to compete with us in resenting the atrocities which revolt nature and vex diplomacy. Paris, however, has a concrete knowledge of, and therefore interest in, Armenia, more vivid and personal than is possessed by Armenian ladies, transplant-London. ed from their native chestnut forests to the city of convenient quays and picturesque perspectives, have been known recently to lead the fashions on the Bois de Boulogne. The fair divinities who, in the second-rate French town of Cairo, and at Mediterranean resorts more to the westward, watch over French interests in the motley society they adorn, have generally their nearest relations in the Levant. day, a particularly accomplished and graceful Ambassadress of the French

Republic in a neighboring state is of Anatolian extraction. Directly, therefore, if not very powerfully, the suffering Armenians have it within their reach to influence French diplomatists, if not to direct the undercurrents of French diplomacy. The sex that still complains in England of being suppressed is not prevented by Republican forms from actively interposing its influence at international crises in France. No member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet would neglect the organized expression of the view of American ladies in Lon-Equally little likely are ministers or politicians in Paris to ignore the gentle protest of the fair compatriots of the objects of Abdul Hamid's wrath in Asia Minor. Directly the date of the Tsar's arrival was known, these amateur, but assiduous, diplomatists presented the Empress with petitions on behalf of their countrywomen, and communicated their own humane zeal to the conductor of more than one Parisian newspaper. The Queen's recent guest has taken an opportunity of intimating—at least, semi-officially his belief in the unselfishness of English sympathy with the suffering Christians in the East. His Majesty's earliest experiences on French soil have at least been opportune for deepening that conviction relative to England, and for rendering it not unfruitful of results.

Other circumstances outside the strict province of, but vitally subsidiary to, the harmony of Anglo-Russo-French diplomacy, remain to be mentioned, and strangely enough, seem in all that has been said on the subject to be ig-Cardinal Vaughan has used nored. his official influence to prevent his clergy from swelling the chorus of indignation against the Sultan and all his works. Such a mandate was to be expected from a chief of the Church whose policy it is, in things secular as well as religious, to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence The best type of Roman of the dove. ecclesiastic, as we in England have known him during many decades, never merges the man of the world in The tonsure is the outthe priest. ward and visible sign of the diplomat. The Roman Archbishop of Westminster, by his instructions to his own staff, wished indirectly to administer a rebuke to those Romanizing clergy of the Anglican rule whom he had before snubbed so peremptorily by declining to recognize their ordination until the Pope should have declared in favor of With this single exception the international difficulties, of which to-day the Western and the Eastern Powers are the centres, have been singularly free from embroilment by those collateral and sectarian issues that added such bitterness and complication to the problems of the near East when they were agitating us twenty years ago. In 1876 the Roman Church did not assume its existing attitude of humane neutrality between the suffering Christians and their persecutors. It made common cause with the whole body of Continental Comtists against the vic-The Positivists suptims of the Turk. ported the Mohammedans as a counter-The Papists poise to Christianity. did so because the Christians happened to be the disciples of the Greek Patriarch, and therefore the members of a heretical Church. To-day the relations between the Vatican and the High Churchmen who first took up the Armenians may, by the Papal rejection of Anglican Orders, be somewhat strained. But the tension is nothing as compared with the state of things in 1876, when Mr. Disraeli's Public Worship Bill had impelled the professional Anglo-Catholics to pose as a department of their favorite Eastern Church, and so, with an acrimony which was not unreturned, to emphasize the opposition between the latterday disciples of Pusey and the children of the Pope. In the present year, before the Tsar made his first appearance in the deer forest at Balmoral, the most responsible leaders of the Anglican section had refused to join in the cry of coercion for the Sultan with or without the support of Russia, and independently of the prospect of univer-This is one of the wholesome consequences directly due to the knowledge that the present Prime Minister of England is not indifferent to the matters on which many English Churchmen feel deeply. In 1876 Lord Salisbury, in respect to Bulgaria, was

known to differ not very widely in his private and unofficial views from Mr. Gladstone. To-day, therefore, all those ecclesiastical and semi-ecclesiastical persons who were impelled by Lord Beaconsfield's suspected cynicism on the subject to appeal to holy Russia as against their own Government, are satisfied that the statesman who rules England entertains a genuine sympathy with the sufferers in Asia Minor, and is prepared to give concrete expression to that sentiment, when by so doing new and worse horrors will not replace This absence of sectarian anithe old. mosities as to politics and religion, both among Englishmen themselves and in their relations with their continental neighbors, has furnished much remark to the most grave and discriminating representatives of the French It is known not to have been ignored by the Russian Emperor while he was our guest. As private and trustworthy correspondence from Paris sets forth, it has been present to the minds of French and Russian diplomatists in their frank and copious conversations on the international issues now at stake.

The difficulty of convincing the stranger of the unselfishness of English interest in the Armenians of course re-The opinion deepens that insular deprecations of imputed cupidity are at this moment being met in Paris with the demand for some material guarantee of sincerity, such as the evacuation of Cyprus, to illustrate the truth. Just ten years have passed since poor Lord Randolph Churchill made his tour throughout Europe, producing, as, notwithstanding its purely private significance, it did, so lively an impression at the capitals which he successively visited. One serious and salutary effect the episode yielded. The political tourist may never have learned the higher lessons of a statesmanlike wisdom. He was a shrewd judge of character; he understood continental human nature, whether diplomatic or popular, better than the more studious and less locomotive of his fellow-countrymen have sometimes done. The combination of astuteness and naïveté which was so large a part of his character, generally interested

and often impressed foreigners of all Notwithstanding his emotional sympathies and antipathies, both of them equally ill-bestowed at times, no one could, when he resolved to do so, clear his mind more effectually of prejudice as of cant. His conversational French, if not always idiomatically perfect, generally conveyed to his interlocutors the impression which he wished to give. The tone of the German, the French, and the Russian press toward England changed appreciably for the better after his European pilgrimage of 1886 had come to a close. The Prince of Wales is known to have been favorably impressed by his recent meetings on the Scotch heather with the Tsar of All the Russias. Enough has transpired, not in print, but in quarters better informed, since Nicolas II. set foot in Paris to show that his Majesty in a way reciprocates the sentiments of his British kinsman. These things do not constitute authentic revelations of the private opinions of the statesmen and sovereigns by whom Lord Beaconsfield reminded us the world was governed. They are, however, omens of the sort which usually find their fulfilment in fact. The auspices, therefore, for the specific concrete and personal reasons set forth above, have been and remain exceptionally propitious. The net results of the Tsar's tour will not officially be known till he has returned to St. Petersburg and taken counsel with his ministers. Even then, definite effect is not likely at once to be given to the new international policy in the East. The report of another conference of the Powers has already begun to be The Kölnische Zeitung circulated. has printed the interesting detail that the famous white arm-chair occupied by Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress of 1878 is being prepared possibly to accommodate a new representative of this country. Mere speculation such as this can be dispensed The historic actualities of the moment are of sufficiently absorbing For the reasons already interest. stated with some detail in this paper, the attempt of militant religionists to advertise their influence, and to make sectarian capital out of their reckless

belligerency, has practically failed. The common sense of the country declared itself in Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech, and otherwise has come to the conclusion that the casting of lighted matches into the European powder magazine can only fill the air with an explosion which will shock the world without sensibly ameliorating, but in all probability rendering tenfold more wretched, the lot of the Armenians. "To be preached to death by wild carates" is the inferno to which Sydney Smith relegated those whom he particularly disliked. hounded into a war that might jeopardize the existence of their country, at the demand of the bellicose Baptists, and the smug Hotspurs of the other irresponsible factions of a pugnacious Nonconformity, is not the procedure to which prosaic English taxpayers have a mind. This collapse of denominational wire-pullers, in their unconscious efforts to baffle diplomacy and shed more blood, opportunely coincided with the Tsar's presence on our shores. During his stay in Paris it has furnished matter for satirical but gratified comment to the Parisian newspapers, which his Majesty studies so closely. As a consequence of the international sanity of the real representatives of English feeling, the prospects of rest for Armenia and peace for Europe have steadily continued to improve, till at last the basis on which an Anglo-Franco-Russian agreement seems possible is tolerably clear, even amid the clouds of confusion which our own Nonconformist and High Anglican jingoes are conspiring to raise. perience shows the surest index to the foreign policy of Russia in the future to be her procedure in the past. When, in the intervals of Highland deer-stalking, or Paris sight-seeing, the young Tsar may have thought about the next move in the diplomatic game, his meditations are more likely to have been guided by the lesson of earlier and analogous combinations, than by the original promptings of his own genius.

M. Shiskin's interviews with the adviser of the Kaiser, while the Tsar was still basking in the sunshine of the Boulevards and in the smiles of his

Paris hosts, has recalled to the mind of Europe the interval which separates a friendly understanding from an offensive and defensive alliance. Just twenty-one years ago, for the only time since the Franco-Prussian war, there was a real danger of Europe being once more given over to strife and carnage. Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke both thought the moment opportune for a fresh attack on France. The old German Emperor, grandfather of the present Kaiser shared that opinion. His nephew, the Tsar Alexander II., promptly and personally interposed. He secured the support of the English Court and Cabinet; the horizon cleared; the war scare of 1875 peacefully receded into history. There is the best reason for saying that very soon, possibly by the time that these lines are before the public, the continuity of Russian diplomacy, thanks to the events and influences reviewed here, will receive a new and auspicious illustration. When, as Lord Rosebery the other day reminded us, Oliver Cromwell effectually intervened to deliver the Waldensians from their harryings, slayings, and general outragings by the Duke of Savoy, not an ounce of English gunpowder was wasted, nor a drop of English blood spilt. Diplomatic agencies were employed to induce France, as the most Catholic power, to give the Duke of Savoy to understand that his persecutions of the Swiss Protestants must cease. hint was obeyed. Thereafter Cromwell's fellow religionists on Helvetic soil, within a defined but liberal, nor ever transgressed, area, enjoyed the same immunity from rapine, rape, or

murder, as the most Popish of their Substitute Russia and compatriots. France for France alone; put Armenia in the place of Switzerland; the situation of 1655 is repeated in 1896. rumors of a new Berlin Conference referred to above are certainly premature and probably baseless. A possibility far more plausible is that of an International Commission, such as settled the Bulgarian frontier in 1878, to mark the territory within which the Armenian Christians are to be absolutely sacrosanct, and where to molest any one of them will be a sin against the letter as well as the spirit of European law. Of course such a conclusion will not be reached without concessions reciprocated between France, Russia, and the other great Powers. Triple Alliance has now subsisted so long as to have become a historic safeguard, instead of merely a diplomatic phrase. On the one hand, France will tender her assurance to abstain from all action or policy likely to injure the threefold bulwark of the peace of Europe. On the other hand, France herself will receive a pledge that her European neighbors will not be parties to any arrangements or preparations which can cause her the disquiet of two decades ago, or revive the war scare of 1875. Thus the combination of diplomacy with deer-stalking on the Dee, and with the fêteing as of an Offenbachian fairyland on the Seine, is in a fair way of producing results which the intervention of vociferating sectaries and the war-cries of officious crusaders will not seriously mar or delay.—Fortnightly Review.

#### VIRGIL AS A MAGICIAN.

BY K. V. COOTE.

THE doubtful honor of being considered a mighty magician, which in the Middle Ages so often fell to the lot of men of superior gifts, was shared by Virgil in a remarkable degree. Why the great poet was thus distinguished, we may discover in the cir-

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cumstances of his life and his special genius.

In the wide, flat pasture lands of the Mantuan plain, watered by the Mincio, and enriched by the damp fogs arising from its chain of lakes—in that plain, so often in our own day the scene of

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Italy's struggles to drive back her Austrian oppressors-there stood, two thousand years ago, near the village of Andes, the homestead of the father of Here, with the help of his wife, Maia, he cultivated his little patrimony, and here their son, Publius Virgilius Maro, was born, October 15, B.c. 70. They had sufficient wealth and good sense to bestow on their gift. ed child a liberal education, sending him to the schools of Milan and Cremona, and afterward to Naples, where he studied the Greek language and lit-Probably to this early acerature. quaintance with the city of "sweet Parthenope," to use his own expression, we may trace his enduring love for her enchanting shores. His poetic soul must have glowed responsive to her luxuriant loveliness, and her milder air and soft sea-breezes probably suited his health better than the rougher blasts of his Mantuan home. For all his life he was never robust, and we do not read of his ever having taken part in the stirring military events of his time.

The battle of Philippi, B.c. 42, while it made Octavian master of the Roman world, left him in great difficulties as to the payment of his victorious veterans. To meet their demands, he gave them grants of land, chiefly in Northern Italy, and in this way the Virgilian patrimony passed into other hands.

About this time there appeared before Augustus a tall, slender young man, stooping in gait and slow of speech, whose complexion, browned by exposure to the summer sun, and whose rural air placed him in strong contrast with the gilded youth of the luxurious Rome of that day, but in whose eyes was glowing the fire of genius. This was the unknown poet, who was to sing of "Arms and the Man" to his own and future generations. He had come to appeal on his father's behalf for the restitution of the little Mantuan farm, and in this it is probable he succeeded with the Emperor, to whom he afterward testified his gratitude in his first Eclogue, where he addresses him under the name of Melibæus. Fortune continued to smile upon the young Virgil, with the patronage of the rich and generous

Mæcenas, to whom he soon after introduced Horace, his friend and brother bard. Whether through the favor of this powerful patron, or through that of Augustus himself, Virgil, a little later, became possessed of a villa on the height of Posilippo, near Naples. Henceforward this was his home; here he wrote his greatest works, cultivated his vineyards and gardens, and from the resources of his practical knowledge of Nature often gave useful hints to the peasants of his neighborhood, and to the fishermen who plied their craft at the foot of his rocks. But in the midst of his varied occupations, and the many interests offered by the old Greek city of Neapolis, he never forgot the farmhouse at Andes, and frequently sent money to his father, who became blind in his later life.

Thus passed the tranquil years, varied probably by occasional visits to the metropolis. He died of fever at Brindisi, September 22, B.c. 19, on his return journey from Athens, whither he had gone to meet his friend and patron, Augustus, coming home from an eastern campaign. His ashes, according to his own directions, were taken to his beloved Posilippo, and placed in a tomb on the hillside look-This tomb soon ing toward Naples. became a shrine, where poet and peasant, philosopher and fisherman, alike repaired to pay a tribute of veneration to departed genius and love of human-It still stands on the sunny slope, half hidden in a tangle of vines and cactus, and though modern antiquarians in their scepticism would throw doubt on its authenticity, they cannot despoil it of its interest. It is a small, square, vaulted chamber, unmistakably a Roman columbarium, containing ten niches for urns. The urn which held the ashes of Virgil was of marble, supported on nine small pillars, and stood alone, opposite the entrance. It bore this inscription:

"Mantua me genuit, Calabria me rapuit, tenet nunc Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces."

("Mantua gave me birth, Calabria snatched me from life; Parthenope has my ashes. I sang of pastures, fields, and shepherds.")

The urn has long ago disappeared, but

a modern stone, bearing the same inscription, has been placed where it stood. In 1226 the tomb was in a good state of preservation when Petrarch, as he tells us in his Itinerary, was taken to see it by King Robert of Sicily, and here he planted a laurel in memory of the great Latin poet. This laurel is said to have existed till the last century, when it was gradually destroyed by reckless curiosity-hunters. In 1544 the following inscription, which is still to be seen, was placed in the adjoining wall of the vineyard:

"Qui cineres? tumuli hæc vestigia? Conditur olim Ille hic qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces."

("Whose are these ashes? Whose this ruined tomb? It once contained the ashes of him who sang of pastures, fields, and shepherds.")

Within a few years of the poet's death, so well was his fame already established, that statues were everywhere erected to his memory, an annual celebration was held at the tomb, and, highest honor of all, even during the reign of Augustus the use of his writings as school-books had begun. Very early, too, the custom arose of attempting to read Fate by the random opening of his works, and taking as prophetic the line that first met the eye, as in after days was so often done with the Bible. It is said that the acceptance or refusal of the empire was more than once decided by these "sortes Virgilianæ," as they were called.

The remarkable words of the fourth Eclogue, beginning "Ultima cummi venit jam carminis ætas," were, as is well known, supposed by many from the earliest Christian times to be a prophecy of the coming of the Messiah. When we remember that Virgil's death occurred only nineteen years before that event, we need not wonder at the effect produced on some of the followers of the new faith by the prediction of the near approach of the Golden Age inaugurated by the coming of a Divine Child, words so strangely in accordance with those of the prophet Isaiah (Isaiah ix. 6, 7). Nor can we be surprised that they regarded the writer with a sympathetic feeling, and doubted, pagan though he was, whether the gates of heaven were closed upon him. When St. Paul, on his way to Rome, landed at Pozzuoli (Acts xxviii. 13), then Puteoli, a busy commercial city, he spent seven days there. may naturally suppose that he looked southward across the shining bay to the headland of Posilippo, and a beautiful tradition says that, remembering the great poet who there had lived and sung, the Apostle of the Gentiles lamented that he had not been privileged to tell the story of the Saviour of the world to the man who in ignorance had predicted His glorious advent. Another version is, that St. Paul even visited the tomb on the steep hillside, and there wept over the fate of this gifted spirit. So late as the fifteenth century, at Mantua, when the mass of St. Paul's Day was celebrated, a hymn was sung which recorded the story in the following lines:

"Ad Maronis mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrimæ,
Quem te, iniquit, reddidissem
Si te vivum invenissem
Poetarum maxime!"

In the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, Virgil was often represented with the Sibyls, who, yet in the night of paganism, had announced the com-

ing of the dawn.

In the "Divina Commedia," Dante gives utterance to the prevailing feeling of sorrow that such a soul should, through not having been baptized, be cut off from the joys of Paradise. Dante was sorely troubled for his "beloved master," his "sweetest father, as he calls his guide through the regions of eternal woe and purifying fire, who, alas! was forever relegated to a "pale realm of shade," the limbo of As readers of the the unbaptized. marvellous poem will remember, this is put in the mouth of the poet Statius, suffering in Purgatory for the denial in his lifetime of his faith in Christian-Addressing Virgil, he says: "Thou wert the first to send me to Parnassus to drink from her springs, and then thou lightedst my path to The age When thou saidst, will be renewed, justice and the earlier days of humanity will return, and a new race will descend from heaven,' thou wert like one who walks by night, carrying a lamp whose light avails not to himself, but to those who follow after him. Through thee I became a poet, through thee I became a Chris-

tian" (Purg. xxii. 64-73).

This feeling lingered long in the minds of men, ultimately resolving itself into the belief that Virgil, though debarred from the blessings of Christianity, was gifted with magic powers, which he used for the good of mankind. At first, skill in the black art is not attributed to him, but only power arising from his intimate knowledge of the most recondite secrets of Nature. He figures especially as the great benefactor of Naples, where by degrees he came to be regarded by the more ignorant of the population as a maker of talismans and charms. In and around Naples we feel ourselves truly in the Virgil country, not only because of the proximity of many places named in the Æneid, but also from local names and traditions. The fisherman still points out "The Rocks of Virgil," and the oldest of the tunnels by which the hill of Posilippo is pierced, is called up to the present day the Grotto of Virgil. For many centuries this was the only direct way of communication between Naples and the Phlegræan Fields. It is said that Virgil, seeing what a boon it would be to the country people, who had to bring the produce of their farms to the city either by boat or by a toilsome journey over the hill, made the tunnel by enchantment in one night. Our own Marlowe thus refers to this in his "Doctor Faustus" (Act iii. scene 1):

"There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb;
The Way he cut an english mile in length
Thoroug a rock of stone in one night's
space."

That this was the popular belief is shown by the fact of King Robert of Sicily having brought Petrarch here, when his guest in Naples, to ask his opinion on the subject. Petrarch tells us that he thus replied to the King: "I know well that Virgil was a poet and not a magician; besides, I see here the marks of the iron tools used in the excavation." Whoever he may have been who planned "this very dark and

most obscure passage, fearful to him who entered it," as an old writer says, did a merciful work, saving many a weary step to men and horses.

In one of the public squares of Naples there stood, five hundred years ago, a colossal bronze horse, probably Greek. but said to be the magic work of the poet, and endowed by him with curative powers for all equine maladies. So great was its fame and reputed success that the farriers, who were losing their trade, bored a hole in its body, and thus deprived it of its magic pow-But it was still regarded with such superstitious veneration that the Archbishop of Naples in 1322 had it taken down, and the body melted into a bell for the cathedral. The head was saved, and since 1809 it has been in the Museum of Naples, where the visitor may still see it in the gallery of the bronzes, a masterly piece of sculpture, instinct with fiery life. The rings in the mouth were put there by the Emperor Conrad, about 1251, to hold a bridle, as symbolical of the bridle with which he threatened the Neapolitans. The forelock is tied up in a knot on the forehead, and it is curious to observe how this style of decoration still prevails in Naples, where the best kept cab-horses have this knot of hair tied with brightcolored ribbon.

In pity to the mosquito-tormented Neapolitans, Virgil is reputed to have made a great fly of metal which had the power of driving away all insect plagues.

In connection with the Porta Nolana, one of the old gates of Naples, a Virgilian tradition long lingered. Gervais of Tilbury, an Englishman, who published a book of travels in 1212, He says: "We call thus relates it. those things wonderful which, although natural, are beyond our understanding; our inability to explain them alone makes them marvellous." He goes on to tell some of the many magic deeds attributed to Virgil by popular report, and then gives his own experience, which he declares must have been incredible to him had it not fallen under his own observation. He was at Salerno, he says, in 1190, when Philip, son of the Earl of Salisbury, unexpectedly landed there on his way to the siege of

Acre. Gervais decided to accompany him, and the two went to Naples to seek a ship to take them to Palestine without delay and with as little expense Arrived in the city, they as possible. went to the house of the Archdeacon Giovanni Pignatelli, who received them hospitably, and, while dinner was being prepared, went with them to the sea. They had no trouble lit-taining what they desired; a set, as to found whose captain we had of the ashasten his departure, and as that of St. for the sum they narestocked the enemy pressing to the A. or of many anprise at their ea diseval times. And it "By which set that keen as are the city ?" and sensitive the nerves They aren in other respects, the lana." of the devil does not seem to "Axem with terror so much as with you cimaginative interest, and with the "ging to get the better of the "old wergue." "Have you ever seen the la bble?" asked a small maiden of her nurse. "Oh, no!" was the shocked reply. "I thought perhaps he might be one of your ackaintance," answered little Missie calmly. It would seem, indeed, as if in all departments of human life, whether individual or collective, this characteristic is always a pronounced one in the immature stage of existence. Take those nations who are furthest removed from civilization, and whose education is at zero, and we find that the idea of evil spirits has taken so strong a hold upon them, as to be developed into a travesty of religion itself; and dreadful has been the outcome. If we rise many stages higher in the scale and study the early history of our own and neighboring nations, every branch of art and literature bears witness to the same tendency. tory, romance, the legends of the saints, ballads, plays, all present their pictures of the devil and his attendant bad spirits, in forms grotesque, horrible, humorous; painters represent them in strange forms and colors, expressive of the qualities they ascribe to them; architects and sculptors adorn even the most sacred spots in their churches, the rood-screens and choirs of their cathedrals, with demoniacal heads and figures in which they let their fancy run riot in grim humor; poets choose them,

and enchard heroes, yet as the villains surprised thays and poems; while Naterror Scalf in all her beauty and granother agests to the mind new leghower which Satan is the principal arche and he is made to give his name wildest and most striking featies of natural scenery. The Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Jumps, the Devil's Punchbowl, at once occur to the mind as instances.

Or let us take the case of the poor of our own day, whose mental powers are in an immature and undeveloped state, like those of children, especially the poor living in remote parts, where new ideas have least penetrated, and we shall find interest in beings of a demoniac order a prevalent feature. The bogeyman will have a fine field there for his That he should have a more pranks. meagre one in big towns where there are none of the wilder features of Nature to stimulate imagination, and where the prosaic side of life is predominant, is quite natural. The devil appears, alas! too often in the language of poor city folk; but the part he plays in their fancies is insignificant, compared with the one he fills in the thoughts of their remote fellow countrymen of hill and The Evil Spirit is a dull workadale. day sort of fiend to them, more like a policeman than the picturesque enemy of childish or mediæval imagination. Indeed, we were once amused to find in the East End of London that the policeman was actually taking the part of diabolus in an adjuration, and to hear the question asked by one shopwoman of another, "What the p'leeceman do you want?"

Having insisted on the fact, let us try and get at some of the causes why Satan plays so prominent a part in the minds of children as well as of the uneducated. One important reason seems to be that he presents himself to them on the more attractive, or at any rate, the least repulsive, side of his character, and thus their imagination is able to de-diabolize him and divest him of the horror of moral infamy which he deserves. His desperate character, his awful audacity in waging war against the Almighty himself, his supremacy over the legions of evil, take the youthful imagination by storm, in the same

way that the bold deeds of buccaneers and pirates fascinate boyish readers. Children are almost inclined to put him in the position of a rival divinity to the Almighty, as the Zoroastrians placed Ahriman, with regard to Ormuzd; and stories are told us of their even addressing prayers to him. They regard him as a fierce opponent, fighting on the wrong side, like Saladin who led the Moslem forces against the Christian hosts of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, yet invested by his wondrous temerity and mighty power with a curious interest and fascination. This is scarcely strange, when even the great poet Milton is charged with a similar error, and accused of making his Satan the real hero of "Paradise Lost." Children are, indeed, too ignorant and innocent to realize the repulsive side of his character, the low, mean, contemptible one, the cunning, the cruelty, the base vindictive selfishness, all the vices that would make a human being most hateful in their sight, and rouse their hottest indignation. We could not wish that they should, for such a realization of evil would be incompatible with the happiness and the charm of childhood. Their thoughts of him will be darkened with a deeper horror and hatred as life goes on, and they learn by experience the real suffering inflicted on the soul by the temptations of this evil being, and as they gain more power of realizing what moral evil is. We know that this power varies in grown men and women, the more saintly among them generally possessing it in fullest measure. But children cannot attain to it, and it is well that they should not; for their minds are too tender and sensitive for the shock it would give them.

Another reason that makes the thought of Satan an interesting one to children, is that he gives them an outlet for their innate love of fighting; for man, and woman too, is a fighting animal from the first, and little boys and girls love to plunge into the fray, as their very games testify; those which mimic war, like the warlike ones of Greeks and Trojans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, French and English, being the chief favorites. Recognizing as they do his awful cunning and strength, their triumph is glorious if

they conquer; while, if defeated, his mighty power supplies a good excuse. So felt a little maiden of whom we heard the other day. Having been vainly forbidden many times to touch the black currants in the garden, and a promise of obedience for the future being at last extracted, she once more came before her mother with a face stained with the tell-tale juice. On being accused of her fault, this small daughter of Eve remarked, "Well, mother, I was standing by the currants when the devil came to me, so I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and then he went and pushed me into the bush." How delightful to be able to throw the blame on him! There is besides in the thought of an encounter with the Evil One, the sort of naughty pleasure which the "natural man" in a child takes in playing with danger. Its terror is its charm. And so the little boy quoted above loved to tease his mighty foe by remaining on his knees after he had said his prayers, that he might make Satan shake a little longer. He enjoyed sporting with danger and running as great a risk as he dared, just as children like to cheek, if we may be allowed the word, a big dog chained to his kennel, by running as close to him as they can venture. Some of our own poets, whose minds have a certain affinity with those of children in being of imagination all compact, and in even the most philosophical of whom there is always a childlike strain, show a like pleasure in poking their fun at the devil, teasing, mocking, and playing with him in the rollicking spirit of humor displayed in the ballads of Southey, of Scott, and of Robert

It is interesting to find that those writers for and about children who can enter with sympathetic insight into their minds and characters, show an appreciation of the mental trait of which we have been speaking. Let us take two examples—a poet and a writer of fiction. The late Mrs. Alexander, whose insight no one acquainted with her "Hymns for Little Children" would dispute strikes this note clearly and boldly. She well understood that one of the strongest incentives against wrong-doing would be to rouse the

fighting instinct in children and put them on their mettle against the foe. She warns them against the attacks of Satan in a hymn at the beginning of her collection, which is generally one of the first they are taught to repeat; and toward the end of her little book she again reminds them of that wily enemy—

"Whose voice is sweet, whose arm is strong."

She understands children far too well to keep this dreadful being in the background, but brings him boldly forward and bids them challenge him to

the fight.

Our other example shall be of a more humorous kind, our author being that delightful writer of short stories, Miss Barlow, author of "Irish Idylls." If nearly all children are richly endowed with imagination, we should certainly expect the lively, keen-witted youngsters of the sister-isle to have a double portion. And so in her vivid pictures of Irish life, called "Strangers at Lisconnel," Miss Barlow gives us the following entertaining speculations about the occupations of the devil in prehistoric times:—

" 'What was there in the world before the beginnin' of everythin'?' asks a small boy who had spent a surprisingly considerable part of his six years in metaphysical speculations, —'Sure nothin' at all,' answered his elder brother Peter.—'Then what was there before the beginnin' of nothin'?' pursued Thady.—'Dunno,' said Peter indifferently, 'unless it was more nothin'.'—'Sure, not at all, that wouldn't be the way of it, Johanna said dreamily, yet with decision. 'If there said dreamily, yet with decision. 'If there was nothin' but nothin' in it, there'd ha' been apt to not be e'er an anythin' ever. Where'd it ha' come from? Don't be tellin' the child lies, Peter. Why for one thing, she said, her tone sharpening polemically, and taking a touch of triumph, 'there was always God Almighty in it and the Divil. Maybe that's what you call nothin'.'-Peter evaded this point, saying,—' Well, anyway, those times, if there was just the two of them in it, and no harm to be doin', let alone any good people to know the differ, it's ony a

quare sort of Divil he'd get the chance of bein'. I wouldn't call him anythin' much.'-'He wouldn't be so very long, you may depend,' Johanna pronounced. 'Musha, sure the Divil couldn't stay contint any while at all, till he'd take to some manner of ould mischief 'ud soon show you the sort of crathur he was—it's his nathur. I should suppose the first thing he'd go to do, 'ud be makin' all the sorts of hijjis roarin' great bastes and snakes and riptiles that he could think of. and the disolit black wet bogs, wid the could win' over them fit to cut you in two, when you're sleepin' out at night . . . and the workhouses-bad luck to the whole of them ! -where there's rats in the cocoa and mad people frightenin' you, and the cross matrons and the polis, and the say to drowned the fishin' boats in, and dirty ould naygurs that put dacint people out of their little places. — 'If it had been me,' said Peter, 'I'd ha' been very apt to just hit him a crack on the head when I noticed what he was at, and bid him lave them sort of consthructions alone.'-' I dunno the rights of it entirely,' Johanna admitted, but it's a cruel pity he ever got the chance to be carryin' on the way he's done.' - 'Ah! sure it can't be helped now at all events, 'said Peter, ready to take life aisy that fine sunny day.—' Belike it can't,' said Johanna, 'but 'twould be real grand if it could. Suppose I was out on the hill there some fine evenin', and I not thinkin' of anythin' in partic'lar, and all of a suddint I'd see a great big, ugly black-lookin' baste of a feller, the size of forty, skytin' away wid himself, along the light of the sky over yonder, where the sun was about goin' down, and his shadder the len'th of an awful tall tree, slippin', streelin' after him, till it was off over the edge of the world like; and that same 'ud be just the Divil that they were after bundlin' out of it body and bones, the way he wouldn't get meddlin' and makin' and annoyin' people any more.'—' Sure,' answers Thady, 'I know all about God Almighty and the Divil, I was on'y axin' what was in it before the beginnin' of everythin', and you're not tellin' me that." -' There's a dale of things little spalpeens like you wouldn't be told the rights of at all,' said Peter loftily.'

If there are some persons in the present day who find it difficult to believe in the personality of the Evil Spirit, children are not among them. There are some things in which their eyes may perhaps see more clearly and truly than our own.—The Spectator.

# PAGEANTRY AND POLITICS.

#### BY A SPECTATOR.

WHATEVER the effect upon history of the Czar's stately procession through France, it will leave an abiding memory of splendor and magnificence. Not even Paris, which above all the cities of the world has the genius of pageantry, ever prepared so brilliant a spectacle. Three days of august processions, three nights of illuminated glory, were the outward expression of a national Wherever you turned sentiment. there was the same evidence of artistry, the same sense of decoration. No byway was too humble for self-adornment, and with so various an ingenuity were the simple elements combined, that at every turn in the road you encountered a new inspiration, you marvelled at an aspect unseen before.

The masterpiece, of course, was the Emperor's entrance into the city of his pacific conquest. With no experience to serve for a comparison, you remembered the glories of a Roman triumph, and wondered whether the modern display were not the more glorious. Here, also, was a monarch driven through the capital of a great Republic, not in chains, but with the supreme honor of a military escort. For his delight, the year turned back upon its course. The gauntness of late autumn was converted to the gayety of spring, and the radiant Champs-Elysées were made yet more radiant by the cloud of blossoms shimmered which in the leafless The unbroken branches of their trees. line of soldiers imparted an air of military occupation; throughout the route aides-de-camp carried breathless messages from one general to another; and so zealously were the troops inspected in the anxious pause, that you might have been awaiting a battle rather than a holiday spectacle. But when the Russian hymn sounded the approach, when Vive la Russie was shouted by thousands of French throats, the momentary impression of bloodshed was instantly effaced, and you knew that the army was marshalled only to do homage to an illustrious guest. Nor

was there the smallest disappointment,

even for those who knew France's amazing talent for display. The procession was unsurpassable even in its reticence. There was no crowding, no undue desire to pack the cortége in a narrow compass. The brain which had organized the progress, realized perfectly the value of space, and permitted the spectators to enjoy one masterpiece before it was dazzled by another. After the grave dignity of the Municipal Guard there swept a cloud of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and so cunningly were the colors arranged, that you lost the sensation of cavalry in an etherealized vision of blue and white. Then a pause. And then a band of Arab chieftains mounted upon the white horses of their country, richly caparisoned with gold-embroidered green So you lived through a and crimson. rapid page of the Thousand and One Nights, until after yet another pause came the carriage bearing Cæsar and his fortunes. The Empress, a vision in white, was, as it were, the highest point in a marvellous effect of red, white, and blue. The pale autumn sky, seen through the lucid air, was repeated in the uniforms of the Chasseurs, which, with the white horses of the Arabs and the red breeches of the Guard, echoed the prevailing tricolor of Russia and of France. The crowd shouted, not knowing why; the Empress bent with gracious affability; the Emperor saluted, as if half-awaked from a startled dream; the most callous spectator enjoyed such a shock of magnificence, as is never like to be repeated, and won a memory of stately warriors, gold reined horses, jewelled scimitars, and all the splendid trappings of war.

And so the procession continued, now in the sunlight, now in the more brilliant glare of an innumerable illumination. The Czar visited the Elysée with the pomp and circumstance of a victorious Sovereign. The approach to the Opera House was made under a multi-colored canopy of lamps; the return home, between avenues of soldiers,

in a dazzling brightness that shamed the day, was a miracle of scenic unreality. The gold coach might have contained Cinderella and her Fairy Prince; the lackeys might have been changed from mice at the touch of a mystic wand; only the Prefect of Police, driven hastily hither and thither, brought the wondering world to a sense of the morrow. But no longer did the crowd shout with enthusiasm: it was amazed into silence, and the Imperial coach rattled over the Boulevards with a noise that was as oppressive as the surrounding quietude. Wherever they went, Emperor and Empress were saluted with the same marvelling curiosity, with an enthusiasm tempered to respect, as the coach grew more famil-

iar to the popular view. The common resources of decoration: flags, colored lamps, branching trees, and the vacant spaces of the streets, were varied with infinite taste and tact. The gas-jets, here shining with their native gold, there shielded by opalescent globes until they looked like strings of pearls, ever shifted their color and effect. Or they were woven (so to say) into brilliant crowns and shimmering eagles, and there was scarce a monument in Paris whose outline was not marked by a thread of fire. The day waned, and the night descended upon the city, but darkness was unknown, and the revolving hours did but change the quality of the light. And the crowd was wakeful as the light—now gazing upon the rostra of the Hotel de Ville, now lost in admiration before the dainty trellis of the Rue de la Paix, but always amiable and always gay. With such a background did the Empress and Emperor contemplate the Paris of their new alli-Before them passed all the acknowledged talent and beauty of the They visited the French capital. monuments with the zeal of the tourist; they listened to the "golden voice" of Sarah Bernhardt; they smiled at the familiar monologues of the elder Coquelin; they saw Molière played in his own theatre; for them the incomparable Delaunay returned to the stage of his ancient triumphs; while the ancient dances at Versailles revealed to them the incomparable elegance of Mauri, as well as the gawkish loveliness of Cléo de Mérode. The official poets were eager in competition, and M. François Coppée went so far as to recite his own masterpiece with his own voice! Even the Academy assumed the prevailing attitude of adoration, and obliged the Imperial guests with a rehearsed discussion of the word Animer. There are other words that would have been more appropriate.

And all this astounding displacement to pay homage to one man! How small seems the head that moved the vast machinery of Paris, the universal enthusiasm of France! now that the superb pageant is oversuch a pageant as is not likely to be repeated in this generation-you bow in gratitude to those who contrived the spectacle, while you wonder at the irony of its magnificence, and smile at the wayward sentiment, which thus provoked the homage of a Republic. Was it in sincere admiration of the Czar that the people of France lifted up its voice? Or was the joyousness of the crowd inspired, as some will have it, by a love of the Army? Or have we witnessed the ill-concealed delight of an unsuccessful Commonwealth in the glories of an Empire? Whatever the cause, the popular interest is indisputable; nor let it be supposed that it was the voice of Paris only that welcomed the Sovereigns of Russia. For three days the Provinces were packed into the Metropolis, and Marseilles and Bordeaux, Lille and Lyons, helped to swell the chorus of reverence and admiration.

History can produce few more strangely ironical situations, and every incident in the Imperial progress was marked by its violent contrast. three days France abased herself at the feet of an autocrat who represents every ideal of government repugnant to the Republic. She paid a willing honor to the Emperor who entertained, in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Germain, the pretenders to her throne. M. Félix Faure, the first citizen of an independent State, received the tyrant of all the Russias in the palace of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, nor did the democratic President fall one whit below his royal predecessors in the

splendor of his reception. Worse than all, the journalists approached the Emperor in a spirit of slavish adulation. They wondered at him, as though he were some strange beast, and no man of like passions with themselves. If he opened his mouth, they made no effort to conceal their surprise that he was endowed with speech. If he lifted his hand to his head, they were frankly amazed that he was capable of so simple a gesture. One, more devout than the rest, remarked that "his hair was parted without insolence," and you ask yourself in doubt how it is that an autocrat's hair should be insolently part-As he passed the monument of Gambetta, in one of his many pilgrimages, he was seen to salute something or somebody, and though he was probably guilty of nothing more than the return of a civility, the Figaro instantly saw therein the foundation of a political theory. Why, it asked in fervor, did he salute the great Republican, whose opinions were the plain antithesis of his own? And it furnishes the answer with an easy confi-The Czar sees in Gambetta. says the successor of Villemessant, the incarnation of the Thought of Military Resistance, pushed to a point of Unreason, if not of Despair. He knew that in Gambetta there took refuge a persistent and almost blind faith in the future and vitality of France. So that his salute was not only a commentary of the past, but a moral encouragement in future. That is how far the clairvoyance of a journalist has carried the Figaro! Nor is the Figaro without his rivals. Another print, bemused with the Imperial glory of the fêtes, managed to confuse the Czar with Tynan, the dynamiter. This monster, said a notorious journal, should be released at once, for did not the Irish-American Press deplore the death of Lobanoff? And you perforce believe yourself in the kingdom of topsy-turvydom.

The voice of France, then, as it finds expression in its journals, has spoken without humor and even without dignity. It is always a sorry sight to witness the worship of a whole nation given publicly to an Emperor who does not occupy that nation's throne. But

you can only smile when you contemplate the excesses to which an unreasoning enthusiasm has carried the logical brain of France. Here is one distinguished writer, who implores his countrymen to show a proper respect to their "great friend." Here is another fallen into a panic fear because certain householders, more zealous than discreet, have hung from their windows, not the tricolor of Russia, but the yellow flag, which is the badge of the Emperor's own presence. Again and again did this writer return to his eloquent expostulation, and without effect, for the yellow flag floated in every street. Yet the anger is noteworthy, since it shows that for the moment the intelligence of France has lost its sense of proportion, that humor has been sacrificed to a wild enthusiasm that lies far beyond the bounds of reason and reflection.

Patriotism, indeed, has changed its significance. Now, for the first time in history, it may be defined as the love of a Sovereign not your own. And not even the most bitterly cynical selfishness should justify this novel definition. But surely France does not make the sacrifice of her principles without the hope of an honorable re-What, then, can be the return? Does the people of France believe that by shouting Vive la Russie it will recover its lost provinces, or rid itself of its imagined grievance: the presence of England in Egypt? No, when she is awakened from her golden dream, France will be neither so foolish nor so sanguine. And, with her love of logic, she could not but offer a legitimate return for so noble a generosity. If, by the compulsion of Russia, Germany gave back Lorraine and Alsace, France must in reason demand from Russia the autonomy of Finland and Poland, which have suffered an infinitely narsher fate than the Rhine Prov-But this is only one more enigma, and the Emperor made no attempt to aid the solution. His aspect was as inscrutable as his speeches were courteously amiable. He never betrayed himself to a personal utterance, and the few words which he is said to have spoken are no more than the expression of that vague friendship which was

made obvious by the tears of Toulon. On the other side, the most powerful autocrat in Europe does not offer his hand in alliance without the hope of a comfortable advantage, and he will be scarce blameworthy if he exacts a heavy payment in return for his condescension. But, at least, he carries back to Russia the expressed devotion of a democracy, and if his visit bring with it no more practical result, he may find a humorous satisfaction in this amaz-

ing irony.

Yet when all the flags are put away and the luminous arches no longer span the Boulevards, the solid result must be reckoned. Orders have been distributed with a lavish hand, and many a "citizen" is the richer by an Imperial snuff-box. Poor Montjarret, the famous outrider, has relapsed from the position of a great functionary, who might be hectored like a Minister, into the exercise of his simple duties. The Deputies, who were honored by a presentation, look superbly down upon their unluckier colleagues, and doubtless the jealousies aroused by the performance at the Opera will be remembered at the opening of Parliament. The Diplomatic Corps is said to be shocked at a breach of etiquette, which omitted its members from the Imperial receptions. M. Jaurés has promised to remind the Chamber that the Republic still exists. And M. Félix Faure—will he be content, after this dalliance with Imperialism, to return to the position of a mere President? And will his Ministers regard him with the same forbearance which was his privilege before the advent of his Im-

perial guests? In Athens they would possibly have found him a danger to the State, and punished him with the swift, secret penalty of ostracism. But in France, where Presidents are wont to outlive many Cabinets, he may survive the term of his office with a waning popularity. And the crowd—will it acquire from the all-too short sojourn of the Empress and Emperor a taste for those half-forgotten wholly brilliant glories of the Empire? Prophecy is difficult, but whatever be the effect of her holiday, Paris has passed through the fire of temptation, and her citizens, were they not hungry for votes, might have caught a glimpse of Imperial benefits. After all, it is better to keep one Emperor for thirty years than to find a new Prime Minister every quarter, and a settled tyranny might appear to provide the jaded politician with a comfort denied the free, capricious democracy. The Pretenders, no doubt, take courage from the Imperial recognition, and are inspired by an eternal hope to believe that the crowd, which shouted the praise of Nicholas II., may be ready for a dicta-Yet the crowd is fickle, and may efface the image of its "great friend" on the same sudden impulse wherewith it imprinted that image upon its heart. But there will still remain to us the ineffaceable memory of a magnificent pageant—a Democratic Field of the Cloth of Gold. And if only politics could find their constant solution in pageants such as this one, surely we should be nearing another Golden Age.—New Review.

# IN "HOLY RUSSIA."

## LIFE IN A RUSSIAN FAMILY.

It was toward the end of the month of January when I first reached Moscow, and the streets were deep in snow, while in the country a veil of virgin purity wrapped all nature. The drive from the station to the hotel is a pleasant change from the bondage of prolonged railway travel, and cannot fail, moreover, to interest any observer used

only to the countries of Western Eu-

A queue of men in rags is slowly dwindling away, as each eager component part of it reaches a spot where some charitable dole is being dispensed to the needy. The half-starved mongrels that skulk about, snarling and quarrelling among themselves, suggest

an Eastern city. Sturdy peasants in sheepskins, with frozen beards, are reviling in no measured terms the ancestors of their tired horses, as they struggle up a sharp incline. Wealthy merchants are whirled past by horses that are overheated, in spite of the low tem-Foot-passengers, clad in perature. long fur coats, and beggars in the scantiest of clothing, are seen at every turn; while the shops, with their quaint signs, and their announcements in an alphabet that seems to have lost its reason, alternately bewilder and de-Huge sturgeon, frozen solid, are solemnly standing on their heads outside the fishmonger's door, waiting to be chopped into blocks and sold; while above the busy scene of life and commerce the golden cupolas of many a quaint and stately church rise high into the clear air.

The streets and footpaths are crowded; but with all the movement there is but little noise, from the soft carpet of snow that covers the ground. The only sounds that break upon the ear are the harmonious murmur of voices, the sharp crunch of the snow underfoot, the hard breathing of the overdriven peasants' horses, the swish of a passing sledge, the tinkle of the kolokolchickee, the driver's short encouraging cry; while clear above all, as a note from another world, breaks in the deep sound of some mighty church-bell.

After two days of comfortable hotellife, I found a family which seemed to answer my requirements, and on the third day I transferred all my belongings to a flat in a crooked street off one of the great thoroughfares. new quarters were not pretentious, but they were clean, and sufficiently com-On a floor of polished parfortable. quetry, partially covered by a mat or two, stood a bed, a table, a couple of chairs, and a washstand; while a wardrobe and my travelling-bath, the wonder of the family, which stood in a corner, completed the modest list. Several tiled stoves kept the flat at a high The double windows temperature. were not intended to open; but a ventilator in each was supposed to be opened for a short time daily, which was considered to fulfil the requirements of health.

It may be well at the outset to dispose of a very common delusion, which is shared even by many educated people in this country. On arrival in Russia the traveller who is ignorant of the language will find all other tongues of very little use to him. It is a great mistake to suppose that most Russians can speak French or German. There are Russians belonging to the Baltic Provinces who speak German better than Russian; and there are a few in other parts of the empire who, having been brought up in the constant society of English or French tutors, speak these languages better than their own. But, as a rule, it is Russian, and Russian only, that will enable a traveller to leave the beaten track with comfort or profit.

The reasons for the prevalence of the opinion that Russians are endowed with a polyglot faculty are two in number. In the first place, as Russian is not generally spoken in Europe outside the Russian empire, it follows that those who wish to indulge in the luxury of foreign travel must acquaint themselves with the languages commonly spoken in the countries they intend to visit. Now, the wealthy classes, to which such persons invariably belong, are fully aware of the uselessness of the Russian language outside the frontier, and, moreover, they adopt the only really practical method of getting out of the difficulty. In the households of the rich in Moscow and other places are English and French ladies of good family and education, who take entire charge of the children during a term of years, receiving a liberal salary. Their young charges very naturally learn to speak idiomatically and with a perfect accent. It is not surprising, therefore, that people so educated should speak foreign languages well; but it is ridiculous to regard such as in any way representative of their nation.

Russian boys of the ordinary well-todo middle classes, who have not the advantage of years of special tuition in childhood, and who adopt the timehonored method of learning languages by attending classes at school, speak ludicrously bad English, even when they are in the highest classes, and are being awarded full marks (five) regularly, for their progress and acquire-

ments in this language.

In order to be convinced that the average Russian has no very remarkable gift for languages, it is only necessary to note the accent of those nihilists and political refugees who have come to this country somewhat unexpectedly when no longer young. Though a remarkably intelligent body of men, and though many of them have been at extraordinary pains to acquire the English language in order to be able to propagate their views by means of lectures, yet few of them can speak English even passably, and only one of the more public characters can express himself in a way which can be said to command respect.

The other reason why Russians have attained such a name with us as linguists arises out of the similarity of the Russian and English languages in one important particular. In nine cases out of ten what betrays a foreigner in England is his inability to pronounce the English r. However fluently or grammatically he may speak, if a Frenchman or a German, he never can get over this difficulty. In Russian the letter in question is pronounced as in English, so that it does not entail the facial and thoracic contortions that it might but for this happy circum-The combination th, however, forms a great stumbling-block to all Russians who have only learnt English as adults; but this is a purely English sound, and its mastery by Russian children does not form any barrier to their progress in their own language. the letter r it is different, for it is very rare indeed to find any one who has acquired the correct pronunciation of the French or German r who can at the same time master the English sound of the letter, and the converse is also It will be inferred that English and Italians speak Russian better than other European nations; that this is true I know on good authority.

A description of the Russian family with which I spent some time may not be out of place, as it is in many ways a typical one.

Mr. Dobree, the nominal head of the household, was supposed to be a stockbroker, but his real profession was one for which no name has yet been found that is at all satisfactory to its follow-It consisted in smoking, teadrinking on a scale unknown in this country, and novel-reading. He was, in fact, a raté of the type familiar to readers of Daudet, and he had contributed nothing to the upkeep of his family for a dozen years or so. He was a tall dark man of about five-and-forty,

with a sallow complexion.

Mrs. Dobree was dark too, but short, and inclined to embonpoint. of kindly and intelligent eyes looked out from beneath a forehead, the forward curve of which might denote either mental weakness or a historical mind of rare power. In her case it was fortunately the latter, as she had the memory of a Macaulay. But she had that which Kingsley justly extols above talent. She was a good woman, and devoted to her family. She had a heart that was kindness itself, a quick temper, and a charming manner, which made every one feel at home at once.

There were two sons. The elder. Meesha, was a sharp good-looking lad of eighteen. He had just finished his course of schooling at the Academy, and was serving a year as a gentleman private, going every day to the barracks. The second, Ivan, was not so good-looking, but he was nevertheless an honest and clever lad, though of less showy parts. He was in his last year at school.

In one thing this family was especially typical of the Russian middle classes—all had bad health. bree suffered from epileptic fits. Mrs. Dobree had a serious gastric malady. Both the sons were delicate in different

The food usually eaten in middleclass Russian families is quite different from that supplied in hotels and restaurants, and is not appetizing to an educated palate. You have had your coffee and kalach—a kind of light bread-some hours ago, and the inward monitor prompts that it is time to sit down to the mid-day meal. a cloth, which can scarcely be considered sans tache, several places are laid. The knives and forks are of steel, and beside each is a triangular glass bar on which to rest them when the change

of plates is made.

Madame Dobree, the hostess, having pulled the maid-servant's ear for some trifling neglect of duty, takes her place at the table, and begins to ladle out the fish-soup, so tasty to a Russian palate. "Only a little for me," you plead timidly, as the dorsal fin of some monster is flopped out into the plate, and your fears begin to be seriously aroused. "Oh, but you eat nothing," says madame, giving you another ladleful; then cutting off a large piece of butter, she puts it into your plate, gives it a few turns, and then whisks the melting delicacy into the tureen, upon which all eyes are now fixed. With some care you avoid being choked, and manage to get the servant to remove your plate, though it is not empty. Then comes the next course, peerojock. At a first glance this dainty might be taken for a thick griddlecake; but when the knife is applied, it seems to be composed of two pasty layers half an inch thick, separated by a solid inch of chopped toad-stools, which, gathered in the summer time in the woods, have been hanging on a string for many months above the servant's bed. Your entreaties for a small helping are merely regarded as the outcome of national modesty, and vou are soon face to face with a formidable hunk of the dread compound. But your troubles are not over yet. Your next course may be some tough old bull; and when you are nearly hors de combat, a cauliflower is brought in and put before you. This might have been acceptable at an earlier period of the feast, but now you are hardly equal to the effort. "Oh, do have some," says Mrs. Dobree, coax-"I went to the market myself this morning and paid a rouble for it; no one else will have any,-we do not care for vegetables." This is true, so you resume your knife and fork, and do battle with the last arrival, while your struggles are witnessed by an appreciative circle. Perhaps you may be asked to give a good account of eight or ten blinnee-a thick pancake eaten at certain seasons of the year with sour cream—and you are sure to be offered plenty of acid black bread. You are

not sorry when the meal is over, and probably no one has had any idea of your sufferings, which are increased by the evident desire of your hostess to please, and the consequent necessity of concealing them.

Some private matters of importance necessitated my return to England for a few weeks at Easter. When I returned to Russia it was the beginning of May; the long winter was gone, and the slush of spring dried up. The town would soon be unbearably hot, peopled only by the poor, business men, shopkeepers, and the ubiquitous American.

Scattered round Moscow, on the different arteries leading from the city, there are many little villages of pretty wooden houses, empty in winter, but occupied in summer by middle-class Mrs. Dobree had Russian families. rented a country-house or datcha from a General Khrabree, whose estate was not far from the little town of Klopgorod. The house was in a wood, opposite to a large summer camp, so, as I was particularly anxious to see something of the Russian army in time of peace, the arrangement made by Mrs. Dobree promised to suit admirably. was nearly a hundred versts from Moscow, and thither the family intended to move about the 10th of the month; I say about, for our days were somewhat restricted in choice. I did not care to move on Sunday, Mrs. Dobree objected to both Monday and Friday, "as they were such unlucky days," so the start was eventually fixed for a Tuesday.

We were all glad when we found ourselves standing on the platform at The tarantasses, Klopgorod. springless carriages drawn by two horses, were not ready, so that a wait of three hours in the refreshmentroom was necessary. It was an out-ofthe-way station, and the presence of an Englishman would create surprise, if not suspicion, so I was cautioned by Mr. Dobree to give no indication of my nationality. Some baggage had been sent on earlier, and was, we hoped, by this time at the datcha, ten miles off. After the long delay our equipages drew up, and, followed by the supplications of a crowd of beggars,

we set off at a good pace for the house. Our way lay through the town, across undulating fields, along an unmetalled road, and at the pace we were travelling, separated only from the wooden flooring of the carts by a heap of hay, the jolting and vibration were uncomfortable and even alarming. Outside one of the first cabarets of the little town we came upon our baggage! The wagoners were dragged out indignantly, and with scant ceremony put again upon the road. After passing through the town—an agglomeration of wooden huts and white stone buildings, above which rose the green cupolas of several churches—we left the behind, and, cobble-stones emerging into the open country, began to thread our way across great rolling cornfields, without visible boundary save the dark edging of primeval for-

The drivers, notwithstanding the roughness and narrowness of the track, seemed disposed to make a race of it, in spite of the sufferings and protests of their fares. The second pair of horses turned out to be the speedier. and their continued efforts to pass the leaders resulted only in bringing them within striking distance, so that their noses were brought up sharp by the backs of those of the party who were in the first tarantass. After some futile efforts the chase was given up, and "Little Elias" and "Despised Little Daniel," as they were called, had to be content to follow at a safe distance. 'Coward nightfall we passed the large Russian camp, and then, crossing a stream, neared a young wood, inside the border of which stood our datcha. Our baggage could not arrive for at least two hours, so, improvising some beds out of deal chairs and tables, we lay down, tired and hungry, to get what rest we could.

In the morning we were able to take stock of our new house. It was a square log-hut, with a veranda outside the entrance. A central hall separated four rooms of nearly equal size. We were not, however, the first occupants, for a colony of young jackdaws were established in the chimney, and we had to evict the unbidden guests

before there could be any prospect of

The morning after our arrival in the country the cook came to pay her respects to her mistress and to offer her opinion on the datcha. The Russian peasantry are extraordinarily superstitious, and our domestics were not different from the rest of their kind. One of the ideas which is received by them almost as an article of belief is, that every house is inhabited by a domovoy or spirit, who expresses his approval or otherwise of the inmates soon after they come into occupation. cook, then, having examined her person, and having found no traces of pinching or other violence on the part of the presiding genius of the place, gave it as her opinion that we should pass a very pleasant time Na datche, though she herself would have much preferred to have had a public house within reasonable distance; not that she ever took anything—that of course. goes without saying.

It was a pleasant enough place to. spend a few summer months in, but in, winter it must have been a desolate spot, and our neighbors told us that all their large watch-dogs had been eaten by wolves, nothing but the bones: Surrounding the house remaining. was a young wood of saplings and silver birch-trees just in the freshness of spring foliage. Across a strip of turf and the river was reached. Above it. rose a bluff, on which the soldiers' great open dining-sheds and many other huts belonging to the camp clus-Before and after every tered thickly. meal grace is sung, and the harmony of the men's voices, unaccompanied by any musical instrument, is not to be-

It was refreshing after the dust and turmoil of the town at this season of the year to sit on the veranda and read the humor of Gogol, the graphic descriptions of Tolstoi and Turgenev, or to revel in the matchless poetry of Pushkin and Lermontov, undisturbed save by the gentle shimmer of the aspen leaves and the occasional response of a company of soldiers to the stereotyped morning greeting of their commander on first seeing his men, "Zdoròvo

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rebyāta" ("Hail, my children"). The men's answer is given in a mechanical way: "Glad to do our best, your honor," or "excellency," or "highness," according to the rank of the officer.

On the opposite bank of the sluggish stream stretched the great artillery camp in one broad belt over two miles long. It was instructive to note the orderliness and system with which everything was arranged. Each brigade was complete in itself, and occupied one-eighth of the space covered by the camp; while the brigades and batteries were all numbered from the right, so that nothing was simpler than to find the whereabouts of any friend, if you knew his battery and brigade information, by the way, which was obtainable by a glance at his shoulderstrap and cap, where the figures were clearly marked.

Behind each brigade was the birch hut of its commander, who rarely had any but soldiers to wait on him, though he generally had his family with him in camp. A little in advance, beyond the dusty road which ran in rear of the camp, came a row of small but leafy aspen trees, and, half-hidden by their shade, the six battery-commanders' huts at intervals. Still farther to the front were the subordinate officers' huts, and beyond them again, a number of square white tents, each pitched on four mud banks which formed its walls, marked the men's quarters. At regular intervals stood the officers' messes, every brigade having its own; and in front of each a circular birch-roofed structure, open at the sides, formed a band-stand.

In front of all, guarded by sentries, were the guns, pointing across the vast plain which formed the manœuvre and practice ground. Beside each battery ran a long birch shed in which were all its horses. Here and there, too, were great open dining-sheds, where the men assembled for their meals. At a central spot there was a good open-air gymnasium, with every modern appliance that would stand exposure to bad weather; while there was always sufficient space for the men to play their favorite game, skittles, close by their tents.

One thing was remarkable—there

was no canteen, in our acceptation of the word, in the whole camp. Behind each brigade was a small shop, hardly bigger than a sentry-box, in which cigarettes and a few other trifles were sold; but that was all. No liquor was to be hought there; besides, if there had been, the sale would hardly have been great, since the Russian soldier's pay is only three roubles a year, or about 2d. a week.

In time I got to know some of the officers well, and have the pleasantest recollections of the hours spent in their society. They all showed me the greatest friendliness, and talked politics with a freedom not often met with in Russia. The general opinion seemed to be that war with their old enemy Germany was a certainty, but that Britain, being a great naval, and Russia a great military Power, we should not be likely again to try our strength against each other.

Their friendliness toward, and admiration for, England were as pleasant as they were surprising, and these feelings were shown with a constancy and in a manner that put more conventional politeness out of the question. It is unfortunate that we, in this country, cannot realize that the hostile attitude of the Russian press by no means expresses the feeling of the people, but is dictated by the political motives of a knot of statesmen, and that a free press does not yet exist in the "Empire of all the Russias."

The Russian soldier is above middle height, very deep-chested and thickset, with sallow complexion, square jaw, and broad face, and an appearance of great strength and determina-He does not look quick-witted, and, in fact, is not, but he is intrepid and well-disciplined. In the short hot summer his dark-green tunic is replaced by a white shirt, which is gathered in at the waist with a black leather belt, while the dark cloth pantaloons are tucked into long boots. He is cheerful and uncomplaining, and though badly paid, according to our ideas, he is not ill fed, getting three pounds of black bread a day and plenty of potatoes and of his favorite cabbagesoup, with meat occasionally. the day's work was over many would

come down to the stream to fish or bathe, and others would while away the long summer's evening with selections on their favorite instrument, the concertina, some comrades forming a ring round an expert step-dancer, giving an exhibition of his skill, and keeping time to the lively air of the musician.

I was fortunate, too, in seeing the troops in other than their leisure moments, as I often had opportunities of watching their drill and manœuvres, and was present at their inspection parade and field firing before the general officer commanding the Moscow District. After the general had ridden down the long line of men and guns, forty-eight field and two horsebatteries, the troops marched past by companies and then again by batteries. Of all the men in that great assembly which passed within a few paces of me, I do not think that ten could have been picked out as "weakly" or unfit for a campaign. How different from our troops, of whom considerable numbers have sometimes to be left in barracks as unfit for the strain of manœu-What a contrast do Russia's methods and results present in army matters to our own! She takes the best of her manhood and rejects the inferior material. We do not compel our men to serve, cannot afford to pay the best, and have to fix the standard so low, in order to make an army out of the unsuccessful at every trade, that the physique of the army is much below that of the bulk of our able-bodied We may yet pay dearly for manhood. this short-sighted policy.

The guns, harness, limbers, etc., were all designed with an eye to utility on service rather than for show on parade; nothing glittered, all was black. In one matter alone was improvement possible; the horses were much inferior to our own, and they were not groomed so carefully as they

should have been.

After drill came field-firing. Some sixty targets were set up in a line, and opposite to each, at a distance of 300 sagenes, or 700 yards, stood the teams that were competing for prizes. Among the number of the good things offered for competition were many

watches, and other useful articles. The object was to get the closest group of shots, not necessarily the greatest number of bull's eyes. After the firing was over I walked up with a friend to see what practice had been made. seemed to be very creditable, and great was the interest which was aroused when the measurements, which were to decide the winners, came to be taken. Some of the teams tried to approach, but a mounted officer rode along the line shouting out, "Get back there, all you white-shirts!" and the men went back immediately. distribution of the prizes was made soon after; and a young gentleman cadet who had a camera, and wished to have a "shot," was, with great consideration, allowed a fair field by the Meanwhile two inspecting officer. bands, belonging to different brigades, enlivened the proceedings with an excellent selection of music. Reporters were conspicuous by their absence, and indeed the usual speech, to which we are too well accustomed in this country, was happily undelivered. Russian soldiers are not supposed to want a speech to make them do their duty.

One lovely summer's evening, about a month after our arrival in the country, the whole family strolled out after dinner to admire the gorgeous sunset. Some one suggested that the band was to play outside the officers' mess opposite, and in hopes of enjoying this treat, we directed our steps across the narrow plank-bridge toward the camp Now, Mr. Dobree had an idea, quite erroneous, as it turned out, that if the presence of an Englishman in his family, staying at this remote spot so close to a military trainingground, became known to the officials, it would not likely be to his advantage, and he had more than once expressed himself in this vein. For this reason he had, so to speak, given the police the slip, and had not had the new place of residence registered. consequences of an exposé might therefore be awkward, and it can readily be understood that this expedition into the camp was prompted not by any over-venturesomeness on his part, but by the curiosity of his wife. I was not sure in what light my presence

might be viewed by the Russian Government, and the stories I had heard from the lips of exiles of their life of banishment in Siberia recurred to me with unpleasant vividness. No sooner had we clambered up the little hill and arrived outside the officers' mess, where we thought to escape notice in a crowd of people waiting for the opening strains of the band, than we found out our mistake. The little garden was empty. An officer appeared almost immediately and saluted politely. "May we sit down here to rest?" we inquired feebly—we had not come half a mile. "Certainly." "We thought that the band was to play here this evening." "Oh no; it is at Pokrovka, a mile and a half away. I have nothing to do, however; allow me to conduct you." A refusal was impossible; so, while I gave the officer as wide a berth as I could to avoid falling a victim to that curiosity which is strong in Russian blood, and which would soon have led our young friend to ply me with questions about myself, the party strolled across the fields in the direction of the village. We soon reached the little place, where the senior general had taken up his quarters in the priest's house, almost the only one in the village that was built of masonry. In the grounds surrounding the church a regular fête seemed to be in progress. Many officers were strolling about in uniform. Ladies had come to add to the brilliancy of the assembly. The band was in full swing, and several priests in lilac-colored gowns were there as honored guests. After half an hour, during which my attention was more taken up with the clouds of midges that swarmed round us than with the performance of the really first-class hand, and having, moreover, succeeded in dodging the officer who seemed to gravitate toward me, I made an excuse when our military attaché's back was turned and made for home.

The officer had certainly smelt a rat, for he asked particularly about me on his return, and he was informed that I was a Frenchman travelling round the world for the benefit of my health! It was getting late when the party began to think of returning home, and

my hostess and a lady friend staying with us would have found the couple of miles which lay between Pokrovka and the datcha somewhat long. Appreciating this fact, our young officerguide, though only a subaltern, went boldly up to his general and asked for the use of his carriage to drive them home. The general consented with charming grace, and the two ladies were soon whirling over the road in fine style.

Now, our new friend had been of necessity invited to call, and he would of course soon find out how matters stood, so that, on learning the part that I was expected to play in the deception, I naturally became very angry. How were we to get out of the difficulty? The chance acquaintanceship had led to embarrassing consequences, and as I flatly refused to change my nationality to please Mr. Dobree, our kind friend would inevitably find out that his attentions had been unfittingly requited by a deliberate attempt at My hostess was more concerned at the annoyance I felt, and at the apparent incivility to the polite young officer, than at the untruth that had been told, so she set herself seriously to consider the line of action she should adopt when the inevitable call should be made, and further inquiry placed Lieutenant Molodoy in possession of the facts.

"It really is trying," said Mrs. Dobree; "just like my husband; here have I been for twenty years advising him to go straight, and he always goes crooked." Suddenly she paused, and her eye kindled with the fire of genius as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty suggested itself, and she exclaimed triumphantly, "I'll tell you what—you can say that your mother was French"!!!

The officer did call, and we soon became the best of friends. It is significant that one of his first questions was whether I knew England well!

Though in an out-of-the-way part of the country, there were yet some neighbors, and one at least of these deserves more than passing notice.

On some rising ground half a mile to the right of our house stood a couple of datchas. In one of these lived sev-

eral senior officers belonging to the camp opposite, while in the other dwelt a being the description of whom attempt with some diffidence. Though intended by nature to be a woman, this eccentric person lived in a state of revolt against her destiny, and wore, not merely in private, but unblushingly on public occasions, men's clothing of the most pronounced character. She affected the costume of a country gentleman, and was habitually to be seen in riding-breeches and boots, a short jacket, and a peaked When the description of this lady began to be whispered about, for the costume was regarded as a little unusual even in Russia, I confess that I was somewhat incredulous; but I soon became convinced of the fact from personal observation.

The food in the country was of a more Western nature than what we had had during the winter-time in town. Sometimes a chicken provided us with a welcome change; sometimes dishes of beautiful wood-strawberries, with abundance of cream, added a very acceptable relish to our meals; and. often, after a course of the perennial old bull with garlic sauce, we would bear the rattle of wheels, a confused sound of voices, and two rival vendors of ices, who had not disposed of all their cool delights in camp, would cross the stream and race up the incline to the datcha for our custom.

Near at hand were many pleasant walks in the quiet woodland glades; but however desirable it might be to stroll out in the evening and enjoy the fragrant perfume of the orchids and other beautiful wild-flowers, and listen to the thrilling notes of the nightingale, it was yet a pleasure which had frequently a certain element of risk in Round the villages and outside the towns in Russia there is an invisible fringe made up of the outcasts of society and the desperate. These Razboyniks, as they are called, are a serious menuce to the weak and defence-Peter, our faithful man-servant, had an encounter with some of them which might have had unpleasant consequences, not merely for himself, but also for me. He had been to fetch my washing from Pokrovka, and was returning rather late across the fields, when he heard footsteps behind him, and saw two dark forms approaching quickly. He made off at a good pace for the plank-bridge across the stream, on the other side of which lay the datcha. Suddenly he came upon a soldier to whom he appealed for help, and the figures, which were close upon him, disappeared in the darkness. pushed on again quickly for the bridge, but soon became conscious that he was still pursued. He kept his lead, however, till he neared the river, and once across it he would be within hail of the house. Just as he was about to set foot on the plank, two other figures jumped out from beneath it, and the way was cut off. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the river, holding up the precious bundle of clean shirts, and calling out loudly for help. The Razboyniks gave up the chase and the day was won, while Peter was more than satisfied with a rouble in recognition of his fidelity.

Unfortunately all Peter's compatriots are not of the same kidney as himself, and there is a trait of character very common in Russia which sooner or later obtrudes itself. The average native has some considerable difficulty in discriminating between meum and tuum, and is, so far as the possessions of others are concerned, a communist. A writer has put it somewhat crudely by declaring that every Russian is more or less of a thief. Without going quite so far as this, it may safely be affirmed that there is dishonesty in Russia, where the reverse might reasonably be expected. In a work, written by one\* who only began to learn the Russian alphabet when on his outward journey, it is stated that "the droskydriver who bows so politely to the passers-by, and crosses himself as he passes almost every church, will generally contrive to rob you of something, if it is only to the value of a piece of string." That the writer's conclusions are not far from the truth the following incident will serve to show. I was driving once to a railway-station, before I had been two months in the country. The driver was communica-

<sup>\*</sup> Augustus Hare, "Studies in Bussia."



tive, and turned round frequently to give me the benefit of his opinions, so far as the rattling of the cranky drosky over the stones rendered this possible. When in the train, shortly afterward, my eyes strayed to the rack where my Gladstone bug was deposited. I suddenly became conscious of something unusual in its appearance. I had done it up carefully before starting, but now a curious white stripe ran down one of its well-worn sides; one strap was missing! The artful ishvostchik, while keeping me in conversation and looking me straight in the face, had, with one hand, managed to loosen the strap and transfer it to his pocket.

Dishonesty in the driver of a public conveyance, who may at any time have goods of value in his charge, is not calculated to inspire travellers with confidence, and is a sufficiently reprehensible thing; but when it comes to dishonesty in official quarters, matters

assume a more serious aspect. On the occasion of my leaving Russia for the last time, I had with me a passport of which I was very proud. It had been my voucher many times, and the back was much written over and decorated with many registration stamps. its being demanded at the frontier, I gave it up for inspection. Half an hour later, just before the departure of the train, an official entered the railway-carriage, and I had a passport dealt out to me which seemed not to be my own. The front was all right and had the usual imposing flourish about the Prime Minister; it was the back that looked different. derstood the cause; every single stamp had been steamed off and stolen! The bag has long since had a new strap; but the passport still lies in my desk, a silent proof of the petty dishonesty of official Russia. — Blackwood's Magazine.

## TRAFALGAR AND TO-DAY.

BY H. W. WILSON.

THE renewal of the war between England and France in 1803 was not at all to Napoleon's taste. Though his behavior to England had been haughty and overbearing, he had hoped that the British Ministers would not have the firmness to resent it, or the courage to demand something more than wordy excuses. Anxious, above all things, to regain for France the ships, colonies, and commerce which she had lost in the earlier war, he was well aware that her naval strength, after the profound disorganization of the Revolution, could only be re-established by years of effort and discipline. In later days, at St. Helena, he made known the policy which he had proposed for himself, but which he had lacked the insight to carry out. He meant to have remained at peace with England for six or eight years, while consolidating his power on the Continent. He would have built every year from twenty to twenty-five ships of the line; have prepared naval ports at Cherbourg, Antwerp, and in the Texel; and then,

with reconstituted material and well-trained personnel, at last have measured his fleet with ours.

The plan was one which would have menaced this country with extreme danger. For though it would have been almost impossible to renew the corps of officers—which was the weakest link of the French chain-in the time proposed, yet if Napoleon had been able to restrain his ambition, and to refrain from violent provocation, the peace party in England would probably have prevented adequate preparations from being made to resist his attack. Napoleon was liked and admired by the Whigs; Lady Holland wept bitterly at the result of Waterloo; and she and they would have unwittingly played into his hands. England was sick of war, and it is always hard to persuade a trading nation to take steps to meet a danger which is only looming in the distance.

It was Malta which brought about the rupture. For Egypt Napoleon professed not to care, as, he said, it must be French sooner or later. But he was determined to see this country out of Malta, while the English statesmen were equally determined not to yield that island till the Emperor had ful-Event after event filled his promises. happened to show them that he was The sending of not to be trusted. spies to England under the specious pretext of a commercial commission, coupled with Sebastiani's report on the military weakness of Egypt, had reawakened the suspicion of the British people. The policy of England was far-seeing and resolute, and with the growing conviction that peace with Napoleon could not last, grew the desire to bring matters to an issue before the French fleet had regained its

strength.

As if his object had been to help the Ministry, on the outbreak of hostilities -which then, as usually, preceded any formal declaration—Napoleon laid his hands upon every Englishman whom he could catch in his dominions. This was an open and outrageous violation of the laws of war, but the seizure and imprisonment of 11,000 innocent individuals embittered their friends and relations, and made the British people almost unanimous in their determination to punish the person responsible. Hence the remarkable acrimony with which the war was conducted—and hence the terms of opprobrium applied to Napoleon in the British Press. "Corsican ogre," and "tyrant" were the mildest names for him. He repaid abuse with interest. His journals were set to work to ridicule England and the English; dreary poems on "Goddam," by "French dog" filled the Moniteur. King George the Third, then a victim to mental derangement, which a chivalrous antagonist would have respected, was sneered at as the "roi fou." The English loathing for Napoleon was further reinforced by the murder of d'Enghien, and the strangely sudden and suspicious deaths of Pichegru, Wright, and Villeneuve. These discreditable acts brought on Napoleon a just retribution.

In striking at England, Napoleon was well aware that he was striking at the centre of European resistance. His adversary threatened his flanks

and rear in every Continental war; blockaded his coasts; made commerce and colonial expansion impossible to France; and was always with British gold raising up fresh enemies in Europe against him. He was resolved, pursuant to his own principles, to aim his blows at the heart not at the extremities, to march his ever-victorious legions into England, capture London, and, supported, as he fondly hoped to be, by the canaille, to establish a resulting friendly at the continuation.

public friendly to France.

But England was girt round by the sea, and of the sea he was not master. His dominions ended a cannon shot from the shore. How to cross the twenty or forty miles was the difficulty. His first plan was to choose a calm day, when the sails of his enemies would be useless, and when they would be compelled to watch him, helpless and motionless themselves, or a fog when no one could see him. For this purpose he would have to employ rowing boats, and of these a vast number were taken They were built inland on the French rivers and on the Channel Meantime enormous prepseaboard. arations were made for the embarkation at Boulogne, Vimereux, and the Chan-nel ports. Basins were dug in the sand; batteries were placed on the cliffs to protect the 1,300 boats of the The army, 150,000 strong, flotilla. was practised in embarking and disembarking, till twenty-four hours sufficed to place 100,000 men afloat. The boats of the flotilla were able, under the guns of the shore-batteries, to withstand the efforts of the British cruisers. and their crews grew accustomed to face without dismay the British firea fact which St. Vincent deplored.

By degrees, however, Napoleon learnt that the sea would not obey him, and that the calm for which he had hoped would never come. Calms in the Channel very rarely last more than a few hours. The three days' fog, which Nelson said he required, was also not The Euglish to be had to order. cruisers in the Channel, too, were desperately active, and thus a plan which had at first appeared to him only danbecame simply impossible. gerous Many have, indeed, argued that because his undertaking was so dangerous

he could never have been serious in it. The whole of his correspondence is against this view, and no one who reads the objurgations, imprecations, entreaties, and orders of his countless letters can have any doubt. In after years he denied his intention to invade, but that was only to avoid the ridicule which must attach to an absurd fail-He never shrank from desperate throws. Egypt and Moscow proved this; and his great maxim was that war cannot be made without running great risks. Moreover, he hardly understood the principles of naval strategy; the law of the "fleet in being" was to him unknown. His medal with its lying inecription, "Frappée à Londres en 1804," and his pretended discovery of a token struck by William the Conqueror to commemorate the invasion of England, show how unquestioningly he had anticipated success.

At the same time he was quite pained by the stupidity of the English, who positively blockaded his ships in the French ports, and did not line the English coast with fortifications. "That nation," he told his stepson, "is very foolish." And English malignity distressed him. The wicked enemy, he professed, had flung bales of cotton impregnated with plague germs ashore; and France believed him. But, all the same, he had recognized the fact that he must command the Channel with a naval force before he could hope to cross. This was a serious matter, because he knew as well as anybody the defects of the French navy, its rotten material, its untrained officers, and its unskilled men. Yet great attention was being devoted to it; his arsenals were in full blast, and what exercise could be given in and near the naval harbors was perpetually enforced. He set to work to plot a great combination—after the manner of war on land—as if he were handling the British and not the French fleet. Plan followed plan, and each was baulked by the tenacity of the British, or the feebleness, indecision, and limited means of the French admirals.

It is now time to cast a glance upon the state of the British navy, and its dispositions in these years of danger. The British fleet had been tried and

approved by more than eight years of successful war, from 1793 to 1801. It had won four great victories, and had not, when attacked by an equal force. suffered a single defeat. It could command the services of such a brilliant group of officers as the world has never seen before or after. Jervis, who had had the honor of "making and forming Nelson," a master who was excelled only by his disciple, who in force of character and administrative ability was perhaps his superior, and who had shown the navy that with him at its head a career was always open to tal-Nelson, swift to decide correctly on the shortest notice, able to win the love of officers and men, skilfullest of tacticians, striking, as Napoleon struck on land, with invincible skill at the critical point, consumed with ambition, but with a great and laudable ambition to win everlasting fame by overthrowing his country's enemy. Trowbridge, who, after Nelson, was accounted the ablest executive officer of the navy, "a nonpareil" in Nelson's words, "with honor and courage bright as his stainless sword." Cochrane, who of the younger men came nearest to Nelson, and who had won, and was yet to win, renown whenever he came within gunshot of an enemy. Cornwallis, tough and resolute; Pellew, cool, far-seeing, of great capacity; these were the chief constellations in the naval firmament. Their glory has been dimmed by Nelson's achievements, but they were all mighty men of valor. And behind them were the captains and lieutenants of the fleet, bred up to war, seasoned by the long years of the struggle, thoroughly inured to their work, trusting fully in themselves, perfect instruments in the hands of capable admirals.

The seamen of the fleet were of far less satisfactory quality. Then, as always, England had difficulty in manning her ships, and she had to resort to the iniquitous injustice of the press, while avoiding any logical scheme of conscription. On the whole, the illogical and arbitrary worked well; the pressed men and foreign recruits fought splendidly when their ship was alongside the enemy; and I find scarcely a notice anywhere of any want of courage. Away from the enemy they were

not by any means to be trusted. They deserted in hosts; during the years from 1793 to 1802 no less than 42,000 men ran from His Majesty's fleet, and some even joined our enemies, the French and Spaniards. Whenever a large squadron was in port, says Nelson, a thousand men deserted. There was, too, no little insubordination, which had culminated in open mutiny and plots to burn British ships and retire to Spain. Some grievances bad been redressed in 1797, but the difficulty which the men experienced in getting their prize-money and the dilatoriness with which their wages were paid still remained to cause bitterness.

The material of the navy was difficult to maintain in proper order, because England supplied sufficiency neither of oak nor naval stores, and it seemed almost as if in the near future we should have to depend upon capture The royal dockyards for our ships. were nests of corruption, and, according to St. Vincent, double and treble the proper wages were paid for the work done in them. The ships sent to sea were only too often in a rotten condition; the rigging was bad, the masts untrustworthy, and the hulls decayed. Collingwood cruised for weeks off Brest in a copper sheathed ship, whose coppering was all that parted him from eternity. Nelson in the Mediterranean was told to make his own cordage on His ships were of the craziest, and for stores he had to shift as best he could. Nothing more clearly shows the capacity and decision of the great English admirals than that they did so well with such poor machinery of war.

St. Vincent's unwise but strictly honest economy had unduly weakened the fleet during the short period of peace. Yet at the outbreak of war he could point to a total of 177 ships of the line, of which half were serviceable, as against a French total of 50 serviceable ships. But we could not put forth our full strength at once, and the mobilization was a slow and tedious process occupying months. On January 1st, 1803, we had 32 ships of the line in commission, in March the number had risen to 52, while early in 1804 it was 86, at which figure it

was maintained. In the same space of time the number of men was raised from 50,000 to 100,000.

Of the hostile fleets, that of France had not recovered from the disorganization and defeats of the Revolution; the Dutch navy had lost all its material and morale at Camperdown, and could only muster thirty seaworthy ships of all classes; and the Spanish navy was in every way inferior to the French, while the Spanish Government was by no means whole-hearted in the support which it accorded Napoleon. Spain had ships, but neither capable officers nor trained men. Thus Napoleon had no very promising material for his combinations.

At the opening of the war the English policy was a blockade of the hostile ports. The ports to be watched were the Texel, Brest, Rochefort, Ferrol, and Toulon, besides those in which the flotilla was mustering. To these Cadiz and Carthagena had to be added when Spain joined in the war. In the Texel were seven hostile ships; in Brest twenty-one, not all ready; in Lorient one; in Rochefort five; in Ferrol five French and seven Spanish; in Cadiz one French and seven Spanish; in Carthagena six Spanish, which never stirred or took any part in the war; and in Toulon eleven built or building. This gave a total of seventyone vessels of the line to be watched, but of these many were not ready for sea before 1805.

The English fleet was disposed in a triple line. In numbers it is important to note that it was everywhere weaker, in spite of its far larger total of ships. Off the Texel—taking the dispositions of 1804—were eight ships, off Brest twenty, off Rochefort nine, off Ferrol seven, and off Toulon nominally twelve, but actually often only six or seven. Nothing is more instructive, nothing more clearly shows the difficulty of maintaining a blockade than the fact that all Nelson's incomparable energy could not keep more than half his fleet available at all times. Vessels had to be sent to water, to provision, or to effect repairs, others had to be detached to protect Naples, and thus he was often left with a force which even in his hands could not have been certain of victory. He was always asking for more ships and for better ships, though he husbanded those that he possessed, and avoided exposing his weak force to the storms of the Gulf of Lyons. He was thus compelled to mask the port instead of sealing it, and cruising at a distance could not prevent the escape of the French fleet when it wanted to put to sea. The danger of this course was indubitably great, as we shall see; had any one but a Nelson been in command it might have resulted in disaster.

Elsewhere, too, the French ships were able to get to sea, because of the weakness of the blockading squadrons. From Rochefort Missiessy and Allemand escaped, though with too weak a force to work much mischief. Brest was difficult to seal, because of the two exits or entrances to the harbor, and Collingwood was of opinion that a hostile fleet would always get in, if not out. But the French had such a respect for their terrible antagonists that they never ventured to put to sea from this port during the Trafalgar campaign.

Behind the first line—the blocksding squadrons—were seventeen ships of the line in the Downs, or in our ports, constituting a powerful reserve with their attendant frigates or sloops. Behind these again were over 700 armed boats defending the coast-line of Great Britain and Ireland. The possible escape of isolated enemies was allowed for, and the Channel Islands, Yarmouth, the Humber, were all secured by small squadrons in which figured battleships. Our whole existence was not hazarded upon the blockade, which could fail at any one point without necessarily bringing total defeat. It is well to remember this fact, when we are told that the British fleet is strong enough to-day to secure our national safety.

One of our greatest weaknesses was in the proportion of frigates and small ships allotted to our various squadrons. It would seem that either our personnel or material was quite inadequate, for Nelson, who had been reduced from want of battleships to the policy of observation, which necessarily demands a large force of frigates, was unable to find the French on the two occasions

when they escaped from Toulon, because he had not enough of these indispensable craft. Nominally there were eleven with him; actually he had only two with him at the most critical moment.

In the combination of his scattered squadrons, which Napoleon projected, he had two objects in view: to draw off the British fleets from the decisive point, and himself to concentrate a superior force at the decisive point, which was for him the Channel. His schemes involved the escape of one fleet which was to set free other blockaded squadrons, and after a detour for the purpose of hoodwinking the English to appear in the Channel. Their success depended upon the prompt movements of the French and the hesitation of the English. For the latter Napoleon had made full allowance. Judging Nelson to be one of the old type of commanders, whom on land he had defeated with so little difficulty, he complacently reckoned, "Nelson will lose two days at Cape Verde; he will lose several days in collecting the ships which he has detached to scout on his route; when he knows that Villeneuve is not at the Windward Islands he will go to Jamaica, and during the time that he is losing there in taking on board provisions and waiting, the great blows will be struck."

The escape of Villeneuve from Toulon on March 30th, 1805, with eleven battleships was the first move. son's scouts lost sight of the French, and the English admiral supposed that his enemy must have sailed for Egypt. This very natural mistake, coupled with a change of the wind after they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar, gave the French a month's start. They drove away the five English ships blockading Cadiz, formed a junction with the seven Franco-Spanish ships there, and put to sea on April 9th. Not till May 10th did Nelson anchor in Lagos Bay, in the south of Portugal. If Villeneuve had only had orders to sail straight for the Channel, capturing on his way the eight English ships off Ferrol, and adding the thirteen allied ships ready in the harbor to his force, the dream of Napoleon might have This was the critical been realized.

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moment for England; fortunately the expedition to the West Indies stood first in Napoleon's plan, and effectually prevented the realization of his true end.

Had Villeneuve ventured to do the obvious, he might have appeared off Brest, where Cornwallis with twentyfour ships was blockading Gantheaume with twenty-one, about May 1st or 2d.\* Villeneuve, allowing for all casualties, must have been able to place in line from twenty to thirty ships. Gantheaume, informed of his approach by semaphore, could have been in Camaret Bay, outside Brest, and ready to cooperate at a moment's notice. Even when all allowance has been made for the enormous qualitative superiority of Cornwallis' fleet, his position between two strong French squadrons, each of which was numerically equal to his own, would have verged on the desper-There is no instance in the war of a fleet action in which the English defeated double their number of French line of battleships—let alone the Spaniards in the background. Corn wallis' fleet beaten, there was yet, it is true, the English force in the Channel to be faced by the allies with damaged ships; but, with prompt action and the immense forces that the French could have concentrated, success was at least possible for them. And then, "master of Channel for twenty-four hours," Napoleon's army would have faced the great risk and crossed the sea.

Why this was never attempted is a Probably the morale of the puzzle. Franco-Spanish fleet was too low, its material too bad; and Villeneuve, if a brave, was not a very capable admiral. A Nelson would have acted with decision and divined the Emperor's in-Or again, Villeneuve, withtentions. out risking an action off Ferrol or Brest, might with his eighteen ships have passed round the British Isles, united with the ships in the Texel, and have been in the Channel before a great concentration of the English fleet could have been effected. It is a significant fact that the want of a

capable admiral paralyzed the French, while the possession of a genius doubled the striking power of the English.

The expedition to the West Indies utterly failed in its objects, and was thus, from the French point of view, a disastrons mistake. It enabled Nelson, who pursued with the most extraordinary energy and quite failed to fulfil Napoleon's hopes, to make up the time which his uncertainty of the enemy's movements had lost in the Consumed with anx-Mediterranean. iety for our West Indian possessions, which were then to us much what India is now, and burning with selfreproach, he neither tarried nor de-Villeneuve, between the two laved. stools of an attack upon our West Indian Islands, and a concentration in the Channel, compelled by his orders to be always ready to put to sea, could undertake nothing but a few predatory raids and some commerce destruction, before he left the Windward Islands on hearing that his redoubtable autagonist had already appeared upon the scene. Even now he could have combined with Gantheaume in Brest, or have sailed with a wide sweep round the British Isles; and Napoleon was furious that he did not. But his ships were running short of provisions; and the fatal climate of the West Indies had done its work, overloading them with sick men. He chose to sail for Ferrol.

On his way home—thanks to Nelson's foresight—he was seen by an English frigate, which, with instant apprehension of the importance of the news, put her helm up, and ran straight Lord Barham, First for England. Lord of the Admiralty, was apprised, and unfettered by any need to consult experts or boards, being himself a naval man and supreme in our naval conncils, could, as he dressed, come to an instant decision. To his strategical capacity and insight England owes as great a debt as to the brilliant courage and skill of her Nelson. He made the winning moves. Calder was detached with fifteen ships to cruise west of Ferrol; Cornwallis was put on his guard. Even now we had to uncover Rochefort to provide the necessary force, and had the French admiral

<sup>\*</sup> In April, 1805, there were but fifteen British ships off Brest. Gantheaume with twenty-one ships felt sure of victory, and asked Napoleon's leave to fight. Leave was refused him!

been up to his work, or luck been on his side, he might have joined Villeneuve. Great risks had to be encountered by us, as our forces were insufficient.

Calder's indecisive action was the prelude to Trafalgar. He was afraid to bring matters to an issue because he knew there were in his rear no less than seventeen allied ships of the line in Rochefort and Ferrol, unwatched. At any minute they might be upon him. He inflicted great damage upon Villeneuve and took two ships, but he allowed him to get to Vigo, to refit and to effect a junction with the Ferrol There was yet danger—though, as a matter of fact, Villeneuve could not get sufficient provisions to enable him to essay the movement into the If he had had the pro-Channel. visions, he might have beaten Cornwallis' divided fleet in detail, and even now have succeeded. Circumstances and false intelligence compelled him to turn south to Cadiz, where he lay till Napoleon's peremptory command sent him forth to the hopeless defeat

and disaster of Trafalgar.

Twice, then, or possibly three times it was within the power of the French, if they had been commanded by men of ability and decision—men ready to fight and risk something for a great object—to have obtained the command of the Channel. Admiral Colomb considers that it was feasible for Villeneuve on his return to have successively picked up the Rochefort and Ferrol squadrons, and then with thirty-nine sail, to have fallen upon Cornwallis' total of only twenty-eight, even with Calder, and supported by the twentyone French ships in Brest, to have defeated him, sailed up the Channel and covered Napoleon's passage. landing of the French army would probably—though not certainly—have been followed by our fall. We had a vast host of men, but only a small nucleus of disciplined troops, and we had then no general of Napoleon's calibre. The great man was at this period at his very best, and his army was a perfect instrument of war. He would have encountered a desperate resistance, the success of which must have been problematical. It is then difficult to exaggerate our danger.

We held the interior lines, but once. at least, we lost them. We had a vastly superior personnel-for our officers were immeasurably better than the French or Spaniards, and even our pressed and mutinous sailors were better than their raw levies; we had the better strategy; and we had better ships—in spite of our numerous defects. There were no complaints, at least, in our fleet of bad and brittle ironwork as in the French fleet. neuve wrote that "all the iron on board is of the worst quality; rings and eye-bolts in the gun tackle . . . break and cause troublesome accidents. . . . Sails and cordage are also of extremely bad quality." with all these advantages on our side we came very near losing the command of the Channel. That we did not lose it may seem to the practical man enough; but he will do well to ask whether the causes which brought us success and our opponents defeat are certain to be at work in a future struggle.

The preliminary conditions—if we are engaged with an alliance—will be the same. The enemy's fleets-unless they have been allowed to concentrate —will be scattered in a number of ports, between which will lie our forces in strength. Great combinations will certainly be tried again, and to-morrow, as yesterday, the Channel will be the centre of hopes and fears. There will gather on the one side the invading host; on the other the defenders, with the sea between; and the final decision will depend on whether the British fleet can hold the narrow streak in force, and at the same time defend British commerce. To-morrow, as in the past, efforts will be made to draw off our attention to the extremities; and if we are to resist those efforts we may have to see much damage to British colonies and trade. Much will depend upon the temper of the nation, upon its capacity to bear pinching privation, bitter hardship, and the defeat which may come at first. Much will depend, too, upon the patriotism of Parliament, and the Press in not revealing our hand. The experience of the United States in 1861 shows how extremely difficult it is for a democracy

to conduct a war, unless steps are taken to muzzle the opposition. The experience of France in 1870, when movements were frequently revealed by the newspapers, points to the danger which at such times lurks in freedom of the Press. The gown should yield to arms when nations are fighting for their lives, but in a democracy the

gown is very strong.

The strong direction which was possible in an aristocratic government is infinitely more difficult in a democracy. Our national character has probsoftened since 1815; partly through the operation of inevitable causes crowding the robuster country population into the towns; partly through Socialistic legislation which has weakened the old self-reliance of the Englishmen; partly also through the long reign of peace, and the essentially unmilitary character of the peo-The Englishman of 1815, if he ple. was of mature age, had lived through at least three wars in which his country had fought for existence. It may be said that our outcry for war to-day refutes the contention that we have degenerated. But it has yet to be shown that those who are demanding war have any intention of themselves taking the field. The demand that B shall be sent to serve as a target for shrapnel, shows no great fortitude or robustness of character on A's part. On the Continent the training of each able-bodied male for war has certainly strengthened national character.

While this is the case, the improvement in foreign fleets has been vastly greater than in our own. Our fleet had reached such a high standard in 1805 that it was impossible for us to make so much progress as France, for instance, whose fleet was then a disorganized wreck, has made. It is certain the French have to-day good ships, good sailors, and good officers. may not be so good as ours, it is true, but how different from the French ships, officers, and men of 1805. The naval recovery of France has been almost as complete as her military recovery. She possesses to-day admirals of the highest capacity, proficient in steam tactics, and so far as can be judged from the exercises of peace, endowed with character and resolution. And leadership was her weak point in We, too, have excellent the last war. men, but the point is that we had them in 1805 also. We cannot improve upon a Nelson or a Jervis, and we shall indeed be fortunate if we discover leaders so good, because a nation cannot always count upon finding the highest genius in the right place at the critical time. It took years of war to bring Nelson and Jervis to the front. Our wisest and safest policy is to assume that we shall have no great advantage in leadership, and to make our dispositions accordingly. Then when our genius does come he will make as-

surance doubly sure.

There is always danger in pluming ourselves upon our successes. too ready to suppose that circumstances will repeat themselves, and too prone to imagine that because we have often won against heavy odds we can always do so. Nor should we in bewildering numerical calculations of strength forget the great truth that large deductions will always have to be made from our forces for commerce protection, and possibly for the safeguarding of our open ports. I do not mean to say that a ship must be placed in each defenceless harbor of the British Isles, but that there will have to be some patrol of our coasts. eighty odd battleships in 1804-5, how many were necessarily detached in distant waters. I do not see any reason to suppose that the need of such detachments will be less urgent in the future than it was in the past. Vincent and Barham had clear heads. and were not the men to divert a single ship from the vital centre without adequate reason.

Is it, again, certain that we should have the support of neutrals like Portugal in the future? We used Lisbon, Lagos, and Sardinia as bases in 1804-5; we watered there and took in provisions. Portuguese interests for the time coincided with ours. In the future they may not; and there are great Powers upon whose support we cannot count, but who might resent coercion if we applied it to these weak States. They might throw their navies into the scale against us, if things were not

going very well for us. Our cruisers, too, will bring us into endless difficulty with those who will be anxious to pick us bare of our trade while we are fight-

ing.

It is often said that all alliances are inherently weak for military action. This is, doubtless, a truth, though the Spaniards at Trafalgar showed no backwardness. It is, then, one of the very few points in which we are likely to be at a greater advantage in the future. If two great navies are engaged against us, there will almost necessarily be heartburnings and jealousies. we shall be wise not to reckon too much upon this. The alliance between France and Russia is so close and intimate that the Tsar may almost be said to be the virtual ruler of France. an intimacy favors cordial co-operation.

The evolution of steam warfare has wrought great changes in the conditions of a naval struggle. Captain Mahan and M. Lanfrey-if not the most impartial, the ablest French historian of this epoch—have both hinted that with steam the combinations of Napoleon would probably have succeeded. With steam a certain fleet can be at a certain place at a given time. There are no bassling winds to retard progress. This certainly cuts both ways, as Nelson would not with steam have been detained by westerly winds in the Mediterraneau; but it is, on the whole, in favor of the fleets engaged in effecting a combination. With steam, too, it is easier for a fleet to issue rapidly from a blockaded port—a matter which is of great importance if the blockading fleet has been assailed by a hostile squadron, and help is needed by the latter. The position of a future Cornwallis or Calder between equal steam fleets within and without would be des-There is, also, perately dangerous. less evident notice of any intention to move given by the steamship, and the watch must be closer and more vigilant than it was when the bending of the sails told its story at once to a great Moreover, steam-fleets condistance. fined in a harbor do not lose the very capacity to move, as did sailing-fleets when their men were not constantly exercised aloft, or the officers tried in handling them under a full spread of

canvas. They may still deteriorate in fighting capacity, as steam tactics cannot be practised in a limited sheet of water. The increased powers and range of artillery will also keep the blockader's inshore squadron at a greater distance, and thus increase the difficulty of surveillance. These may be small matters taken separately; collectively they become serious.

It is indeed strange that such a genius as Napoleon should have rejected the plans of Fulton, who came to him at Boulogne with the project of a steam vessel. He referred it to the Institute, which, after two months of trial and experiment, pronounced the invention impracticable. A very few years later, in 1807, the first steamboat was plying on the Hudson. Here was just the agent which Napoleon required, but no one as yet dreamt of the far-reaching effects which it was to produce.

The wooden ship of 1805 was capable of keeping the sea for months or years, and was in the strictest sense autonomous, needing only to visit land occasionally for the purpose of obtaining provisions and water. These could be procured anywhere in neutral terri-Nelson for twenty months at a time never set his foot ashore. modern battleship is useless without coal, which may be very difficult to obtain, except at a friendly coaling station. Coaling at sea is a possibility rather than a practical fact, though there have been instances—in the manœuvres of 1890, for example—when this difficult operation was performed The introduction of with success. liquid fuel, which is largely used in the German, Italian, and Russian navies, has made the transfer of combustibles easy in a sea-way, but it will never do for England to depend on foreign petroleum or astatki. The coal difficulty, and also the necessity of docking iron ships, when they are unsheathed, may limit the operations of hostile cruisers against our commerce, but it also affects our sea-power unfavorably by compelling us to send our ships to their bases at short intervals. machinery and boilers must be overhauled occasionally. Moreover, if the ships have been in action and require repairs, these can hardly, as in the

past, be effected on the spot. The damaged vessels must retire to a port where there are facilities for working iron and steel. Wood was a material readily cut and bored with simple tools; it was, too, always to be procured. Our modern ships may need elaborate castings or forgings, which can only be procured from a foundry. Thus it would seem to follow that a naval base, which will have heavy work to do, should be near iron and steel works, if it does not contain them.

In all-these ways, then, the naval transformation has affected our strategic position. I do not dwell upon the tactical results which it has produced -the altered conditions of blockades with steam and torpedoes—because here nothing is certain. It has worked on the whole rather against us than for us, especially when the highly trained personnel, which is necessary with modern weapons, is taken into account. And, just as our ships have lost their autonomy, so this country has lost its self-dependence through the inevitable increase of population and the melancholy decline of our agriculture. The price of Free Trade has been a high one from the national point of view. It is the food question which will be the most serious question in war, if we withstand the first shock of our antagonists. It did not exist in Nelson's time, when the country fed itself. A new factor of the utmost importance has thus arisen, though if a sense of the danger of starvation leads the country to demand at all costs a strong and well-organized fleet, this very danger may prove the salvation of England. The economic necessity of giving thorough protection to our trade will be stronger than ever, because in the next war there will be great manufacturing neutrals who will drive us from the market, if the rate of insurance rises to a high figure. In the past there were none.

Nor is it any exaggeration to assert that a single naval defeat would bring land wars in every direction where our possessions are continental. Egypt, South Africa, East Africa, West Africa, and India are all in a certain sense hostages to fortune. Trouble threatens even now in more than one of these quarters, but the length of England's arm keeps back the restive element. Were her sea-power even shaken, were her troopships unable to cross the sea, the rifles would go off. An Empire such as ours, is held mainly by prestige, or if we dislike this term, by the credit of our past achievements. have never been thoroughly beaten, and the fact of our continued and unvarying success inspires our enemies with instinctive awe. In Nelson's days, excepting in India, which was then of infinitely less importance than it is now, we were not exposed to this risk. We must win from the first for ourselves and our Empire, as our Colonies will not take the trouble to protect themselves. Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, at a time when the horizon is overcast, are reducing their very small expenditure upon de-

Another point of contrast, to which allusion has been made, is in the direction of our navy. In 1805, as we have seen, the First Lord was a naval officer of great experience, and not a civilian. With a civilian, who must necessarily consult his strategical advisers, Barham's prompt action would have been impossible. He was virtually the Commander-in-Chief of the whole British navy, and was from his position above, and therefore unfettered by, any The Admiralty of his term of Board. office was, then, very different from the Admiralty of to-day. His success has been cited as a proof that our present system would secure a satisfactory result in war, which must be doubtful. A board of advisers, in which it is not clearly laid down that any one is first, but only primus inter pares, is an institution which is hardly likely to work well in a desperate struggle. A civilian head may be well enough in peace; in war, when the aim is not to retain a majority, but to beat the enemy, a naval head is required as common-sense shows.

The greatest danger which menaces England is the possibility that her strength of battleships and men may be found inadequate in war. She will never have to face a single Power, because she is far stronger at sea than any single Power. But she may have to make head against a coalition, and a coalition with forces infinitely superior in quality to those of the Franco-Spanish Alliance of 1805. If she underrates her possible antagonists, or imagines that what Nelson could do any one not a Nelson could achieve, she will have a terrible awakening. Pride goes before a fall, and a nation which has never seen the invader on its shores, or endured the exactions and insults of a conqueror is difficult to stir to muscular measures. But England, if she can sacrifice a free

breakfast-table for national security, if she can realize that comfort is not the whole end of life, and if she can educate her democracy to appreciate the standing menace of a Europe armed to the teeth, and envious of her prosperity, may yet weather the storm and bequeath her Empire to posterity. If she would do this, years of immediate and unfaltering effort lie before her; a policy of half measures and retrenchment, such as is promised by her present rulers, can bring only disaster.—

National Review.

## SKETCHES MADE IN GERMANY.

BY MRS. KATHARINE BLYTH.

II.

FRAU JORGON was giving a "coffee" to four of her most intellectual friends, who made a weekly rendezvous of her private sitting room, meeting every Wednesday afternoon for a little serious reading aloud in French, English, and German, with dilettante criticism on the same, and the Frau Doctor, of course, in the armchair. It pleased Frau Erna Jorgon immensely—who was nothing if not to her taper finger tips a trifling, coquettish, calculating, rather hard and superficial woman of the world-to affect the pose of a spoiled woman of society, secretly enamored of intellectual pursuits, while reluctantly engaged in the more distracting duties of wifehood and maternity. And it filled up a void, this weekly reunion, in the calm, methodical, domestic life of the Frau Doctor, who had nothing in the world to do but indulge her taste for reading and live up to the European reputation of her distinguished husband. Frau Jorgon was a young and handsome woman of five and twenty, dark as a gypsy, and the spoilt and wilful wife of an opulent merchant in this same German garrison town. Frau Doctor Lehmann was the wife of the great savant of that name, a childless, gruffvoiced, manly-looking woman of fifty, with short iron-gray hair and a ten-dency to embonpoint. The other members of the friendly quintet were Frau Flink, a little widow of thirty; Fräulein Hedwig Schneider, a nervous, deprecating woman, who wrote "Rentier" and "lediglich" on the census papers, and learned articles in a Berlin monthly journal; and last, though by no means least, Anna Löser, a peculiar and distinctive character, a difficult personality of twenty, gifted, artistic, vain of her personal appearance, musical to a supercilious degree, rather overweighted with self-consciousness, and inordinately ambitious.

It was a cold January afternoon, about four o'clock. The grand porcelain stove in Frau Jorgon's charming boudoir, a Hirschvogel, was throwing out too much heat, and the folding doors of the adjoining apartment were thrown wide open, revealing deep, cool vistas of a shrouded salon, darkened, into which the Frau Doctor, who loved fresh air and free space, was casting longing glances. Coffee was just over, and Frau Jorgon's picturesque maid was carrying away the coffee cups. There now remained nothing in the way of the serious purport of the meeting, which this week was English reading; hence Frau Erna Jorgon's inconsequent mood and discursive remarks, laughingly adjusted to disturb the mental serenity of the other ladies, who had taken up their needlework and were waiting for Fraulein Anna Löser to

A woman's needlework is always suggestive and characteristic. The Frau Doctor knitted—she knitted yards, miles, leagues in the course of a year. Little Frau Flink, everlastingly occupied from January to December in the plaintive renovation of a somewhat bric-à-brac wardrobe, was for the nonce immersed to her pink ears in secondhand millinery, listening to the reading with a deeply critical expression and a mouth full of pins.

"Ach, please Anna, you read too quickly, I cannot understand."

Fräulein Hedwig Schneider was sadly sorting crewels under the askant glance of the practical and industrious Frau Doctor, and, being a nervous creature, she made very little visible When she would finally. progress. start, her "Tischläufer" was matter for the curious speculation of the Frau Doctor, who had a truly marvellous knack of evolving little garments out of a single ball of wool, and in the course of a short winter's afternoon to the secret envy and chagrin of poor Hedwig Schneider. And Frau Jorgon was crocheting nursery lace, with condescension considerable "Gnädige Frau" who kept a maid, and with some play of expressive feature, as though she were all the time marvelling at her own inconsistency or complacently admiring her bejewelled She crocheted with her small dark glossy head a little inclined and her dark mischievous eyes now and again mockingly directed to little Frau Flink's new hat.

"Mietzel, what a hat!"

"Do not be stupid, Erna, I cannot

buy me a new one, can I?"
"English, English," called Frau Doctor Lehmann from the chair.

"Ach Gott!" Frau Jorgon sighed, with a glance at a clock supported by a shepherd and shepherdess engaged in an immortality of frail Dresdenchina courtship.

Anna Löser read on as fast as she could. She invariably managed to do her own and somebody else's share of reading, for she was having lessons in elocution and gave the true dramatic touch to everything she read. Moreover, she was always carried away to unconscious excess of emphasis by the

NEW SERIES.-Vol. LXIV., No. 6.

pleasing sound of her own voice. she paused to turn over a leaf and to take breath, the Frau Doctor again looked up from her knitting and dryly

"If you are tired, Anna, perhaps Frau Jorgon will read a little."

"I thank you," said that lady, who was getting tired of crochet work, but even that was better than English reading. How fearfully dull it was, and what was it all about, and had she understood a word?

Anna Löser was beginning again when little Frau Flink and the indignant Frau Doctor exchanged glances.

"I will read a little, if you please, Anna," said Frau Flink, who was a decisive little person in her way, and she lovingly laid down her hat and took the book, and commenced reading rather badly, so that poor Fraulein Hedwig Schneider looked up from her tangled crewels, and blinked with a distracted expression through her ugly blue goggles, and passed her hand over her narrow wrinkled brow.

"Oh, please, Frau Flink, I have not

understand."

"Understood," prompted the Frau Doctor.

"It is quite the same," laughed Frau Jorgon, admiring the work of her hands at arm's length. Then she laid it down and slyly took up Frau Flink's wonderful hat and tried it on, glancing at her own ridiculous reflection in a Venetian mirror opposite her; even the Frau Doctor was constrained to smile, much against her will.

"Ach, mein Gott, what a hat!" But little Frau Flink was by this time fairly wound up and set going for a good five minutes, and Frau Jorgon's frivolity was entirely lost upon her; so, with another sigh, Frau Jorgon resumed her crochet work, devout-

ly wishing it were supper time.

Meanwhile Frau Flink read on proudly but execrably, and it was as much as the learned Hedwig Schneider could do to disentangle the sense of what she read. The Frau Doctor had philosophically given up even listening, and was calmly counting stitches for a new little garment. Anna Löser never listened to anybody's reading but her own.

"'The progress of the mind of Frances Burney-"

"Fran-ces Bur-nie!" Frau Jorgon exclaimed in some astonishment. "I thought we were reading about that delightful Lord Byron."

"Erna! You said last week that Lord Byron was too difficult, and so

we began Madam D'Arblay."

"Ach so," said Fran Jorgon carelessly. "But I do not know Madam D'Arblay."

"She wrote books."

"All Englishwomen write books. And what books?"

"She wrote a famous diary," Frau Doctor rather impatiently explained.

"What is-diary?"

"Diarium. Do let me read, Erna." "But I will know what you read. When did she live, this Madam D'Arblay? And why not Mee-sis D'Arblay?"

"Du lieber Gott, Erna, she married a Frenchman."

- "Then why did she live in England? Surely it would have been much nicer to live in La belle France. If I married a Frenchman I would live in
- "I believe she did live in France for several years," remarked Hedwig Echneider.

"Was she not the friend of the great

Dr. Johnson?"

"I believe she was," said the Frau Doctor shortly. "Give me the book, Mietzil; I will read a little."

And the Frau Doctor began.

"'The progress of the mind of Frances Burney, from her ninth to her Twenty-fifth year, well deserves to be recorded.''

"Wie . . . How? I do not understand a word, dear Frau Doctor," said Fraulein Hedwig. Frau Jorgon

laughed.

With a look of irritation, Frau Doctor Lehmann, who read well and transdated better, laid down the handsome volume of Macaulay's Essays and took

refuge in knitting once more.

"It is perfectly useless reading with these constant interruptions," she said. "Since December we have begun no less than four different essays, not one of which have we finished. And I must read very ill, Hedwig, if you do not understand me!"

Frau Jorgon looked up roguishly, and drew her crochet-needle slowly through the wool, and attempted broken English.

" Not ill—not at all, dear Frau Doctor. You read very good—very good, but I too, myself, have not understand—understood."

"Ich auch nicht," mumbled little Frau Flink distresfully. And she took another pin from between her lips.

"Mietzel, how can you eat pins? You will choke yourself one of these days, and then there will be an inquest. and my husband will say it is my fault."

Anna Löser stirred. "We ought to have some one to overhear our reading and correct our mistakes and pronunciation. The Myers have a Fraulein."

"An English Miss—you mean."

The Frau Doctor shook her head and closed her lips firmly, and then

spoke.

"I for one decline to waste another pfennig on lessons. I never learnt anything in a lesson which was ever of the slightest practical use to me in my All the English I know I have taught myself, in my husband's study, with my husband for a dictionary and a grammar."

'But dear Frau Doctor," remarked her hostess rather slyly, "your pro-

nunciation-"

"Is bad. I know it. I desire to master the English language for the pleasure of reading English literature. I shall never need to talk English. No more lessons for me."

"Ach! I have had all the English teachers in the town, and not one did teach me anything; they did not

amuse me."

"I find English so easy," said Anna Löser, without further committing

Frau Doctor Lehmann gave the young lady a peculiar look, but said

nothing.

"I know an English lady," began Fräulein Hedwig Schneider, and then stopped abruptly, abashed by a look in Frau Jorgon's brilliant eyes, who held up her hand in mock despair.

"Ach, dear Hedwig, I have tried all the English teachers in the town. They bored me to death. They could

not laugh. I could not be serious. They could not talk about the opera and never went to balls. I could not talk about lawn tennis and never went to church. Mee sis Porter—Ach, mein Gott!—was like a Puritan, tall and straight, and severe and black, and solemn and miserable. Poor thing, she had much trouble. Her husband had deserted her. If I had been her husband, I too would have deserted her. She was horrid."

"This lady is quite a stranger, dear rau Jorgon. You have not seen Frau Jorgon. her."

"Poor thing! No pupils I suppose."

"Oh yes. But not many. might have many, but-"

Frau Jorgon tossed her head. "Ach, do I not know. She is difficult, you would say. All Englishwomen are difficult, too difficult for me." And Frau Jorgon shivered. "The wife of the English pastor invited me to five o'clock tea last week, and my husband made me promise that I would gonimmer, nimmer mehr. It was dread —ful." With a smile Frau Jorgon went on, in charming broken English: "I would laugh, for I was merry. Why not? But no man did laugh. All sat up upright and crossed their feet. So I too sat bolt upright, but I did not cross my feet. It was funny. And then I must drink English tea and eat English—wie sagt man heimgebackenen Kuchen auf englisch, Hedwig?—I must drink English tea and cat English home-made cake. did not like it. I could not speak one word, for I was shy. And no man did spoke German with me but Mee-sis Perry, and she was too busy. And then I come away and my husband laugh. Voilà! that is English five o'clock tea.''

Once again did Fräulein Hedwig

Schneider attempt an oar.

"I know a lady, she is a good teacher. One can understand all what she says—Alles was sie sagt. But she

speaks not a good German."

"A point strongly in her favor," said the Frau Doctor approvingly; she spoke excellent English with very little foreign accent. "Speaking little German herself, there will be more opportunity for her pupils to speak Eng-

"Exactly," chimed in little Frau Flink. "Ach! I like to speak Eng-But always must I know how the difficult words are spelled. Sonst—"

"And this lady, Hedwig?" the Frau Doctor inquired, suspending her knit-

She

"Is a friend of me. At least I have made her acquaintance; for I will improve in English."

"Ach, my dear Hedwig, you have every week a new friend," said Frau Jorgon, rather contemptuously.

Fraulein Hedwig Schneider colored and continued: "She has taught me much. She has given lessons to Herr Doctor Claus."

"How! Dr. Claus! Then my husband was right. He is going to marry a rich and charming Amerikanerin. Well, I wish her joy," and Frau Jorgon laughed a little maliciously and with a conscious air. "She will not be happy."

"I do not believe it," said Frau "How cruel you are, Erna!"

"Ach! he is not in love with me any more," said Frau Jorgon coolly. "But I would like to hear him speak I will tease him when we meet at the ball next week-I will talk only English with him. And this lady, how did she teach him? I would not like to teach him anything. Perhaps-" Frau Jorgon reflected a moment or two with her chin in the palm of her hand and a mocking smile on her lips, and presently astonished her friends by clapping her hands. "I have it," she said. "How would it be, Hedwig, if you brought this lady with you next week and introduced her to us—of course as a friend, not as a teacher? I will have no more teach-Teachers have not a large acquaintance, I believe. It would be very nice for her. She need not speak German, if she is shy. She could speak English" (roguishly). "I would not object. She could come to coffee, and stay to supper. I will order cut-She will not eat cutlets every day. Do you think she would come, Hedwig?"
"I can ask her."

"Of course she will come," said

Anna Löser, who was getting tired, and was dying to be asked to play, for she knew all Frau Jorgon's love affairs by heart and did not approve of coquettish matrons.

"Why should she refuse?" said Frau Flink, who seldom ate a meal at

her own expense.

"Indeed, why?"

"She will want a fee," gruffly remarked the Frau Doctor, putting a damper on everybody.

suppers. And Erna gives such nice suppers." " Not if she is invited to coffee and

I tell you she will want a fee." "Ach was !" said Frau Jorgon pet-"I ask her out of kindness. She will give no lesson. Is it any trouble to sit in my boudoir and drink coffee and eat cake and talk a little English? Teachers are not rich. Meesis Porter was dreadfully poor. And Miss West, poor thing, were cotton gloves summer and winter, and was always hungry. Ach, thank God I am no teacher. I will give her a nice supper-perhaps cutlets, green peas, a little cake, a little fruit, and perhaps What more can she desire? And my husband can talk as much English as he will, meinetwegen; but I shall talk German. How is she called. Hedwig, and what is she like, your friend?"

"Ach, dear Frau Jorgon, she is not my friend. But I have met her in several families. She is very thoughtful and helpful, and takes great trouble to make one understand her mother

tongue."

"Ganz recht," put in the Frau Doctor with an expression of strong approval. "But I doubt we shall have to pay her something—some little trifle."
"I will pay nothing," said Frau

Jorgon, rather haughtily. "But I

will give a good supper."

"Oh, it can be arranged," Anna Löser remarked rather eagerly. "My cousin's Fraulein receives one mark fifty pfennige the hour."

But Fraulein is a young and inexperienced girl, and this is a married

lady."

Ach, it is quite the same."

"And from coffee to supper is not que hour, but three."

"But what can she do with her time in the evening? Surely it is much more agreeable to sit and talk in my boudoir and have a nice supper than go to sleep and be miserable in a furnished apartment. It is no trouble to come to coffee and eat 'a nice supper—cutlets, peas, compot.' Only I shall not talk English. She can talk to me. And perhaps, after all, I will not give wine, only beer."

"Wine is not at all necessary," said

the Frau Doctor.

"Then it is quite settled, and how very good you are, Erna! I do so long to improve in English." Anna Löser spoke enthusiastically.

"But, Anna, you must talk. will you never talk unless gentlemen are present. It is not nice in a young

girl.

"I have a headache."

"Ach, you always have a headache

when only ladies are present."

"Is this lady's English quite—quite the English of good society, Hedwig?" It was Frau Flink who spoke.

Fräulein Hedwig looked up and blinked through her goggles in mild surprise. "My dear Frau Flink, she

comes from London."

"Ach, then, I must tell my hus-He schwärms for London. He would like to live in London. I tell him I have no objection. But I shall

stay in Germany with my children."
"I must go," said the Frau Doctor, looking at her watch. "It is getting late and my husband lectures to-night.

"We have not read much to-day. It will be better next week. Bring this Englishwoman with you, Hedwig. And, Anna, my dear, do not be late.

"Thank heaven, I have finished my hat," Frau Flink murmured to herself. "I can wear it home, and next week I will come in my brown silk.

Are you coming, Hedwig?"

The friends, accompanied by their hostess, went out into the corridor, where a maid attended to help the ladies on with their outdoor things. Here they gossiped and trifled away another ten minutes, when, seized with compunction, the worthy Frau Doctor made good her escape.

Fraulein Hedwig Schneider was the last to go, and Frau Jorgon watched her from the corridor door, as she slowly descended the great stone staircase.

"Good by till Wednesday, and mind you bring the Englishwoman with you."

It was Wednesday again and Frau Jorgon with her friends was awaiting with some impatience and much lively curiosity the advent of Fraulein Schneider with the Englishwoman. Frau Jorgon-who, it must be said, had an excellent taste in dress -was looking charmingly fresh and girlish, and radiantly handsome. Her eves shone almost as brilliantly as the diamonds on her fingers. She held an illustrated paper, at which she was languidly looking, making impatient little ejaculations and continually glancing at the clock. Anna Löser, too, had found it expedient to come in a new and extravagant gown, since teachers were proverbially poor and ill dressed, and the thought of shining resplendent in the eyes of one of the grand army of martyrs was inexpressibly soothing and comforting to the girl's ignoble mind. On the other hand, Frau Doctor Lehmann was in her homely blue serge, and of course she was knitting at a furious rate.

Presently voices were heard in the corridor. Frau Jorgon jumped up with a sigh of relief, and made a rush to the door, where she paused and lis-

tened and whispered:

"I will meet her in the corridor. It will not be so stiff and ceremonious. If she is solemn I shall be taken ill and go to bed, and Marie can bring me my supper, and you can entertain her; also—" and Frau Jorgon disappeared with a frou-frou of silken petticoats.

Frau Doctor Lehmann knitted on as a matter of course, studying in odd disapproving glances Anna Löser's extravagant gown, while that young lady, not quite at ease in her dress, sat somewhat stiffly on a high-backed chair and turned over an album. An earthquake alone would have roused Frau Flink from the blue silk corsage, which she was decorating with pink rosebuds. Certainly there was no love lost between little Frau Flink and Frau Jorgon's maid.

Five minutes elapsed. Above the murmur of voices in the corridor was heard Frau Jorgon's clear voice cajoling somebody in coaxing tones, and certainly she was not contemplating retiring to bed. This augured favorably for the Englishwoman.

"I am curious," said Frau Flink, breaking silence and snapping the stalk

of an impossible rosebud.

"She cannot be solemn," remarked the Frau Doctor, with a faint smile.

There was a burst of laughter. Anna Löser reared her head and tried to appear at her ease. For some unaccountable reason she was regretting that she had come in her new gown, which really fitted her admirably, and how was any one to know that it pinched her horribly across the chest?

Presently the door was flung joyously open and enter Frau Jorgon in one of her most fascinating, irresistible moods, with her right arm completely encircling the waist of the Englishwoman, who appeared to be struggling between the embarrassment of the situation and a strong desire to wear an expression suitable to the occasion.

"Ach, dear Frau Doctor," said Frau Jorgon, as she sailed across the room, skilfully piloting the embarrassed Marion Carr between cabinets of costly china and innumerable low chairs, one

of which she overturned.

"Let me introduce Mee-sis Carr-Frau Doctor Lehmann—the great Dr. (In a whisper) Anna, Lehmann. Anna, how shy you are! This is Meesis Carr—My friend, Fraulein Anna Löser—Frau Flink. Now you shall sit in this chair and have a cushion to your back, so. Mietzel, put away that horrid corsage, and ring the bell. Coffee, Marie. You drink coffee, Mee-Coffee, Marie. Yes? It is much nicer sis Carr? than English tea. Pardon—vou will not be offended with me, but I do not like English tea. In the Russian fashion, in glasses, and with lemon, O yes. It is another thing. But English tea with milk -and Heimgeback.'

"Home-made," suggested the Eng-

lish woman, with a smile.

"Ach, but you understand German very well. I must talk English? Ach, it is too ugly a language. French, I speak French like a native, but English— You must eat my cake. My in English. I will not talk English cook has made it especially for you. It is much nicer than English cake—what you call home-made." Frau Jor-

gon paused to take breath.

"How do you like Germany," may I ask, Mrs. Carr?" demanded the Frau Doctor in magisterial tones, and, laying down her knitting, she sipped her coffee and looked at the English-

Marion Carr was about to make a reply when she caught a quizzical look in Frau Jorgon's sparkling eyes. She passed the question by. "It is a wonderful country," she said, which was a perfectly safe answer and might mean

anvthing.

Frau Jorgon wagged her head. "Ach, Mee-sis, you will not say. But you will not offend me. I do not say that I admire the English language, or that I like English five o'clock tea and cake and English ladies. On the contrary, I think they are detesta-

Frau Flink looked horrified, Anna Löser rather amused than otherwise, while the Frau Doctor exclaimed chid-

ingly:

'Erna!"

"Ach, I am only teasing Mee-sis Carr. But I cannot make her angry;" and Frau Jorgon bent forward, rested one arm on her knee, and looked up into the Englishwoman's face. course I do not mean that English ladies are detestable, only so schrecklich cold and stiff and proud. And are they never merry? I grant that they are handsome, for I have seen them in the English Church, and at the Opera, and they have fine figures, and beautiful complexions, and long hair. But oh! they are so cold and stiff. Ach, I see you are very sensible. You do not look offended. One lady who gave me lessons was always offended because I would not say that I liked the English language. She was too stupid."

"I understood that—we were to speak English, Frau Jorgon," said Marion Carr seriously, and for the third time she was compelled to decline cake, much to her hostess's aston-

ishment.

'' But first we must make each other's acquaintance, and I cannot say all this to-day.

"But, Erna, I should like to talk English," said Frau Flink, with plead-

ing eyes.

'Have you many pupils?'' demanded the Frau Doctor, for she could manage a straightforward question with remarkable fluency.

"Very few," was the cheerful an-

Frau Jorgon lifted her handsome black brows, "Very few? And you are not sad—sorry?"

The Englishwoman smiled. "I do not wish for many, Frau Jorgon. I live a very busy life, and every hour of the day is occupied."

"So? But how?" demanded the hostess with blunt but lively curiosity. "If you do not teach many pupils, what do you do?"

"Teaching, Frau Jorgon, is but one of my irons in the fire—a means to an

"Irons in the fire! Oh, please how does man spell 'irons.' I must know how the difficult words are spelt."

"Ach, I do not understand; and, Mietzel, do me the favor not to spell I wish to talk to Mee-sis Carr. Please tell me, you say you do not speak German, yet you understand quite well. And it is remarkable I understand you perfectly."

"But, Erna, I want to know how

the words are spelt."

"Get a dictionary, then," suggested the Frau Doctor, rather impatiently. "I will tell you, Mietzel," whispered

the good-natured Hedwig.

Again Frau Jorgon turned to the Englishwoman, but noticing Anna Löser sulking in a corner she said laughingly: "Anna, my child, why do you not talk?" Then she began rattling on as before, when the Frau Doctor interrupted.

"Are we not going to read to-

day?"'

"No, no, no. No reading. I will not read. Give me the book. I will hide it." Frau Jorgon stooped and threw the book under the causeuse. "It is better there. Marie will find it in the morning. It is getting late; my husband will be home early tonight, you will see, because he knows

that he can talk English with Mee-sis

"I fear I shall not have that honor," said Marion Carr, a little ironically. "It is already half-past six. And—"

"Oh, but you must not go yet. You must stay to supper, and then I will introduce you to my husband. You will love—like my husband. All women love—like my husband."

" Erna!"

"He is a great favorite. He is very kind. He looks like an Englishman, but that is because he is a Pole and has lived in England and wears English clothes—meinetwegen. I do not object. I have all my gowns from Paris."

"But really, Frau Jorgon-"

Frau Jorgon laid forcible hands on the unfortunate Englishwoman. "Ach, I will not hear a word. I have already ordered supper—a very nice supper. I have an excellent cook. I pay her very high wages. My husband is very satisfied. It is good policy. A wife should always have a good cook—and charming gowns. They cost money, it is true, but my husband is indulgent. He spoils me. Do you dine at home, Mee-sis Carr, or do you go to a restaurant, as so many of the English people do here?"

"I seldom dine, Frau Jorgon," was the demure answer, and instantly five pairs of eyes were focussed upon her.

" Wie ?"

" How?"
" Not dine?"

"Seldom dine! You say so. But how then do you live? One must dine. What do you eat?"

"My meals are very simple, Frau Jorgon. I live mostly on bread and

butter and milk."

"But you cannot be strong without meat. I am not very strong, and my doctor tells me that I must eat much meat three times a day. He is very angry with me when I do not eat meat."

At this juncture Frau Jorgon caught the pleading eye of the little Frau Flink, and changed the order of her cross-examination. She rose from her chair and sat down next to Marion Carr and began examining the texture of her gown, giving her an approving pat. "It is a very nice gown, Mee-sis Carr. It is an English gown—yes? Look, Mietzel, look, Anna, how perfectly it fits. Now why cannot Madame —— fit like that? Her charges are enormous. What do they charge in England for making a dress like this?"

"I paid ten guineas for it," said the Englishwoman coolly. "About two

hundred marks."

"Herr Je, two hundred marks! How? You pay two hundred marks for a gown! But you are a teacher. How can a teacher pay two hundred marks for one gown?"

The Frau Doctor looked up. "It is a charming gown, Mrs. Carr. I have heard before that English tailor-made

gowns are very expensive."

"It is a ridiculous price to pay, two hundred marks!" said Anna Löser rather acrimoniously.

"Not for a well-made gown," returned the Englishwoman. "I cannot afford to be shabbily dressed."

"What is shabby? Ah, schābig, so. But why not? You must have many pupils to pay two hundred marks for a single gown."

"Oh no. I am very careful with my dresses. With care this one will

last quite two years."

"But you cannot wear a tailor-made gown in the evening. What do you

"My dear Erns," Frau Doctor protested. "Do let us talk a little English. The afternoon is gone, and I cannot stay this evening."

Marion Carr remarked with alacrity, "I am quite at your service, Frau Doc-

tor. Shall we read?"

"No, no, no. I will not read. Mrs. Carr shall talk to us. Tell me about your travels, please? You can speak in English, for I understand very well. Only I will not talk."

"My travels, Frau Jorgon?"

"I have heard that you have travelled much." Frau Jorgon bent forward and touched the Englishwoman's hair approvingly. "It is nice hair. I like it. Then you have had many adventures, Mee-sis Carr?"

"Adventures?"

"Ach, you know quite well what I mean. And, Anna, you need not lis-

ten. You are a girl. You can play to us. Mee-sis Carr is fond of music.

Play-play-"

Not waiting for a second invitation, Anna Löser gladly escaped to the salon and began playing Liszt, without a light. This was an excellent opportunity for Frau Flink, who, with loving fingers and an ecstatic sigh, took

up her blue silk bodice.

"Now tell me"-Frau Jorgon settled herself comfortably in a corner of the causeuse, and folded her arms, and riddled the Englishwoman with looks -"now tell me, what have you seen and where have you travelled? You are quite young and quite, quite nice, I find."

"You are very kind," was the ironical reply. "If you will put the questions, Frau Jorgon, I will endeavor to answer them to the best of my ability. It will be easier for both of us.

Frau Jorgon bent forward and whispered, "Tell us first, why have you not married again? You are a widow,

I believe—very sad."

Marion Carr's face and figure took the coldness and immobility of stone. Frau Jorgon laughed: "Now," she said triumphantly, "you are a real Englishwoman, cold and proud and shy. Why are you offended with me? Your eyes are angry, nice eyes. I will tell you all about my husband. I am not stiff and cold and reserved. You may ask me any questions you like."

The Englishwoman maintained a

dead silence.

"Ach! now I see why you will not tell me. You have secrets. Ah! yes, yes, yes. You blush. I am curious. Why do you blush? But it is very becoming. Ach well, you shall tell me all your secrets another day when the Frau Doctor is not here. She has no secrets. Neither has Hedwig se-Hedwig, Hedwig, put down those stupid crewels and say, have you any secrets? Only one, Mee-sis Carr, and I will tell you it. She is (in a loud whisper) an authoress. But she will not acknowledge it. Ach, here comes my husband.'

Marion Carr took a deep breath, and the Frau Doctor rolled up her stocking and consulted her watch. Frau Jorgon's brilliant eyes were laughingly fixed on the door, when it presently opened and a tall, foreign-looking man, with broad shoulders and a cleanshaven face, entered. His wife jumped up and introduced the two who were strangers to each other in her own offhand way.

"Conrad, Mee-sis Carr—my husband, and now"-waving her hands-" you can talk as much English as you

please.''

"Madam," said Herr Jorgon-he came forward and shook hands heartily with the Englishwoman, his wife watching him—" Madam, I am pleased to welcome an Englishwoman to my house. I have lived in England, and received much hospitality at the hands of your compatriots; therefore I bid you welcome.'

There was a mocking laugh, and Frau Jorgon laid her two jewelled hands heavily on Marion Carr's shoul-

"There, is not that a fine speech? Did not I say that my husband was very clever, and could talk English like a book?"

"Erna," said her husband quietly, but with a heavy look of entreaty in his kind eyes. Then he turned to Marion Carr, who was looking and excessively uncomfortable. feeling "On the contrary, Mrs. Carr, I have much forgotten. But I am very pleased to talk English again."

"You will have plenty of opportunity now. And, Conrad, what do you think? You say I am an extravagant wife. But Mrs. Carr is extravagant. She pays two hundred marks for a

gown, and she is not rich."

Conrad Jorgon looked distressed, and excessively ashamed of his wife. But here a diversion was created by the opening of the folding doors which faced the salon where Anna Löser was still playing in the dark, and a wellspread supper table was displayed with two maids in attendance.

"Ach, I am hungry." Frau Jorgon darted a keen glance at the supper table. "Come, Mee-sis Carr, you shall sit by me," and she linked her arm within that of the Englishwoman, calling to the others but not waiting for them. "Anna, come! Marie, lower the lamps."

One by one the ladies passed on into the supper room, followed more slowly by Conrad Jorgon, who left the door ajar, for the maid was extinguishing the lamps in his wife's boudoir.

And the meal began with much energetic play of knives and forks and everybody talking at once—as a matter of course. The inquisitorial conversation was necessarily of a hybrid nature, shrewdly directed by practical housekeeping minds, each intent on its own particular bargain. It is needless to state that throughout the meal, and although she was looking fagged and wan, and her voice was growing hoarse and her throat ached, Marion Carr was furiously assailed with appeals and questions on a hundred and one different topics, to all of which she made answer with slow, clear, careful enunciation of every syllable. Herr Jorgon alone it was who at last put in a plea in behalf of the unfortunate Englishwoman.

"You are looking extremely tired, Mrs. Carr. Do rest a little. My wife is a perfect magpie."

At this juncture Marion Carr was compelled to consult her watch. was ten o'clock. She had been hard at work since four o'clock. How she managed to make her escape that night was never afterward quite clear to her. But escape at last she did, descending the great stone staircase which led from Frau Jorgon's apartment on the first étage to the courtyard below, preceded by a sleepy maid carrying a lamp which she held high above her head. The great house door opened, then closed and locked behind her. a stolid Gute Nacht from the maid, Marion Carr passed out into the deserted street. She breathed quickly and walked passionately, with her grave eyes fixed on the eternal stars.

"Another day's work done," she murmured. "But am I any nearer to my goal?"—Nineteenth Century.

## WILLIAM MORRIS: A EULOGY.

#### BY MACKENZIE BELL,

1.

As yet we are too near William Morris for adequate perspective. The fitting period for deliberate adjudication will come in due course, but that period is certainly not within a few days of the pathetic moment when, with every suitable adjunct of impressive simplicity, he was laid to rest near the summer home he loved so well. is it to think what woeful inroads Death has made of late on the distinguished band connected more or less intimately with the Pre-Raphaelite revival in Art and Poetry—sad to think that in one year we have lost Millais and Morris. Despite his originality, as strong in youth as in mature life, Morris was influenced deeply by some of those with whom he came in contact in his undergraduate days at Exeter College, Oxford, and especially by his most intimate friend, now Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Through the latter he came to know Dante Gabriel Rossetti,

and afterward Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti. These associations, fostered by his close connection with The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, which, it will be recollected, he supported with funds, must have done much to emancipate him from the narrow trammels and the needless prejudices then, much more than now, the attributes of the mercantile class whence he sprang. his own way he was fond of Walthamstow-his birthplace-as one or two stray allusions to it in News from No-In The Oxford and where testify. Cambridge Magazine some of his earliest poems, critical papers, and prose stories appeared during 1856, the prose stories perhaps especially remarkable as coming from the pen of one only twenty two. As a factor in his artistic development at this juncture, we must not forget his apprenticeship to George Edmund Street, the famous architect, which ended, however, before the usual term.

Many critics hold that William Morris's Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems reaches a higher point of excellence than any poetical work which he accomplished afterward. And there are, in this earliest book, short passages, and, especially, single lines which he never surpassed. It is, indeed, a wonderful volume to have produced at twenty-four years of age, and its dedication to

# "MY FRIEND, "DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, "PAINTER,"

is noteworthy. Still, as a sustained effort, it may be submitted that the epics he wrote subsequently are, on the whole, more magnificent achievements. "The Blue Closet," nevertheless, in the Guenevere volume, contains certain touches only seen in the rarer forms of poetry, and it is, in its own way, superlatively fine. Surely

"Between the wash of the tumbling seas"

conveys exactly by means of words the sound of the waves?

His master was Chaucer in The Life and Death of Jason (1867), and, to some extent, in The Earthly Paradise (1868-1870), the epic that followed. But in the last-named poem we have also the influence of the Icelandic studies, which were occupying his attention. As an illustration of his melody the following passage from the conclusion of Jason may be quoted:

"And when the damsels at a gentle pace
Went by him, and for fear of him and awe
Shrunk back, and with their slender hands
did draw

Closer about them the thin fragrant weed; Still nought of all their beauty did he heed, But as the maiden army passed him by Into sweet Glauce's eyes appealingly He gazed, who, trembling like some snow-trapped dove.

trapped dove.

From her soft eyes sent forth one look of

Then dropped the lids, as, blind with love and shame, Unto the place where stood the kings she

Unto the place where stood the kings she came."

And how entrancingly complete is the picture from The Earthly Paradise, beginning:

"A nameless city in a distant sea, White as the changing walls of faërie, Thronged with much people clad in ancient guise
I now am fain to set before your eyes;
There, leave the clear green water and the quays.
And pass betwixt its marble palaces.
Until you come unto the chiefest square;
A bubbling conduit is set midmost there,
And round about it now the maidens throng.

With jest and laughter, and sweet broken song,
Making but light of labor new begun
While in their vessels gleams the morning

The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs (1877) breathes the very spirit of the northern sagas, and Mr. Watts-Dunton and other critics of eminence hold, with perfect truth, that this work and the other works of a similar kind which succeeded it, would, had he written nothing else, entitle Morris to the rank of a great poet. He himself is said to have preferred Sigurd to all his other

efforts in epic form. The peculiar interest of his work as a translator of the ancient classics must not tempt me to dwell upon it at greater length than the space at my disposal will allow. To translate Horace is, as we are all aware, one of the temptations few scholars can resist, and (to judge from the numerous translations) it is hardly less seductive to translate Homer and Virgil. Yet, after all, how few of these renderings possess really poetic qualities, and it is precisely the poetic qualities of picturesqueness and forthright simplicity in which Morris's renderings are strongest. Viewed as a rendering merely his version of The Odyssey is, in the opinion of most competent critics, more satisfactory than his rendering of The Eneid. But both are emphatically the work of a poet, and are singularly successful in all the more important qualities, especially when their magnitude is borne in mind. In A Dream of John Ball and News from Nowhere, his unique gifts as a writer of prose romance first come into prominence, and in A Tale of the House of the Wolfings and all the Kindreds of the Mark, "written in prose and in verse" (1887), he commenced a series of prose romances, interspersed with occasional lyrics, of which it is not too much to say that they occupy a place by themselves in English literature.

House of the Wolfings was followed by The Roots of the Mountains, which the author himself preferred to his other writings of this class. His admirers will look forward to the issue in due course of The Water of the Wondrous Isles, now passing through the press, and particularly to The Sundering Flood, his last effort. Concerning The Well at the World's End (which, though issued in a limited and sumptuous edition from the Kelmscott Press six months ago, was only published by Messrs. Longman on the day of his death) he told me there was an old Scottish ballad called by that name, and though he had never read the ballad he had heard the title, and took a fancy to it.

His very faults as a literary worker arose from causes which, in other men, would almost be accounted merits. Chief among these faults was, perhaps, diffuseness, springing, in truth, from his marvellous intellectual vigor and from his supreme gift of invention. Indeed his invention, like a strong mountain stream in flood, swept him onward irresistibly until he had reached the close of the poem or tale. Once I heard him say any one ought to be able to write a novel in six weeks, and that then it ought either to be so good or so bad that no subsequent revision could alter it materially. He said much more to similar purport, and it is mentioned here as an evidence that, in his judgment, the value of a literary product depended on the original inspiration, not on subsequent revision. His own activity in letters knew no abatement, and it was easier for him to begin writing on a fresh theme than to labor with patience at revising what he had written already.

It is unnecessary to speak here at great length concerning his views on Socialism—views which he derived in some sort from the teachings of Mr. Ruskin. Being on such matters totally out of sympathy with Morris, I am not the best judge of the strength of his arguments in their favor. But no candid hearer of his incidental allusions to the subject in conversation could doubt his absolute sincerity. Whether he erred or not we must not forget that he was quite unselfish, and

his chief aim was to make people happy. It may be that his Socialism is best expressed by some of his own closing words in News from Nowhere: "Go on living while you may, striving, with whatsoever pain and labor needs must be, to build up little by little the new day of fellowship, and rest, and happiness."

An interesting and useful essay might be written on the influence Morris exerted over house decoration in all its branches, and the change-wellnigh the revolution—he effected in it. This result—a most notable one, if we recollect the stubborn conservatism of average English people in their homes -would never have been attained had not Morris (most daringly, as it has always seemed to me) determined to give practical effect to his theories of decoration by devoting his money and his time to the firm of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., in which, for a while, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown and other friends were partners Not always is it that such with him. courage gets its material reward as in this instance.

#### II.

By the death of William Morris England has lost her man of greatest genius. In making this avowal of his honest opinion the present writer must not be understood as forgetting the other men of genius still happily left to her; in particular he must not be understood as drawing any hasty or rash comparison between the noble poet who has just departed, and that other illustrious poet, possibly the greater poet of the two, William Morris's life-long friend, Mr. Swinburne—concerning whose paramount claims as a poet William Morris spoke always with a characteristic force of eloquent persuasiveness which made at least one of his auditors feel that it is only the really supreme poet who can judge adequately of another supreme poet. In making such a remark concerning William Morris, he who now writes is thinking merely of Morris's high achievements in fields so various—thinking of the vast accumulated riches of Morris's life-work.

What impressed me most about William Morris (who granted me the honor of personal intercourse with him in his later years) was an indescribable sense of power, arising in part, I fancy, because of his commanding presence—a phrase I use advisedly, and in full remembrance of the fact that in stature he would be regarded generally as below rather than above the middle height, and that he eschewed altogether the meretricious advantages of carefully arranged costume.

I regret sometimes I did not know him in the full vigor of early physical strength—during the period in which the best representation of him is the portrait by Mr. G. F. Watts. If, as is likely to be the case, this picture will pass eventually into the National Portrait Gallery, it is indeed well. For it is fortunate that our greatest living painter should have produced as one of his masterpieces the likeness of one of the most deeply interesting personalities that our century has brought forth

As I write I seem to see Morris in the study of his house at Hammersmith -a house occupied formerly by Dr. George Macdonald. Once or twice, when no others were present, I found him seated at his large table, generally kept uncovered and free from books, several pages of manuscript on blue With a foolscap paper before him. quick upward glance he would drop his pen, and begin to talk. His eyes were blue-gray in tint, and in repose they might be described as meditative, not, however, even then, without a something in their glance that betokened the boundless energy of the But when his face was absolutely still one noticed rather the lofty uprightness of the brow than the eyes. The change which came over his features on commencing to speak reminded me of a similar change which my uncle (who, as a law-apprentice, had seen Sir Walter Scott while still a Clerk of Session) told me came over Sir Walter's features in animation—a change that transformed, as it were, the whole man.

When Morris spoke, especially when the theme was anything in which he had real interest, his eyes gleamed, and he became engrossed with that one theme, and generally that one theme was exhausted before another was introduced. Occasionally there was an aspect almost of sternness about his face when at rest—an aspect caused in part by the great strength of will apparent in the set of the lower jaw and in the compressed lips. When the mood took him he was not disturbed easily, for I have seen him at work on a border for his Kelmscott "Chaucer," and talking all the time.

When his pipe was finished, a favorite attitude was to sit for an instant or two, with legs somewhat extended, and then to rise and stand for a while before the fire before going again to refill it at the antique jar on the table.

Sometimes in the midst of his flow of brilliant conversation, and without ceasing to speak, he would rise and, passing his fingers over his beard or through his gray hair, rough and curly. would pace swiftly across the floor of his uncarpeted study, and look for a few minutes at some volume taken from a long antique book-case—a bookcase containing many precious tomes, some in black letter, as well as rare editions of the English classic poets. His study windows commanded a picturesque view over the Thames, which, at this place, and conspicuously its opposite bank, is not without some touches of beauty. But here let me pause to quote his own inimitable description of this view in News from Nowhere—which, romance though it be, contains not a little poetic autobiography:

"There was a young moon half-way up the sky, and as the homefarer caught sight of it, tangled in the branches of a tall old elm, he could scarce bring to his mind the shabby London suburb where he was, and he felt as if he were in a pleasant country place—pleasanter, indeed, than the deep country was as he had known it.

"He came right down to the river-side and lingered a little, looking over the low wall to note the moonlit river, near upon high water, go swirling and glittering up to Chiswick Eyot: as for the ugly bridge below, he did not notice it or think of it."

To be present at five o'clock tea in Morris's beautiful dining-room was delightful. About everything there was a unique and utterly indescribable combination of absolute simplicity and The old-fashioned Engrefinement. lish oblong table (around which we sat) drawn near the window, and without cloth save occasionally at meals; the dainty blue china; the brown kettle of hot water singing on the hob; the exquisite Rossetti masterpieces; and the delicate and rare furniture, made up an ensemble never to be forgotten. When sometimes, on a summer afternoon, one saw beyond, the spreading and graceful trees of the extensive old-fashioned garden, so shaped that its exact size in length was not discernible, everything looked like "A haunt of ancient peace." It was a pleasure to wander in it with him, as he had a real fondness for this garden; now it is mournful to remember that over exertion, when returning from his last walk there, accelerated his death.

#### III.

His sense of humor was keen. have a vivid recollection of the first time I saw him. It was at a meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, held in the spring of 1883, I think, in the rooms of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, and even then and there he was attired in the blue serge suit and blue flannel shirt, with which he will always be associated. He and the late Lord Houghton were on the platform, and if I mistake not, Morris was the President of the Society for the year, although not in the chair on this occasion. One of the speakers ended his remarks by saying that, until "our President can provide us with a worthier poem, every loyal member of this Society should take as his motto-

"Renovation
Is vexation,
Restoring's just as bad;
The the o-ree
It puzzles me,
The practice makes me mad."

In the general laugh which followed this neat parody Morris joined heartily. He said to me once, with just the suggestion of a smile on his ruddy face, "I took a small glass of champagne at lunch to-day, and champagne never suits me, but I suppose if I went to a doctor about my indigestion, he would probably act like the Persian doctor in the story."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"A man," he answered, "went to a Persian doctor and said, 'I've got indigestion, because I have eaten burnt toast, which does not suit me.' By and by the doctor sent him round a lotion for the eyes. Whereupon the man came to him again, furiously angry, and exclaimed, 'You fool, I want something for my stomach, not my eyes.' 'Oh,' replied the doctor, 'since you knew that burnt toast did not agree with you, and you took it all the same, I thought you must require a lotion to make you see clearly!'"

Like Dr. Johnson, he thought that a ship at sea was as bad as a prison, with the further drawback that one might be drowned in it. For, when talking in his gleeful way to a friend, I heard him say, very drolly, "One of the disadvantages of Socialism, when it comes, will be that we shan't find anyhody willing to become a sailor." Real kindness and good nature were always visible in him, and the irritability sometimes also visible, was more the result, I used to think, of his marvellous energy and his consequent resulting impatience of control, stupidity, or slowness, than sharp temper. To a man of his quick and ever-alert intelligence and wholesome freedom from many silly conventions, the prejudices and inauities of ordinary people must have appeared more than usually silly. Fully conscious of his own position in English letters, and regarding Mr. Swinburne as his only equal among living poets, he was nevertheless far too considerable a man to be vain in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and although he yielded often to humorous exaggeration in speaking of others, he was not at bottom unconscious of their merits, nor was he deficient in critical acumen. Biassed his literary judgments frequently were (as was perhaps only natural), but warped Originality was, of they were not. course, one of the characteristics of his conversation. But, paradoxical as the assertion may appear at first sight, it is equally true to assert that you could generally tell the sort of thing he

would say on a given subject. Your zest in listening to him was increased by this idiosyncrasy, for you waited to hear what you expected given forth in his racy way, and to notice his gestures and the varied inflections of his voice.

In expressing my profound admiration for his prose stories, I remarked how difficult it was to praise worthily a great man's work in his presence without appearing to be fulsome even when the speaker's intention was perfectly sincere. "Ah, yes," he said, "but then I, and I fancy most of us, are very glad to get sincere admiration on any terms." He discussed the prin-"We should ciples of story-telling. not," he said, "make a story about oddities. We should take types neither much above nor much below the common person—and place them in unusual circumstances." Then, after a pause, "That's about it, people placed either in unusual circumstances or circumstances which by our art we had made to seem unusual—that's where the art comes in." He told me he had no didactic purpose in his tales, and went on: "There seems now an idea that there need be no conventions in regard to tales, but this is wrong, and even when people have freed themselves from the old conventions they can become slaves to conventions of their own. I don't see any harm in conventions as such, provided they are right." Concerning the work of a famous poet, I observed that it lacked human interest, a quality of which his own work was full. He answered that the poet in question " has seen little of life, and got most of his information from books," and went on: "I haven't seen much of life, but still I have seen some people without their masks, and of course I have things to do and look after, and that keeps me in touch with the world."

He was of opinion that there must be some limit to imagination, or rather that imagination must bear some relation to recognized fact. There must be some law on the subject, though it is difficult to formulate it. "All great movements," he said, "are much talked about in their inception. This was the case with Socialism. Gradually, however, people have got accus-

tomed to it, and so don't talk so much about it, but its influence permeates all the same."

Morris has been accused of inconsistency because he, a denouncer of capitalists, continued to produce, and to derive his living from producing, costly articles beyond the reach of the poor. But to such an objection the answer is easy. These articles were not produced in such a manner to make them costly, they were so produced to make them beautiful. In his pacific Socialismfor pacific it really was—he held, I dare say, that while the existing regime lasted, the artist, in order to live, should charge commensurately for the fruit of his labor. Certainly, Morris solved one of the most difficult of all problems—the problem of combining beauty and utility. One was impressed by this when visiting his works at Merton Abbey, which are situated in a picturesque ancient garden, itself a vivid contrast to the somewhat suburban approach.

As a lecturer, I did not admire him very greatly. To me he seemed often happier in extempore remarks evoked by subsequent discussions. At times such as these, when in a happy vein, his gifts in repartee were considerable, his humor almost boyish, and his remarks often most pithy. No wonder "our comrade Morris" was popular among his fellow Socialists. He preferred, when lecturing, so he told me, to have a few general notes only rather than a lecture written out fully; for, in the latter case, he was more constrained to abide by what he had written, and, in the former, he could change his line of thought if he found from observation that his audience was not interested. His written lectures, as, for instance, "How we Live and How we Might Live," and "Whigs, Democrats, and Socialists," in Signs of Change, are vigorous and terse in style.

Agricultural laborers, he judged, are not so stupid as they are supposed to be, and that the condition of the industrial classes had distinctly improved of recent years. Commenting on the difference between the national character of the English and of the French, he inquired whether I had ever attend-

ed a political meeting in France. I answered in the negative; whereupon he said it was quite astonishing how angry French people become under these circumstances, even while the difference between them and the political opponents was very slight. It was not so in England. I asked what reason he assigned for this, and was informed that people are brought up here to accept liberty of discussion.

To Kelmscott Manor, his country house, he was much attached, and was fond of descanting on the life of the peasantry, dwelling particularly on the facilities the cottagers used to possess for getting or making for themselves some of the necessities of life. He would describe such facilities in detail, especially those for baking and brewing, and, very naturally (when his well-known opinions are borne in mind), he lamented that such facilities were not given to cottagers now.

He was not, as far as I could gather, apprehensive as to the depression of trade; nor do I think he felt strongly that one effect on the laboring classes of the depression would be to induce them to adopt immediately Socialistic doctrines in any very large numbers. He spoke with much sagacity and penetration concerning the peculiar social conditions from which had arisen a coal strike then threatening Loudon. In truth there was in him much sturdy common sense, as the ample success of his own commercial enterprises abundantly shows. It was this enthrallingly interesting union of the real and the ideal—of the practical man with the "man of imagination all compact"that made him a personality so fascinating.

Apropos of a line in a certain poem, he said to me, in his quaint way, that he did not see why poetry should necessarily be intelligible. He meant that the first quest in poetry was the quest of beauty. On such points his exceptional faculty of flashing out novel ideas in conversation, and of convincing his hearers, was remarkable. Sometimes he was very amusing in his terms of speech, and I shall not forget his playful badinage when bantered for using the phrase "all but." He was persuaded that, in the time to come,

fewer books would be read, holding it as "a certain sign of a thing ceasing to be wanted, when the seller has to reduce the price in order to tempt people to buy."

Deeply interesting was it when ho talked, as was sometimes the case, about the concerns of the Kelmscott Press. Once I happened to be present when a very old friend of his, Mr. Ellis, who was editing, unless I err, the Kelmscott edition of Keats, came in. Many proofs, some of them far more comely than ordinary proofs, were lying on the table, and the set belonging to this particular edition was forthcoming quickly. Forthwith Morris became as deeply absorbed in the smallest details of phraseology and punctuation as though he were only the merest bibliographer.

## IV.

I take it that the highest form of literary immortality is when the works of a great poet continue to be read in their entirety. And as, with ever-increasing hurry and pressure, the years roll on, the likelihood that so happy a fortune is granted, even to a poet of lofty achievement, is lessened rather than increased when that poet produces much. If this be true, the vast output of William Morris diminishes his chances of obtaining this final award of fame. But, so defuly does he appeal to one of the deepest and most abiding passions of the human heart—its love of story and pleasing marvel—that to me, at least, his place among the inheritors of perpetual renown seems secure, nevertheless. From The Earthly Paradise Mr. W. T. Stead wisely made the first selections from any living poet in his Masterpiece Library, and in his introduction tells a pathetic anecdote of a poor dying man, "somewhere up the Edgware Road," who longed to read once more The Earthly Paradise before he died. If, as seems probable, our great cities continue to extend, and consequently more of our people, even than now, live amid the sordid trappings of our towns, will they not crave increasingly for just such a surcease from care amid lovely dreams as Morris's best work in verse and in prose-both in the inner sense

poetical—can give them?

In William Morris we have lost a poet of supreme excellence; an artist and designer of exquisite skill; a master of English prose whose style is rare in its delicacy, rich in its beauty; a scholar who had more learning of the dry-as-dust kind than many whose sole claim to celebrity arises from this source, and who, in addition, brought to his scholarly work a luminous imagination of the first order; an ever active worker, whom all who really understood him (whether they agree with his views or not) must admit to

have had pure, lofty aims and ennobling purposes.

The underlying unity of his career was his quest of the beautiful, and this was at the root of his Socialism;

# "The idle singer of an empty day,"

has become in reality the apostle of the glory of work. Not only in romance—such as his News from Nowhere—did he speak of "a disease called idleness;" in sober truth idleness was to him a disease. In this respect his example is fine, and his life was a continuous object-lesson of strenuous endeavor.—Fortnightly Review.

# THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

BY JOHN A. HOBSON.

It must have occurred to many to ask what the writer of the 13th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians would have thought of charity that was "organized." And yet the need for some organization is generally admitted. The narrowing process by which the term "charity" has passed from its early place as the expression of the broadest and most elevated principle of spiritual life to describe the perfunctory relief of certain material needs has a significance at once too subtle and too large for treatment here. It is not, however, difficult to mark the definite change by which, even in its narrow connotation of almsgiving, virtue has passed out of it and left it a prey to those abuses which modern rational philanthropy seeks to remedy. So long as gifts or doles are the direct expression of true human sympathy with individual needs—a personal aid which is a natural accompaniment of neighborly feeling, such help as may be bestowed without condescension in the giver or shame in the receiver—no injury attends the kindly service. large flow of reciprocal charity which still passes among many sections of the poor, amounting sometimes indeed to an incipient communism of goods, retains the true spirit of the virtue in-Whole nations in a primitive condition of life, where there exists an

approximate uniformity of economic character, still practise a free hospitality and bounty which breeds no wrong. Even where wider divergence of rank and material power exists, as in certain feudal societies, aid could pass harmless from rich to poor when it was recognized as belonging to a social system based on reciprocity of personal services.

But under the pressure of forces which break up these old orders, charity, like other personal services, is commuted for payments of money. This is the origin of evil. The rise and the segregation of a moneyed class, whose moral status seeks to reconcile the sentiment of pity for vaguely known distress with a sensitive shrinking from closer personal contact with concrete cases of suffering, devitalizes The outward acts are entirely charity. severed from the inward grace, and charity stagnates and grows corrupt. All the specific defects of ill-ordered charity arise from this separation of the form from the spirit-misdirection, waste, overlapping, professional parasitism of every order and degree.

In setting itself to discover and to stamp out pernicious forms of almsgiving, to order, direct, and economize the charitable energy which comes from the moneyed classes in gifts or endowments to unknown recipients, the Charity Organization Society performs a service of great and easily rec-

ognized value.

Most of the work seems to be performed with zeal and with discretion. Accusations of hard-heartedness from blind sentimentalists are not unnaturally treated by the society as complimentary testimony to the saneness and rationality of its methods. In spite of the unpopularity which must inevitably attach to those who are often compelled to set reason against generous impulse, the society is making in many places a deep impression upon social work. An ever-widening recognition of the evils of "indiscriminate" charity and of the need of a thorough sifting for the discovery of "helpable" cases and right modes of help, attests the educative influence which the Charity Organization Society is exercising on the public mind. Even the

clergy hear and tremble. The chief work they have essayed is, by establishing a class of expert middlemen, to provide a substitute for the broken personal nexus between donor and recipient. In the course of such work, and the study it involves, it is only natural that certain rules of general application to classes of cases should emerge. For some time the active workers on branches of charity organization have acknowledged certain media axiomata as binding on them in the treatment of their cases. But of late it has become apparent that some of the most active organizers, especially in the Metropolis, are indulging more ambitious claims. From the narrow empirical rules they ascend to principles, or perhaps it would be more true to say, they interpret their rules in the light of superimposed and externally derived principles. familiar with the tone and method of their recent criticism of the new social movements are now aware that this group of influential leaders in charity organization work lay claim to an exclusive possession of the right principles of social reform in relation to all problems of the poor. What exactly were these principles it was not, until lately, easy to ascertain, though their broader tenor was unmistakable.

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we have now a book\* which, from the conjunction of its authorship and its avowed object, may be taken as an authoritative revelation of this charity organization philosophy. Covering. more or less, the whole field of social study, from the minutiæ of Poor-law administration to the vague vastness of "the general will," it brings theory and practice into contact in a most instructive way. We are now able for the first time to test the logic and the "scientific" character of charity or-

ganization.

The value of such inquiry widely transcends any interest which may attach to the conduct or the personnel of the Charity Organization Society. For the statement of principles which these writers make will be discerned as the clear and conscious expression of the repugnance and distrust strongly but mistily conceived by the great majority of the "propertied" classes, when their attention is directed to the claims which the poorer classes are making for a larger social support in their efforts to attain decent material conditions of life. The book may therefore be regarded as an authoritative statement of the opposition of the propertied classes to schemes of old age pensions, feeding of school-children at the public expense, public provision of work for the unemployed, and other proposals of public aid for the poor and needy.

Such schemes are one and all condemned with the same condemnation that is meted out to indiscriminate charity and wasteful doles. They sap the sense of responsibility in the individual, weaken his incentive to effective work, and break up the solidarity and unity of family life. With the practical assumptions which underlie this criticism—i.e., that every willing worker can get work sufficiently regular and well-paid to enable him to provide for himself and his family all that is necessary for a decent life, to set by enough to keep him in old age, and to secure him against all the contingent

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Aspects of the Social Problem," by various writers, Dr. Bosanquet, Mr. C. S. Loch, Mrs. McCallum, Miss Deudy.



misfortunes and burdens of a working life—we shall deal later on. It is more convenient to approach the position of this social philosophy by turning to that theory of the "dole" which has arisen most naturally from charity organization work, and by seeking to understand this theory in relation to the wider principle of property which is laid down as the basis of the social philosophy of this school of thinkers.

It is now commonly recognized that a dole is injurious in its direct effect upon the recipient, and in its indirect effect upon others. It acts as a "demand for idleness," and thus weakens character. But why is a dole injurious to the recipient and to society? Why does it degrade character? The real answer is a simple one. It is an irrational mode of transfer of property.

Let Mr. Bosanquet explain.

"The point of private property is that things should not come miraculously and be unaffected by your dealings with them, but that you should be in contact with something which in the external world is the definite material representation of yourself." It is true this passage occurs in an essay defending the institution of private property, but it casts so clear a light upon the theory of doles that I quote it here. dole is condemnable because it comes "miraculously" to the recipient and not as the natural result of personal effort; it is not a "definite material representation" of himself. These charitable "windfalls" violate the rational order of life, lead weakly human nature to detach the idea of enjoyment from related effort, to expect an effect without a cause. Thus false notions are engendered which break the back of honest regular effort.

Nothing can be more convincing than this condemnation of the dole, derived from the theory of private property. But why stop at doles? Are there no other forms of private property which should stand in the dock with "doles" to the poor? How about gifts and bequests to the rich? Do they too not come "miraculously"? Are they "affected by your dealings with them"? Are they "definite material embodiments" of their owners? Here no question arises as to the just

limit of the right of the donor or legator over his property. Mr. Bosanquet in his theory of private property has chosen to take his stand by "origin;" his test of valid property is the way it comes into the possession of its holder. Why do the Charity Organization Society and their philosophers constantly denounce small gifts to the poor, and hold their peace about large gifts to the rich? We might press the application of this admirable rule of private property a little further and ask whether the economic rent of land and certain elements in the profits of invested capital, do not come under the same category of the "miraculous," or, whether they are the natural results, the "material representation," of the productive efforts of the receivers. Can anything be more miraculous than that I should wake up to-morrow and find certain shares which to-day are worth £100 are then risen to £105? These gains which grow "while men sleep," are they sound forms of private property according to Mr. Bosanquet? The positive defence of private property rests, according to Mr. Bosanquet, upon the need which every one has for possessing "a permanent nucleus in the material world" wherewith to help to plan out his life as a rational whole. I here suggest that his view of private property passes a twofold condemnation upon economic rents and other unearned elements of income. Firstly, by enabling a man to reap where he has not sown, by divorcing satisfaction from previous effort, they crush the sense of independence in the recipient and derationalize his life. Secondly, since all "unearned" elements of income are truly the earnings of the work of some one else, or of society, such individual or such society, by losing the natural reward of its effort, is disabled from realizing itself. The ground landlord who "realizes himself" in the rents he draws from his slum property is preventing the docker and the seamstress from realizing themselves, and is destroying for them the possibility of rationally organizing Do the Charity Organization thinkers apply their solicitude for the maintenance of moral responsibility in these directions? No! their logic

makes a dead halt on the other side of this just economic application. They are all fear lest the poor should suffer from the degradation and the ignominy of receiving something they have not Yet they never lift their voice to save the characters of the well-to-do which are constantly assailed by these same demoralizing forces. It never seems to occur to them that charity is perhaps a feeble sort of conscience money, an irregular and inadequate return of fragments of unearned income to those who have earned it, and who are disabled from ordering their lives in decency and reasonable care because it has passed from their legal possession in those processes of economic bargain where the poor are taken at a disadvantage. If there is any truth in this, indiscriminate and sentimental charity has a certain natural support which can only be destroyed by a full and logical application of Mr. Bosanquet's theory of private property.

I have said that Charity Organization thinkers do not face this demand that one and the same law be applied to rich and poor. Mr. Bosanquet, however, is far too keen a reasoner not to perceive the awkward pressure of this argument, and in a single passage of almost unparalleled audacity

endeavors to turn it:

"The Socialist," he admits, "may say" (why he should give a monopoly of common-sense to the "Socialist" is not clear!): "' Is not, at least, inherited or unearned property an equally pernicious subvention to the rich as out-relief to the poor?' I point out one distinction, and then give my general answer. Property is within the owner's control and is a permission to him to choose his work-of course, an enormous indulgence. But Poorlaw relief is not in the recipient's control, is a payment for idleness, and is not sufficient to set the life free to choose work. A large pension or gift of property to a man not yet demoralized would probably do no harm. Great expenditure which 'sets a man up does not as a rule demoralize; it is the small chronic subventions, which give no freedom and are actually consequent on the failure of the social will, that cause demoralization. I do not think that it can be denied that property may have a similar effect. Wherever it distracts from one social vocation, without forming the basis of another, then it operates as out-relief pure and simple." \*

Now, why is one class to enjoy "an enormous indulgence" at the expense of another class? Why are some people to have "permission to choose their work" and not others? Why are we told that property may distract from work and not that it has a natural tendency to do so? These are a few of the questions which the effrontery of this argument evokes. But let us keep to his main distinction. Three criteria of bad "subventions" are proposed—insufficiency for freedom, payment for idleness, absence of recipient's control. The first need not detain us. It is not the design of Poor-law relief "to set the life free to choose work;" but if it were, Mr. Bosanquet would be the last to allow that out-relief of twenty shillings a week to all applicants contributed to place out-relief on a common basis with the "property" which he champions. As to "payment for idleness," this is a slipshod way of describing poor relief. tution, not idleness, is the direct condition of the receipt of "relief." Idleness may or may not be the cause of destitution; but the meagre sum paid as out-relief is not a temptation to a state of idleness commensurate with the knowledge of the safe possession of a private competency. Take a rough and ready test, the only one available, the life of an average out-pauper has embodied far more painful effort for the public good than the life of an average gentleman of independent The test of results would not show that out-relief as actually administered was a demand for idleness to nearly the same extent as the possession of unearned property. Mr. Bosanquet thinks that regularity and full control on the part of the recipient favors good use. But if Poorlaw relief were in the recipient's control, if he had a right to demand his five or ten shillings weekly, and to receive it regularly, would this relief approximate toward sound property? Surely the united voice of the Charity Organization Society is clamorous in its repudiation of the enormities embodied in Mr. Charles Booth's Pension Scheme, on the very grounds that the pensions are proposed to be given regularly, and are to be at the free call of

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Civilization of Christendom," pp 334-35.

the recipient, independent of those considerations of individual needs and merits which are the basis of the social control vested in boards of guardians over the payment of out-relief. Poor-law relief was large enough to "set up a man," was regular in its payment, and at the call of the recipient—that is, if all the true conditions of sound "private property" were observed, we should surely have a form of Socialism the most foolish in conception and the most demoralizing in its actual results that could possibly be imagined. Yet if Mr. Bosanquet's distinction has any meaning, he would be forced to admit that these reforms would put our poor relief on a level with the inherited or unearned property he is defending. If not, what does he mean?

One phrase of positive enlightenment his argument contains. erty is bad when it does not form "the basis of a social vocation." This brings us close to the root fallacy of his reasoning. Private property he justifies solely by the use to which it is put. If an owner uses his ground rents or his monopoly-profits as "the basis of a vocation," returning to society by his voluntary effort what he chooses to regard as a quid pro quo, he is blameless. So "unearned incomes" are treated as a social "trust," a "charge." To use Mr. Bosanquet's own ingenuous words, "if one has enough to live on, that is a chargesomething to work with, to organize, to direct."\* Mark what has taken place in passing from the application of the theory of property in the case of "doles" to the case of "unearned" incomes. Doles were shown to be pernicious by reason of their origin, i.e., as windfalls; unearned incomes are to be tested not by origin but by use. If they are put to a good use, we are to keep silent about their origin, and about the injury which their payment inflicts upon those whose work they represent and who need them for selfrealization. The ground rents of London are a trust, a "charge" socially bestowed upon the Dukes of Westminster, Bedford, Portland, etc.; society

has designed them so as to give these noblemen "something to work with," an opportunity to serve London and to be a glory and adornment of our social life; if they faithfully execute this "trust," fill their high "vocation," they have earned their ground rents,\* if not—well for this not very improbable contingency Mr. Rosanquet and his friends make no provision! are they prepared to do when the "trust" is plainly violated? Will they provide means for deposing the fraudulent trustee? Of this we have Possibly Mr. Loch will no word. bring the matter under the notice of the Liberty and Property Defence League, with the view of ascertaining how far they are prepared to go to enforce the conditions of the "trust." Speaking candidly this talk about a "charge," a "trust," is a wanton abuse of language, applied as it is to describe elements of income which pass to the owners from exercise of sheer economic might. That this power is generally exercised legally there is no question, but that in any true sense it has received the conscious endorsement of society in consideration of services to be rendered, which alone could justify its description as a "charge" or a "trust," is an absurd suggestion. Such language, it is true, is no invention of Charity Organization philosophers. Its close parallel is found in the sophistry by which some of the officials of the early Church sought to reconcile the teaching of the Gospel with the tenor of economic practice. St. Clement of Alexandria writes:

"Our Lord does not, as some suppose, command the rich man to throw away his possessions, but to east from his heart the love of gold, with all those cares and preoccupations that stifle the germ of life. . . . What new thing does the Son of God teach us in this? Not an exterior act, such as many have performed, but something higher, more perfect and more divine, the out-rooting of passions from the soul itself and the renunciation of all that is alien to its nature. . . . Worldly goods should be considered as materials and means to be used for pious purposes, to be turned to good account by those who know how to employ them skilfully."

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Civilization of Christendom," p. 333.

<sup>\*</sup> The following gem of academic phraseology embodies this idea: "Property is mediate payment with responsibility" (p. 332).

† "Christian Socialism." Nitti, p. 70.

How admirably is this old teaching modernized in Mr. Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth," the notion that the "millionaire" is a creature divinely ordered and endowed to make piles of money on condition of spending it freely in his lifetime for the public good, though not always, I fear, in modes that would satisfy the scrutiny of the Charity Organization Society. This language indeed emerges in the philanthropic cant of all ages. When we are dealing with the poor, we are to brace their character and to remove everything that enervates and induces to idleness; when we are dealing with the rich, we must encourage them to make a good use of the means which, in their origin, are helping to maintain poverty. must simply remember "if one has enough to live on, that is a charge." We need not investigate too curiously how "one" comes to "have enough to live on"! "No, we are not economists," say these gentlemen, when they are invited to trace back "unearned incomes" to economic rents and the superior bargaining power of the rich as compared with the poor. The answer is: "You are economists when it suits your purpose; your condemna-tion of the effects of indiscriminate almsgiving, or the operations of the poor law, is based on 'economic' reasoning, but your 'economics' are selective and partial in their application."

By trying to stop the free flow of charity, while refusing to recognize the social economic forces which cause poverty, Charity Organization thinkers assume that dangerous position which is known as "sitting on the safety-valve." The mediæval Church acted more wisely, winking at the practice of the luxury and monopolies which its theory condemned, on condition that the rich beneficiary gave lavish largess in public and private charity.

"Yet cease not to give
Without any regard;
Though the beggars be wicked,
Thou shalt have thy reward"

was the deliberate advice of a divine like Crowley writing in the sixteenth century. With just instinct did theologians recognize that the estoppel or even the narrow restriction of charity was likely to endanger the fabric of feudal society by disclosing to the light of day the foundations of social and economic inequality which supported it. The keener sighted of them saw then, as the keen-sighted business man sees now, that millionaire munificence, by giving back in doles a portion of the profis of monopoly, cannot only turn the edge of public envy, but can obscure the nature of the true social issue by the plausible suggestion that the social problem can find a safe solution in the "moralization" of the indi-

vidual employer.

The rejection of "doles" as a treatment of poverty, combined with a refusal to apply their method of criticism to the economic structure of society as a whole, drives the Charity Organization philosophers to that assertion of the independence and responsibility of the individual family which is their basic conception. Private charity or organized social support by pensions or other modes of subvention will, they think, crush this individual responsibility which is the only source of social progress. This brings us to the crucial question: Is this individual responsibility an actual fact, and does it yield a force competent to the gradual solution of the social problem? Responsibility implies ability. poor families able, each and all, to gain for themselves, by the exertion of such powers as they actually possess, a condition of material comfort and moral decency? The Charity Organization Society's philosophy asserts this ability, and in support of its assertion adduces (1) evidence of fact; (2) a theory of moral autonomy.

Mr. Loch holds that better administration of the Poor-law has shown "that the alleged impossibility of the poor to maintain themselves or provide for their future has, in fact, disappeared," and that "old age pauperism can be gradually eradicated, except in so far as it is the result of sickness, incompetency, or moral defect." Mr. Bosanquet says: "I look on the exceptional case of destitution by pure misfortune in a manner analogous to that in which I regard a legal offender who is free, by some accident, from moral responsibility"-i.e., there are no economic forces which at present by their normal action tend to maintain destitution. Again, the latter writer informs us: "Material conditions are necessary to existence; but they are themselves dependent to an enormous extent on the energy of the mind which they surround."

What it all comes to is this: that the poor can provide for themselves, and need not be poor if they choose to

exert themselves.

Now, so far as the assertion of this fact goes, it is supported, partly from Poor-law statistics, and partly from the *ipse dixit* of Charity Organization investigators, who allege that poverty is always, or nearly always, associated with personal defects.

So far as Poor-law statistics are concerned, they may be at once ruled out on the ground that pauper statistics have no fixed or ascertainable relation to poverty. "Pauperism" can be eradicated by changes in the administration of the Poor-law, but such fact could be no evidence of the disappearance or diminution of poverty.

The argument from personal experience is vitiated by two fallacies. First, the ancient fallacy of "any and all." In American schools it is not unusual to encourage the boys by reminding them that, by industry and perseverance, any one of them may rise to the position of President of the United States; but to say that all of them could attain the position would be Yet the individualist plainly false. argument by which our Charity Organization thinkers seek to show that because A., or B., or C. in a degraded class is able, by means of superior character or capacity, to rise out of that class, no one need remain there, contains the same fallacy. It assumes what it is required to prove—viz., that there are no economic or other social forces which limit the number of successful rises. It assumes that every workman can secure regularity of employment and good wages; that the quantity of "savings" which can find safe and profitable investment is unlimited; and that all can equally secure for themselves a comfortable and solid economic position by the wise exertion of their individual pow-Now if there exist any economic

forces, independent in their operation of individual control, which at any given time limit the demand for labor in the industrial field and limit the scope of remunerative investment, these forces, by exercising a selective influence, preclude the possibility of t universal success in the field of con petitive industry. All economis agree in asserting the existance of these forces, though they differ widely in assigning causes for them; all economists affirm the operation of great tidal movements in trade which for long periods limit the demand for labor and thus oblige a certain large quantity of unemployment. The Charity Organization Society's investigator naturally finds that the individuals thrown out of work in these periods of depression are mostly below the level of their fellows in industrial or in moral character, and attributes to this "individual" fact the explanation of the unemployment; he wrongly concludes that if these unemployed were upon the same industrial and moral level as their comrades who are at work, there would be work for all. He does not reason to this judgment, but, with infantile simplicity, assumes This arises from a curious limitation which the Charity Organization Society places upon the meaning of "fact." Professing to be devoted lovers of "facts," and to be the exclusive possessors of the facts relevant to the study of poverty, they confine themselves wholly to facts in their bearing on individual cases, ignoring those facts which consist in the relation of individual to individual, or, in other words, "social" facts. "monadist" view of society we presently shall see illustrated in their theory; here we observe how it vitiates their study of facts. All larger social and conomic facts are consistently excluded from this view. Thus they enable themselves to affirm the individual responsibility of the family as a "fact," in face of all the teaching of social science, which proves that in all the ordinary economic issues of life, upon which the stability and solidarity of family life depends—e.g., the price of labor, the regularity of employment. the effectiveness of saving-the independence of the family is ever less and less. Such "facts" do not come within the ken of the Charity Organi-

zation Society.

The second fallacy rests upon another equally unwarranted assump-Admitting not only that any energetic individual may solve for himself the social problem, but that all, if equally energetic, might do so, is it possible that this moral energy should be generated in the existing environment of poverty? Let us even admit with Mr. Bosanquet that material conditions are largely dependent on "the energy of the mind which they surround," we have not proved the essence of "responsibility." A true realization of higher wants and of the means of attaining them is the driving force in individual effort. The 'time all successful reforms of environenvironment, material and moral, of the residuum, constantly thwarts the growth in consciousness of these higher wants, so that the energy, granting it to exist, remains inert. It is futile to urge, "if a man has energy he can help himself" when you know that the conditions of his upbringing and his whole life preclude the growth or utilization of that energy.

The Charity Organization philosophy, crystallized in the single phrase "in social reform, then, character is the condition of conditions," represents a mischievous half-truth, the other half of which rests in the possession of the less thoughtful section of the Social Democrats and forms the basis of the cruder socialism. Neither individual character nor environment is "the condition of conditions." The true principle which should replace these half-falsehoods is a recognition of the interdependence and interaction of individual character and social character as expressed in social environ-The eloquent exponent of the "general will" and the spiritual solidarity of society, when he comes to practical applications, ignores the need of corporate institutions of social support, through which "the general will" may find expression and achieve its ends, and relies for social progress upon the unsupported initiative of the individual will considered as a primum

mobile. The application of this social philosophy by Mr. Bosanquet and his friends makes it perfectly plain that the "character" which is the "condition of conditions" is individual character. Whatever some of them may say in more enlightened moments, this doctrine underlies their practice and is sheer monadism; it looks upon society as embodied in the separate action of individual wills, without allowance for any organic relation among those wills, constituting spiritual solidarity. The principle that individual character is the condition of conditions" is much worse than a half-truth they surround," we have not proved in its application. For it is used to the "ability" to provide, which is of block the work of practical reformers upon political and economic planes, by an insistence that the moral elevation of the masses must precede in point of ment. Plenty of people are only too willing to listen to insidious advice which takes the form, Why disturb valuable vested interests, why trouble about ground values, why stir a general spirit of discontent in the masses, why suggest "heroic" remedies for unemployment, when all that is needed just now is a quiet, careful, organized endeavor to induce habits of sobriety and cleanliness in the homes of the poor, to teach them how to expend their money more advantageously, to practise saving habits, and gradually, by gentle persistent endeavor, to build up individual character? To most who have not studied the industrial structure of society it sounds reasonable to suggest that such moral reforms should come first. In reality it is a falsehood. In the education of a class as of an individual child the historic priority of attention must be to the corpus sanum, the material physical environment, in order that the historic conditions of the mens sana may exist. Though moral reform may be prior in "the nature of things" economic reform is prior in time. Each reform of economic and social conditions can only be effectual, it is true, if it act as a means of elevating character, and as a stimulus of individual effort, and a general view of the elevation of an individual or a class standard of life will therefore pre-

sent itself as a constant interaction of improved conditions and improved character. When prime conditions of material comfort and security are once attained, the conscious activity of the individual will and energy will play a larger part, and will often operate as direct cause of economic betterment. But in dealing with the inert nature of the residuum, direct social support aiming at the improvement of material circumstances will play a larger part, and while each step in economic improvement must be accompanied by a moral rise, the external step will precede in time. This does not, as might appear, prejudge the issue whether the social forces in their ultimate analysis are to be described as moral or economic, does not assume the Marxian interpretation of progress, but simply affirms the fact that so far as the historic order of improvement of the condition of the "residuum" is concerned, the earliest impulses to progress reach them in the form of changes of material environment. The fatal consequences of ignoring this truth are seen in Miss Dendy's treatment of the oc-cupations of "the residuum" which assigns the low nature and irregularity of these occupations as the result of the character of the members of that class, without the faintest recognition of the larger truth that the low skill, irregularity, and inability to undertake hard, solid, and effective work is a direct consequence of the education of environment. The interaction of the two must of course be admitted; but Miss Dendy ignores what is in the case of these people the chief interagent. She simply assumes the individual moral standpoint and rules out all larger economic factors. There are doubtless those who, like Robert Owen, have over-estimated the influence of economic environment; but the general tendency of thought in the educated and philanthropic public, drawn to the study of social reform by moral considerations, and untrained in economic science, makes for the falsehood of the opposite extreme. How m ch can be achieved in the way of social progress by the aid of forces primarily economic, admits of no general statement, but is a matter for careful de-

tailed experiment. But the history of modern Lancashire is a crucial instance of the power exercised by distinctively economic forces to stimulate industrial and moral character and to lift the standard of life of a working class. Better late than never our religious and temperance missionaries are coming to recognize the intimate dependence of drunkenness, gambling, and other personal vices upon the economic conditions of industrial life. Take the signal example of prostitu-Does any experienced person really believe that moral influences directed to the inculcation of personal chastity will have any considerable effect, so long as the economic conditions which favor and induce prostitution remain untouched? Here is the case of a trade dependent both in volume and in character upon supply and demand. So long as the ill-paid, precarious and degrading conditions which attach to the wage-work and home-life of many women present prostitution as a superficially attractive alternative, or a necessary supplement, to wage-work or wifedom, supply will be maintained. So long as large numbers of men own money not earned by hard regular work, and not needed for the purchase of legitimate satisfactions, and leisure in excess of the wholesome demands of a natural life, while others are deterred by the economic constitution of society from the establishment of normal family relations, the demand for prostitution will continue. This analysis does not deny the operation of definitely personal vicious forces, not closely connected with the economic factors; but it affirms the latter as larger determinants. The refusal of the "purity" party to face definitely and fearlessly the economic supports of impurity has rightly brought upon them the imputation of shallowness, or even insincerity, for shallowness always implies imperfect sincerity.

Refusing to deal with social reform in this wider scientific spirit, and to apply what they foolishly dub "heroic" remedies (as if a man or a measure were worse for being heroic), the Charity Organization thinker is driven to base his positive measures of reform upon the voluntary action of wellmeaning men and women of the educated classes. The crux of the individual moral method of reform we found to consist in the generation of the necessary moral energy in the crushed or degraded member of society. Even if this energy was universally diffused, we showed it would not, could not under existing economic conditions, be generally effective. assuming its complete efficacy, how is it possible to quicken in the inert and often perverted character the quality of true self-respect, the sense of decency, the higher tastes and aspirations by which the individual energy finds expression in its reachings toward a better life? It is suggested that true charity may be the generative force, that the contact of the moral superior may yield the necessary stimulus, that each stronger man or woman might help to lift on to his moral legs a weaker brother or sister. This is the practical proposal upon which Mr. Loch discourses with eloquent faith. He wishes "to create a charitable friendship between the family and visitor,"\* by which the latter may become a sort of confidential adviser and a source of moral stimulation to the former.

The idea is a noble one, in some rare cases capable of yielding the finest results, but associated with the principles and methods of the Charity Organization Society generally sterile. If all persons of good strong character and kindly disposition could establish and maintain close friendly relations with two or three degraded or weakly families, it seems as if a mighty force for good might be established. But look at the facts. How many superior persons can be got to do this work in the spirit and the methods of the Charity Organization Society? generate the requisite initiative moral force in the superior person is nearly as difficult (or quite as impossible) as to utilize it for the elevation of the moral character of the "residuum." There are reasons why this must be so. Your superior person is often kindly disposed and compassionate. But the views of "property" which form the economic condition and the basis of his superior position and education impel him to emotional and "unorganized" modes of charity. He is often willing to pay subscriptions, sometimes to sit on committees, occasionally to do actual "work among the poor." But his charitable work must yield direct results to his sense of pity. This temperament is capable of getting into kindly personal relations with poor people, but not upon "scientific"

Not merely is it impossible to generate this spirit of scientific charity in a sufficient number of superior persons, but when it is generated it is com-

monly ineffective.

The theory of the Charity Organization Society is that they are able to perform a twofold work: (1) To find all relevant facts; (2) To stimulate and raise the individual moral charac-In reality they can do neither. The kind of person satisfied with the narrow illogical position of the Charity Organization Society has educated in himself a view of human nature which is a fatal barrier to the attainment of his ends. We have already seen that though the champions of Charity Organization profess to include in their range of study "a full acquaintance with the wider social conditions and tendencies within the limits of which we work," in reality they exclude all the larger operations of economic forces, confining themselves to the study of individual cases. But do they get at the vital facts in their "cases"? I doubt it. The highly cultivated lady or gentleman of the Charity Organization Society, with keen suspicions and some detective skill, whose mind is busied with knotty points of Poor-law, or delicate problems in the science of character, is just the person whom vital human facts escape. His claim to be the only skilled investigator is a ludicrously foolish The detective qualities required for certain valuable portions of his work are just fatal to the attainment of the full facts. They can only disclose certain hard, detached, objective facts, the definite disqualifications, which play the largest part in Charity

<sup>&</sup>quot; 'Charity Organization" (Sonnenschein), p. 82.

794

Organization reports. The subjective human facts and their organic relation in character escape record or appreciation because the temperament and purpose of the visitor are material to their discovery. The "case" does not truly reveal itself because it feels it is regarded as a "case." The mere husks of fact, suitable for tabulation (a process which full human facts never admit) are what find their way to the pigeon-holes of the Charity Organization Society's office. The Charity Organization Society's official may classify a case, marking it out by a number of black dots, but he cannot and does not understand a character. This is the large fact which he misses. He cannot help missing the most material facts. The essentially "inhuman" and illogical view of poverty and property which marks the theory of the Charity Organization thinker vitiates in a thousand little unseen ways the quality of quick, instinctive, uncalculating sympathy which is somehow necessary to extract facts from the poor. The very voice and mode of speech of some of those who boast their close contact with "facts' must be insuperable barriers in this work. Before such outward signs of class distinction many essential facts close themselves like The same opinions and moral propensities which shut from their eyes large orders of social and individual facts also disable them as stimulative or educative influences. There is a strong and well-recognized antagonism between the detective and the educator even on the plane of intellectual edu-The man who can best find out what you do not know is seldom the man who can stimulate an interest in acquiring knowledge or can best aid the satisfaction of that interest. not mean that the educator is to ignore the defects of his pupils, to be utterly devoid of the detective faculty. But wherever it becomes a strong feature of his method (and it is very apt to grow, for it is fed by constant self-flattery) it eats away the formative stimulative influence which is the teacher's true source of power. Much more strongly does this hold of education which is not primarily intellectual but moral. Here the protrusion of the critical faculty is fatal.

Very few persons who are members of a richer and better educated class can really influence their poorer neighbors for good. Even a fairly close and prolonged experience in adult years can seldom give direct, as distinguished from imaginative, sympathy with the ideas and estimates of a poor family; the little differences of manners and even dress form an aloofness which chills the atmosphere of free familiarity in which alone the deeper individual facts emerge, and which is the only medium of transference of best moral influence from one person to another. A single breath of "suspicion," the unconscious emission of a class point of view, the betrayal of some little difference in feeling, and all hope of influence is lost. A moral genius may sometimes descend from the classes and, by linking himself closely to the life of the people, operate powerfully for good upon the minds of individuals. Catholic priests, or others animated by an absorbing religious motive, have done this. their success has been chiefly attributable to some of those very qualities which the Charity Organization Society repudiate and denounce. have been enthusiasts, even fanatics, filled with that faith which for its efficient working requires an element of blindness to the faults and foibles of others; their charity has been temperamental rather than "organized" or scientific; their remedies have been "heroic." They have lived among the people on a level with them, and have not occasionally come down from a superior position to dispense "moral doles" to their inferiors.

A sense of superiority is nearly always discovered and resented. I know that many Charity Organization Society visitors disown this sense of superiority. Doubtless they do their best to conceal it. But the uneducated classes are preternaturally keen in perceiving it, and it has numberless opportunities for oozing out. Moreover, it cannot and ought not to be concealed—for it is there. These persons do feel they are morally superior; if not,

what is the power which they affect to use? They are not drunkards; they are not thriftless; they are not given to petty pilfering, or to violent assault upon the person, or to other common vices or defects of the poorer classes. Now, if this sense of moral superiority were justified, its existence would be, to some extent, admitted by the poor, and it might act as a moral lever. But, though they haven't reasoned the matter out, the poor feel and know that they are not fairly matched in opportunity with their "friendly visitors"; they feel "it is all very well' for these well-dressed, nice-spoken

ladies and gentlemen to come down and teach them how to be sober, thrifty, and industrious; they may not feel resentment, but they discount the advice and they discount the moral In a blind, instinctive superiority. way they recognize that the superiority is based on better opportunity—in other upon economic monopoly. There is a sense in which he who would save the souls of others must lose his own. This saving power is vigorously expressed in a little poem by Edward Carpenter, which, for its plain-spoken truth, might well be pondered by the Charity Oganization Society.

#### WHO ARE YOU?

Who are you that go about to save those that are lost? Are you saved yourself? Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it? Are you then one of the "lost" Be sure, very sure, that each one of those can teach you as much as, probably more than, you can teach them. Have you then sat humbly at their feet, and waited on their lips that they should be the first to speak-And been reverent before these children whom you so little understand? Have you dropped into the bottomless pit from between yourself and them all hallucination of superiority, all flatulence of knowledge, every shred of abhorrence and loathing? Is it equal, is it free as the wind between you? Could you be happy receiving favors from one of the most despised of these? Could you be yourself one of the lost? Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Those engineers who seek to lift the moral nature of the masses by means of a force which they think will emanate from their correct conduct and elevated tastes are apt to be hoist with their own petard. Be sure your "illogic" will find you out. These persons are not wrong in saying that poverty and the social problem have a moral cause, and that the force which shall solve the problem may be regarded as a moral force; but they are wrong in the place where they seek the moral cause. It will be found ultimately to reside not in the corrupt nature of the poor, worker or idler, but in the moral cowardice and selfishness of the superior person, which prevent him from searching and learning the economic supports of his superiority, and which drive him to subtle theorizing upon "the condition of conditions"

in order to avoid the discovery that his "superiority" is conditioned by facts which at the same time condition the "inferiority" of the very persons whom he hopes to assist. The work of gradually placing "property" upon a natural or rational basis, offering that equality of opportunity which shall rightly adjust effort to satisfaction, is a moral task of supreme importance. Let those who shirk such labor on the plea that it consists of mere external or mechanical reforms, and who prefer what they consider the more perfect way of educating the individual nature of the sunken masses, ask thomselves the plain question, why they fail to produce any appreciable result. will then find they cannot exert a moral educative force which they do not actually possess, and that they do not possess it because their supposed superiority is not a moral, but ultimately an immoral superiority resting upon a monopoly of material, intellectual, and spiritual opportunities.

Only upon the supposition that environment affords equal opportunities for all can we possess a test of personal Then only should we be justified, after due allowance for accidental causes, in attributing the evil plight of the poor or the unemployed to personal defects of character; then only would the scientific treatment consist. wholly or chiefly, in the moral training of the individual. As matters actually stand, the philosophy which finds the only momentum of social reform in the moral energy of the individual members of the masses is just that smart sophistry which the secret selfinterest of the comfortable classes has always been weaving in order to avoid impertinent and inconvenient searching into the foundations of social inequality. This, of course, involves no vulgar imputation of hypocrisy. Many of the men and women who hold these views are genuinely convinced of their accuracy. But they have permitted the subtle, unconscious bias of class interests and class points of view to limit their survey of the facts of the social question, to warp their intelligence in the interpretation of the facts, and to establish false theories of the operations of moral and economic forces, so as to yield an intellectual basis of obstruction to all proposals of practical reform in the structure of political and industrial institutions.

Their fault is not that they are too hard hearted, but that they are not sufficiently hard-headed; it is not a lack of feeling, but a lack of logic. They are simply not the scientific people that they claim to be, for they have not learned to think straight against the pressure of class interests and class prejudices. Let them apply the reasoning by which they condemn indiscriminate charity to all other modes of transfer of property. Let them accurately study the nature of economic bargains in the light afforded by the writings of economists like J. S. Mill. Jevons, and Professor Marshall. Thev will then discover how much truth underlies their assumption of the individual responsibility of the poor, and will perceive the urgent need of thoughtful reforms of industrial and political institutions, with the object of securing that property may not come "miraculously" to any individuals or classes of the community, and that all equally may have an opportunity of rational self-realization in forms of property which are the "definite material representation" of their own energy. The spurious antithesis of "moral" and economic" in methods of reform they will reject as a mere piece of rhetorical bluff, recognizing that every well-ordered reform of economic structure is an expression of the moral force of the community, the "general will" finding embodiment in some stable and serviceable form of social support.—Contemporary Review.

### JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.\*

This is a sumptious book. Paper, print, even the "cloth," which is no doubt meant to give place soon to morocco or finer russia, even the cheerful red bookmarker, generally dedicated to Holy Writ or Poetry (if sometimes to Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, or their successors), are all of the finest, the most ornamental, and luxurious. It comes to us from the press, impos-

ing, with its blazoned shield, like a knight into the lists, thanking God that it is not as other books, but fit for any drawing room table or dignified library—a separate kind of production altogether from those vulgar volumes which are meant only to be read. We do not desire to imply that Mr. Lang's beautiful volumes are not meant to be read, though we confess we look for the day when a cheap edition will provide us with something easier to hold and study. Still there

<sup>\*</sup>The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart, By Andrew Lang, London; Nimmo, 1896,

is an outward fashion in books which, like the salute to an Indian prince, is regulated according to the consequence of the person it is intended to honor, and which makes a magnificent post octavo suitable to one, while a humbler format is good enough for another. Far be it from us to say that our Lockhart-the Lockhart to whom we in this Magazine have the first claimdoes not deserve the most princely of salutes, with all the big guns roaring. It gives us, on the contrary, the sincerest pleasure to see the typographical and other honors with which his shy, proud, modest, and noble figure is presented to the regard and understanding of the world—which Mr. Lang at least believes has not given to him hitherto the applause and honor which

certainly are his due. We cannot but think, however, that in this respect Mr. Lang is a little mistaken, and that the suppressed tone of apology which runs through the book is really uncalled for. Lockhart in his immediate day—or rather in the morning of his day, when, always a free fighter and pugnacious as Donny-brook or Selkirk Fair, he hit out at whosoever came in his way, all for love and without evil meaning-was not perhaps always judged with perfect But surely the missiles of charity. these times are blunt with age and rust, and nowadays make no wounds; while Miss Martineau, whom alone we think Mr. Lang quotes as a serious assailant, was of course entirely incapable of judging the man, and, what is more important, is no more read or thought of. We do not think that the inference which runs through these pages, and calls forth from Mr. Lang many indignant exclamations-"And this was the man who was accused," etc.—corresponds with any really existent feelings. Indeed the name of Lockhart in this generation is chiefly connected with one of the greatest books of modern times, that Biography which, without a dissentient voice, is renowned as the first of biographies, the example and high standard of that art, which no English writer has as yet succeeded in reaching, the best and noblest portrait of a man ever made in our language. There were

objections to it, we believe, in the time in which it was brought forth. Some one said—let his name be blotted out! -"I always thought he hated Scott, and now I am convinced of it." With such blind bats there is no reckoning. But time regulates such matters better even than reason; and we cannot believe that the author of the Life of Scott has any need for an apologist, however reverent and tender that apol-

ogist may be.

Let us say at once that no one could be more reverent, more tender, than Mr. Lang; and his picture of the latter part of Lockhart's sad life will be read by many a reader with tears, as we can well believe it was written. The picture of that sad life, so full of separations and trial—so lonely, so uncomplaining, so heroic, with the difficult heroism of silence and patient endurance—is indeed nobly done, and with a strain of human feeling and sympathy which quenches criticism. Mr. Lang is more familiar to us in his lighter aspects; but lately there has developed in him a capacity for entering into the profoundest of human sufferings, in aspects so dissimilar as that of the passion and agony of Jeanne d'Arc, a tale of the highest and purest martyrdom, and that steadfast pacing through the gloom of the valley of death enveloped in all the conventional garments of modern life and society, which makes the other passion of such a man as Lockhart almost more tragic -which nobody could have divined or expected from him. Our object here is not to celebrate Mr. Lang; indeed in his first volume the clang of his sword upon the shield of "Maga" is so loud in our ears that even while we write our squire is fastening the breastplate, our page presenting the sword, of mortal combat. Therefore, before the lists are opened, or ever a drop of blood has stained the sand, let us do our antagonist full justice. Neither to us nor to Lockhart has he done justice in the opening of his story. That quarrel between us is open, only to be decided by the chances of the fight, in which, to be sure, it is not always the best cause that prevails; but where there is no question of offence or strife we have nothing but praise to give to

Sir Andrew of the Fetterlock, while he carries his hero's cognizance downward to the foot of the hill through the shadows. We will not say that the story bears comparison with that noblest picture of the sun-setting which Lockhart himself gave; but narrative and sentiment are alike fine, sincere, and sympathetic. A warm partisan from the beginning, that excellent inspiration grows in him into something better, a true love and admiration for his subject, before he reaches the end; and he carries his reader with him into that atmosphere of emotion, tender respect, and reverent pity with which he surrounds the subject of his history. This is no small praise; we know indeed no higher to give; and Mr. Lang deserves it fully. We present him with the laurel before we draw the sword.

We have in this book, as Lockhart himself declares to be inevitable whenever the hero is a Scotsman, "an ell of genealogy" to begin with, which is perhaps a little too long drawn out. He was a gentleman; after all, had there never been a Simon Loccard in 1190 or at any other date, this man was born so, and could not have helped himself, which is most to the purpose The lower of all that can be said. gentry in all countries are those who harp the most on their gentility; but in fact the territorial designation which we love so much in Scotland by no means ensures the possession of that quality, any more than a ducal title Lockhart was a man of innate refinement, fastidious, a little intolerant, snuffing the air with delicate nostrils, much moved by all the traditions, even follies, of the gentilhommerie, not excluding, we think, pace Mr. Lang, a touch of arrogance, quite pardonable considering his nature, but scarcely justified by the glories of descent. was a great lover of heraldry (which is, we think, a weakness of gentle souls) in his youth, and his first published work was on that subject, a fact which touches the present writer with a pang of sympathy. He was a good scholar -nay, a title which sums up achievement in Scotland, a Snell scholar—and after a few years of Balliol took a firstclass, and thus fulfilled all that could

be demanded from a young man. After these glorious preliminaries he returned to Scotland eager for fame and fortune, but with very small means of procuring either. He was immediately, to leave aside the tale of his ancestors, the son of a Glasgow minister, one of a numerous family, not a parentage or a condition which permitted a young man to dawdle over his life or neglect the means of securing daily When he was twenty-one he bread. came to Edinburgh to study Scots law, and in little more than a year was called to the Bar, but got no brief save one of three guineas, which he made haste to spend with much glee, as if it had been an unexpected tip. In the mean time, having formed a warm friendship with one John Wilson, also a briefless barrister, a poet, and halffledged literary man, he was, presumably, led by this new friend to a certain bookseller's in Princes Street, where it was the habit of Edinburgh wits of the Tory side to congregate—a very lively assembly, full of wit and sharp speaking, extravagant both in abuse and laudation, as was the habit of the time and still more of the race. are a canny people, our adversaries say, but we never have been canny in speech or criticism or epithets. Mr. Lang throws little light on the first beginniug of a connection so momentous for his hero, and which he objects to so strongly as injurious to him. Here is his description of the first known incident in it:

"He wished to go to Germany in the vacation of 1817, and, though funds were scant and his exhibition (Snell Scholarship) was running out, he managed to pay his way. He had made the acquaintance of Blackwood the publisher, and Blackwood paid him £300 or more for a work in translation to be written later. Lockhart selected Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature. Mr. Gleig says: 'Though seldom communicative on such subjects, he more than once alluded to this circumstance in after life, and always in the same terms: "It was a generous act on Ebony's part, and a bold one; for he had only my word for it that I had any acquaintance at all with the German language."'"

This we think is rather an insufficient acknowledgment, for if not Mr. Lang, at least most of us, must know that £300 for a translation by a young man whose knowledge of German was

taken on his own word, and whose powers of writing English were as yet wholly unknown, was a very remarkable kind of prospective remuneration. It was not business certainly, whatever it was. Mr. Blackwood acted the part of a magnificent Mæcenas rather than that of a bookseller, and we do not think that less can be said than that he gave young Lockhart his start in life. The transaction is veiled in mystery, never having been once referred to so far as we are aware by the giver, though proclaimed by the recipient, as a generous mind naturally would.

"If thou serve many, tell it not to any;
If any serve thee, tell the tale to many."

That admirable maxim could not be better exemplified. The young man went to Germany by means of this He went to Weimar and windfall. made the sublime acquaintance Goethe, which afterward helped to secure the much more important and valuable friendship of Scott. Profoundly influential upon his character and life was this beginning. If his biographer thinks that the two volumes of Schlegel, published more than two years afterward, fully repaid and made up for it, we are far from being of his opinion. This initial fact, therefore, published for the first time by Mr. Andrew Lang, whose province is not to glorify but to diminish the benefactor, and whose testimony is therefore doubly to be relied upon so far as it redounds to Mr. Blackwood's credit, is one of very distinct importance in Lockhart's career. Here is Mr. Lang's account of the connection thus begun:

"His [Mr. Blackwood's] liberality to the young writer was indeed well judged; for Lockhart, with Wilson, gave the Magazine a success of éclat, by no means wholly to their own advantage. Gratitude to 'Ebony' may perhaps partly explain that part of Lockhart's conduct which perplexes his biographer as much as Scott's attitude to the Ballantynes puzzled Lockhart himself. Why would Lockhart, in spite of remonstrances from Christie and of Sir Walter, in spite of universal disapproval, cleave to 'Blackwood's Magazine'? The mere attraction of mischief should soon have worn off; but from Wilson and 'Blackwood' Lockhart seemed unable to tear himself. Christie conceived a distaste for Mr. Blackwood at first sight. Lockhart sometimes

let fall a petulant word about the complacent proprietor of 'ma Maga'; yet he wrote occasionally for 'Maga' to the end. One really begins to think of 'Maga' as of a cankered witch, who has spellbound the young man, and bolds him 'lost to life and use, and name and fame.'"

Now this is not only "an irrational sentiment," as Mr. Lang confesses. but a most unjust judgment, and one for which there is no sound foundation whatever. Has "Maga" been unkind to Mr. Lang? All feminine creatures, we are aware, are apt to give rise to prejudice in this way. In some womanish mood they fail to smile, at a critical moment they look coldly upon a suitor's offering; and lo! the enchanting heroine becomes a cankered witch and her graces charm no more notwithstanding that she is just as fair as before the untoward accident occurred. The sentiment-

### " If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be"-

is a thoroughly wholesome one; but the poet does not go so far as to malign the lady because of her perhaps temporary, perhaps only pretended, indifference. She can yet call him back with a glance over her shoulder, a crook of her finger. It is half her charm that she is saucy, not always yielding, prickles about her rosebuds, clouds as well as sunshine hovering over her. Has Mr. Lang been so deeply offended as not to remember that when the neglected suitor glooms he is really heightening her triumph? The gentleman must not be cross for his own sake nor call the lady names.

Now let us see the true story of the transaction.

Lockhart came back from this German expedition, upon which, according to appearances, he had been franked by Mr. Blackwood, to find that gentleman just gathering into his hands the control of a Magazine which had been begun six months before, and in the mean time had been mismanaged, much to his annoyance, by a pair of incapable editors. The publisher was himself a comparatively young man, and full of ambition and enterprise, and he was clear-sighted enough to perceive how admirable an opening there was for something less ponderous

than the reviews, less trivial than anything then existing in the form of Magazine. Quite aware of the animosity he had to encounter from the dismissed editors, and the rivalry of the opposing publisher to whom they had carried their complaints and their powers, Blackwood put everything he could command into the venture, and called to him the support of all his friends. If Lockhart had not rushed to his side after what had passed between them, he would not have been the Lockhart Mr. Andrew Lang places before us. But there were also very prevailing arguments of another kind. No doubt he had spent his three hundred pounds, or most of it, on his long holiday; and he came back, as many another young man has done, to a sufficiently blank prospect—an advocate, but without a brief-with nothing better before him than to resume a weary march in the Parliament House, where no man speired his price, and opportunities of making an income In these circumstances were few. most of us would find it extremely handy to secure a safe corner even in an evening paper, not to speak of anything more ambitious, by which to make the pot boil; and here were at least the means of living put into the young man's hand. More than this, he was full of things to say, bursting and running over with criticism, commentary, description, and reflection for which he had no outlet; for these are not gifts which can be exercised before the Fifteen, or pleaded in either the Inner or the Outer Courts; and even if they had been, Lockhart had no gift of public speech. Does it require any explanation why he flung himself into the new Magazine with fervor and devotion? To us it seems as plain as a pikestaff. It was, in short, the saving of the young man. The new Magazine meant everything to him-work and income and utterance—the last perhaps the most potent attraction of all. His dearest friend had already enlisted in the band. Sober fathers and mothers in those days had a terror of literature, which seemed to them not much better than thieving; but nowadays we can think of no

parents so benighted as not to have exulted in such a chance for their John.

So much for the beginning of the connection. Mr. Lang goes on, after some surprise that "the Magazine should have been so brutal," issuing from the hands it did, to inform us that "it was an ill day for Lockhart when he first put his pen at the service of a journal which for now the term of a long human life has been so eminently reputable and admirable" (cankered witch notwithstanding). brutality, he admits in other passages, was partly from Lockhart's own hand: and neither the feminine personality of the Magazine nor its kind and respectable publisher forced his pen into the wild and wayward outbursts, mostly fun, but on several occasions pure perversity and mischief, for which it is impossible to give any reason. "The Magazine in its unamiable youth," Mr. Lang says again; but the Magazine, if unamiable in its youth, was not so by any set purpose of its own, but because Lockhart and Wilson made it so. They, or rather he, for our author has no patience with Wilson nor understanding of him, should have been controlled, Mr. Lang thinks. He was only twenty-three, and Mr. Blackwood should have spoken to him like a father, and stopped his fun, instead of being carried away by it into lawsuits and payment of damages, which was the true state of affairs. Mr. Lang probably in his own mind is more able to estimate the possibility of the task of controlling Lockhart than he allows But there never was a to appear. more ingenious manner of turning the cat in the pan than his method of mourning the sad pity it was for Lockhart to be identified with the unamiable Magazine, whose unamiableness was at least half his own doing, and which of itself had no inborn malignity, nor ever sinned in its own abstract person. This is, however, a kind of special pleading which is not ineffective to the careless reader. Poor youth! only twenty-three, and mixed up with all the bad actions of that slut "Maga," who deprayed his young mind and kept him from the fatnesses of the Parliament House, and made him carry out her wicked will, notwithstanding his native innocence and the absence of all malice from his nature! We should not wonder if Mr. Lang succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of a number of readers who know nothing about the matter, and from whom the cleverly managed confusion of these accusations may draw an equally confused sympathy.

"'It is painful for a biographer,' continues Mr. Lang, 'to be obliged to confess his here's inalienable attachment to "the mother of mischief." But he is well assured that while Scott did not indeed regard the offences of 'Maga' with our modern horror, still he did most earnestly endeavor on every occasion to withdraw Lockhart and Wilson from the cup of her inexplicable sorceries. Alas! to each

might have been said-

#### "La laide dame sans merci Thee hath in thrall!"'"

Wonderful and whimsical in the extreme is this accusation. Certainly "Maga" must have been unkind, very unkind, to Mr. Lang! We cannot but hope that he has laid her character before a solemn séance of the Psychical Society to be inquired into. Witch of Atlas, the Witch of the Alps, is nothing to her. This subtle spirit unrevealed in flesh, which held these captive minds in thrall, and bound them with a spell not to be broken, is more mysterious than any ghost. The one thing we know of her is that she seems to have been the familiar spirit of that well-seeming, by-all-men-re-spected Magician Blackwood, whose cruel behests these meek victims of genius were thus compelled to carry out. Mr. Lang may be very thankful, too thankful for mere words, that he has kept himself safe out of her claws. We might have seen him "slinging flame" across the peaceful levels of literary society had she once clutched him by the brindled locks. What atrocities worse than Bulgarian might not his gentle voice have given utterance to had that weird grasp caught The sense of deliverance must be almost stifling in its intensity when he thinks of the peril he has escaped.

As for us, who have drunk of the cup of her inexplicable sorceries, we are, alas! past praying for; but we tell no tales. The fiery draught may consume our vitals, but, slaves of hon-

NEW SERIES .-- VOL. LXIV., No. 6.

or as of her, we do not betray her Pale and scathed, with an undying pang at our hearts, we do not even lay our hand upon that organ, as did the doomed ones in the Hall of Eblis, to indicate where our torture is. No! never shall the eye of man look upon those marks of magic. It may be sadly, it may be proudly, that we exchange glances with our fellow-sufferers, but never in words shall the tale be told. Mr. Lang may guess what black drop it is that has been injected into our veins, but no more than Lockhart, no more than Wilson, shall we blab. Freemasons are not in it, as the vulgar say, in comparison with the stern preservation of our awful secret.

Taking breath, however, after this, we may remark that the remonstrances of Scott, to which he so frequently refers, were by no means directed, as Mr. Lang himself proves, to the severance of the connection with "Maga," but only to a much simpler thing—the cessation of those assaults upon things and persons in general, which Lockhart's mulicious and careless wit and Wilson's fictitious schoolboy rages addressed to the world in "Maga's" name. The letter upon which he builds this often-repeated assertion was written to Lockhart after Wilson's election-mainly by Sir Walter's own efforts in his favor—to his chair; an event which afforded an excellent opportunity of giving good advice to the young men, which in the first place is chiefly addressed to Wilson through his friend, representing to him the advantage of letting bygones be bygones, and attempting no revenge against his adversaries in that struggle, "who have taken such foul means of opposing him." "Any attempt on his part or on that of his friends to retaliate on such a fainéant as poor Stookie or on the 'Scotsman,' "says Sir Walter, "is like a gentleman fighting with a chimney-sweep-he may lick him, but cannot avoid being smutted in the conflict."

"I am sure our friend has been taught the danger of giving way to high spirits in mixed society where there is some one always ready to laugh at the joke, and to put it into his pocket to throw in the jester's face on some future occasion. It is plain Wilson must have walked the course had he been cautious.

in selecting the friends of his lighter hours, and now, clothed with philosophical dignity, his friends will really expect he should be on his guard in this respect, and add to his talents and amiable disposition the proper degree of retenue becoming in a moral teacher. Try to express all this to him in your own way, and believe that as I have said it from the best motives, so I would wish it conveyed in the most delicate terms, as from one who equally honors Wilson's genius and loves his benevolent, ardent, and amiable disposition. but who would willingly see them mingled with the caution which leaves calumny no pin to hang her infamous accusations upon.'

So much for Wilson. These are certainly precious balms which break no man's head, and never a word in them of any cankered witch or cup of inexplicable sorceries. Sir Walter does not sav or even imply that it was "Maga's" fault, and that the first thing to be done was to break the spell of her dread fascination. On the contrary, he speaks as if it were the victim's fault and by him to be put a stop to, Neither can the personal at his will. advice to Lockhart himself brook any other interpretation:

"For the reasons above mentioned I wish you had not published the 'Testimonium.' It is very clever, but descends to too low game. If Jeffrey or Cranstoun or any of the dignitaries chose to fight such skirmishes, there would be some credit in it; but I do not like to see you turn out as a skirmisher with ——. 'What dost thou drawn among these heartless hinds?' I have hitherto avoided saying anything on this subject, though some little turn toward personal satire is, I think, the only drawback to your great and powerful talents, and I think I may have hinted as much to you. But I wished to see how this matter of Wilson would turn out before making a clean breast on this subject. But now that he has triumphed, I think it would be bad taste to cry out-

'Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered

"Besides, the natural consequence of his new situation must be his relinquishing his share of these compositions. . . case I really hope you will pause before you undertake to be the Boaz of the 'Maga'-I mean in the personal and satirical department—when the Jachin has seceded."

In all this we have come as yet to no witch; and it is, we think, very clear that Sir Walter's objections were, as he so plainly expresses them, to the personal and satirical department alone, and not to any malign influence or naughty goddess. This is still more

evident in the latter part of the letter, when he adduces the homely prudential motive in aid of a higher one—i.e., that "the frequent repetition will lose its effect even as pleasantry," and that the public is "soon cloyed with this as well as with other high-seasoned food"; but he adds, to be still more distinct-

"Remember that it is to the personal satire I object, and to the horse-play of your raillery as well as the mean objects on which it is wasted. Employing your wit and wisdom on general national topics, and bestowing deserved correction on opinions rather than men, or on men only as connected with actions and opinions, you cannot but do your country yeoman's service.

"The Magazine, I should think, might be gradually restricted in the point of which I complain, and strengthened and enlarged in circulation at the same time. It certainly has done and may do admirable service. It is the excess I complain of, and particularly as regards your share in it."

We think the unbiassed reader will find it difficult to make out where in this letter Scott "most earnestly endeavors" "to withdraw Lockhart and Wilson from the cup of her ['Maga's'] inexplicable sorceries." Not a word of witchcraft does the Great Magician say. He reproves, if so gentle and affectionate an address can be called reproval—we should rather have had such reproval, for our own part, than the highest of laudations-his "dear boy" for a certain individual fault, "the only drawback to your great and powerful talents," and entreats him for many reasons, human and divine, to refrain from exercising it. We are quite willing ourselves to adopt all the Master says of "Maga." The Magazine has done, and may do, admirable service. Lockhart through it, which was his vehicle and medium, "cannot but do your country yeoman's service,'' if but he refrains from one objectionable way. Mr. Lang had almost made us believe that we should be wounded by Sir Walter and disappointed in him; but where is the man who was ever disappointed in Scott? His noble honest counsel is against the temptation to which his more than son is by nature subject. It is his "anxious affection" that speaks, not for " Maga" assuredly, but for Lockhart.

And Lockhart was much in the wrong. Nothing could be more sim-

ple, more easily comprehended. But what then about "the cup of inex-plicable sorceries"? Mr. Lang is a man who loves a pretty turn of phrase, which is a thing we also plead guilty to, a "last infirmity of noble minds" and we confess that if we had invented such a charming collocation of words, it would have been with difficulty that we should have consented to part with But the drawback is that he has to write up to it, and not only so, but to beguile Sir Walter into the same. So far as regards himself, he has written up to it with verve and spirit; but Sir Walter, no! Mobled queen is good; but the Master shakes his benevolent head and will not adopt the phrase. Indeed he was not occupied by any such thought. His mind was not upon "Maga." but on the contributor who so often got her into Young Lockhart thought the threatened proceedings for libel fun; but Scott did not—and Mr. Blackwood had to put his hand in his pocket and The cup of inexplicable sorceries was expensive to keep up, and the publisher sometimes made a wry face. We, for our part, forgive Lockhart freely at the first asking; but yet the young man was to blame. He lowered himself to the mere level of newspaper men, which, in Scott's opinion, was a degradation. But if the Great Magician had suspected a witch in the background, and a cup of sorceries, we do not think he would have been so hard upon his son-in-law. The old Soothsayer would have lighted up-for Armida is an excuse for every aberration of youth; but instead of condemning her, Sir Walter soberly and tenderly chastened the young fellow he loved. It did not seem to him a case for the Psychical Society, which, to be sure, was still in the womb of time; nor did he lend himself to the making up of Mr. Lang's case, who himself was in the same predicament, and who really ought not—we speak as a father, especially when he provides us with evidence to confute him-to endeavor thus to throw dust in our eyes.

Mr. Lang, however, it cannot be denied, is more successful when he produces Lockhart himself to bear witness that Blackwood—i.e., Literature—had

" essentially injured" himself and Wilson. In face of this we can only say that many an unjust assertion of this kind comes from men dissatisfied with their life, and seeking a cause to account for that absence of triumph in it which they once expected. not taken that particular turn on yonder idle day," do not we all say, "how different a fate might mine have been !" Curiously enough, however, Lockhart does certainly express Mr. Lang's view that it was some mysterious influence behind, and not his own foolish hand which did the mischief. "Our feelings and happiness were shattered in consequence of that connection," Lockhart actually says. was punished cruelly and irremediably in my worldly fortunes, for the outcry cut off all prospects of professional advancement from me. I soon saw that the Tory Ministers and law-officers would never give me anything in that way. Thus I lost an honorable profession, and had, after a few years of withering hopes, to make up my mind for embracing the precarious and, in my opinion, intolerably grievous fate of the dependent on literature." We allow that such words as these are sufficient to justify a partisan in talking nonsense upon this subject. may without much difficulty be explained to mean that Lockhart's youthful sins were the work of some irresponsible personality out of sight, who made him the scapegoat for its malevolence, the witch in fact of Mr. Lang's interpretation, the woman with the cup of inexplicable sorceries. Lockhart, being a man of commonsense, could not possibly mean this, or accuse an abstraction of which he was himself the inventor, of injuring him. Mr. Lang, in another place, complains that the harm arose from the fact that no control was exercised over the young man, and that he did what he liked, throwing stones and calling names until everybody cried out, which is more like the state of the case. But if Lockhart laughed and played with other people's reputations, and held them up to scorn, as his biographer allows, it is absurd to say that it was " Maga" who did it, and left him to bear the blame. If anything essentially injured him it

was his own reckless boyish folly and love of mischief; but these things did not come from his connection with the Magazine. It was as little to blame for his misdemeanor as for the "irreparable bereavement" with which he winds up the sad story of his troubled life. And it is both undignified and inaccurate to make any such statement.

The only reason we can imagine for such an angry, melancholy plea on Lockhart's part was that he was much dissatisfied with his life as it had turned out, and while justifying himself against the complaints of Haydon, adopted the not uncommon or unnatural artifice of making out that it was he himself who was the injured party. That a man might be petulant, impatient, ready to attribute his misfortunes to any chance circumstance rather than to his own foolishness, is a comprehensible and not unpardonable fault. As a matter of fact, he went on in full maturity and independence, till nearly the end of his life, not only to contribute to "Blackwood," but now and then to compile a Noctes, with much evident enjoyment to himself, which the discreeter publisher suppressed. This we have on the very best authority, and it forms a curious comment on these complaints.

But Lockhart's loss of an honorable profession, and the sad fate that drove him into literature, are points which a little examination may be expended upon. To begin with, there is the assertion of his contemporaries—corroborated by himself in a letter quoted by Mr. Lang-that he was incapable of public speaking. This would be a greater drawback to a young barrister than any connection with literature. He certainly never did speak in public that we hear of during the course of Wilson was an orator, and delivered great speeches; but Lockhart never utters a word; and for a man with this great drawback, what were the prizes of his honorable profession? He would probably have attained the position of Sheriff-Substitute in a Scotch county, would have been the Shirra, like Sir Walter, perhaps might have come to be Clerk of Session like him. Scott, indeed, tried to get a Sheriffship for him in the earlier part of his career. We had in our hands the other day a letter describing the excitement and suspense of a number of members of the Scotch Bar, awaiting breathless the list of newly appointed Sheriffs, between hope and despair. Would that have been a better thing than the editorship of the "Quarterly," one of the blue ribbons of literature, which opened to him the doors of the highest society in the three kingdoms, and made him the associate of Cabinet Ministers, statesmen, philosophers, distinguished personages of all kinds? His mind was more adapted for literature than law, Mr. Lang himself is compelled to admit. all this, he had given himself to literary work entirely of his own will without any temptation from "Maga," had written "Peter's Letters," and four novels in succession, which indeed Mr. Blackwood published and paid very liberally for, but which were free as air and had nothing to do with inexplica-ble sorceries. This being the case, we think we may dismiss the story of Lockhart's tragic injuries at the hand of our founder and his Magazine. Nothing certainly could have turned the eyes of the London publisher toward a young writer in the North, if it had not been for his connection with the Magazine, though prudent Murray had protested more than any one against the "personalities" there. If Mr. Lang thinks that to be Sheriff of Sutherland would have been a more congenial and important post, this only proves, we fear, that Mr. Lang has been too long out of his native country, and has forgotten the relative levels of things.

Having thus responded to our author's challenge, and broken a lance in the service of our lady and mistress. it is with much pleasure we return to Mr. Lang's second volume and his admirable and most touching sketch of the end of Lockhart's life. No one could have given more delicately or with a more reverent touch the pathetic Lockhart was one of those unstory. fortunates who are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward—one of those of whom it might be truly said that his love was fatal, that he had but to look tenderly upon anything and its doom

was pronounced. He lost his children, he lost his wife, and his health, and all his pleasure and comfort in life. future is more sad than that which he himself portrayed, for Sir Walter was scarcely ever left alone, and Lockhart, even more wholly dependent upon his affection, was sadly so, fighting his last battle without even the solace of a loving look or touch, his mind never obscured, his faculties never blunted, the slow end creeping on to the unwavering consciousness of the sufferer, only after everything had been taken from him that made life valuable. He had the misery of seeing the young life of his surviving son sink amid the heaviest clouds; his own patience and love almost worn out before beneficent death blurred all young Walter's offences, and restored his image to his father's broken heart—which is perhaps the heaviest trouble that a man can be called on to bear. Something of the compensation which his love and faithful support gave to Sir Walter seems to have come to him from his own sonin-law, which is a thing almost as unusual as it is beautiful; but this and the birth of his little grandchild are almost the sole points of light in the darkness of his later days. Nothing could be more sympathetic than Mr. Lang's narrative of those dark days. We follow reverently, with an ache in our heart, those steps of the lonely man, passing from gloom to gloom through the deepening shadows, never closing his heart to any glimpse of comfort, nor refusing a smile of response to any friendly glance, yet always solitary, going on, uttering no complaint, his heart full of those problems which, whatever might have been the levities of youth, come forth beneath the waning lights of life, and demand the attention of every reason-The age of Lockhart was able soul. not prone to religious sentiment, or at least to any expression of it. It was the fashion of his kind to profess a deep respect for everything sacred, and to consider expressions of doubt or scepticism not only as blasphemous but ungentlemanly, without, however, showing any inclination to approach such themes more closely. This being so, we read with almost a surprise of

melancholy pleasure Mr. Gleig's report of his habit of thought when with one to whom he could freely open his heart:

"With whatever topic their colloquy began, it invariably fell off of its own accord into discussions upon the character and teaching of the Saviour; upon the influence exercised by both over the opinions and habits of mankind; upon the light thrown by them on man's future state and present destiny. Lockhart was never so charming as in these discussions. It was evident that the subject filled his whole mind, for the views which he enunciated were large, broad, and most reverential."

Mr. Lang also quotes the verses which were, we believe, though he does not say so, first written in answer to some foolish suggestion that Lockhart should marry again, and of which the elder reader will probably remember, in this connection, the opening lines:

- "When youthful faith has fled, Of loving take thy leave; Be constant to the dead, The dead cannot deceive.
- "Sweet modest flowers of spring, How fleet your balmy day, And man's brief hour can bring No secondary May;
- "No earthly burst again
  Of gladness out of gloom,
  Fond hope and vision vain,
  Ungrateful to the tomb.
- "But 'tis an old belief,
  That on some solemn shore,
  Beyond the sphere of grief,
  Dear friends will meet once more;
- "Beyond the sphere of time And sin and fate's control, Serene in changeless prime Of body and of soul.
- "That creed I fain would keep,
  That hope I'll not forego:
  Eternal be the sleep,
  Unless to waken so."

The last of these verses Mr. Lang quotes more than once with deep feeling. "The lines were often," Mr. Froude tells us, "on Carlyle's lips to the end of his own life, and will not be easily forgotten by any one who reads them." Revived thus, they will no doubt breathe again through many a heart. Their absolute simplicity, reserve, and profound tenderness form a kind of epitome of the man, whose still despair of life was borne so bravely

and with such an intensity of silent

hope.

We cannot but feel that in executing this piece of work so well as he has done, Mr. Lang was weighted with many disadvantages. He had to be denied the use of the documents in the hands of Messrs. Blackwood, as they were already, we will not say unfortunately, being made use of for the history of the founder of the Magazine and his sons, the little dynasty of editors who have conducted through several generations the fortunes of that "Maga" whom we will now forgive Mr. Lang for calling a cankered witch and an inexplicable sorceress. hope he will awear peace and do it no more. He has also, for what reason we know not, been denied the use of the long-accumulated correspondence of the house of Murray; so that the information which was naturally first thought of was inaccessible on either side. It may be a comfort for Mr. Lang to reflect that editorial correspondence is often far less interesting than it ought to be, and often confined to the consideration of articles long ago added to the dust-heaps of literature, and about which it is impossible to feel any interest whatever. old Blackwood landscape was accidenté, with many heights and hollows, tiffs and reconciliations; but the "Quarterly," we doubt, was rather a dull champaign, over which the road lay flat and carefully shut in, so that the wayfaring man, who had once leaped and lilted along the early way, had to pace very soberly, giving most of his attention to the avoidance of those cheerful misadventures which had formerly been the staple of his life.

The actual materials, however, made use of in this biography have not been few. The benignant shadow of Scott, a shadow made of light and not of darkness, a soft pillar of flame, not of cloud, is over all the earlier part, and the latter, though sad, is still full of the voices of friends. Lockhart was in no sense of the word an unsuccessful man. He was helped along all the course of his career by kind hands, ever ready to do what could be done, for one who did credit to every exertion in his favor, and his position was

one of the most desirable for all the better things of life that could be dreamt of, without oppressive work, among the best of society, with every facility for knowing and enjoying, and an appreciable power of influence upon the history of his time. But that he was at the same time a disappointed man is but to say that he was one of those ever-seeking never-finding spirits who are of the finest essence of humanity, and by the nature of things are never satisfied with achievement or result. To such a spirit the sense of being ever an unprofitable servant throws a shadow upon every pursuit. "We poets in our youth begin in gladness." So long as the attainable is ever in advance, ever to be, they have perhaps the best of it in this world of difficulty; but when the days come. though the highest in life, in which the "blind endeavor," the strain and effort which so often end in nothing, the overwhelming question whether this poor thing we have attained is all that we are worth, or any justification for the trouble and pain of our bringing forth, lie in the heart of everything —it is difficult to characterize the best of lives as anything less than a record of disappointment. This is enough in many cases to account for the deepest sadness of life, the sense of failure; and Lockhart had in addition almost all the griefs that can darken exist-There was no "secondary May" to his faithful soul. Love, shall we say, forsook him? no; yet was transported afar out of sight, where the dear words of human speech could reach him no more. He had still a child left, and saw his child's child, which is the last human award to the favorites of God; but life, which is arbitrary as death, parted them from him by their happiness as the others were parted by their dying. All alone, only the more wrapped in sadness because of that "old belief" that buoyed him up. a stranger on earth, though the old roof sheltered him, and familiar faces watched over his bed, Lockhart died, having failed in nothing yet in everything. The picture, as we have already said, is most tenderly drawn, most true, and will go to many a heart. We must not close these remarks.

however, without giving the reader a glimpse of the lighter portions of Mr. Lang's work, which abounds in cheerful touches, as well as those of darker Haydon, the painter, was one of the supposed victims of Mr. Lang's cankered witch, and he chose to think it was Lockhart who was his assailant. He found, however, when he went to Edinburgh, that the "Tory wags" were his kindest entertainers. None of them remembered anything about the arrow, thrown at a venture, which had chanced to wing the pugnacious painter. They were all delighted to see him, made big dinners for him, and praised and petted him to his heart's content. Perhaps it was inconsistent, but it was "Maga's" way. "I felt," Haydon says, "as if for a fortnight I had been sailing with a party of fine fellows up a placid and beautiful river." But still he believed that it was Lockhart who had flung the arrow, and attributed his lighthearted kindness to penitence. hart's whole life," he adds, " has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to." As Lockhart did not do the particular evil in question, perhaps the conclusion was less certain than Haydon thought; but he adds:

"Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the 'Quarterly,' and his opinions, expressed so often, on what he thinks my deserts. This shows a good heart, and a fine heart Lockhart has; but he is fond of fun and mischief, and does not think of the wrecks he has made till he has seen the fragments."

The wrecks he made were very problematic, we think. "Nobody but Haydon wrecked Haydon," Mr. Lang remarks, and Leigh Hunt and his company were certainly not broken into fragments by any blow from Edinburgh.

There is a charming little notice of Crabbe the poet—"The excellent old Crabbe," Lockhart calls him—which is quite delightful on both sides. Speaking of Sir Walter Scott and his hospitalities, Crabbe says, "I am disposed to think highly of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, of his heart—his understanding will not be disputed by any one." While, on the other hand,

Lockhart writes to Crabbe's son, making a sketch of him, not like the usual sketches to which the young man was addicted:

"The image of your father, then first seen, but long before admired and revered in his works, remains as fresh as if the years that have passed were but so many days. His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it—though he was then, I presume, above seventy, his sweet, and I would say innocent, smile, and the calm mellow tones of his voice—all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry; and how much better have I understood and enjoyed his poetry since I am able thus to connect it with the living presence of the man."

Of Lockhart's sketches above referred to, not in pen and ink, but water-color, several specimens are given; but we doubt how far Mr. Lang was happy in his selection. Their effect is rather grotesque than humorous. There are caricatures and caricatures some not without a sense of beauty, and therefore always agreeable, some of an ugliness which the finest wit can. scarcely make tolerable. We fear Lockhart's are of the latter class. faces are often good, but the bodies that carry them almost always as bad as possible, with a kind of badness which specially belongs to the caricatures of the period, a squalid disproportion which reminds one of the Johnnies and Jennies on a broadsheet of They are not even funny nowadays, since the personal spice of resemblance is beyond our apprecia-It would have been wiser to leave them in the portfolios. drawings of himself are the best, and still capable of raising a smile—some curious touch of personal consciousness, let us not call it vanity, preserving them from the usual grotesque. No man, we suppose, ever made himself ugly—a perception of les attaches, and how approximately to shape a limb, coming, one would say, from the same subtle inspiration. And there is a pretty, graceful, faint sketch of his wife; and something very good in that of Charles Scott, not a caricature; but the groups, we regret to say, are appalling things.

Here is a sketch of Wordsworth extremely edifying, but not a caricature —the outcome of Lockhart's swift penetrating observation, of a curious and most distinguished party assembled at the poet's house, whither Lockhart went with Scott on their return from Ireland. They paused at Elleray with Professor Wilson, and thence paid a visit to the Bard:

"Canning was at Storrs, near Elleray, and Wordsworth evidently thinks Canning and Scott together not worth his thumb... Wordsworth told Wilson yesterday he thought he seemed to have no mind at all, for the statesman evinced little interest in these humbugs, the principles of poetry, nor had Wordsworth any other topic. "Wordsworth," however, 'knew all about his [Lockhart's] history in Scotland, and spoke gayly thereof." Wordsworth and Scott quoted Wordsworth's poems all day, but the great Laker never by one syllable implied that Scott had ever written a line either of verse or prose!"

This is sublime. Here was really the true Poet, above all prejudices, transcendent over every impression. Scott's sentiments of benignant amusement may be imagined. Probably in Lockhart's mind there was a spark of anger; but the humor of the situation must have quenched all such inferior feelings.

And here is the sentiment of 1825 in respect to newspapers, which is beauti-It is contained in a letter from Mr. Wright, evidently a person of much influence, and largely instrumental in deciding the appointment of Lockhart as editor of the "Quarterly." The reader will perhaps recollect that this matter was somehow involved with Murray's project of a great daily paper, the greatest of all the papers, which he was about to found, with the most sublime ideas of its future im-"I saw Murportance and success. ray," says Mr. Wright. "He disapproved of his editor, and I recommended and he approved of you."

"For the newspaper business I did not recommend you as fit; but on being asked as to your fitness and inclinations, I stated my belief in your fitness, accompanied with strong observations as to its unsuitableness to your rank and feelings; and I believe Mr. Canning, on being spoken to by Mr. Ellice, said you would come as editor of the 'Quarterly,' but not as editor of a newspaper. I told Disraeli before he left that he had a very delicate mission; and though my rank in life was different to your own, having no relations whose feelings could be wounded by my accepting

any honest employment, I should not receive an offer of the editorship of a newspaper as a compliment to my feelings as a barrister and a gentleman, however complimentary it might be to my talents. In short, I enter entirely into your feelings on this head, and we think alike, for whatever our friend Disraeli may say or flourish on this subject, your accepting of the editorship of a newspaper would be infra dig., and a losing of caste. An editor of a Review like the 'Quarterly' is the office of a scholar and a gentleman; but that of a newspaper is not; for a newspaper is merely stock in-trade, to be used as it can be turned to most profit, and there is something in it which is repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman."

These very fine sentiments are bewildering. One wonders whether the editorship of the "Times," then approaching its zenith of influence and power, would have been unsuitable to the "rank" of a Scotch gentleman-a son of the manse and the modest gentility of a West Country laird? But Lockhart had always been something When other sons of a fine gentleman. of the manse cultivated the Muses on oatmeal he kept a black servant, and gave dinner-parties, to the consternation of the Ettrick Shepherd, with six colored gentlemen behind the guests' chairs. And rank is a visionary matter at most times, in the case of younger sons at least; but perhaps Lockhart, with his "hidalgo airs," dazzled the This judgment, humble observer. however, on the newspaper is amusing and remarkable. Scott, too, held it degrading, though he says nothing of his son-in-law's "rank," to be connected with the newspapers. What a curious suggestion for the noble army of journalists, who at this present writing are so far from thinking humbly of themselves! Perhaps this was a product of the remoteness of Edinburgh, perhaps an instance of Scotch pride, that well-recognized quality, for we have no recollection that Mr. Arthur Pendennis had any high notions about the newspapers twenty years la-He was, on the contrary, pleased to get Mr. Bungay's five guineas and to see his copy of verses published in the first "Pall Mall Gazette," the visionary one of which Captain Shandon was the editor. Lockhart's income, as Mr. Lang tells us, was to be, for the "Quarterly," but £1000 a year; but as literary adviser, specially in the case of the "Representative" newspaper and occasional contributor (anonymous, of course, which saved his dignity), he was to receive £1500 more. This, we imagine, dropped when the "Representative" failed, as it did very shortly. But we have always understood, though Mr. Lang ought to be the best authority, that the income from the "Quarterly" was considerably larger. It would not indeed have been much of an advance in life to have landed a young household in London, even in the modest retirement of Regent's Park, on £1000 a year.

The letters which Mr. Lang quotes are not all so interesting as they might be; indeed, except in special cases, or when there is much to say, the average of letters, even by distinguished men, are but seldom interesting. Now and then there arises a man (or perhaps more often a woman) who has the gift -but it is not general, or even common; and the persons who interest us most in themselves very often part with their charm when we come to their correspondence. Perhaps the hest in the book are a few exchanged between Lockhart and Thomas Carlyle, who, being so unlike him in every respect, fell in love with him, so to speak, suddenly and forever, which is the finest kind of friendship. It would seem to have been between this unlikely pair of friends a clear case of l'un que aime and the other que se laisse aimer. Lockhart was much less interested than his greater contemporary, who sought occasion of communication with him, and loved him with an admiring affection; but he was evidently touched and pleased by that gift bestowed upon him. A few consecutive letters which passed between them are among the most graphic in these volumes, illustrative of both men in a very high degree. They began by a letter from Carlyle apprising him of the death of that uneasy connection, his mother-in law, but with words of strange affection not often bestowed upon such a relation. "She was a person of much generosity and worth," he says, "whose very frailties and failings, being, as they were all, virtues in

a state of obstruction and terrene imprisonment, make one love her more now that the imprisonment has broken down, and all has melted into clearness and eternity." Lockhart answered kindly, asking to be told, after some words of sympathy, whether the event "brings some addition to your worldly resources." "You and I," he adds, "would not be made a whit loftier in spirit or more Mayfairish in personal habits by the sudden bequest of all that Lord S. has just not carried with him to the ingleside of Father Dis, but it would be a fine thing to be independent of booksellers; and though I don't hope ever to be so, I would fain hope that you are henceforth." Carlyle's reply gives little hope of this un-likely blessing. "The little the good mother left might, in case of extremity, keep the hawks out of a poor author's eyes." "But," he adds, "henceforth as heretofore our only sure revenue must be the great one which Tullius speaks of by the name Parcimonia, meaning abstinence, rigorous abnegation—Scotch thrift, in a word !"

"We growl much about bookseller-servitude, servitude worse than Algerian; and yet at bottom we are but a foolish folk. Consider you for example how many of your good things you would perhaps never have taken the trouble to write at all had there been no such servitude. Servitude is a blessing and a great liberty, the greatest that could be given a man. As to me, I have dragged this ngly millstone Poverty at my heels, spurning it and cursing it often enough ever since I was a man; yet there it tagged and lumbered on; and at length I was obliged to ask myself, Had they cut it for thee, sent thee soaring like a foolish tumbler pigeon, like a mad Byron! Thank the millstone, thou fool. It is thy ballast, and keeps the centre of gravity right. In short, we are a foolish people—born fools and it were wise perhaps at present to go and smoke a pipe in silence under the stars

"The mountain-tops are aglow like so many volcances; it is poor tarry shepherds burning their heather to let the grass have a chance. Sirius is gleaming blue, bright like a spirit—a comrade of more than twenty years. Penpont smoke-cloud and Drumlanrig Castle have alike gone out. In the north is an Aurora—footlights of this great theatre of a universe where you and I are players for an hour. God is great; and all else is verily altogether

small."

Lockhart does not answer in this strain; but he sent to his friend the

latter part of the verses we have quoted, without explanation or a word as to authorship, which was, we should imagine, one of his highest proofs of friendship—and the other long after in his extreme old age, lying upon his painful bed, and looking for the death which was so slow of coming, murmured them over and over to himself as he lay upon the verge of the Land Beyond. They were not in the least like each other, but they were both true men; and the friendship thus arriving late in life to bind them together, and the union of hope and aspiration which filled their hearts, make the most touching episode in their lives. Lockhart, though a younger man, died many years before the Phil-These men are mostly classed osopher. by the professedly religious, with many innocent, thoughtless, good persons in their train, as scoffers, or men "who care for none of these things," if not as active disseminators of error. To see them thus groping with wistful hearts like the simplest, taking comfort from the little verses which they say over and over, communicating to each other the hope which keeps their hearts alive, is to our mind as affecting a glimpse beneath the surface as ever was disclosed to brotherly human eyes.

Everything, as has been said, failed to Lockhart at the last; his occupation slid out of his hands. The Review went from him, we are not informed how; by stress of ill-health apparently, but, so far as we can make out, with no softening grace of parting to diminish the disruption. He spent his last winter in Rome, where he writes with an evident pang, "I had only yesterday a complete leave of absence as to Duchy of Lancaster," some small office held in connection with that royal possession which had been his for many years. This dismissal was, however, sweetened in the most gracious way. "I think it very probable," he writes to Mr. Hope, his sonin-law, "that you have had some communication with Mr. Strutt, and will therefore hear without surprise what he now communicates to me-viz., that my resignation as auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster will be acceptable with reference to certain proposed reforms,

etc.; but that Prince Albert desires me to receive a retired allowance equal to the salary. This is very gracious." In one case, therefore, the loss of occupation must have been as little painful as possible. But such a loss is always painful, and the dropping of all his bonds to life was thus accentuated.

No one longer made any claim upon him; there was no need to hold up his head, and meet his sorrows as he had done through so many patient years. Before going to Rome he "gave up the Abbotsford MSS to Hope and Charlotte as functus officio." Nothing remained for him, except perhaps the hope of a glimpse, when he came back, of little M. M., the baby grandchild, sole blossom of his house, who only, after some shy meetings, at last made up her little mind, to the delight of the family, to be "good" to grandpapa. He made a heroic stand while in Rome to fulfil his social duties, go out to dinner, he who loathed food, and hold his head erect, and keep up with "the best people," who were all anxious to be civil to him-with that sense of the importance of doing so, after all importance had gone out of it, which becomes a sort of forlorn creed with a man who, during the best years of his life, has always been on his pro-He drove on the Campagna motion. with Mrs. Sartoris and her sister Fanny, which was some consolation. am becoming an adept in the Campagna beauties for seven or ten miles round," he writes; "and she proves an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in her talk meantime, about anything but poetry and picturesques, her course of life being one not imagined by me, and by her portrayed with a marvellous, though not at all harsh or uncharitable, frankness. In fact, she is a delightful person-worth five hundred Fanny Kembles even in talent, which is not her forte." He listened while the brilliant lady talked, and was thus carried through an hour or two of the monotonous days. But he hated Rome and all foreign ways with the strenuous dislike and impatience of most of the men of his time, anticipating with delight the day when he should "touch a bit of well-dressed cod or salmon, with a slice of roastbeef or mutton, and a glass of sound ale or port"—neither of which he could touch when he got them—with a sort of ferocious dislike of everything foreign. Why should the men of his day have been so savage? Is it that we are more enlightened nowadays, or that the Continental countries, which even then all who could manage it rushed to visit, have taken a number of hints from the Britishers? Perhaps it is a little of both.

And then he returned home languidly and patiently, and had the good luck to die in Abbotsford, the house most dear to him, and about which all the happiest associations of his life gathered. A poignant touch of nature comes in, in the record that Baby was at last good to him, and took his kisses sedately; and then he died, and they laid him at Sir Walter's feet. Thus ended the young satirist who laughed at everything and everybody, and got himself into endless mischief out of pure inconsiderateness, fun, and frolic; but who even then and always in his deepest heart was the most serious, the most tender of men, love and kindness being to him the breath of life, a baby's kiss the last sweetness of consolation, and a place at his friend's feet the most perfect resting-place. If ever there was a lesson for charity and against judgment, it surely is to be found in the life of Lockhart, so much abused in his youth, so lonely in his age, always so tender, so faithful, and so true.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE BICYCLE.

#### BY A. SHADWELL.

IF ever the word "boom" was justified, it is in relation to bicycling. No other will express the sudden rush of popularity, unprecedented both in violence and extent, which has taken place during the last eighteen months. or three years ago the use of the bicycle, though spreading gradually, was still almost confined to athletes, who were understood to be engaged in the monotonous occupation of "breaking the record" week by week, and to gangs of hobbledehoys who scoured the roads with the apparent object of contracting spinal curvature and annoying pedestrians. To forty-nine people out of fifty, the machine was an object of scorn, tempered by fear. To-day, the man, woman, or child who can afford one and does not ride is an exception not altogether free from the suspicion of eccentricity. It is not my purpose to discuss the causes of this remarkable change, but rather to inquire into its effects, actual and probable, upon trade and industry.

Some weeks ago an interesting article on the manufacture of cycles appeared in *The Times*, from which I take the liberty of extracting a few statements. In 1894, says the writer,

the cycle trade was in a very depressed This timely reminder of condition. the extreme suddenness of the boom comes with a shock of surprise, so accustomed have we already grown to the inflated market of the last twelve Prices were very low. months. Humber could be picked up then for a sum which would make many a maiden sigh, and many a father groan, remembering what they have recently paid for the same article. Of course, the cycle industry had been growing slowly for many years, but the demand had not kept pace with the output, and no marked increase was expected; nor did any take place up to so recently as the early part of last year. In England, that is to say. In America, for some reason or other, the rise was foreseen, and manufacturers there, taking advantage of the low prices prevailing in England, placed large contracts for cycle tubing, which practically swallowed up the output of that indispensable material until quite lately, and so made it impossible for the English manufacturers to cope with the subsequent rush of orders. Cycle tubing, it may be explained, is the material of which the framework of the machine is made; it looks like solid iron, but is really a steel tube. All this—that is to say, a condition of depression, during which all the steel tubing was bought up in advance for America, followed by a sudden activity when orders could not be executed for that very reason—all this has had three results: a great deal of capital has been expended in laying down new plant for tube manufacture, prices for English-made machines have ruled very high, and the market has been flooded with cheap American ones. I am happy to say, for the sake of the home industry, that these American cycles have proved a They are too lightly dead failure. built to be of any use in this country, and there is no sale for them. So at least I am informed by a large dealer who sells all kinds of machines. appears that in the States cycling is confined to the towns and their immediate suburbs; there is no road work because there are practically no roads, and therefore a lighter type of machine In England a serves the purpose. stronger make is necessary for country wheeling. But this is by the way.

The boom began here with the season of 1895, when it was suddenly discovered that "Society" had taken to "Bike parades" in Batthe pastime. tersea Park revealed the fact to all the world, and from that time the despised machine became fashionable, which meant, of course, that every self-respecting woman and girl must buy, borrow, hire, or steal one at the earli-And equally, of est opportunity. course, the men who wished to enjoy their company had to follow suit. But the great expansion of trade did not come until the present year. Its precise extent can hardly be ascertained, but some idea may be gathered from the fact that the capital invested in the manufacture of cycles and their accessories has more than trebled since 1895, and now considerably exceeds twenty millions. From the returns of the railway companies and tire manufacturers the writer in The Times reckons the present annual output to be about 750,000 cycles, which are roughly valued at £11,000,000 to £12,000,-000. It goes without saying that this represents a vast amount of employ-

ment. Not only are old industries expanded and revived, but new ones have sprung up. Besides the actual construction of the machine there is the manufacture of its various parts and accessories. Lamp-makers, makers, wire-drawers, leather workers, tool-makers and others are all kept busy. In Birmingham 150 firms are reckoned to employ from 15,000 to 18,000 hands. Coventry, as every one knows, has been completely resuscitated, and now the workmen who crowd into the place cannot find room. This is not surprising if it is true that upward of 100 firms, employing 17,000 hands, are established there, for Coventry is only a small town. These two are the principal centres of the trade. but it is spreading rapidly in many other places and giving employment to an increasing number of artisans. Moreover, the work is all of a skilled character and wages are good.

But the picture has another side, to

which attention has been drawn in a

very suggestive article contributed by

Mr. Joseph B. Bishop to a recent number of The Forum. It is obvious that all the outlay implied by this great expansion of trade in one direction must necessarily involve a displacement of trade in other things. The money spent by the public on cycles, and the time devoted to cycling, must be taken from other objects and other pursuits to the loss of somebody. Mr. Bishop gives a lively account of the woes of various tradesmen in New York, who are crying out against the disastrous effects of the craze upon their respective businesses. No one any longer buys jewelry, watches, or pianos; horses and carriages are a drug; tobacco has been abandoned; tailors, shoemakers, hatters, and dressmakers have lost half their custom because people never wear out their things; booksellers sell no books, and saloon-keepers no drinks; furniture-dealers have to sit in their own chairs because nobody wants them; the excursion traffic

has gone to nothing, and even barbers

are in despair because men go off rid-

ing, and don't care whother they get

shaved or not. As one of them very truly observed, a shave once skipped is

gone forever, it cannot be made good

by two shaves the next day. In short, the American no longer needs meat and drink, clothing, recreation, instruction, home, friends, or family; give him his bicycle and he asks no more And she is equally infatuated. All this must be taken with a grain of salt. Business has been bad all round in the States owing to many causes, of which the Presidential Election is one; and tradesmen, seeking for a scapegoat, put it all upon the bicycle. But there is, no doubt, real foundation for the outcry in some trades, and that is true in a lesser degree of this country.

I have been making some inquiries with the view of ascertaining how far it is true. Vague statements are easily made, caught up and exaggerated, but of positive information little is forthcoming. I must admit my inability to supply the deficiency. At the outset I found the inquiry attended with certain definite difficulties which made it impossible to get the sort of information required. In the first place, the bicycle movement is too recent to permit of anything like a statistical examination of its effects upon other trades. Though it began last year it has only been in full swing for one season, and accounts have not yet been made up. One is, therefore, reduced to impressions illustrated by an actual case here and there, drawn from individual experience. And in the second place, the displacement caused by the bicycle has been to a large extent marked by a general improvement in trade. general consent the past season has been a good one; money has been more plentiful and more freely spent than has been the case for a long time; and therefore its diversion into a particular channel has in many cases passed unnoticed. A man's business may have been affected by the general expenditure on bicycles without his knowing That is to say, he might have done still better than he has if there had been no boom in that line, but as he has done better than usual in spite of it he cannot say that he has been hurt. If trade had been generally depressed, as in America, every adverse influence would have been acutely felt, and probably complaints would be as loud here as they are there. On the other hand,

this fact brings into stronger relief those trades which have suffered. When a man tells you that business has been very slack in his particular line during a time of general activity, it is clear that some special influence has been at work, and, as I shall presently show, there are certain trades of which that is true, and they are precisely the ones which might be expected to suffer from the competition of the new amusement.

In addition to the foregoing sources of difficulty in ascertaining with accuracy the economic displacement caused by the bicycle, I have met with a third, and that is a distinct reluctance on the part of some tradesmen to admit that their business is liable to any such influence. Others may possibly be affected, they say, but their customers are of such a lordly—or, perhaps I should say South Africancharacter that a dozen silver plated bicycles would be neither here nor there to them. These prodigious personsso I am given to understand by the fortunate purveyors who enjoy their custom-would think no more of ordering a shopful of a morning than of taking a glass of sherry at the club, or buying a ribbon for the poodle. They will buy just as many horses, carriages, and diamonds not withstanding. Of course, this is all nonsense. Barring a few spendthrifts and millionaires by luck, the people to whom money is no object do not exist. What they spend on one thing is saved from another; it does not come out of the bank. even the wealthiest and most reckless, when it comes to presents, make a choice. When Crossus gives a young lady a bicycle for a wedding present he forgoes the gold bracelet, and when he presents his daughter with the same coveted article upon her birthday ne refrains from throwing in the pony which, under other conditions, would have been hers. I therefore take leave to treat the statements of tradesmen who maintain the contrary with a certain reserve. Happily they do not all move in such a lofty atmosphere, and from the more communicative I have been able to gain some interesting information.

There are three trades—and, so far

as I have been able to ascertain, three only-which have been seriously hit. These are music, horses, and jewelry. In the case of all the others mentioned by Mr. Bishop, the answer is negative. Books, clothes, hats, furniture, and tobacco are as much in demand as usual, or rather more. Barbers have nothing to complain of-apparently Englishmen do not regard biking as an excuse for being dirty. The excursion and holiday traffic has rather benefited than otherwise. Messrs. Cook & Son have never had a better season, and they now arrange special bicycle tours for Normandy, where the roads are said to be particularly suitable. Carriages? Yes, the coach-builders have been a little affected, namely, as to carts and The demand for these pony-traps. has fallen off, and that is said to be more the case in the country than in town, for as a coach-builder sagaciously observed to me, "You see, sir, a lady must have her carriage to pay calls in London. It is not yet the thing to go round calling on a bicycle, but in the country it is all right, and they do it." Consequently the pony-traps are neglected, especially by young ladies; but otherwise the coach-builders have been flourishing exceedingly.

To come, however, to the trades that have been seriously affected, there is first music; and that has, I think, been the most injured of all. equally in all its branches, but principally in regard to teaching and the sale One's heart bleeds for the of music. The profession is enormousteachers. ly overcrowded at the best of times, and affords a very modest livelihood to all save a handful of fashionable favor-To many it is never more than a starvation pittance. Yet I am told on very good authority that hundreds of teachers have lost half their connection during the last season, and the tale is corroborated in every direction. could hardly have been otherwise, for cyclo-mania as a fashionable craze competes directly with them. They depend on girls and women of the wellto-do classes, and it is precisely these who have made the bicycle boom. In order to go out riding they sacrifice the music lessons, not entirely, perhaps, but enough to make all the difference to the unfortunate teacher. music lessons are paid by the hour, not by the term, and a lesson put off is one Many girls do not altogether give up their music, but they reduce the number or duration of the lessons, and they think nothing of sending to put the teacher off when they have a fancy to go riding instead. Some music mistresses have learnt the bicycle in order to ride with their pupils for the sole purpose of keeping the connection together. The girls say, "if you will come out with us for half an hour, we will take half an hour's lesson," and so the matter is compromised, but the mistress sacrifices half her scanty earnings. And in many cases the music is given up altogether, just in the season, which is to a large number of teachers the most lucrative time. As an inevitable corollary, the sale of ordinary music has diminished to the extent. I am told, of 50 per cent. This does not apply to the class of compositions required by superior musicians, but to the every-day songs and pianoforte pieces which appeal to the general public, and constitute the great bulk of the retail business. Innumerable amateurs buy these things when they are learning, and afterward to keep up their repertory; but if they drop the lessons and lose their interest, they want no The sale of more songs or pieces. pianos has been less affected. Indeed, the makers of superior instruments have been doing very well, like the coach-builders, but the dealers in smaller and cheaper ones complain of a falling off to the extent of 25 per cent. These instruments are mostly supplied to families to whom the cost is a serious consideration, and if there are several bicycles to be bought, as is often the case, the piano is relin-They do without or go on quished. with the old one.

The horse trade has suffered in some of its branches, scarcely, if at all, less than music. Dealers, indeed, aver that they have nothing to complain of themselves, though they have heard a good many complaints going about; but the members of this fraternity, for reasons best known to themselves, always think it necessary to assume an attitude of such preternatural acute-

ness and impenetrability, that by mere force of contagion one regards every word they say with profound suspicion. A man who never believes any one else cannot expect to inspire much confidence. I therefore dismiss the dealers with a query. It may very well be that the demand for carriage horses and hunters has not fallen off, but for hacks it unquestionably has. A universal cry of lamentation goes up from the riding schools, who are quite frank about their losses. Never have they experienced such bad times, and in some of the provincial towns, particularly in Brighton, they have been harder hit than in London. Even the largest and most aristocratic establishments tell the same story. Some of them estimate that during the last season business diminished by fully one half or more. Where they had ten horses at work they now have only three or four. Just as with the music, pupils take half an hour instead of an hour, or a course of twenty instead of forty lessons and give the rest to the machine. Or they cease to ride altogether. Some stables have taken to keeping bicycles, and the manager of one very important place, which has a branch establishment at Brighton, told me that he had been forced to go out cycling with his pupils there in order The Duchess to retain the connection. of Fife started the fashion, and then of course there was no holding the Brightonians, who had previously entertained the utmost scorn for the pastime. schools have taken to it as part of a genteel education. At one of them, according to my informant, forty boys, most of whom used to learn riding, now sally forth upon forty bicycles. Then, again, the same people used to do a lot of business supplying military officers, but they also have adopted the machine and use it for certain duties which can be performed in musti. One man told me that the number of horses in London has diminished by 250,000, but that seems rather a strong statement to accept without very good He explained it in some measure by the increasing use of small tricycle vans by all sorts of tradespeople, and there may be something in that. These vehicles have certainly

become very common, and they presumably displace horsed vans to a considerable extent. If, however, horses had been so largely reduced as he said, the forage dealers must have suffered heavily, which is not the case as yet, so far as I can ascertain. The livery stable-keepers who supply carriages are quite satisfied with the state of their business, but they admit that hacks are at a discount. One of them told me of a case within his experience, which illustrates the sort of movement going on. A customer of his has four daughters who used to ride as many hacks. This summer they must all have bicycles, which were duly bought by their indulgent father, who found his account in promptly selling the

hacks and dismissing the grooms.

Jewellers I have found somewhat shy of confessing to any decline in They admit in a general business. way that "it stands to reason" one sort of present displaces another, and as jewelry is mainly bought for presents it must be affected by the money spent on bicycles for the same purpose; but they are reluctant to descend into particulars. One well-known jeweller in Bond Street declined to discuss the question with a degree of discourtesy which is rare, I am happy to think, among West End tradesmen, and forced me to the conclusion that the subject was extremely painful to Some have been quite frank him. about their losses, and from the reserve of the rest, none of whom deny outright that they have suffered, I gather that the trade in general has been seriously affected. One man in a fashionable part of London said their business had gone to nothing last sum-"I used to have hundreds of ladies here buying trinkets and one thing and another, but this season they fell away altogether. Now that they have bought their bicycles and have got some money again they are beginning to come back." They come shopping with their machines, he said, and bring them into the shop, sometimes three or four at a time, which is a great nuisance. I gather that other tradespeople are experiencing the same thing, and some of them have provided sheds for cloak-rooms where the machines can be left, in order to accommodate mounted customers. The music-halls are also beginning to do the

same thing, I am told.

As for the watchmakers, whose business is somewhat allied to that of jewellers, they deny having felt any appreciable effect. On the contrary, business has been very good, and that applies also to the silversmiths and electro-platers. But the manager of one very well-known firm of watchmakers gave me three instances which go to show that the bicycle has competed with them, although they may not have felt it. A gentleman came in one day to buy a twenty-five guinea gold watch for his nephew, but could not decide between a plain one, a "demi hunter," or a "hunter." So he wrote to the nephew to ask which he would prefer, and the young man replied that he was very much obliged, but if his uncle did not mind, he would rather have a bicycle than any of them. The second case was more amusing. A clergyman one day bought a twentyguinea watch for himself, but not very long after he came back and said that he found he wanted a bicycle more. Would they take back the watch? In the third case a customer, who had previously talked about ordering an expensive watch, on being pressed about it said, "Well, you see, I have just been buying a bicycle, and I can't afford the watch just now." These cases are exactly what one would expect to happen, and their accidental occurrence in a single shop, which had no reason from the general volume of business done to suppose itself affected, goes to show that the bicycle has probably caused far more displacement of trade than appears on the surface. It must be so, indeed, if the figures I quoted at the beginning are anywhere near correct. According to them not less than £10,000,000 have been spent in this country—for the export trade only amounts to about £1,200,000 during the year upon machines, and it is quite impossible that all this, or the half of it, can have come out of music, riding, and jewelry.

A word or two in conclusion about the future. The trades which I have mentioned as seriously affected are very much concerned about their prospects. and they show it by anxiously proving that the cyclo-mania is a temporary phase which will pass away. That is probably true of cycling as a mere Not that it will pass amusement. away altogether, but it will be less eagerly pursued. The great attraction of amusements, especially in the eyes of women, is novelty and fashion. Neither by its very nature is capable of lasting, and already cycling has lost its By next season it will no novelty. longer he fashionable. It has become too common even now, and fashionable people are dropping it because they do not care to rub shoulders with the promiscuous crowd of wheelers their example has brought forth. When the other women find it no longer the correct thing they will care less about it, and a general reaction will take place. But besides being an amusement, the bicycle is also a means of locomotion; that is to say, it serves a useful purpose, and on that ground it is more likely to wax than to wane in favor. I draw the conclusion that music and jewelry need have no fear of anything like permanent depression.

They will recover their tone without any doubt; it is quite impossible for the bicycle to dispossess either of them for long. And that is true to some extent also of riding, for which the machine is no real substitute. riding is the luxury of the fow, and no great matter. For the horse trade generally, and for those dependent on it, such as horse-breeders, forage-dealers, hostlers, grooms, and so on, the prospect appears to me gloomy in the extreme. The cycle and the motor-car together will render half of them superfluous. And it is quite possible that if bicycles fall appreciably in price, so as to be brought within the reach of a really large section of the community, other trades which are at present quite untouched will be seri-

ously hit.—National Review.

### ON AN OLD AMERICAN TURNPIKE.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

THE Bethel Pike, or, as it is sometimes called, the "old rock road," runs right through what was once the blackest bit of the black belt of Virginia; and this latter term, let me hasten to explain, has no geological significance whatever, but was merely used to indicate that middle region of the State where, in former days, the negro was most thick upon the land. Regarding the second name conferred upon the decayed highway, along which I am going to ask the reader to travel with me in fancy for a short distance, it will be sufficient to say that the remains of the only effort ever made in Virginia to macadamize a country road still strew its surface. This memorable achievement belongs to the days of stage coaches sixty years ago. It took the shape of a narrow causeway of rough rocks bisecting the broad mud track of which the ordinary Virginia road did then and still does consist, and was once regarded as the wonder of its time. I have seen old pictures -mostly, however, of advertising tendencies, of the stage coach skimming this crude embankment at the giddlest But ever since I can remember, the chief aim of the declining traffic has been to dodge the fearsome causeway by hugging first one fence and then the other, according as weather and circumstances permitted. Nowadays, indeed, you may travel for miles along the Bethel Pike without meeting any traffic whatsoever, whether horse or foot, and this not because the road has relapsed into a state of nature, for that is the normal condition of most Virginia roads, but because there are scarcely any people left to travel on it.

There is probably no more pathetic sight of the kind to be seen anywhere than that presented by large districts, nay, whole counties, in this same black belt of Virginia. In regions nearer home it is true the deer may wander or the sheep nibble over the vanished habitations of an expatriated peasantry. But in such cases it is rather the triumph of economy—if in some eyes an

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undesirable triumph—over sentimental poverty. The human occupants must have lived perpetually upon the borderland of want; their four-footed successors are at least the symbol of wealth and the pastures they wander over are of greater, not less profit to their owner, than before. But here over large districts of Virginia everything has gone or almost everything—squirearchy and peasantry alike—and they were not miserable and poverty-stricken, but happy and prosperous. Nor is there here any stock to take their place, for stock would starve upon the briars and broomsedge that run riot over the deserted fields. And these people, let it be remembered, lived here, not for many centuries it is true, but for more than two, and this for the purpose in hand is much the same as twenty.

The leading cause of this desolation, it need hardly be said, was the civil war and the collapse of negro slavery. But it was by no means the only one. The recent history of the South is, on Those disthe whole, one of progress. tricts that were naturally rich in soil or mineral wealth, have maintained or vastly improved their former position. Those which are naturally poor have retrograded with still greater rapidity, and it was upon these latter that the most patriarchal establishments in the old slavery days were very largely to be found. For the last few years it has been all that the keen Yankee or thrifty German can do, to hold his own upon the richest lands of America. The fight of the easy-going and somewhat shiftless gentry of Virginia upon. some of the poorest ceased long ago, and was a foregone conclusion, though, hardly at the close of the sixties a foreseen one. For I remember very wellabout that time how people in those. parts felt and spoke regarding the future. A large number of the gentry and practically all the yeomen or middling class remained upon their farms. after the war. They could not all goto Baltimore and become lawyers and insurance agents, though so many Vir-

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ginians did fly to that then almost sole harbor of refuge, as to create a grievance among the natives not yet quite forgotten. By the close of the decade which saw the war, almost every landowner remaining on his place, and these were many, had contrived to collect sufficient implements and stock wherewith to cultivate his lands. The latter, carrying good houses and what local custom considered good outbuildings, were at least his own, if some-The negroes had times encumbered. virtually not moved, and could be hired at wages which, compared to the rest of the continent, were very low. Southerners are constitutionally a sanguine people, and the Virginian, when he had recovered from the shock of war and reconstruction, and had fairly settled down at home again, was distinctly hopeful of his future as a farm-He was poor of course, and had little or no credit, for his negroes had been his security, while now they were free men and his laborers. But with very few exceptions the Virginian gen. tleman had never tasted luxury as the word is commonly understood. Of the many daily necessities of an English landowner or gentleman of most moderate means he never dreamt. In his establishment there had been a rude plenty, but in its appointments and fittings, except that everything was clean, and that it was distinctly the home of a gentleman as opposed to that of a mere farmer, there was no approach to the interior of the ordinary English country mansion.

An owner of three thousand acres would rank in England among the But three thoulesser squirearchs. sand British acres before the recent collapse, and even yet sometimes, would mean £150,000 or nearly a million of dollars. Now half that sum in the palmiest days of slavery would have bought out nearly any of the bigger magnates in Virginia, land slaves and personalty, and few of the country gentry were worth a quarter of it. I mention this because so much rubbish has been written of ante-bellum luxury and splendor by imaginative Americans, either Northerners who knew nothing of the old Southern life, or by

untravelled Southerners whose notions of luxury mean abundance of home-cured ham, a mint julep before breakfast, or a black boy to pull their boots off. Such writers have been taken too literally, and much misconception has arisen both in England and America regarding the actual standard of that happy, careless, and picturesque life, which distinguished the Southern States, and most of all Virginia, before the war.

The Virginia gentry of slavery days lived simply, partly because they had to, and partly because they knew no other life. The cares of a plantation and the ownership of a hundred or two negroes did not admit of those prolonged absences in which a mere rent receiver could indulge. In some districts that I could indicate there was money made in a modest way by actual farming. In most, however, and in particular such as we are now considering, if the estate was self-supporting it was as much as it was capable of. When the domestic wants of the planter's household had been supplied, and the numerous families of negroes fed and clothed, all of which was done with little recourse to the city merchant, there was not often a great deal left for outside needs. Education was, of course, a leading item, but the State University was comparatively inexpensive, nor were there sons in crack regiments, nor wine-merchants' bills worth mentioning, nor did the accounts of tailor and dressmaker make very serious demands on this happy rustic soci-Taxes were light, while of those innumerable tributes to his position which, in the shape of local subscriptions, lighten the purse of even the smaller English squire, the Virginia landowner knew nothing. There was no high-class fast life to attract the men folk, either of a sporting or a convivial sort. Young gentlemen went to the dogs occasionally, as they will do all the world over; but in Virginia they had to go there in a dismal squalid fushion, amid the atmosphere of provincial whiskey saloons and low companions. The tone of society, however, was in general wholesome and excellent, and it matters little if its backsliders had no opportunity of sowing their wild oats like gentlemen, if there be in that any particular merit.

The very simplicity of this old Virginia society was its charm, with its courteous old-fashioned manners and its hearts both stout and kind, and as much education within its ranks as was in those days necessary to ladies and gentlemen living out of touch with the world's great centres. Perhaps the principal domestic extravagance of these days was the annual visit to the Springs, a pilgrimage no properly constituted Virginia family could omit. Here were mountain breezes and healing waters for the sickly: dancing and flirting ad galore for the young; and opportunities for the old of telling stories and cracking jokes and talking politics, such as no local court-house could offer. That was a happy day always when the family started in all its glory for the Springs. The wheat harvest was over, the corn was "laid by," the young tobacco plants had "taken holt," and under the hot July sun were dimpling the red hillsides or darker low grounds in checkered lines of green. The negroes were sleek and fat, and happy in the sunshine and the There was a abundance around them. lull in the year's anxieties, and the lord of this strangely constituted kingdom possessed his soul, for once, in peace as the family coach, loaded with trunks and piloted by some ancient retainer, turned off the ruts of the private road on to the ruts of the great main highway. Along the same route, too, went the saddle-horses, bestridden by frolicsome sons or cackling negroes, pacing, racking, or fox-trotting along in the red dust, all bound for one or other of those mountain Meccas of the This forlorn old Virginia pilgrims. rugged, deserted turnpike echoed in former days to the merry tramp of thousands of these light-hearted pilgrims. Now those indefatigable beetles, whose mission consists in rolling the summer dust of Virginia highways into pellets, pursue their inscrutable calling from morning till night, without fear of destruction by wheel or hoof. tertaining, it was true, was the delight of the old Virginian, nor were there ever in the world more charming hosts;

but the plantation provided almost wholly for the simple entertainment, for there nearly everything was produced that ministered to a guest's The saddle-horse that was sent to fetch him from the station, even the servant that led it there was raised on the place; the blankets he slept under were woven in the cabins; the mutton, the ham, the hot biscuits, the sweet milk, and the other simple and admirable condiments that, with the exception of a mint julep before breakfast, and perhaps a glass or two of Madeira at dinner, formed the acme of local Epicureanism were all home

grown. I should not, however, have thought it worth while to drop into any financial comparisons concerning the bygone gentry of Virginia, except for the reason that it has always seemed to me a pity that so much florid nonsense about "Barons" and "lavish splendor" and the like should have obscured not only the truth, but, in a measure, also the chief excellence of this society, which lay in its simplicity. A simplicity, too, of which it was itself almost unconscious, for it knew nothing else and had no standard of compari-Owing a good deal to this latter cause, and with the help of an idealist literature, also due partly to it, the Southerner of this generation has almost persuaded himself that his slaveowning forbears ate off gold and silver plates, drove habitually in a coach and six, and traced their descent to the most illustrious houses of Britain.

As a matter of fact, Virginia had been none too prosperous for the last generation of the slave era. Her lands had been going down, and but for the great demand for negroes occasioned by the development of the new cotton planting industry in the far south, some crisis in her affairs must have occurred thirty years before she was forced into war by her hot-headed sis-She saved herself by becoming, through the force of circumstances, "a raising state," and for the last period of the old life her chief export was negroes. This sounds more brutal than it actually was, for trade was fortuitous as far as the individual went, though systematic as regards the State

as a whole, and this again sounds para-But, as a matter of fact, the export was not intentional, except on the part of the slave-trader who prowled about, tempting the less scrupulous owners with offers of two thousand dollars for a stalwart man or lifteen hundred for a "likely" woman out of his abundant stock of humanity. Among even the best masters it had always been considered legitimate to part with a negro who had proved himself incorrigible; but that channel through which Virginia negroes went South in the greatest numbers was the forced sale under bankruptcy or legal pressure, when these human assets, amid general lamentation, and the remorseful wailings of their owners, had to take their chance with the furniture and the cattle, beneath the inexorable hammer of the auctioneer.

To come back, however, to the close of the war and the period of reconstruction referred to at the beginning Numb despair had of this paper. been succeeded by something like hope in the breasts of the Virginians, who still stuck to their homesteads. I well remember the state of feeling upon this subject. The land had never, it was truly said, been reasonably treated under slavery. And upon this every one was agreed. To kindly treatment the exhausted acres and infertile fields would generously respond. So said Yankee farmers who began to put in an appearance, though not a very warmly welcomed one; so said hardconfident Scotchmen and headed cocksure Englishmen. And so at last came to believe the native owners, though not quite so confident, because they knew them better, of the ready response to improvement of their paternal acres as the strangers who lectured them on the subject, and what was better still, backed their opinion by purchasing for purposes of illustration no inconsiderable share of the country. There was a good excuse indeed in those days for the number of estates that were for sale; and very eligible they appeared. Their buildings were far superior to the ordinary farm-house of Canada, and there was no suggestion of that backwoods life which had hitherto been indelibly associated both in the British and New England minds with expatriation. The lands were well watered and lay in gentle undulations ready for the plough. The landscape was not sublime, but it was good to look upon, and still is so for those, if there could be any such, to whom its briery wastes and sedgy fields and rotting fences tell no tales. Stately forests of fine timber covered the unoccupied spaces; prolific orchards of apple and peachtrees bloomed around the homesteads; the climate was the best upon the Atlantic coast. It was, in truth, a region calculated to hold the affection of its sons, and to attract the stranger, particularly the educated stranger, and imbue him with a hankering for country life under such conditions as seemed here to exist. "Here will I live and die," was the resolve of many a New Englander and not a few Britishers as they surveyed the roomy, and even dignified-looking mansion, with its ancestral oaks and broad acres, that had just passed into their hands at a price which seemed to them a bargain, and to those who knew perhaps a little better, quite fair and reasonable. Such prices, indeed, read now like a joke, though in truth a very grim one. "Who can suppose," wrote an English author and authority on such matters about the year 1870, "that these Virginian estates, now freely offered at thirty and forty dollars an acre, will be long in the market at figures such as these." A true enough prophet was our author, but alack, alack, not in the fashion he intended. Far as the eye can see, and that is very far indeed from some high points upon the Bethel Pike, there is scarcely a farm that if put upon the market to-day would fetch, not forty, but four dollars an acre. Upon behalf of most I will undertake to say that the auctioneer would expend his eloquence upon deaf ears and shout his laudatory platitudes in vain.

But this is merely the bald financial side of the question, though it may be doubted if pages of description could tell a woeful tale more significantly. I do not know that this is a very interesting, or what would be called a very tragic tale, to the general reader. I

am not in a position to judge. It is simply that of the depopulation of a vast region, where life for long ages went merrily, but is now silent, or very nearly so, and the feeble sparks that flicker here and there amid the weedy desolation, only seem to me to accentuate the sadness of the scene.

Every one has gone, not only the old families, but the later ones, who with help and hope and capital came in a quarter of a century ago to fill up the gaps that war and its consequences had made, and to demonstrate that the poor lands of Virginia only wanted farming properly to laugh with gladness. One after another natives and foreigners gave up the unequal strug-

gie.

The latter soon found that except in the strips of river bottom they had struck land of a poverty beyond all calculation, and through whose too often porous subsoil manures disappeared with heart-breaking rapidity. No natural grass, as in the Northern States, and western counties even of Virginia, grew upon the waste places to cover their nakedness, but broomsedge and briars and thorns and saplings only. To achieve a set of clover required considerable effort, and even then the result was problematical while winter storms cut deep channels in the soft red hillsides, and summer suns blistered and defertilized the galls and scars that marked their course. In the middle of the "seventies" prices fell grievously. The West, with her overflowing abundance, grew nearer every year. All grades of tobacco but the very best, which was producible only in certain counties, ceased to pay. Growing seven or eight bushels of wheat to the acre, with an occasional twelve, had been possible under slavery, and remained possible, though hardly profitable with the high prices which followed the war, but with the collapse of the grain markets became an absurdity. The fattening of cattle on land that could rarely be persuaded to take or hold grass worth mentioning was out of the question. Guide books and histories, and magazine writers from time immemorial, tell us that all this was because the lands of East Virginia were worn out by repeated crops

of tobacco. There is a half or rather quarter truth about this—as every one with a practical experience of this subject knows—that amounts to a fiction. This is what many of the strangers thought who came into the country after the war, and it took them some years to find out that the greater part of the land was "naiteral po' in the woods," as the vernacular had it. The country had been well enough to live happily in and raise negroes. after this, till the West came into action, it remained as a sort of possibil-But with the fierce competition of fat prairies and low prices, what could such a region hope for? People cannot live on sentiment or feed on climate. Nor can old associations or tender memories keep the wolf from the door.

Ever since the period following the war it has been my lot to traverse, at stated intervals, the same twenty miles or so of the old Bethel Pike. And if I take as my text this particular line of road it is only because I know it best, and have been an eye-witness of its slow but sure decay, and have the melancholy satisfaction as I ride along of peopling its deserted homesteads and abandoned fields with familiar names and well-remembered faces. But this. after all, is but a fraction of a large slice of Virginia which tells the same sad tale. Nor would it be a spectacle half so pathetic if the country, as here and there is actually the case, had been wholly abandoned to the forests of scrub, oak, and pine, that without intrinsic value of their own would, if unchecked, at least have thrown their kindly canopy over these dismal skeletons of the past. But life, as I have said, flickers feebly yet upon these old estates. Heaven knows who they now belong to. Most of them have changed hands, and that more than once, and always at declining prices, since I first knew them. Many of them are now hardly worth paying taxes on, and taxes are low. Here and there a surviving scion of some old family may be found struggling with the briars, bearing but little likeness in appearance or education, and still less in the condition of his life, to his forbears. Sometimes the dilapidated acres are still

owned by the family, who are scattered in trade or what not all over the United States, while some "poor white" or negro tenant undertakes to pay a rent which theoretically almost nominal is reduced in practice to microscopic promany portions. Mortgagees own through foreclosure, storekeepers, perhaps, or lawyers in the local towns, and if they get rent enough to pay the taxes and keep the buildings from actually falling, it is the utmost satisfaction, unless maybe a few days quail shooting in November, that they derive from the acquisition. In some places, indeed, the forests have reasserted themselves so freely that the very deer, after a banishment of a century, let us say, have found their way back to as great a solitude as that from which they were originally driven. But for the most part the landscape lies as open as of old, and the fields keep their former boundaries, marking them rather by the lusty growth of briars and saplings that have flourished especially along the fences than by the rotting rails they hide. And at the season of the year when, in happier days, the cheery shout of the negro, as he followed his plough or harrow over the red corn lands, and the busy stir of rural life filled the air, the blooms of the dogwood and the wild cherry and the peach blow over wastes of broomsedge, that are in themselves, perhaps, less depressing to look upon than the dismal efforts to fight against fate which break the desolation.

Here is a hillside on whose briary face the withered corn stalks of two years ago are still standing, telling by their miserable attenuation a tale unmistakable. Here a few acres of wheat thin beyond belief upon the ground, and of a sickly color, save where some old tobacco-barn or cabin has stood, and a bright, rank patch shows by contrast what wheat should be in April, and what it is not. There, again, a field of last year's corn has been followed in the ordinary local rotation by oats, which amid dead corn-stalks and a promising growth of weeds and bushes is making a desperate struggle for existence. If it achieves this last it may thresh out six bushels to the acre, a miserable output indeed, but one which the sickly wheat-field across the road will hardly run to. Fine horses, as everybody knows, once scampered and whinnyed over these now tangled wastes, horses that were the pride of a sport-loving population, whose sires often had borne names of note upon Newmarket Heath and Epsom Downs; themselves distinguished upon Southern race-tracks, and not unfamiliar with the music of horn and hound. It is needless to remark that the Virginia horse, which still enjoys some reputation in America, does not find its model in the miserable drudges that, scarred by collar and trace-chain, toil in these unprofitable furrows, or drag the crazy, half-loaded wagons along the old rock

Following along the latter, it carries us every now and again with sharp descent and little ceremony into the waves of some rapid stream that brawls over its pebbly bed with a callous gayety that seems somehow at variance with the scenes through which it is travelling. As our steed, after the fashion of all its kind in Virginia, stands in midstream and slakes an apparently unquenchable thirst, a pleasant vista unfolds itself to left and right of sunlit foam and gray rocks, and bowers of leaves that willow, alder, beech, and sycamore form with their spreading branches.

Here, too, are some remnants of fertility, and, indeed, all along the tortuous course of the little river strips of alluvial bottom land will be found hugging its banks, which in former days, on the greater estates, made up in some sort for the infertile uplands that spread on either hand. Still in those days such choice bits were treated with some forbearance. To protect them from washing floods at least was the planters' care, and to sow them from time to time in meadow grass or clover. Even such simple operations are beyond the scope of the hungry, shiftless occupier of modern days, whose reckless plough vies with the wayward stream in destroying those few spots where he can still hope to raise some apology for a crop.

But perhaps it is in the homesteads themselves that the contrast between the "then and now" is saddest. Many of them you would hardly notice from the turnpike, for though standing mostly upon hill tops, those that have any past in a social sense are a long way back from the road, and often hidden by those stately groves of forest trees that throw their protecting arms around every well-constituted Virginia homestead.

Here is one that, even after the war, remained a type of that simple, gracious, old-fashioned hospitality that distinguished the period before it. The track that wandered off the turnpike through the woods to the private entrance was easy enough to overlook even in those days, and now when the dead leaves lie upon it, undisturbed by passing wheel or hoof, it is difficult to trace up to the two rotting posts upon which once hung the ever-open and hospitable gate. The house itself in a hospitable gate. score of years seems to have lived a lifetime, and to have hastened from cheerful and well-preserved middle age to decrepitude and decay. The windows have mostly fallen out, and a battered shutter hangs here and there by a single hinge from the sash to emphasize the woebegone aspect of the walls. Scarred are these with ominous-looking cracks in the brick that no inmates whose interest in life was vigorous and circulation normal could contemplate without dismay. A family of "poor whites" occupy one wing of the decaying mansion and work their wild will on a portion of the surrounding acres. And the "poor white" of Eastern Virginia is both in appearance and ways of life the most unlovely sample of Anglo-Saxon, of rural Anglo-Saxon at any rate, that an inscrutable Providence has fashioned. To suppose that a single window-pane would be replaced, a single nail driven into a loose plank, or a gate hung upon its hinges under the auspices of these gentry, would be not to know them. If anything were wanted to intensify the melancholy of this spectre of an old Virginia home the gaunt forms and yellow faces and vacant stare of its present occupants are well calculated to do so.

The heavy portico over the door, resting in the English fashion of the Georgian period, on lofty fluted columns, has shed the plaster from its

ceiling in big cakes upon the rotting steps. The Virginia squires never grasped the rudiments of landscape gardening. An acre or so of old turf shaded with forest trees and sprinkled with a few exotics filled, and upon the whole filled well, every requirement of dignity and comfort

dignity and comfort.

Not even this relic of former days, however, has escaped the aggressive inroad which nature abandoned to itself makes beneath these Southern suns. For the briars and weeds from the half-tilled fields without have leaped the broken palings of the lawn and are disputing every yard of ground with the old sod that seemed to have in it the resisting power of a century's growth and care.

In the vegetable garden, on which chiefly in olden days the care of the household, and above all of its ladies, used to be expended, the turf walks can still be traced, and the posts and trellis-work over which the grape-vines once clambered with such profusion are even yet partly standing—out of a jungle of weeds waist-high—old-fashioned herbs still push their heads up here and there for life and light, and the box-edgings of the beds have struggled up into rank bushes, stiff and

straight amid the chaos.

And yet perhaps it is the inside of the house that awakens the saddest memories. Each chamber in its musty silence has some tale of its own to tell, and the tale told within these particular walls is not that of a single family, but of hundreds—the story of a whole race who once were powerful, were a leading factor in the life, not of a province, but of a nation, and who have within a period comparatively brief passed out of existence. The nails are still sticking in the walls from which used to hang those homely but none the less treasured paintings of gentle-men in wigs and swords, and ladies who danced with Braddock's fated officers at Williamsburg, and as sober matrons turned up no doubt their pretty noses (in secret) at Patrick Henry's rustic eloquence and Mr. Jefferson's dowdy clothes. It needs not the memory of these vanished symbols to remind us how Virginia in prosperity and political influence was once the foremost of American common wealths, and had much more than her share in a numerical sense, considerable though this was, in guiding and shaping the early history of the United States.

Virginia as a state is, upon the whole, by no means unprosperous. have been looking at her moribund and historic half. That other portion, which represents her increase and prosperity, which fattens cattle and grows corn with moderate success, which delves for coal and iron, rears blast furnaces and factories and summer hotels, though beautiful indeed by nature, belongs otherwise to the commonplace tale of modern progress, and has no connection with the point of view from which this paper is written. this pleasant and prosperous western half that hugs the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and lies amid the shadow of the Alleghanies is not, to any appreciable extent, the Virginia of the days when her opinion was listened to by sister colonies and sister states with a deference that reads strangely now.

It is this old Virginia, this famous cradle of the English race beyond the sea, that now lies, to so great an extent, an almost hopeless desert, or what, compared to any other agricultural country in the civilized world, is practically a desert—and it is likely to remain so. This is not an age when the pressure of population is forcing men on to sterile lands—above all on to sterile lands in America, where migration is so simple and land so abundant. It is all, indeed, that the tillers of fertile farms can do, at this time, to hold their own. The owners

of indifferent lands are having an anxious time of it, while those who live upon poor ones, though they may have cultivated them with thrift and energy for generations, are abandoning their homes wholesale, as in New England, for the fatter pastures of the prairies, or the sunny fertility of the Pacific coast. And the abandoned farms of New England were considerably more productive than the mass of middle and eastern Virginia. Even the proximity to markets, which at one time partly neutralized the comparative poverty of eastern lands, has no longer any commercial significance. For purposes of export the railroads have equalized long freights and short ones, while in the matter of home markets the centre of population shifts farther westward every day. Nor, indeed, could any advantage of markets assist a country whose means of getting to them are over the worst roads in the world, and that has little chance now of ever having better ones. It is difficult to conceive, for those who really know it, any combination of circumstances that can, within measurable time, arrest the decay, of a large portion, of Virginia east of the Piedmont counties-a region, roughly speaking, half the size of England, and once preeminently the England of the New World, where the manners and customs, the sports, and even the prejudices of the mother country were reproduced with a fidelity that in colonial days was almost pathetic, and the traces of which are even yet not wholly extinct. - Fortnightly Review.

## LOUIS PASTEUR.

BY C. M. AIKMAN.

By the death of Louis Pasteur science has been bereft of one of her greatest masters, and France of one of her most illustrious sons. The history of his epoch-making discoveries reads like a romance, so full of interest are they to the general public, and so fraught with issues of first-rate importance to the welfare of the human race.

Columbus discovered America; Newton, Kepler, Herschel, Galileo and other great astronomers have brought to our knowledge the existence of worlds greater far than the earth we inhabit; and to Louis Pasteur we chiefly owe the discovery of the world of the "infinitely little," as Pouchet has felicitously called it, the world of

micro-organic life, or, as it is popularly known, the world of "germs."

It may be doubted whether any single scientific worker has ever contributed as much as Pasteur has done for the advancement of so many departments of science; and hence there are few names of scientific men so univer-The fact, too, sally known as his. that much of his work was of an intensely practical character, and had such a direct bearing on many industries, has contributed not a little to the widespread nature of his fame. Perhaps, however, the highly fascinating nature of many of his researches, appealing as they do to the popular imagination, has done as much as anything else to carry Pasteur's fame over the length and breadth of the civilized world. In biology, in chemistry, in physics and in medicine, it is simple truth to say that his discoveries have been epoch-making. He has done much to create an entirely new science, viz., bacteriology-a science which. during the last few years, has made such gigantic progress that it bids fair to rival, in extent, all the other natural sciences. Scarcely less wonderful have been his contributions to the development of the great industries of agriculture, of silk manufacture, and of brewing and distilling. But, great as Pasteur's actual discoveries in science are, it may be safely asserted that the suggestive value of his work, in opening up fresh fields of research, has been, if possible, even greater; so that Pasteur's reputation, it may be safely predicted, will grow with the lapse of

The interest in Pasteur's career centres in his scientific discoveries. His private life was quiet and uneventful. We have a pleasant picture of his history up to the year 1883, in a work written by M. Pasteur's own son-inlaw, M. Valéry Radot, entitled "M. Pasteur, Histoire d'un Savant par un Ignorant." As this work may be regarded as authoritative, the few facts here quoted, touching the scientist's early history, are culled from its pages.

He was born at Dôle (Jura) on the 27th December, 1822. The life of his father had been a rough one. An old soldier, decorated on the field of bat-

tle, he had been forced on his return to France to earn his living as a tanner. Louis was his only child, and both he and his wife watched the development of their son with the greatest solicitude. They seem to have harbored, from the very first, ambitious dreams for little Louis' future, and the greatest care was taken with the child's education. Both parents were wont frequently to say that they would "make a man of him." ln 1825, when Louis was only three years old, his parents removed to Arbois (a small town of about five thousand inhabitants), and as soon as Louis was old enough he was sent to the collège communal of that town. At that time the father's great ambition was that the son might become a professor in the College of Arbois.

Although showing at an early age a great aptitude for learning, the future great chemist did not disdain the sports of boyhood, and was much devoted to fishing. When scarcely thirteen years old he began to exhibit the possession of artistic talents; and a number of portraits are still to be seen in the houses of Arbois, drawn by the pre-Indeed, one old lady cocious child. of Arbois recently expressed her regret that he should have abandoned painting for chemistry, as she felt assured that, had he stuck to art, he would have achieved great fame as a painter. In the interests of humanity let us be thankful that it was otherwise ordained.

That the young Louis had a great future before him seems to have been early recognized in his career at the Arbois college by its principal, who expressed his opinion that he would yet fill a chair in a royal college, and who, subsequently, did not scruple to fire the youth's ambition with dreams of the "École Normale."

As the College of Arbois was not fully equipped, and possessed no professor of philosophy, young Pasteur was soon compelled to leave it in order to finish his course, which he did at Besançon; where, after a year's study, he received the degree of Bachelier ès Lettres, and shortly afterward a tutorship. In the intervals between his duties he devoted himself to the prep-

arations necessary for the examinations of the Ecole Normale. It was at this time that he first began to interest himself in chemistry. The professor at the college was M. Darlay, who soon recognized in this eager and enthusiastic student a master's mind. In due course Pasteur presented himself for examination for the Ecole Normale, with the result that he came out fourteenth on the list. But this did not satisfy him; and he determined, despite the remonstrances of friends, to again submit himself to examination after he should have completed another This year he spent in year's study. Paris, under a schoolmaster named M. Barbet; and at its expiry he entered the Ecole Normale as fourth on the

Pasteur, who was now twenty-one years of age, henceforth devoted his entire attention to the study of chemistry. Not merely did he work under Balard, who was at that time the professor of chemistry at the École Normale, but he also attended the lectures of Dumas at the Sorbonne. His enthusiasm for science soon gained him the attention of his teachers, and especially of M. Delafosse, who was engaged in investigations in molecular physics.

Pasteur's first researches were devoted to problems connected with this interesting department of science. About this time a communication was made, by the eminent German chemist, Mitscherlich, to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of the tartrate and paratartrate of soda and ammonia, which led Pasteur to his first great discovery. Mitscherlich had pointed out that the tartrate and the paratartrate of soda and ammonia, although possessing the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, and the same specific gravity, yet differed in respect of the fact that, when dissolved in water, their solutions behave differently with regard to their action on light, the solution of the tartrate causing the plane of polarized light to rotate, while the solution of the paratartrate exercised no such action. teur could not believe that bodies identical in their atomic composition and crystalline form could differ in their relation to light, and he consequently devoted himself to a laborious measurement of the crystals of these and other compounds

compounds.

While engaged in this work, an incident occurred which threatened to interrupt the young investigator in his interesting researches. This was his nomination to the professorship of physics at the Lycée of Tournon. The influence of Balard, who specially visited the Bureau of the Minister of Education, in the interests of his distinguished pupil, was effectual in cancelling the nomination, and Pasteur was allowed to romain at the École Normale.

The results of his investigations on the tartrates and paratartrates solved the problem which had been thrown down as a kind of challenge to science by the eminent German chemist, and at once established Pasteur's position

as a scientific investigator.

It is impossible to describe at any length the nature of this discovery of Pasteur's, since it can alone be appreciated by the scientific chemist. may be sufficient here to say that he found that the crystals of tartaric acid were symmetrical, while those of paratartaric (now known as racemic) acid He further found that in were not. the latter acid there are two distinct forms of tartaric acid, of which the one is like the ordinary tartaric acid, and deflects light to the right; while the other deflects it to the left. two in combination neutralize one another, with the result that the solution of racemic acid does not deflect light in either direction. He further found that the same held true of their com-These earliest researches of Pasteur did much to throw light on the important subject of the architecture of molecules, and thereby laid the foundation of that most important and fascinating department of chemical research known as stereo-chemistry, which, in the hands of such men as Van't Hoff, Le Bel and others, has prepared the way for some of the greatest achievements of modern chemistry. has been well said that if Pasteur had done nothing more for science than this, he would have been sure of a great reputation among chemists. It is needless to add, however, that to the general public his name would probably never have been known.

Pasteur's discovery created a profound sensation at the Academy of Sciences, and the venerable M. Biot was charged with obtaining from Pasteur the verification of his results; and it was with feelings of deep emotion that this distinguished investigator had ocular demonstration afforded

him of their accuracy.

In 1847 Pasteur was appointed Professor of Physics at Dijon Lycée, and, three months later, he was nominated Assistant-Professor of Chemistry at Strassburg, where he continued till During this period Pasteur was married to Mademoiselle Laurent, a daughter of the Rector of the Academy of Strassburg. As illustrative of his great absorption in his scientific studies, it is asserted that, on the very morning of his marriage, it was necessary to go to his laboratory and remind him of the event that was to take place that

But Pasteur's labors were, at this point, diverted into a very different channel by one of those seemingly trivial incidents which, several times in his career, were destined to lead to his most important discoveries. About this time a German firm of manufacturing chemists observed the proneness to fermentation of solutions of the impure commercial tartrate of lime. This incident at once excited Pasteur's interest, fresh as he was from the study of the tartrates; and he immediately turned his attention to the question. His investigations led him to recognize, as the cause of the fermentation of the tartrate, a minute organism. It was thus that Pasteur was drawn away from his studies in pure chemistry to the study of micro-organic life. biographer has told us of the reluctance with which Pasteur abandoned his researches in molecular physics, and his conviction that he might have been able to do great work in this department; and further that he never ceased to lament subsequently his inability to retrace his steps.

The incident which finally determined him to throw himself into the question of fermentation was his ap-

pointment, at the age of thirty-two, as Dean of the Faculté des Sciences at Lille. One of the principal industries of the district was the manufacture of alcohol from beetroot and corn; and he felt that if he could make himself useful to his hearers, he would thereby excite general sympathy with the new Faculté, and promote the scientific brewing of beer that might compete successfully with that of Austria and Thus it was that Pasteur Germany. found himself committed to a line of research in which he was destined to make so many brilliant discoveries, and which was to have such a far-reaching effect on the advancement of science, and on many of the world's great industries, while opening up the world

of micro-organic life.

The circulation of matter, which is constantly taking place on the earth's surface, is due to the processes of fermentation and putrefaction. must die, and when dead must be disintegrated, dissolved, or gasefied. This is a law on which the perpetuity of life depends. Were it not operative, the earth's surface would soon become encumbered to such an extent as to render life impossible. Now the method in which this law is carried into execution has long been a mystery; and many attempts have been made to account for fermentation and putrefac-At the time Pasteur took up the subject one theory held undisputed sway. It was an old theory which had been revived by Liebig, and was to the following effect: "The ferments are all nitrogenous substances, albumin, fibrin, casein, or the liquids which embrace them-milk, blood, urine-in a state of alteration which they undergo in contact with the air." According to this theory, the oxygen of the air was really the first cause of the splitting up of the nitrogenous substances; and the process was communicated from particle to particle in the interior of the fermentable mass. The phenomena of fermentation, in short, were not regarded as vital phenomena, but merely chemical. This theory, it may be mentioned in passing, was based on experiments made at the beginning of the century by Gay Lussac. Berzelius and Mitscherlich put forward

another theory. According to them, the phenomena of fermentation are exemplifications of what they term "the phenomena of contact," and it is by their mere contact that ferments induce fermentation. Now in tracing the development of Pasteur's views on the subject—views which led him to ascribe the process of fermentation to the presence of minute organisms—it may be well to say a word or two on the state of knowledge, at that time, of these minute denizens of our globe.

The existence of organisms far smaller than the naked eye can discover was little dreamed of until comparatively What we now call bacrecent years. teria were first discovered by the Dutch naturalist, Leeuwenhoeck, in the saliva of the mouth. He did not, however, know what they were; and the first scientific observations on the subject were really made by Ehrenberg, the German naturalist, who commanded the use of a better microscope than that commanded by Leeuwenhoeck. It was to this naturalist that they owed the name by which they were for some time known, viz., infusoria, or infusion animals. He considered them to be the lowest members of the animal kingdom, a belief which perhaps still prevails in the popular mind, but which has been regarded by scientific men for a number of years as erroneous. As the late Professor Tyndall has well pointed out, Pasteur's great predecessor in this class of investigation was Schwann, who showed that the processes of putrefaction and fermentation were due to living organisms, which were present in great abundance in the air, and were not due to mere contact with the air itself. Cagniard-Latour had also studied the ferment known as yeast, which he discovered was composed of cells which multiplied by budding, and which he thought were connected with the fermentation of sugar. These views, however, attracted little notice, owing to the dominant influence of the older theory, supported as it was by the great Liebig. From his very earliest investigations, however, Pasteur was led to support the views of Schwann and Cagniard-Latour. It has been well remarked by Sir James Paget that Pasteur's brilliant results

in this department of research were due to the application of a combination of chemical and microscopical methods, a union which hitherto had not been practised in investigating such questions.

When milk is allowed to stand in contact with the air for some time, it becomes, as we are all aware, sour. This souring is due to a process known as lactic fermentation, and, as Pasteur was able to show, consists in the production of lactic acid by minute organisms. It was this class of fermentation which Pasteur first studied, and he was very soon able to discover and describe the organism causing it. These were in the shape of "little rods, nipped in the centre, extremely small, being hardly the thousandth part of a millimetre (1-25,000th of an inch) in diameter. He was further able to describe the method in which they reproduced themselves, which was that known as fission, viz., a process in which each rod became divided into

The memoirs containing the results of these early researches on fermentation were presented to the Academy of Sciences in 1857. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that results so antagonistic to the popular views on the question were not accepted by the scientific world without much discussion, and, in some cases, bitter dissent. deed, all Pasteur's results have met with a similar reception, as it is only natural they should have done, in view of their revolutionary character. It has only been by long years of patient labor that he has succeeded in convincing the scientific world of the truth of his conclusions. Especially in the great German chemist, Liebig, he always found a keen opponent to his theories on fermentation; and, naturally, Liebig's attitude did much to influence a large section of the scientific world.

The discovery of the lactic ferment was speedily followed by that of another ferment, viz., the butyric. In studying this latter species of ferment, which gives rise to the production of butyric acid, Pasteur discovered a hitherto new and unsuspected characteristic of certain kinds of microscopic life. Not only are the vibrios producing

butyric fermentation able to develop in the absence of air, but the presence of atmospheric oxygen at once destroys them, and arrests the fermentation which they initiate. In his subsequent researches he found that in this respect a number of micro-organisms resemble the butyric ferment. To such organisms he has applied the name anaérobies; while the term aérobies denotes those other microscopic organisms which, like animals, cannot live without air.

From the study of butyric fermentation Pasteur passed on to that of acetic, a class of fermentation which, from an industrial point of view, is of the highest importance, since on it depends the manufacture of vinegar. As every one is aware, wine-especially such a light wine as claret—when allowed to stand exposed to the air for some time, becomes sour; in short, it is turned This conversion of alinto vinegar. cohol into vinegar Pasteur discovered was due to the action of a minute organism, the mycoderma aceti. In the operation oxygen is fixed from the air and the alcohol is oxidized into acetic acid.

On Pasteur's results being published, they met, as usual, with keen opposition from Liebig. He asked why, if Pasteur's theory were correct, a simple mixture of alcohol and pure water, when exposed to the air, did not ferment? and why it was only after the addition of a little nitrogenous matter to the mixture that acetic fermentation was induced? The facts of the case seemed at first sight to furnish a very strong argument in favor of the truth of Liebig's own theory of fermentation, which, it may be remembered, was to the effect that ferments were nitrogenous substances, liable to alteration in contact with the oxygen of the air. Pasteur, however, soon showed that the true explanation of this matter was to be found in the fact that the mycoderm, which effects the fermentation, requires for its development a nitrog-That this was so he enous aliment. conclusively proved by showing that, even when the albuminoid matter was entirely replaced by food of a mineral origin, consisting of alkaline and earthy phosphates to which had been added a

little phosphate of ammonia, fermentation took place.

In the month of October, 1857, Pasteur was called to Paris to the École. Normale Supérieure as Director of Scientific Studies. The post, as it was not a professorship, carried no laboratory with it; but Pasteur did not hesitate to fit up a laboratory at his own expense in one of the garrets of the École Normale. He now divided his time between his professional duties and his laboratory experiments.

It was about this time that, greatly against the advice of many of his friends, he took up the question of spontaneous generation. In order to render the points of issue clear to the mind of the reader, it may be desirable to give a brief sketch of the development of this theory, which was so keenly debated some thirty years ago.

The beliefs of the ancient world on the subject may be illustrated by the statements that, according to Aristotle, "all dry bodies which become damp, and all damp bodies which are dried, engender animal life;" and that, according to Virgil, bees are produced from the decomposing entrails of a young bull. The views held at the beginning of the seventeenth century were hardly a whit more advanced. Jean Baptiste Van Helmont, one of the best known of the alchemists, taught that "the smells which rise from the bottom of morasses produce frogs, leeches, grasses, and things," and he gives the following recipe for producing a pot of mice. It consists in "pressing an old shirt into the orifice of a vessel containing a little corn. After about twenty-one days the ferment, proceeding from the dirty shirt, modified by the odor of the corn, effects the transmutation of the wheat into mice." The crowningpoint in this recipe, however, consists in the fact that Van Helmont asserted that he had witnessed the fact, and adds, "the mice are born full-grown. They are both males and females. reproduce the species it suffices to pair them"! Again, Van Helmont says, "Scoop out a hole in a brick, put into it some sweet basil crushed, lay a second brick upon the first, so that the whole may be perfectly covered, expose

the two bricks to the sun, and at the end of a few days the smell of the sweet basil, acting as a ferment, will change the herb into real scorpions."\* Such views had, by their obvious absurdity, led to the abandonment, if not to the complete overthrow, of the doctrine of spontaneous generation, when the discovery of the microscope again revived it. How, it was asked, can the presence and rapid multiplication, in dead vegetable and animal matter, of innumerable microscopic organisms be explained, except by adopting the theory of spontaneous generation? The theory, moreover, gained much popularity from the fact that among its supporters were eminent scientific men like Buffon. About the middle of the eighteenth century the question was keenly debated by two ecclesiastics -viz., the English priest Needham and the Italian priest Spallanzani. subject thereafter was allowed to rest for many years, and it was not revived till 1858, when M. Pouchet, Director of the Museum of Natural History of Rouen, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences, declared that he had succeeded in demonstrating, in a manner absolutely certain, the existence of microscopic living organisms which had come into the world without germs, and consequently without parents, similar to themselves. proof of M. Pouchet's contention depended on the following experiment. He filled a bottle with boiling water. It was then hermetically seafed with the greatest care, and plunged upside down in a basin of mercury. the water had become cold, the bottle was uncorked under the mercury, and half a litre of pure oxygen gas was introduced into it. Lastly, a small bunch of hay, which had been exposed in a stove for a long time to a temperature over the boiling temperature of At the end of water, was introduced. a week mouldiness was developed in the infusion. How was the origin of mouldiness to be explained, except on the assumption of spontaneous generation? for, under the circumstances,

Pouchet thought there was no possibility of ingress of any of the germs floating in the air, which the opponents of the theory claimed to be the source of all microscopic life.\* But Pasteur showed that this assumption of Pouchet's was not warranted. He pointed out that although Pouchet had taken precautions to exclude several sources of contamination, he had neglected altogether to take into account the mercury, which Pasteur showed contained a large number of germs. carried out experiments similar to those of Pouchet, taking care, however, to remove every cause of error; and he succeeded in keeping extremely putrescible substances, when properly isolated, from all sources of germ contamination unchanged for any length of time. That germ life was abundant in the air he further proved by passing ordinary air through cotton wool, and subsequently washing it out and examining it microscopically, when it was found that an abundance of microorganisms were visible.

It was about this time, viz., 1860, that the Academy of Sciences awarded him a prize, which they had offered a short time previous, the conditions of which were as follows: "To endeavor, by well-contrived experiments, to throw new light upon the question of

spontaneous generation."

Pasteur next turned his attention to researches on the occurrence of bacteria in the air under different conditions, and in different parts of the earth's surface. These were carried out by preparing a number of glass bulbs containing a certain amount of putrescible liquid. These bulbs were sterilized by boiling, and hermetically sealed up in such a manner that they could conveniently be carried about. When it was desired to test the air of any place, the bulbs were opened, when the air and any germs it contained The bulbs were therefound ingress. after hermetically sealed. In this way

<sup>\*</sup>See "Louis Pasteur: His Life and Labors. By his son-in-law. Translated by Lady Claud Hamilton," pp. 89, 90. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

<sup>\*</sup> A fact may be here pointed out which was at that time unknown—viz., that the spores of the hay bacillus, as well as several others of the more resistant class, have been proved to be capable of resisting for a short time temperatures even in excess of the boiling-point of water.

the air in different parts of the country, and in some cases that on the top of high mountains, was tested. bulbs were then all brought back to Paris, and in the month of November, 1860, they were deposited on the table of the Academy of Sciences. Where the liquid in the bulb had remained unchanged, it was inferred that the air of the places where the bulbs had been broken was free from germ-life. The result of these and similar experiments enabled Pasteur to prove that, although germ-life was very abundant in the air, it was by no means universal, and that the air on the top of high mountains was practically free of it. We shall have occasion to refer to the distribution of micro-organic life, proved by subsequent research, at the conclusion of this paper.

These researches may be described as having given the death-blow to the doctrine of abiogenesis, or spontaneous generation; though, indeed, this doctrine was subsequently revived, and with some success for a time, by the

late Dr. Bastian.

Having thus settled the question of spontaneous generation, Pasteur returned to his studies on fermentation. Following up his investigations on acetic fermentation, he undertook to investigate the diseases of wine. cording to the then accepted theory, wine was a body, the constituents of which were always undergoing certain This was expressed in the changes. statement that wine was always " work-As this theory, however, involved the doctrine of spontaneity, a doctrine which Pasteur had just demolished, it naturally did not satisfy He accordingly threw himself into the study of the question with his accustomed energy and enthusiasm. By means of his rigorous experimental method, he soon proved that the "diseases" of wine are not to be attributed to the "working" of its constituents, but are exclusively dependent on micro organic life, the germs of which exist in the wine from the moment of original fermentation. Having discovered the cause, he next set himself to devise methods for the prevention of these diseases. This, he found, could easily be done by simply heating the wine, after it had been bottled and corked, to a temperature of 140° Fahrenheit, a treatment which, while it prevented the diseases, in no wise affected the quality of the wine. In this way he was able to confer an enormous boon on one of the most im-

portant industries of France.

But this was destined erelong to be followed by even a more important service to the cause of industry. The population of certain departments of the South of France are engaged in the cultivation of silkworms, a trade which demands the exercise of ceaseless vigilance, and is subject to many vicissitudes. In the year 1849 an epidemic broke out among the silkworms to which the name pébrine was given. The symptoms of this disease were many and varied, and the result was that an enormous number of worms was killed and the trade much impov-Some cultivators attributed its prevalence to the bad eggs, and got their supplies from abroad; and while at first this seemed to have a good effect, it was found, year by year, that the plague spread, and Spain and Italy, two countries from which external sources of supplies were obtained, were likewise smitten. Greece and Turkey were next ransacked, but the epidemic soon reached even these countries, and, as a last resource, eggs were imported from Syria and the provinces of the But even these sources Caucasus. were not free from the disease. ters now assumed a most alarming aspect, and France was threatened with the extinction of a most important industry.

"Agricultural societies, governments, all the world was preoccupied with this scourge and its invading march. It was said to be some malady like cholera which attacked the silkworms. Hundreds of pamphlets were published each year. The most foolish remedies were proposed as quite infallible—from flowers of sulphur, cinders, and soot spread over the worms, or over the leaves of the mulberry, to gaseous fumigations of chlorine, of tar, and of sulphurous acid. Wine, rum, absinthe, were prescribed for the worms, and after the absinthe it was advised to try creosote and nitrate of silver. In 1863 the Minister of Agriculture signed an agreement with an Italian who had offered for purchase a process destined to combat the disease of the silkworms, by which he, the Minister, engaged himself, in case the efficacy of the rem-

edy was established, to pay 500,000 francs as an indemnity to the Italian silk-cultivator. Experiments were instituted in twelve departments, but without any favorable result. In 1865 the weight of the cocoons had fallen to four million kilogrammes This entailed a loss of 100,000,000 francs."\*

The French Senate was appealed to by a despairing petition signed by over 3600 mayors and councillors and capitalists of the silk cultivating depart-The result was that a commission was appointed, and M. Dumas was instructed to draw up a report. If any man could trace the source of the disease, that man, M. Dumas felt sure, was Pasteur, and he accordingly urged him to devote himself to the question. At first Pasteur hesitated, as it seemed to be entirely out of his line of work. But M. Dumas' influence, and the importance of the issues at stake, ultimately prevailed, and Pasteur was induced to take up the prob-Up to this time, it may be mentioned, he had never even handled a silkworm. The method in which he set about his investigations was essentially characteristic, and furnishes an excellent example of the rigorous methods of experiment he always practised, and to which undoubtedly his great discoveries were largely owing.

On June 6, 1865, he started for Alais, the scene of the epidemic. On accepting, at Dumas' request, the commission to investigate the question, he had immediately turned over in his mind the method he should employ in attacking the problem. He had been struck, on reading one of the most comprehensive memoirs on the subject of the silk disease—which had been presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. de Quatrefages—with a paragraph in which it was mentioned that some Italian naturalists had detected in the worms and moths of the silkworm minute corpuscles, visible only to the microscope. They had also been detected in the eggs of the silkworms. M. de Quatrefages, in mentioning the fact, did not seem to attach any significance to it. The observation, however, made a deep impression on Pasteur's mind, and suggested to him the idea that the discase might be actually traced to these microscopic bodies.

Arrived at Alais, the scene of the epidemic, he lost no time in setting about his investigations; and it is indicative of the invincible energy of the man that, within a few hours of his arrival, he had actually proved the presence of these corpuscles in certain silkworms, and shown them to others. The following day he installed himself in a little house in the neighborhood, and thence messengers were despatched into all the surrounding districts for the remains of backward cultivations.

During the next two years he labored incessantly at the problem, establishing himself for some months each year in the little cottage at Alais. At the expiry of that period he had definitely proved the connection of the corpuscles with the pébrine disease. But Pasteur found that pébrine was not, as was at that time commonly believed, the only disease afflicting the silkworm, but that another disease known as flacherie was also prevalent. This disease he also soon succeeded in tracing to an organism. Thus it was that after nearly four years' labor he was able to demonstrate the source of the trouble. and, by laying down some simple instructions as to the method for procuring the cultivation of pure eggs, was able to rescue this great industry from the extinction with which it was threatened.

The disease had been discovered, and a great industry saved from ruin. But, alas, at what a price! For the strain of the last four years' work had proved too much for Pasteur's physical strength, and in October, 1868, at the early age of forty-five, he was struck down with paralysis. For a while his life seemed to hang in the balance, and, even after the first danger was passed, it long seemed doubtful whether he would ever be able to resume his labors. For some months he remained entirely paralyzed, and incapable of the slightest movement. But his indomitable spirit eventually triumphed, and two years later he was able to resume work. and if, physically, somewhat crippled, yet, mentally, as vigorous as ever.

In May, 1869, excited by the scepticism with which the results of his re-

<sup>\*</sup> See "Pasteur's Life," by M. Radot, pp. 132, 133.

cent investigations on the silkworm disease were received in certain quarters, he determined to revisit Alais and have his experiments repeated and Although hardly able, at verified. this time, to move, and certainly not in a fit state to endure the fatigue of travelling, he was not to be dissuaded. Although undertaken with great anxiety, the journey was eventually safely accomplished, and he found himself once more at the scene of his former labors in the neighborhood of Alais. All that he could do was to sit in an armchair and direct his experiments. These were again resumed in the following spring, and amply confirmed his previous results.

About this time he was afforded by the French Emperor an opportunity of practically demonstrating his proposed method of artificial culture. The Emperor proposed that Pasteur should try it, on a commercial scale, at the Villa Vicentina, in Austria, which belonged to the Prince Imperial. This offer was gladly accepted by Pasteur, who forthwith proceeded to Austria. For the last ten years the silk harvest at this place, which was situated near Trieste, had not sufficed to pay the cost of the eggs. Pasteur's success may therefore be imagined when it is stated that the sale of the cocoons, reared according to his process, gave to the Villa a net profit of twenty-six million francs. This was in July, 1870, and Pasteur was forthwith nominated by the Emperor a Senator. But when he returned to France, it was to find that war had been declared. A patriot to his heart's core, the disasters which France suffered in the course of that ill-starred campaign deeply stirred him, and undoubtedly did much to retard his recovery.

But when the war at last was over, Pasteur again felt stimulated to resume his work, and, desirous of returning to the subject of fermentation, he this time devoted himself to the study of beer. The result of his classic researches on this subject was to throw a flood of light on the problems connected with the fermentation of beer, and to revolutionize the brewing industry. The various "diseases" beer is subject to were traced by Pasteur to

NEW SERIES.—Vol. LXIV., No. 6.

the action of ferments, quite easily distinguishable from the yeast. Indeed, Pasteur showed that a simple examination of the yeast before use might in many cases prevent many of the troubles to which beer is liable.

We now come to discuss what undoubtedly were Pasteur's greatest researches, researches which have directly or indirectly exercised an enormous influence on the advance of medical knowledge. We refer to his researches on the causes of virulent diseases. From diseases in beer and wine, and more especially in silkworms, to animal diseases, is after all a natural transition; and it is not to be wondered at that Pasteur should have been led sooner or later to the study of this

question.

Before, however, committing himself to the investigation of virulent diseases, he hesitated for a considerable time, on the ground that he was not himself a medical man; but these scruples were happily eventually overcome, and Pasteur took up the investigation of a terrible malady prevalent among animals, more especially sheep and oxen, variously known as charbon, splenic fever, and anthrax. As early as the year 1850 Rayer and Davaine had discovered in the blood of animals. suffering from this disease the presence of minute organisms. The subject, however, was long allowed to rest. Directed to the question by Pasteur's researches, Davaine again took up the subject in 1868, and pronounced the organism to be the cause of the disease. It was not till the year 1876 that the question received elaborate study. In that year the now famous Dr. Koch published the result of an elaborate study of the bacillus causing anthrax, Koch pointed out that, while many animals were subject to this terrible disease, birds possessed immunity. As the late Professor Tyndall has remarked, "We here come upon what we may call a 'hand specimen' of the genius of Pasteur." Why, he asked himself, should birds enjoy this immu-He had already proved that the microbe of splenic fever does not develop when subjected to a temperature of 44° C. As the temperature of birds is between 41° and 42° C., the idea was

at once suggested to Pasteur's mind that herein might be found the explanation. The theory admitted of being easily tested, and the experiment was A hen was forthwith undertaken. taken, and, after being inoculated with splenic fever blood, it was placed with its feet in water at a temperature of 25° C. The result was that at the end of twenty-four hours the hen was dead from splenic fever. But a still more striking experiment followed. other hen was inoculated, the temperature of its blood lowered, and splenic fever consequently induced. When the fever was seen to be at its height the hen was taken out of the water, wrapped carefully in cotton-wool, and placed in an oven at a temperature of 35° C., when it at once recovered. Can one conceive of simpler and, at the same time, more convincing experiments than the above? Fowl cholera was next studied, and likewise shown to be due to a micro-organism.

But important as these results undoubtedly were, they led to a discovery which was of incalculably greater significance. In the course of cultivating disease-producing germs in artificial media, Pasteur found that, under certain circumstances, their virulence became considerably diminished, and that in this condition they might be inoculated into the animal body without fa-The condition, under tal results. which such "attenuation," as it is called, of the virus takes place, is the length of time which elapses between successive cultivations. It may be here well to explain that the method used for isolating different micro-organisms, and for obtaining pure cultures of them, consists of a succession of cultivations in specially sterilized media, each cultivation being "seeded" from the preceding one. In this way the organism, the pure culture of which it is desired to obtain, is eventually freed from admixture with other organisms. Now if these successive cultivations sufficiently rapidly succeed each other, no diminution in the virulence of the pathogenic germ takes place. If, however, on the contrary, an interval of some length elapses between each cul-- tivation, the virulence is considerably diminished, and an "attenuated" virus is produced, the amount of attenuation being determined by the number of cultivations it has undergone. This in itself was a truly valuable discovery, but a far more important point was yet to be discovered. If such an attenuated virus be inoculated into an animal, susceptible to the disease, it imparts to that animal immunity to future attacks from the disease—that is to say, it imparts to the animal immunity from the action of the virus, so that when an animal which has been inoculated with an attenuated culture is subsequently inoculated with the most virulent culture of the same virus it suffers no ill effects. Had Pasteur made no other discovery than this, he might well have been regarded as one of the greatest benefactors to the human race, for by these wonderful investigations not merely had he traced the cause of certain diseases, but he had also shown how the disease might be successfully warded off.

It does not detract from the merit of Pasteur's discovery to point to the fact that the principle of vaccination introduced by Jenner is based on similar considerations to the above, for, as it has been well pointed out, it was the principle underlying Jenner's discov-

ery that Pasteur discovered.

In 1881, immediately after the publication of Pasteur's wonderful results on the subject of attenuated virus, the president of the Society of Agriculture in Melun offered him an opportunity of proving, on a large practical scale, the accuracy of his theory. Pasteur boldly accepted this offer, and it was agreed that the Society should place at his disposal, for experimenting with the vaccine (as Pasteur, after Jenner, called the attenuated virus) of splenic fever, sixty sheep. Ten of the sheep were not to receive any treatment; twenty-five were to be subjected to two vaccinal inoculations by vaccines of unequal strength; and some days later they, along with the twenty-five remaining ones, were to be inoculated with virulent virus. A similar experiment was to be made upon ten cows. Six were to be vaccinated and four not vaccinated, and the ten were subsequently to be inoculated on the same day as the fifty sheep with virulent

Pasteur holdly asserted that the twenty-five sheep which had not been vaccinated would perish, while the twenty-five vaccinated ones would resist the action of the virus, and that the six vaccinated cows would not take the disease, while the four which had not been vaccinated, even if they did not die, would be extremely ill. can easily be imagined that when the particulars of this proposed experiment came to be known the greatest excitement prevailed in scientific circles, and it was feared that Pasteur had been indiscreet to so commit himself. the results of the experiment, when it did take place, justified in a marvellous manner his bold attitude, as everything happened exactly as he had predicted. Such a demonstration of the truth of a theory so soon after its promulgation has rarely been afforded. Pasteur was overwhelmed with applications for vaccine, and at the end of the year some thirty-four thousand animals had been vaccinated, while two years later the number amounted to half a million.

Pasteur's most widely-known work is that on the dreadful disease of hydrophobia, and here a great advance was effected on his preceding researches. Not merely can disease be prevented by vaccination, carried out previous to the attack of the disease, but the progress of the disease may be cut short by The fame of Pasteur's vaccination. treatment of rabies is so widespread and so familiar to all, and his success so universally acknowledged, that we need do little more than mention these researches. The method consists of treating the unfortunate victim to a series of inoculations of varying degrees of attenuation.

Pasteur died on Saturday, September 28, 1895, at Garches, in a house which had been placed at his disposal for the study of rabies by the Municipality of Paris. For some years previous he had been in failing health; indeed, when we consider his paralytic seizure in 1868, and the vast amount of valuable work he performed during the latter years of his life, it seems little short of a marvel that he should have lived to such an age as seventy-two.

The difficulty of appraising the position of a great man at his death is considerable. The perspective for obtaining a correct view of the position of his life and labors is wanting, and the tendency sometimes is to overestimate the man's greatness. ture to think that in Pasteur's case no such difficulty exists. His labors are so well known, and their enormous importance so widely acknowledged, that we run no risk of exaggeration in saying that, by the death of Louis Pasteur, the world lost the living presence of one of the most illustrious masters of science. In the preceding pages we have done little more than outline, in the barest manner, some of his more important researches. How numerous these were may be ascertained by the inspection of the Royal Society's list of his papers, where the titles of one hundred and thirty-seven separate memoirs are mentioned.

During the later years of his life many and distinguished were the honors showered upon him. Chief among these may be mentioned his election to the French Academy in 1881, in succession to Littré; the bestowal, in 1874, by the French Government, of a yearly pension of 20,000 francs; and his election as a grand officer of the Legion of Honor. He was also a foreign member of our own Royal Society, which conferred on him the Rumford medal in 1856. We have mentioned Pasteur's intense patriotism. led him, in 1871, to return to the Bonn University the diploma of membership which had been awarded to The same feelings prompted him. him to refuse the high Prussian order "Pour le Mérite," which was offered him on the occasion of the Kiel festivities by the German Emperor. undoubtedly, the honor which he himself most highly prized was the foundation of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, at a cost of £100,000.

As already mentioned, great as the direct value of Pasteur's numerous researches are, their indirect value, in suggesting and stimulating research in new fields of scientific labor, is even greater. It may be well to glance for a moment, for the purpose of illustrating this point, at some indications

of the fruit which these researches have

already so abundantly borne.

We have pointed out that his early and purely chemical researches did much to lay the foundations of that important department of modern chemistry known as stereo-chemistry, which has led to discoveries of far-reaching import. But it is by a consideration of the present condition of that infant science, bacteriology, which owns Pasteur as one of its chief founders, that the truest conception of the debt human knowledge owes to him may be obtained. Although the kingdom of micro-organic life has only been so recently opened up, the enormous energy displayed in this department of research has already made known to science more than one thousand different kinds of its minute inhabitants. Between the years 1890 and 1892 more than one thousand papers were published by different observers in different parts of the world on the subject of bacteria. The air we breathe, the water we drink, and the very ground on which we tread contain millions of them. Indeed, from recent researches, it would seem that, in order to obtain air free from micro-organic life, we must betake ourselves to the middle of the ocean or to the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Nor must it be imagined that the rôle performed by them in the terrestrial economy is chiefly inimical to the welfare of mankind, as the public are too apt to imagine. On the whole, their beneficent action far outweighs the evil they do. The more we study the functions they perform, the more impressed are we with their enormous

importance.

Perhaps nowhere is their beneficent rôle more strikingly illustrated than in the great industry of agriculture. Every cubic inch of soil is teeming with millions of bacteria, whose function it is to elaborate and prepare the food of the plant. Especially important is the relation of micro-organic life to the nitrogenous matter of the soil; and two of the most noteworthy discoveries ever made in agricultural science are the discoveries that nitrogen, in the organic form and as ammonia salts, is converted into nitric acid—and thus

rendered available for plant needs—by the agency of bacteria; and that the boundless source of nitrogen, in the air, is made available to certain plants similarly through the influence of bacteria. The significance of these two discoveries for the practice of agriculture is already recognized by all intelli-

gent cultivators of the soil.

If, lastly, we turn to the subject of pathogenic or disease-producing germs, we shall find that here again Pasteur's labors have already been taken up, and his theories developed, by his fellowworkers in the Pasteur Institute and by other distinguished bacteriologists, to a wonderful extent. Thanks to the labors of the great Dr. Koch—on whom may we not say Pasteur's mautle has descended?—Dr. Roux, Dr. Behring and others, the anti-toxin treatment of disease has been introduced. It has been found that the poisonous products of virulent bacteria are as potent in producing the symptoms of an infectious disease as the bacteria themselves. These toxins, as they are called, have further the power of conferring immunity from the disease they initiate when inoculated into the blood of animals; and the serum of the blood of an animal thus inoculated, if transferred to another animal, protects it from the disease. This anti-toxin treatment has already been applied to two diseases, diphtheria and tetanus, even after these diseases have been actually contracted. The success of this treatment in the case of diphtheria is now, as probably our readers are aware, an assured fact. Nor must we omit to mention what is perhaps the most marvellous recent development of this line of research-viz., the work of Calmette in France and Fraser in this country on snake poison. They have found that it is possible to accustom animals to the action of snake poison, and that the blood serum of animals thus treated is endowed with the power of imparting immunity from the action of the venom when inoculated into the blood of another animal. The significance of this discovery may be inferred from the statement that the deaths in India from snake poisoning amount to 20,000 annually. Indeed, it seems to be difficult to set limits to the results of Pasteur's labors. We know that Pasteur himself considered his marvellous discoveries as a mere beginning. "You will see how it will all grow by and by," he often said. "Would that

my time were longer !"\*

In conclusion, it may be asked, What was the personal character of this great Frenchman, whose labors have done so much to advance the cause of science? We have it on the authority of those who knew him best that his character was of the simplest. His sole aimwhich indeed should be the aim of every scientific worker-was the advance of scientific knowledge. cannot too much admire the courage he must have possessed to enable him to face, and successfully overcome, the opposition with which all his researches were met from the moment of their While possessed of a publication. well-nigh boyish enthusiasm, he displayed an admirable caution in publishing any theory. His favorite motto was—" N'avancez rien qui ne puisse être prouvé d'une façon simple et décisive;" and his experiments must forever remain as models for their simplicity and their convincing nature. The fact that he died as a stanch Roman Catholic is perhaps not altogether without its significance in this age of agnosticism. We cannot do better than conclude this humble and very imperfect tribute to the genius of Pasteur than by quoting the words of our greatest living surgeon:

"His acuteness as an investigator in seizing upon essential points, and his wonderful lucidity of judgment, were only equalled by the patience with which he pursued what he termed 'la méthode expérimentale;' and his and his enthusiasm was always tempered by dispassionate caution. In doing battle with the fallacious doctrine of spontaneous generation, he was a keen controversialist, but his utterances were always characterized by transparent truthfulness. His rare modesty and entire freedom from affectation made intercourse with him easy and delightful. Any one who reads the account he gave in the Comptes Rendus of the case of the little boy on whom he first ventured to employ antirabic injections in the human subject will see clear indications of another feature of his character -loving tenderness of heart. His splendid early work in physics and chemistry proved, indeed, how dearly he loved pure science for its own sake; yet it was undoubtedly the great joy of his later researches that they directly promoted the good of mankind. In Pasteur the world has lost a great personality, as beautiful as it was great."\*

Note.—It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that a movement is at present on foot, for the purpose of collecting funds for the erection of a monument to Pasteur in Paris from persons in the United Kingdom, India, and the Colonies, interested in science and the various industries which have been benefited by Pasteur's labors. The Chairman of the Executive Committee organizing this movement is Sir Joseph Lister, P.R.S., and the Honorary Secretary Professor P. F. Franklin, F.R.S.; while subscriptions may be sent to Sir John Evans, K.C.B., Royal Society, Burlington House, London.

-Temple Bar.

## YOSEMITE MEMORIES.

BY W. H. GLEADELL.

WITH its delightful climate, equable temperature, lovely hills and valleys, and prodigal natural wealth, California's claim to the title of "Garden of the World" must be recognized as no empty boast. The largest beets, pumpkins, pears, and grapes, the choicest of wines, the rarest of flowers, and the most extensive grainfields in the world are hers. But, apart from the products of man's industry, Nature has showered her most lavish gifts upon the far Western State, and from cos-

mopolitan 'Frisco to the distant Sierras is one vast tract of luxurious variety and almost unbroken fertility. Yet, although few places in the world can boast of the exquisite sylvan beauty and romantic charms of some of the Foothill scenery, of the lovely valleys of the Coast Ranges with their peculiar vegetation, or of those old landmarks of an earlier civilization which dot the Pacific Coast, all these are forgotten in the grand and varied panorama of

<sup>\*</sup> Sir Joseph Lister in the Lancet, October 7th, 1895.

the world-famous Yosemite Valley, which forms such a noble crown to the attractions of the "Golden State."

"See Naples and die!" says the Italian; "See Paris and die!" says the Frenchman; "See Venice and die!" says the Venetian; but the Californian's pride is not in the great Babylon which man has built. We have all known travellers who have been disappointed with Naples, and Paris, and Venice—the reality did not attain to the exaggerated ideal they had conceived—but never was there a pilgrim who did not feel amply repaid by a sight of the grand natural wonders of the Yosemite Valley and the

Mariposa Big Trees. Running northeast and southwest, the valley itself lies in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains, almost in the centre of the State of California, and was first discovered by white men in the year 1848. It is some six miles long by a mile to a mile and a half wide and, though 4,060 feet above the level of the sea, is just one mile perpendicular below the summits of the surrounding mountains. The name—signifying "Big Grizzly Bear"—is derived from a tribe of predatory Indians, now almost extinct, who at one time made this natural stronghold their place of final retreat. Continually harassed by these nomads, the Mariposa settlers finally organized themselves as a military body, and, guided by a friendly redskin, ultimately succeeded in tracking the Indians to their They returned with startling accounts of the wonders they had seen, but it was not till some eight years later that the valley commenced to draw visitors, and even then a further eight years elapsed before the State authorities began to realize the value of the magnificent attraction they had in their midst. However, in 1864 an Act of Congress was obtained granting both the Yosemite and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees in perpetuity to the State of California, upon the express condition that they should be kept inalienably for public use, resort, and recreation for all time.

Between the months of May and August is the recognized visiting season, but toward the latter end of that

time the roads become painfully dusty and the water in the falls frequently too low to secure the best effects. We were, therefore, but a small, though cosmopolitan, party when, at four o'clock on a lovely September afternoon, we started from Market Street Wharf, San Francisco, to make the orthodox pilgrimage. The party preceding us had, however, been an unusually large one, and included the present Lord Chief Justice of England, and a number of other leading lights of the British Bar and Parliament—a section of the guests so munificently entertained by the American Bar Association and Mr. Villard of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

At Oakland we joined the train for Madera—185 miles distant, and the railway terminus for Yosemite tourists -and in this manner skirted, for 35 miles, the grand bay of San Francisco -which finds its communication with the sea through the far-famed Golden Gate—obtaining a fleeting view en route of the great grain-shipping depôts of Vallejo, Porta Costa, and Benicia, with their congregations of all sorts and conditions of vessels gathered together from every corner of the globe and waiting to feed the world. But the landscape only became really interesting as we turned inland and, in the waning daylight, meandered quietly along the banks of the Sacramento River. Long before our first stop at Lathrop, however, little of the outside world was visible beyond the stream of fire from the funnel of our snorting engine, and a constellation of fixed stars on the rear platform of the car, where a party of smokers sat in solemu conclave.

At Lathrop we were allowed twenty minutes for supper at a primitive timber-built hotel, close to the railway-track—to and from which we groped our way in the darkness, over sundry pitfalls and sinister boulders, with no little difficulty—and at half-past eight were again leisurely pursuing our way toward Madera at the distinctly non-hazardous rate of some fifteen miles an hour.

There was not much sleep for any of us that night, and, indeed, we felt we had only just turned in when the stentorian tones of the car-porter announcing: "Madera! Madera! Breakfast in half an hour !" thoroughly awakened us from our restless slumbers. It was just half-past five. On looking out, we found ourselves at a standstill in the midst of a flat and uninteresting sandy waste, unbroken by even an attempt at a tree or a shrub. One street of wooden buildings, about 200 yards distant, alone served to break the monotony of the landscape, and these, we were duly informed, composed the city of Madera. The porter's warning did not long remain un-The various bed-curtains went through some curious evolutions, and a sudden rush to either end of the car soon proved that our little world was once again astir. And now an incident occurred which formed a fruitful topic of conversation for some time to come, but which might have had serious results for the unwitting offen-We had been duly apprised, the night before, which end of the car was to be appropriated to the men's toilet, and in the lamplight it all looked clear enough. But one individual—and the shyest man of the party withal—had evidently lost his bearings during the night, and carelessly sauntered, in undress uniform, to the end nearest him Opening the lavawhen he awoke. tory door, he walked heedlessly in. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud and inharmonious murmur of female voices, the banging of a door, and the sound of hurrying footsteps down the corridor. Red and breathless, the unfortunate man rushed into the men's lavatory, but the consolation he there received was not calculated to restore his equanimity, and he ever afterward asserted that he had that morning experienced one of the severest shocks of a not uneventful life.

At six o'clock the gong at the hotel opposite sounded for breakfast, and at seven we started in a four-horse coach on the seventy-five miles drive to the valley.

For some fifteen miles our course lay across a land of miniature sandhills—the route marked out by an interminable wooden watercourse perched, for safety, on stilts—the happy playground of multitudes of hares, ground-

squirrels, and other small game. Then, the sand waste gradually gave place to a land peopled as far as the eye could reach with grazing sheep and gambolling lambs, and soon we were rattling on at a good pace through a well-vegetated and pleasantly undulating country. Gayly we thus sped on toward the ever-changing and always seductive prospect ahead until. at one o'clock, a halt was called at Coarse Gold Gulch for luncheon, and a turn to stretch our legs. Here, as everywhere, we were excellently well treated and would fain have lingered at the charmingly situated hotel; but needs must when a circular tour drives, and it was with a sigh of regret that, after an hour's rest, we turned from this hospitable spot to face those possible ills we knew not of. Shortly we found ourselves in the heart of the lovely Foothill country, with its vineyards and far-reaching orchards; its groves of oak and cypress, spruce, and pine, and glossy manzanitas; its hills and its valleys; and its brilliant-hued flowers, heavy with fragrance and rich in beauty. It was, indeed, a romantic land through which we thus pleasantly trundled, threading shady groves, across open spaces soft with verdure of the most delicate shades of green, and past cheery homesteads, out of which everybody ran to see the coach go by. But the ever-ascending road was beginning to tell with increasing severity on our horses at every mile, and as we crossed the threshold of the Sierras our team had finally to be increased to Our driver, the "Colonel"six. there is quite a glut of "colonels" in this market—proved a capital whip, as well as a jovial fellow. His team seemed to recognize every inflection of his voice, and apparently enjoyed the sport fully us much as any of us as he guided it, at a fine turn of speed and with marvellous skill and dexterity, along what soon became tortuous mountain roads, round the sharpest of sharp curves, and by the unprotected edges of frightful precipices.

In this exhibitanting manuer we sped on through a country overflowing with romantic possibilities, past yawning ravines and deep caffons, with ever and anon a glimpse of lofty mountains, trickling streams, and luxuriantly fertile valleys. But it must not be supposed that all these joys were ours without due penalty, for the overwhelming clouds of dust which we frequently encountered, and the backaches which we had to endure through long periods of jolting and bumping over irregular roads, proved terribly trying at times.

As we left the Foothills and penetrated deeper into the heart of the Sierras the road narrowed down to some eight feet in width, cut in the mountain sides. On the one hand towered steep slopes, thick to the summit with glorious phalanxes of sugar and pitch-pines, oaks, cedars, and firs, looking the very kings of trees as their tall, straight, noble shafts—like Saracenic columns—shot heavenward for full two hundred feet. On the other, wild and romantic gorges of wonderful beauty and fearful depth, in which innumerable mountain streams found a common bed.

All day and everywhere quail and other small game had literally swarmed around our track, so much so that a good shot could at times have wrought considerable slaughter with an ordinary catapult; but as we reached the higher lands these almost disappeared and gave place to quantities of deer, which came out of the woods on the mountain-sides and gazed wonderingly at us as we rattled by at fairly close quarters. At one time a superb fox kept the road for a considerable distance in front of us, but the one animal for which every eye was strained, and every tongue inquiring, was a "grizzly." Despite, however, the keenest possible look-out, our curiosity was destined not to be gratified by the sight of even a distant one, though we crossed numbers of fresh tracks from time to time, and were assured by more than one red-shirted hunter that several were in the vicinity.

Many times during the day we had stopped to water the horses at one or other of the many fruit farms en route, the inhabitants of which, with a rare generosity, invariably met us with pails of luscious peaches, grapes, and other fruits of abnormal size, and for which they resolutely declined all re-

muneration other than old newspapers. and such additional news of the outside world as we were able to give. Old newspapers we found to be a most. invaluable commodity throughout, and none were too old to excite the liveliest gratitude on the part of the recipients. During the latter part of the journey, however, human habitations became few and far between—here a primitive farm and there a log hut, with its solitary occupant, in a forest clearing—so that it was with a feeling almost akin to relief that, at seven o'clock, we drew up at Chincopin Flats, our last halt prior to reaching our final resting-place for the night.

The Flats was not an imposing looking place, even in the friendly gloaming. A few wooden shanties, occupied by roving hunters and some half-dozen employés of the Concord Company, was all it could boast of in the way of civilization—one of those places numbered among the proverbially blessed, for it certainly was ignorant of any history.

Darkness was well upon us as we set off on the last lap of our day's jour-The "Colonel," however, knew every inch of the road; and it was well for us that he did, for as we passed at times through long stretches of primeval forest our two "leaders" were frequently quite out of sight—lost in the blackness surrounding us. About half an hour of this haphazard travelling brought us at last within sight of the welcome lights of Clark's Ranch twinkling below, and at eight o'clock we reached the clearing-still, however, some twenty-two miles from the valley. All hands, of course, turned out to witness the arrival, and sorry-looking objects we were. The white dust lay thick over everything, and had penetrated every crack and crevice. Nothing was sacred from it, so that what with our white clothes and black faces we could scarcely even recognize each other as we made our way through the loitering groups of guides, travel-lers, red and gray-shirted hunters, servants, and animals, to the largest of the long, low, irregular wooden houses -with windows and doors innumerable all opening on to the characteristic verandas—which served the purposes of an hotel. An air of business

pervaded the place in spite of its position in the heart of a mighty forest, and, although there was no pretence at architectural beauty or luxury about it, cleanliness and comfort were everywhere, and our bruised and shaken frames rejoiced at the sight of the cheery log fires, which added a touch of welcome to the appearance of the spacious and homely rooms-for, although the days were hot enough, the nights up in the mountains were decidedly cool. A refreshing toilette, a dinner than which nothing more appetizing was eaten that night in Paris or New York, some music in the drawingroom, and a cigar out in the moonlight, fanned by the soft pine-laden air, and we felt even then that the discomforts of travel had not been in vain.

Life was astir betimes at Clark's, and at half-past six, after a capital breakfast, we were once more under From the ranch the road again took a turn upward, and we continued to ascend until, at an altitude of 6,600 feet, Look-out Point—the highest elevation of the Yosemite trail—was reached. Here one of the grandest views of the trip suddenly burst upon us, and the accommodating "Colonel" willingly stopped sufficiently long to impress our memories with the magnificent panorama of valley and mountain spread out before us. From this point the actual descent into the valley commenced, but it was not until we had proceeded some distance farther that a sudden bend in the road brought us face to face with a kingly tree, bearing the legend "Inspiration Point." And the spot was, indeed, well named, for as we gazed for the first time on the narrow, verdant valley we had come so far to see, guarded by its giant portals, and flanked by lofty and precipitous mountains with castellated granite crests towering heavenward, we found the realm of Fact to be no whit behind the realm of Fancy. Over the mighty walls great bodies of water recklessly plunged, and in the far distance floated, like a bit of purest ether on the gloom of Tenaya Cañon, one of the fairest and most picturesque lakes in the whole of Nature's wide domain. From end to end of the valley, 3,000 feet below, ran

with many windings, like a tiny silver thread, the Merced River, while stately firs and pines, 150 feet high, looked like mere bushes dropped here and there on the level greensward.

The desire of the moment was, essentially, to linger and to gaze. One felt one could never tire, in that exhilarating atmosphere, of the pristine grandeur and freshness, the weird majesty and sylvan beauty of this ancient Indian retreat and Temple of Nature, for there was about it none of that monotony and wearisomeness ofttimes so oppressive in those temples made with hands. But the "Colonel" thought we had tarried long enough, and, urging his horses forward, took us on to a closer acquaintance with the beauties and rugged grandeur which had proved so impressive at a distance. Soon we were passing the solid face of El Capitan, the "Great Chief of the Valley" as the Indians call it, standing like a sentinel, with its head towering 3,600 feet above us, at the entrance to the valley, and distinctly visible to the naked eye in the vale of San Joaquin sixty miles away.

Beyond El Capitan rise one above another the pinnacles of the Three Brothers (3,820 feet), for all the world like three frogs sitting on their haunches and gazing in the same direc-Then come Eagle Point, and a curious columnar mass of rock known as Washington Column; while at the extreme end of the valley rises the sparkling granite dome of Cloud's Rest, 6,450 feet above the floor of the valley and 10,510 above the level of the sea. Returning on the other side, the eve perforce rests first on Half or South Dome, a peculiar mass of solid granite, 4,737 feet high, dominating the valley, and in shape, as its name indicates, like a dome riven in half. side of it looking on to Mirror Lake is, for the greater part, absolutely vertical, and among all the marvels of the region the Half Dome is unmistakably the most unapproachable. Professor Whitney declares that it has but one possible rival in the world—and that the Matterhorn.

The entire valley teems with Indian tradition and romance, but perhaps one of the most pleasing legends is that

attaching to El Capitan and the Half Dome. The former was the abode of the semi-deity of the valley-Totokonula -who supplied the earthly wants of its inhabitants. The South Dome was the dwelling of a supernatural winged maiden, a sea-nymph from the south, whose graceful form was ever partially enveloped in a floating cloud. was known as Tesaiyac, or "Goddess of the Valley." Her beautiful-honestly—golden hair hung in long wave-lets, and her eyes of heavenly blue heightened the charm of a lovely face. Sexual attraction has always been a weak point with the gods, and so Totokonula became quickly enamored of the sea-nymph's beauty, and, in his mad fascination, forgetful of those dependent upon him, followed the fair siren from crag to peak in vain pur-Deprived of his care, the inhabitants of the valley were menaced with many dangers; the waters wasted away, the herbage withered, the leaves dropped from the oaks, and the acorns ceased to grow. The people in their distress prayed in vain to their infatuated guardian until, eventually, Tesaiyac heard their cries, and, repenting of the evils she had caused them, disappeared from the South Dome forever. At that instant a terrible earthquake was felt, and the South Dome was rent in twain. Half of it disappeared entirely, and the cooling waters from Lake Tenava, which had previously emptied into the Tuolumne, filled the parched bed of the Merced, and refreshed the thirsty land. The song of babbling waters and the drooping willows' soft replies were again heard; the herbs revived, the oaks resumed their robes of green, the needed acorns reached a full fruition, and plenty and happiness once more filled the land.

The night was approaching its noon, the cliffs were wrapped in darkness, and the embers of the camp-fire were slowly dying away as the old Indian added that Tesaiyac, conquered at last by her admirer's devotion, lowered a cloud on which Totokonula mounted to the realms of the blest; and as the lovers departed the down from the maiden's wings was wafted hither and thither by the breeze, changing as it touched the earth into the little white

violets which are now scattered over the meadow.

The Indian's account of the creation of the world was also interesting, although it had about it a suspiciously Yankee flavor. "Coh-coh-mah, the Creative Spirit," he said, "made the world in a few days and rested; then He made the buffalo, deer, antelope, rabbit, and all the birds, and rested. He made the fishes and all creeping things, and rested; then with some aid from the Bad Spirit man was made, and another rest taken. Then He took a rib from the man, and after tinkering with it for a while He made woman, and, the legend goes on to say, it was wise He rested well before creating woman, for He hasn't had any rest since."

At the foot of all that is left of Tesaiyac's abode lies an enchanting sheet of water, aptly known as Mirror Lake, whose face of purest crystal returns so perfect a reflection of surrounding objects that it is at first sight difficult to distinguish the line where land and water meet. The blue sky and fleeting clouds, the green foliage on the trees, the mighty domes of rock, and lofty, fantastic crags have all their perfect reflex of form and color on the polished surface of the lake.

In close attendance stand Sentinel Dome and Sentinel Rock—a grand mass of granite 3,043 feet high, in the shape of an obelisk—the Three Graces, and those aptly-named twin and graceful pinnacles, Cathedral Spires, shooting into the air like minarets of some Gothic cathedral. At a period not very remote the spires were three in number, but one succumbed to the shock of an earthquake.

If, however, these eccentric masses of rock are magnificent in their cold and stern sublimity, none the less impressive are the mighty, vibrating, falls of water which plunge, seething and foaming, over the perpendicular walls of the valley at different points. Few waterfalls in the world combine so many elements of grandeur and beauty as the Yosemite Fall. Its highly polished lip is some 2,600 feet above the base, and for the first 1,500 of these the water falls in an unbroken sheet; then for 626 feet it forms a series of

cascades, concluding with one final plunge of 400 feet, on to the rocks at the foot of the precipice, with a ceaseless roar. Of this cataract an American writer recently said: "To stand before that mighty fall, with its grand power and its beauty, and the half of the rainbow like a bright crown laid at its feet by the Almighty, beautifying and illuminating it, the tears came quick to my eyes, and I felt that I walked with God. When I came away it seemed as though I could never go there again, lest the effect should be lessened, but those with me said it grew upon them with each visit."

But, though the Yosemite, the Sentinel, the Nevada, and the Vernal Falls are all equally awe-inspiring in their reckless magnificence, and superior by far in height and volume to the most highly-vaunted cataracts of our European pilgrimages, the Bridal Veil Fall, close by the entrance to the valley, is undoubtedly far and away the most beautiful, as it leaps over the cliff beside Cathedral Rocks in one unbroken plunge of 630 feet, and then falls for another 300 feet in a series of cascades, hidden in wreathing, eddying, sparkling mists glimmering in rainbow tints. As the column of water sways from side to side and waves under the varying pressure of the wind, it seems to flutter like a white veil, producing an indescribably graceful effect. Its Indian name is Pohono, and to it is attached the following legend: "In ancient days, as one of the women of the tribe was gathering berries on the bank of the creek she slipped into its angry stream, and, being hurried down its rocky course, was carried over the brink and lost forever. Never after was she seen, or was aught heard of Apt at drawing supernatural conclusions, fear filled the Indian heart at this mishap. They dared no longer sleep in the vicinity of the cataract, nor in passing it would they loiter, for in their dread of the supernatural their excited imaginations always heard in the rustling leaves and descending water the plaintive warning of the lost maiden to beware of Pohono-Pohono, the Spirit of the Evil Wind."

By a pleasant road, across the green meadow-land, dotted with plants and

shrubs and flowers of every hue, by the gracefully fringed banks of the shimmering river-from 70 to 80 feet in width, and clear as crystal as it flows over its bed of granite sand—the air heavy with the fragrance of subtle odors, we pursued our way through the parklike valley to Cook's (not he of Tourist fame) beautifully situated hotel, sandwiched between Eagle Peak (3,830 feet) and Sentinel Rock (3,070 feet). Two o'clock was sounding as we alighted, and all hands were soon busily engaged with brooms and switches removing the dust, which seemed like the accumulation of ages, with which everything was covered.

Luncheon over, we strolled through the small village of some dozen dwellings, inhabited mostly by hunters, and including one other hotel, under the shadow of mighty trees nearly 200 feet in height and 8 to 10 feet in diameter, to a quiet nook where a small party of nomadic Indians had pitched their picturesque camp. Their "wallies" or " wickieups," made of branches of trees, covered over with skins, etc., were of the most primitive description; and although the deep copper hue of the redskins, with their large features, fleshy figures, and long, lank, black hair did not make up a very prepossessing ensemble, we found them most docile as well as preternaturally grave But if the general appearance of either men or women was not attractive, Nature had certainly compensated the latter by bestowing on them such delightfully musical voices as might well have been the envy of many a West End belle.

At first the women folk, more especially, seemed to entertain a wholesome dread of the white man, and, although eveing us with evident curiosity at a distance, fled under cover like fiddler crabs at the merest approach to a friendly advance. Stiffened in a mummy-like robe, the papoose was slung handily at the back of the squaw, and slipped round to the breast whenever hungry. And marvellous babies they were—for they never cried, but stared with absurd gravity at the strangers through their weird little, black, beady eyes. Even the bigger children and the dogs wore a peculiarly wistful look, as though they had prescience of the inevitable extinction of their race. Later on, however, we became wonderfully good friends with the nomads, and spent many a pleasant hour listening to the old men's weird tales of mythical romance, recited in rich and solemn tones.

Round our own comfortable log fire on the first evening of our stay we laid our plans of future operation, haggled with guides, and engaged our Mexican ponies for the term of our visit. We found as time went on that this foresight saved us a lot of trouble; and we adhered, with remarkable consistency throughout, to the programme we then drew up.

All the usual trips, to Register Rock -its old face scarred with inscriptions, dates, and names hailing from almost every quarter of the civilized world-Glacier Point, Cloud's Rest, the Merced Gorge, and the various other points of interest about the valley and its bulwarks, we duly made, but the ascent of the Half Dome is worthy of a special word. Of all the marvellous wonders which the mighty forces of Nature have wrought in this region, none presents so many imposing aspects as does this unique mass. No two views of it are alike, and yet from any standpoint it is incomparable—always the first and the last of the great white peaks to catch the traveller's eye. time has been spent in conjecturing how the wonderful Yosemite cleft was occasioned; whether it was washed out by the streams, or ground out by the ice mills of the glacial period, or whether the bottom fell out, and if so whither it fell, but no satisfactory conclusion has ever been reached. so in the Half Dome we have a mighty tower, with a round and shapely dome of 1,000 feet smoothed and polished by the breath of ages, cleft in twain, and no trace left of the manner in which the fragments have been disposed of. Yet fancy still loves to linger round these mysteries, and each new spectator has his own particular theory.

The day was still very young as we galloped down the valley to the Half Dome trail, and, save for the tumbling of the waters, the song of the breeze among the trees, or the distant echo-

ing crack of a hunter's rifle, no sound broke the morning solitude. The very footfalls of our ponies were hushed as they fell on the pine-cones carpeting the meadows, and not even the sound of a bird's song from the cool groves of the snow-water river or the clumps of graceful trees came to disturb the solemn and restful spirit of the place. First across an open glade green with herbage and bright with the blossoms of many flowers, then through closegrown woods, and the ascent commenced. The steep trail of glistening and slippery granite blocks, no more than three feet wide, compelled us to ride in single file, and zigzagged so sharply from side to side that the ponies on the turn above seemed frequently to be almost overhead; but they climbed with wonderful pluck and sureness of foot. Three hours had thus passed away when, through an opening in the trees, at a sudden turn in the road, we caught sight of a magnificent sheet of water, falling like a curtain for 400 feet, which proved to be the Vernal Fall. At the head of this cataract and near the foot of Nevada Fall stands Snow's Hotel, and here we dismounted.

Of all the falls of this favored district the Nevada is one of the best worth seeing, as, with the full volume of the Merced River, it dashes over the cliff 700 feet above, sending a dense volume of spray high in the sunlight, then rushing on through a narrow chasm out on to the smooth inclined rocks and down the Silver Chain into the Emerald Pool. Here the turbulent waters are quieted for a while, until they make their last calm and peaceful leap over the Vernal Fall into the "Visiting the Yosemite cañon below. and not going to the Nevada Fall," said one inhabitant of the valley, " is like going to the great Niagara and stopping at the bridge below.

At Snow's we stayed long enough to rest and refresh our horses, then continued up the trail to the top of the Nevada Fall, and round the base of a stupendous and isolated mass of rock, nearly perpendicular on all sides, known as the Cap of Liberty. Here we turned out of the Merced Gorge into the Little Yosemite Valley, and by the side of

a small brook, the last water we were to see till the same spot was reached on our return, partook al fresco of the luncheon we had brought with us in

our saddle-bags.

Our Mexican ponies took us to within 1,000 feet of the summit, the point at which most of the amateur climbers of the ancient abode of Tesaiyac finally stop. Comparatively few, we were assured, ever reached the flag staff. We had been duly warned before starting of the dangers attendant on the ascent of the rounded dome itself, and we had to confess, as we looked up at the almost perpendicular (about 80 degrees) smooth granite surface and the solitary rope to which we were to trust our lives, that it did look somewhat fearful.

The rope, of fifteen strands of a very strong fibre, was securely fastened at the top of the peak, and then fixed by iron cleats driven into the face of the rock at intervals of 100 feet. The ascent is effected by pulling one's self up this rope hand over hand, at the same time firmly gripping the granite face of the mountain with one's feet. Despite the assertion of guide-books that the ascent is "hazardous in the extreme," it is not a difficult feat provided one has a good head and can rely on one's fingers—for a moment's loss of power or self-control must mean inevitable destruction. Only two of us, however, essayed this final portion of the ascent—a Scotchman, bearing the truly Scottish name of Burns, and the writer-but I do not think either of us were sorry when we at last stood on the plateau beside the flag-staff. plateau was some ten acres in extent, and surrounded on all sides, except that by which we had come, by apparently bottomless abysses, out of which the roaring of distant waters was the only sound that issued. No sign of life or vegetation was visible anywhere save away down in the Yosemite Valley, 5,000 feet below, but the panorama was nevertheless superb. Over intervening canons and gorges the pale majestic Sierra peaks rose grandly desolate against the cloudless sky, and the bald granite rocks around us showed almost as white as the distant snow-capped heights beyond. On such a spot the words of the American poet Stanley Wood seemed strangely appropriate:

Yonder the mountains sinuously lie, As mighty silhouettes against the sky, And earnest souls can rev'rently define The granite writings of a hand Divine.

For some twenty minutes we stood on this awe-inspiring spot, and then comnienced the return journey. This had to be performed backward, so that fully an hour and a half had elapsed before we again rejoined our friends

and ponies.

The sun was getting very low when we once more reached Snow's, and by the time we entered the wood again we found it necessary to dismount and lead our ponies as best we could through the darkness, and many tumbles and bruises were ours before we emerged from the forest on to the floor of the valley.

As we cantered along the level ground a glorious harvest moon was shining, and tipped with silver the giant, ghost-like forms surrounding us, calling forcibly to mind Bret

Harte's picturesque verse:

Above the pines, the moon was slowly drifting,

The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

A smart gallop to finish, and we were again at the door of our hotel, having been some twelve hours in the saddle, pleased with ourselves and grateful for all the beauty and majestic grandeur we had seen.

As we sat—a largely increased party —for the last time round the log-fire in the spacious hotel parlor news was brought in that the "up" coach had been" held up," and booty to the extent of £400 secured by the highway-The horses had then been turned adrift, leaving the travellers helpless by the roadside, while the robbers themselves took to the mountains. A sheriff's posse, we were informed, had started in pursuit as soon as the news arrived. Of course, we all felt very valiant, and numerous rash speculations were indulged in as to what we would do if we were treated so; but there was, nevertheless, an audible sigh of relief when mine host assured us that we, at any rate, were safe, for

nobody was foolish enough to think of "holding up" people returning from the valley. It was a matter of common repute that the valley citizens themselves had already relieved those tourists of all their surplus cash.

The valley was filled with morning shadows as we started on our return journey to the world of masks and junketings. Once more we galloped over the thick carpeting of brown fircones, through the noble pine aisles—the growth of centuries, and such as one never sees elsewhere—and past the grim, vast walls which dominate the valley. For the last time we lingered to hear the quiet music of the rippling Merced, to listen to the plaintive wail

of Pohono, and to gather the legendary down from Tesaiyac's wings. time was spent in these "last looks" on Nature at her brightest and her best, for every change of position presented some new charm of grimmest shadow or sweetest sunlight, some new ideal revealed in the real. But it was from Inspiration Point that we took our final farewell of the grand, serene, impassive Yosemite, and with hearts filled with the keenest emotions of the realms of Fancy and of Fact we once again regretfully turned to face the hackneyed scenes and severe prose of "civilization." — Gentleman's Magazine.

# CUPID THE FIDDLER.

In a strange little village, somewhere in England, lived Prissy Emlet. People sometimes strayed very near her home, and strayed away again tired and hungry, longing for sign of human creatures, when all the time they had been looking right over the tops of a score of chimneys, old chimneys wrapped about with ivy and house-leek, whence, if the wind had lain aright, they might have savored frizzling bacon and eggs. Stomachs, braced by the keen air of the plain, and the fear of never smelling anything more substantial, would have been irresistibly drawn on by such means, in spite of the fact that there was naught but dun grass from their feet to the wind-hole; but if they had followed their noses they would certainly have heard something soon, a rusty pump braying, the thud of chopping, the crying of babes, or the crowing of cocks. Spurred by the sound, they would have at last won sight of a wisp of blue smoke arising from the ground, and so have lighted on Little Dinder, lying curled up like a field mouse in a hollow of the great green blanket, with pinfold, pump, church, and parsonage, springing up, with an inn and eighteen cottages to look after them, beside a rough chalk road, which a few miles back over the brow was but a faint track. And there was a tinkling stream, turning

up unabashed from nowhere, and frisking down the roadside as if it had been guiding the wanderer for miles past like a properly conducted watercourse. Weary men who found these things were often very irritated, and would vow that they had never seen such a place in their lives, and that it ought to have been marked on the map; they wanted to know how people could live in such a hole, and how they ever found their way into it or out of it. Then Prissy, as she slapped thick, salt, glistening rashers into the frying-pan, or raked together smouldering turves, would say: "Lor' bless'ee, we'm able to get here right 'nough. We'd jess look at that tump," indicating with her fork a far-away clump of firs, like a pimple on the face of the plain.

But travellers, unless they were old, or blind, or bilious, looked not at the clump but at Prissy, for she was goodly to look at, sweetly slender, divinely tall, and generally half blinded by a drifted wisp of golden hair, which needed tucking under a thick net with a rounded arm. Nature the everyoung, Mistress of Arts, had taught her to look at one in a kind of accidental, dreamy manner, and to retire into herself as a down rabbit dives into his burrow. But her little ways were all her own; and when she looked at a man so, she did not know quite what he thought about those eyes of harebell blue, and when she so dived, she dived in a spasm of fear that there was a smut on her nose.

Now, it fell out that Robert Ross, of the Mill, took certain teggs of his father's, certain lambs, and certain fat beasts to Langston stock-sale; and having sold well he drank well, and wended home as the sun turned back. When he came to the chalk-pit on the Thousand Acre, by reason of the liquor that was in him he took the left-hand track after the three stones, and then bare leftward at the Gibbet, which, as every man knows who is sober, is the way to Dinder and never the way to Therefore his long Mallop. brought him into the inn at Dinder as Prissy was getting her father's supper against he came back from Langston; and when Prissy came in from the kitchen and looked at him in that way of hers, or ever he was aware his soul made him like the chariots of Amminadib, and he could scarcely gasp, "Quart, please, miss."

After a score or so of sips at his cider, his heart rose within him and he conversed. He said it was a cold day, and he said it was a bit coldish, and he said it was cold coming up by Thousand Acre. Somewhat later he said it was dampish, and main sharp in the wind; and he said it did blow a bit wettish, but he thought the rain would not come till the change of the moon. Then he said it was cool for the time of year, and Prissy looked at him, and he immediately perceived it was a warm evening, and said so.

Then the little wanton god stirred him up with his poisoned dart, and he became anxious about Prissy's health, and inquired after it twice. In the fulness of his sympathy he even expressed the hope that she would put a bit of something soft round her pretty head when she went out and not get cold, or let the sun harm her. Then Prissy's mother wanted her, and Robert went to sleep with his curly poll on the scrubbed table hard by his blue mug.

A couple of hours later the Rector's roan came cornward at a great pace over the turf, and it took some persuasion to make him stop at the inn.

However, the withered little Rector was his master, and burly John Emlet alighted carefully, with a coffin-shaped case under his arm and a round box in his hand, and bade the Rector goodday, and thanked him kindly, and said his Prissy should be round at half-past six. The thump of the aforesaid case being deposited upon the table aroused Robert from his reposing, and he watched Prissy's blush as her father unlocked the brown case and produced a fiddle.

"Well, I never did," said Mrs. Emlet. "To think of the Rector's a-wanting to teach my gel that thing! A pretty figure you'll cut, Priss!"

"I'll warrant she'd make a fine player," her father said, patting her shoulder fondly; "and it do seem to I as 'tis more a wimmin's thing than a man's thing, all a tweedleein' and a twiddlediddlin' about."

Prissy said nothing, but she looked at the fiddle and a string broke. "There now," said she, "the old thing's gone and broke of its own self! Now how about half-past six?"

Then Robert stretched out a hand for the fiddle. "Give it to I," said he; "may be I can mend'n."

He was an ingenious young chap, and soon learned the twist and the hitch that makes a string catch. He repaired the damage, and handed the fiddle back to Priss, or would have handed it back if she had not raised her eyes and made him drop it.

"I don't know if thee be clever or clumsy, young man," grumbled John, overlooking it tenderly; "but 'tis a harnessed up again all right sure enough, Priss. Better take'n away, lass, afore he drops'n again."

"Be'est a-going to play him thyself then?" asked Bob.

"Ah, I be," replied rosy Prissy, tripping away with her treasure.

"Parson's fad, that is. He would have it that our Priss had a hand for the fiddle, and a ear for'm too. Come o' singin' in the quire," explained the proud parent. "Parson, he've got a band. Thur's lots a-learning. Young Jakes have a-got a flute in it, and Noah, he's in it with that there foozlepipe o' his'n. Oh, ah, and thur's young Toby, he's in it. Plays a big

fiddle, he do, wot they calls a vermicello. A big un, it is."

"Young Toby from Warmster End?"

" Ah."

"Who learned him to play?"

"Learned isself."

Bob's imagination was not naturally fertile, nor had it been developed by Nevertheless it rapidly exercise. sketched out for him a very vivid picture of handsome black-haired young Tohy wreathing himself about a big fiddle with a foreign name, irradiated by the sunshine of the look. Straightway he took a great resolution; with heaven's help he, Robert, would have a bigger fiddle than Toby's, and would

play it louder. Fired with the new fervor he marched to the Rectory and rang the bell without allowing time for cold thought. A gracious smell of supper preceded the maid who opened the oaken door, and Parson Potts came out rubbing his hands. "Well, my boy, how are you, eh? Where do you come from? Ross, Ross, son of old David Ross, of Mallop Mill, eh? Bless my soul, how you boys do grow! And how's your father, and my very good friend the vicar, eh? And those Welsh sheep of his? Ha! ha! no keeping 'em in, Ah, I said how it would be. eh? And what are you doing over here,

Robert explained how that he had heard tell of a band and wanted to be in it. He told the Rector that he was fond of music; he said he knew his notes, and he otherwise lied unto the spiritual man.

"Well, and what are you going to

play, eh?"

Robert scratched his head. " Have 'ee got e'er a big un," he inquired, "a rare big un; one o' them there very big uns?"
"A big one ab?"

A big one, eh?"

"Ah; one o' them there grand-

father-fiddles, a real big un?"

"H'm! Well, curiously enough, Ross, that's just the thing we do require; and if you can get hold of one, and if you are musician enough to teach yourself how to play it, you might make yourself very useful. Only, you must come regularly, and eleven miles is a long way to bring a big tiddle."

"Oh, I can get here right enough,

if so be as I can get he here.'

"Well, I don't know where he's to come from," said the Rector, rubbing his chin meditatively. "Matt Slocombe, the cobbler at Leverell, is the only man I ever met about these parts who played the bass."

"Well, I'll get me over and see he.

Good-night, Parson."

"Come back a minute, Ross. Wouldn't you like to stop and see the practice to-night? It begins at halfpast six; but I suppose you have a

long walk, eh?"

Robert needed no second invitation : so at half-past six, after supper in the tool-house (that being the social position assigned to him by the Rector's wife, a childless and punctilious person whose stepfather had been married to a lady of title) at half-past six, we say, when the supper-tray had been removed, and the shears, and the syringes, and the netting, and the model reaping-machine, and the cricket-bags, and the garden-lights had been bustled away, and candles had been stuck all round upon the sills, distant quacks and bleats, as of a simple creature in agony, arose beyond the shrubbery, and anon there was a heavy knock at the door, and a heavy young man creaked apprehensively into the candlelight, gleaming with soap and attired in the raiment of the Sabbath.

"Why, Ross, what be 'ee a-doing here?" he inquired, with no great

cordiality.

Robert explained that he had received a particular invitation from the Rector to attend on purpose to give him any hints as to the appearance or abilities of the band; and Noah eyed him suspiciously, sucking glumly at his clarionet, and occasionally gurgling into the instrument obscure reflections of his uneasiness.

Then, from far away, sounds shrill and plaintive floated on the air, as of some spirit of the wind bemoaning the departure of the pleasant summer time. As these strains drifted down the hill there was the sound of a woman's laugh, whereat Robert fidgeted in his corner and Noah sniffed deliberately.

But in came the Rector, fiddle in hand, and he tuned it and skirled up and down in an incidental and semi-conscious manner which was very impressive. Then entered young Jakes the flautist, and a man from Crow Clump, five miles away, with a bassoon. Still appeared no sequel to the laugh; and at last the Rector, saying, "Well, I think, friends, we'll make a start," doled out to each his portion of the feast of sound contained on slips of manuscript. As they unloosed the pent flood of musical emotion, the door opened and revealed Prissy Emlet in such a bonnet, with pink ribbons in the latest London fashion! Bewildering, bewitching, but, heavens and earth! enter young Toby, with a smile on his detestable face, a new red kerchief around his hateful neck, and (could it be?) a rose affixed to his abominable green coat. Oh thou little blind god! how did thy tiny arrows rankle as Toby laid down the new violin case, and with his great leg-of-mutton thumbs unfastened the straps, while the Rector smiled most knowingly upon the two, for he loved sweethearts and their ways, being still young at heart. And then Toby's own green bag -oh Ananias, he said he could not get the string undone! "Looksee, Miss Emlet, 'tis this yere knot;" and then, of course, what could Prissy do but untie it nimbly, for Toby to shake out the biggest fiddle of the whole band. 'Tis no wonder that Robert, blue and hubbling, darted glances sparky as the firework which boys make of ink and gunpowder.

The Rector played upon Prissy's fiddle, just to try the tone, she sitting beside him and watching him gratefully; and everybody murmured "Yurr, yurr!" and clapped when he concluded, saying, "You've got a good fiddle there, my dear, we'll soon make a good player of you." Prissy flushed prettily, but Robert could not catch her eye, try as he might, for Noah, and Jakes, and the man from Crow Clump were trying to catch it also.

Robert's soul grew dark within him; but the Rector said, Life let us cherish, and they cherished upon their various

NEW SERIES, - Vol. LXIV., No. 6.

instruments with grim energy and lolling tongues. It mattered but little how loud the co-operative sound might wax, the pre-eminent Toby easily bored through the whole mass with his vermicello. Robert could hear naught else, and as he listened, a longing grew on him for a fiddle as large as a cow, something that should make the strains contributed by Toby peak and dwindle to a midge's song.

By and by the artists stayed for breath, and to dry their heads; and then the Rector conducted each one separately through his part, and Toby made two mistakes. When he crowed up on the word cherish, like a callow rooster, Bob said, "Coop, coop, coop," as one calls fowls to feed. Every one laughed except crimson Toby, who, glowering beneath his black brows, pressed his closed fist against his nose, and the men grinned over their shoulders at Bob. The Rector looked over too, twinkling wickedly, and shook his head reproving; but Prissy laughed.

head reproving; but Prissy laughed.
They played How beautiful upon the mountains, and the High Road to Linton, and Haste to the Wedding; but Life let us cherish was what they whistled, as they put their instruments up after practice, because they had worked the hardest at that tune.

"Now, shall we go in for our first lesson?" said the Rector to Prissy, and the sharp little god whispered kindly into Bob's ear, "Go thou likewise;" so Bob stuck out his elbows, and protruded his thorax, and, with an affable nod to the rest of the party, followed his maid through the housedoor into the Rectory hall.

"La, Mr. Ross, be that you?" said. Priss. "I thought you was miles.

"Ifullo! who's that?" said the Rector, and Bob explained that he had been meditating upon a big fiddle, and did not the Rector think a man might make one who was main clever with his hands? The Rector thought that perhaps such a man might make some sort of an instrument if he had a pattern. Then, said Robert, he would go over and measure the fiddle at Leverell, and make one, and so he bade the Rector good-night. But he bade not Prissy any good-night, for little Cupid whis-

54

pered, "Tarry thee in the shrubbery, oh Bob, and wait for her," and he sat him down and waited for half an hour, and presently out came Prissy, fiddle in hand. She did not seem very startled at Bob's considerate cough, though she did say, " Mercy, how you made I jump!" and she gave unto him her fildle to bear, when he pleaded for it, and made him happy. During the short walk to the inn there was not much conversation. Robert merely adverted to the warmth of the weather, and said that the wind was a bit dampish, whereat Prissy laughed softly, and he could not converse further. she took up the conversation and asked him if he proposed to join the band, which he admitted to be possible; and then they were home. He would not go in, for he was much too happy to fight, and struck off across the flank of the hill in the moonlight, for he had eleven miles to walk. All the way he was warm and happy, and even when his mother put her nightcap out of the window and told him that they had all given him up for dead, and that his father would tan his hide in the morning, he cared not a rap. But his father did no tanning in the morning for Bob had made good sales.

So soon as he could, he walked the thirteen miles to Leverell, and returned the same day in the strength of his love with measured drawings of his ideal, which he stuck up in the little office above the mill-pool and pondered over while he made out his father's The traditional design seemed to him capable of improvements; he did not admit the necessity of making curved sides unless a man had only billets to work with, so he planned his viol with straight sides, hollowed squarely by the bridge. And, for that he was a larger man than Matthew Slocombe of Leverell, he built it about nine feet high. The strings he arranged to tighten with an invention of his own, based upon the principle of the mill-sluice, and he designed to actuate the three screws with a bed-key. These, and other developments, cost him many sleepless nights; and when he had perfected his designs, he sent to the blacksmith for the machinery and by the carrier for the timber from

Sandbury, and for wrought in his spare time, r and working late, and only ing over at Dinder for a mu The finger-board gave him est trouble; but by cutting cricket-bat he finally won a result. On the third day o week, when the carrier by strings, he found that his rangement did not provide fine adjustment, and that tuned his strings at both end not approach within a tone c he desired. Accordingly he at the bottom, and twisted th with a spanner.

Placed in the sack scale, th ment of Robert Ross's ambitic ninety-six pounds; and it 1 face lit with honest pride and tion that he hoisted it on to one Tuesday afternoon and prove it at Little Dinder. vented some ropework whe clothed himself, as it were, viol, and kept it clear of t but he took a long time to r hillside, albeit the wind w back, and before he had trav of the eleven miles he was feel strong man though he was. reason he took off his coat an it over the projecting neck o chine, presenting thereby suc natural and even appalling ap as to make every living cre approached shy wildly from the time he had won Dinder was pale and faint; he would never have arrived at his de had he not discerned anoth of somewhat similar aspect, the expanse in the direction

But try as he might, then making headway with pounds of machinery bead down; and Robert witnessed disappear over the edge of half an hour and more before the road; and while he stags slid upon the white mud (frained, and the wind blew bitterly reflected that Toby witne warmly ensconced in tof the settle, probably jok Prissy. The gale which ble

hill compelled Robert into a run. Some one saw him, and raised such a cry of "Lawk-a-mussy! what's that a coming down th'ill?" that everybody came out, and lo, a great bird shaped creature like a pterodactyl, flapping black wings and scuttling on muddy legs!

The apparition raced stiffly up to the door of the inn and halted with a loud explosion (for one of the gut cables had given way from the damp), and stolidly undressing himself of his invention, Robert Ross crept out and sought the fire-side. Toby was there, with boots clean and shining hair, and clean Sabbath coat. Even as Robert looked, he sought in his green bag and from its depths produced a comb. meant smiting him without further parley, solely on the ground of that comb, but Prissy brought him a mug of cider, and said: "Let I have that there coat to dry'n. Gracious how wet the poor man be!" Then they all crowded round, and talked of his invention, and Bob explained its salient features and pieced the broken string. So the dangerous tension passed away, and when his coat was dry and he felt refreshed, he set off to exhibit at the Rectory.

The Rector seemed deeply impressed and became thoughtful. "Have you

tried its tone?" he inquired.

Robert had not done so. They therefore sciewed the cords up to G D and A, the apparatus creaking apprehensively. Then the Rector rubbed the big bow with rosin and, pulling up his shirt-cuffs, retired to the rear flank, as a gunner sidles clear of his weapon before he ignites the fuse.

The effect of the trial was superb, and repaid all that Robert Ross had suffered. The top string bellowed with a grinding pungency which developed a kind of sneezing sensation at the back of the palate; the string in the midst emitted a large sour boom which rattled the teeth together unless one clenched them; but the lowest string—ah, that was a masterpiece! When you got the bow home on that string, small objects on tables and shelves danced solemnly, windows rattled, cakes of plaster descended from the ceiling, lights fluttered and flick-

ered, and the air was filled with quaking gloom. It was a grand string indeed!

The Rector, having investigated the instrument, explained where the different tones and semitones might be found, and they drove nails into the side of the somewhile cricket-bat to mark the positions; bellows-nail, hobnail, brass-nail, screw-nail, tin-tack; but the tin-tack was the same as bellows-nail on the next string. So efficient did the system prove, that in about an hour's time Robert had mastered the bass of Life let us cherish, and had blistered his fingers severely by the friction of the various nail-heads.

While the Rector and his pupil were studying, the door was flung open, and the cowman ran in with a look of great anxiety and a pail of hot water. He stood open-mouthed for some moments. "What is it, John?" asked the Rector.

"Lord be praised, I thought as old Dolly were down afore her time," said John. "Reuben Tummit, he come a-running round to I, and he said: John, one of youer cows is down; if I was you I should go and look to her purty sharp, for she's powerful bad by the sound." So I says to he, 'Reuben, it can't be one of ouer cows;' and he says, 'It is one o' youer cows I tell'ee; 'tis old Doll come down;' and I thought 'twas old Dolly sure."

"Öh no, it's Bob's Big One," said the Rector, and so it got christened.

That was a delightful evening for Prissy watched him, and he made louder sound, and more of it. than all the other men in the room put together. When Toby, crouching over his 'cello, would clutch its neck and carve savagely at it, Bob would stand erect and touch up his centre string; but if Toby attempted any fancy work, tickling and picking with his fingers, Bob would let go the big string and drown him head over ears. It was fine. If Robert strayed, the Parson would cry to him, "First bellows-nail, please, Ross," or "Second hob-nail, Robert," as the case might be; and when he desired modulations, he called, "Look out, Robert, sharp coming!" So things went very smooth.

ly, and the Parson's lady came in to see this wonderful instrument which was

keeping her fowls awake.

For the ingenious young man the evening was full of hints by which he profited against the future. Accordingly, come next week, when Toby walked over behind a Warmster boy who carried his green bag in state, there was a blot moving two miles ahead of him on the plain, which blot was Robert Ross, driving a donkeycart with his Big One therein. When it was unloaded, "Law, Robert! what be they tits on thy fiddle?" peo-Then Bob explained ple inquired. that he had built a cupboard and two drawers in the front to hold things; and he got out from one a necktie and a pair of boots, and some honey for Priss out of the other.

Still his fancy urged him on to new amendments, and late next Tuesday afternoon the Dinder folk, hearing a great rattling and bumping, perceived that Robert had mounted his Big One on wheels and was trundling it down the hill. The axle was detachable and took off when he wished to perform on

the vehicle.

Prissy appeared much impressed by his ingenuity and his neckties; she was kind to him, and when she looked the look, there was a tiny something at the back of it which made Bob's heart beat thickly. Toby purchased an iron peg for his instrument, and weakly invested in a brass box for the strings; but for some reason he appeared to make no headway.

At last things came to a crisis. It had been a pouring wet week and the Darle was in flood. There was no getting on to the hill from Warmster or from Mallop either, for the swollen river ran between over ford and bridge. But when Tuesday morning dawned gray and dripping. Robert arose with an idea. All the forenoon he labored at it with pitch and with paint; and at the turn of the day he embarked upon his Big One, having slackened off the strings sufficiently to afford com-

fortable sitting-room. After an uneventual passage he drifted against a willow on the further side, and arrived at Dinder in time for practice. Every one was astonished to see him, and commended the young man's resource and industry; but Prissy, as they walked up to the practice-room, said that it was very wrong of him to have gone on the water upon his viol. Bob asked why. She answered (very low), "Because you might have been drownded." Bob set down his craft inside the doorway of the empty room and said bravely, groping out with one arm (for the thumping of his heart dimmed his eyes), "Should 'ee care then, Prissy? Should 'ee, should 'ee?"

Prissy nodded, and began to cry,

for fear-for fear-

Long after this, and far from Dinder, I came up their garden one evening, when their son and his wife and children had been paying them a visit, for I wanted to hear all about the boys. The old lady was sprinkling linen; the old gentleman was smoking and staring intently at his hollyhocks.

"Ah, fine boys they be," said Prissy; "and young Bob, he do take after his grandad wonderful, he do. And

as fond o' music!"

The old man awoke from his reverie.

'Evening, Parson," he said.

"What were you dreaming about, Bob?" I asked.

"That there old cradle," he answered. "It were a double-bass once. Ah!" And he told me this which I have written.

"Yes," said Prissy, with a sunny sigh, "it's a getting a bit old now. But 'tis a good old thing. It's been a cupboard, and a cart, and a boat, and a meal-chest, and a dresser, and a cradle; and I'll be bound as the old man's a-scheming to make something else out on it yet, ain't ye, father?"

else out on it yet, ain't ye, father?"

"Ah, I be," said Bob. "I was just
a-thinking then, 'tis the very thing as
we want for that chicken-coop."—

Macmillan's Magazine.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SHARRSPEARE's longest play is "Hamlet;" it contains 4058 lines; the shortest is the "Comedy of Errors," with 1807 lines.

A NEW edition of Professor Mahaffy's "Greek Life from Alexander to the Roman Conquest" is ready for publication. The book now appears as the second volume of the "Social History of the Greeks," and is enlarged by seventy pages of new matter as well as by a very ample index. Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers.

GERMANY'S new poet, Johanna Ambrosius, is being well treated. The Empress has paid the expenses of her trip to Italy. The poor woman has had a life of drudgery, but her genius has lifted her out of it at last, for her books are not only popular, but profitable.

THE number of foreigners studying in German universities during the past summer semester was 2192, of whom 1665 were Europeans and 527 non Europeans. Of the latter, 442 came from America, 56 from Asia, 15 from Africa, and 4 from Australia. Of the former, 515 were Russians, 316 Austrians and Hungarians, 283 Swiss, 139 English, 96 Belgians, 56 French, 44 Netherlanders, 34 Italians, 31 Swedes and Norwegians, 28 Luxemburgers. 25 Rumanians, 24 Turks, 23 Servians, 21 Greeks, 12 Bulgarians, 9 Danes, 5 Spaniards, 2 Portuguese, 1 Lichtensteiner, and 1 Montenegriner. Of the whole number of foreigners, 595 studied philosophy, philology, and history, 488 medicine, 444 mathematics and natural science, 261 law, 148 Protestant theology, 126 agriculture, 74 cameralistics, 24 Catho lie theology, 24 pharmacy, and 8 dentistry.

The movement in favor of admitting women to the German universities is progressing slowly, but surely. Five ladies have up till now taken the doctor's degree at Heidelberg. One of these, an American, passed so brilliantly that she was at once offered an appointment at the German zoölogical station near Naples. The university, however, still admits ladies to lectures only as a favor, and not as a right, and even those who have passed the Abiturienten examination are still classed as Hospitantinnen. On the other hand, no difficulty is made about permitting those who have passed the examination for the doctorate to use the title, and their position is not

nearly so illogical as that of women at Oxford and Cambridge.

Professor Mahaffy is preparing for publication a fragment of a Greek novel which he has found on a papyrus of the first century in the Fayyum.

Convocation of the Victoria University has passed a resolution condemning the action of the Council in granting certificates of proficiency to women in special subjects, whether they have or have not taken the ordinary degree course.

Among those upon whom Princeton University conferred the honorary degree of LL D., on the occasion of celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, were Lord Kelvin, Professor Goldwin Smith, Professor J. J. Thompson, of Cambridge, Professor Edward Dowden, of Dublin, and Principal Peterson, of Montreal.

MB. J. M. BARRIE, who was recently on a visit to the United States, has received the compliment of an American edition of his works, in eight volumes, each illustrated with a frontispiece, and containing a brief introduction by the author. We notice also that the American issue of "Sentimental Tommy" has the full-page illustrations by Mr. W. Hatherell, which accompanied it on its original appearance in Scribner's Magazine.

THE best description of mountain scenery was written by a man who had never climbed a mountain, and Miss Nora Hopper, the most distinctively Celtic of the new Irish school of writers, has never so much as set foot in the Green Isle in her life.

THE Dublin Review is about to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its founding. Its founders were Cardinal Wiseman and Daniel O'Connell, in 1836.

LEWIS CARROLL, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," lives in Oxford, and is a deacon of Christ Cathedral. He stammers, and that is why he never became a clergyman. His real name is Dodgson, and his chambers in Tom Quad are said to be the finest in Oxford.

Professor C. A. L. Totten, a former instructor in Yale, has issued a calendar for past and future time, covering a period of 67,713,-250 years.

WE understand that Professor Max Müller has finished printing the first volume of his forthcoming "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," but that he is still engaged in passing the second through the press. Some delay has been caused by the necessity of taking into consideration the new works that are always appearing on the subject. The book will be published by Messrs, Longmans & Co.

THE Hon. Bertrand Russell, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has gone to America, on the invitation of the trustees of Bryn Mawr College, to lecture on "Non-Euclidean Geometry." He will repeat the lectures during December at Johns Hopkins University.

#### MISCELLANY.

Persian Women at Home.—Sacred from the eyes of ordinary visitors, generally built at the back of the house, and possessing a small courtyard of its own, is the Anderun-the apartment devoted by the Persian to his womankind. Here the upper class women live in their little world, and, narrow though it be, they would not exchange it for any amount of Western liberty. They wish for nothing better. So far from being caged birds pining for freedom, a life of wider scope and activity would be eminently distasteful to them. Love, fine clothes, jewels and plenty of sweetmeats are the ingredients that form their happiness. In Turkey and India the harem doors are being gradually opened to progressive ideas; but in Persia, the land of retrogression and decay, no corner of the purdah has as yet been lifted. Strictly veiled, and debarred from all intercourse with the opposite sex (excepting near relations). Persian women nevertheless contrive to influence public affairs in no small degree. The most zealous apostle and preacher of the Bab was a woman, and the late Shah's mother was a person of much political importancethrough her energy and diplomacy he came to the throne. There is, however, plenty of female society, and much time is spent in paying calls, attending funerals and weddings, and the bath; this last is a general meeting-place, where the gossip of the neighborhood is exchanged and characters receive no gentle handling. A man of wealth places the charge of his harem in the hands of eunuchs, who regulate the household expenses, see that undesirable visitors in the shape of dervishes and fortune tellers are excluded, and do their best to keep in abeyance that spirit of intrigue which is as the breath in her nostrils to every Persian woman. Formerly women convicted of infidelity were horribly punished, and the matter was left in the husband's hands, but cases are now becoming happily rarer. It is the Shah's royal prerogative to inspect every man's harem, and a visit from the "Asylum of the Universe" is a great event in the lives of the inmates, for if any one of them finds favor with the monarch she is transferred to his keeping, which is considered promotion in her eyes.— Queen.

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURE. The fusion of classical and Oriental feeling with Christian mysticism in Byzantine architecture, which came in with the use of the round vault and dome, opened a new field for that most splendid material, mosaic, that became, par excellence, the principal means as well as the glory of the interior decoration of Byzantine buildings. In the churches of Ravenna and St. Mark's it dominates or takes the place of all other decoration, its impressiveness being largely due to this; and one feels it to be sufficient in itself The concave surface of the vaulting affords a peculiar appropriate field for the most effective use of the cubes of colored and gilded glass, by means of which the designs are built up. The very method of mosaic work harmonizes it at once with the craft of building, of which it becomes a part. It is a constructive method of surface decoration entirely in harmony with architectural construction, capable of the utmost splendor, and yet full of solemnity. The nature and conditions of the material seem to place natural limits upon its graphic or pictorial range, which, curiously enough, it appears to be in the nature of the evolution of any art (or perhaps of artists) continually to attempt to overstep. One has only to compare the decorative effect and architectural feeling of the Byzantine mosaics with the late Roman attempts to reproduce Renaissance pictures at St. Peter's to be convinced of its true artistic province and treatment, and to be left in no doubt as to which influence—that of architecture or of painting -has proved the most beneficial and inspiring to the mosaic designer and worker. We have in our own time, in recent years, returned to the old method of working glass mosaic as an architectural decoration, to working it on the surface, and in silu, as the only means of obtaining that richness and variety

of surface and play of light impossible to be attained by the mechanical method of making flat slabs of tesserse on the back of the cartoon in the workshop. The most important piece of modern mosaic work of our time and country is that upon which Mr W. B. Richmond is now engaged at St. Paul's Cathedral. Personally I am not in favor of modern artists decorating a building of a former age-at least, in the present condition of art and craftsmanship. I should put new wine into new bottles, and artistic interest in those places most bare of it; but I think, nevertheless, that Mr. Richmond and his able assistants, the mosaic workers of Messrs. Powell, are carrying out a very fine, thoughtful, and splendid piece of work, full of ability in design and conception and technical skill, governed by the architectural feeling of a decorator, even though that feeling may compel him to mask some of the characteristics of the building he is decorating. But there comes in the modern difficulty. From the mosaic point of view one might wish St. Paul's had been a Byzantine building. Notable characteristics in the design of Byzantine mosaic are the simplicity in the design and arrangement of masses. They are in some instances almost heraldic in their ornamental effect, and there is no doubt that the silhouette of figures or groups, as thrown upon a gold ground, is the most important consideration in the case of design intended to be seen from a long distance and in subdued or half light, and upon the concave surfaces of a dome. As subsidiary to its chief decorative splendor in mosaic, Byzantine sculpture shows a certain restraint, reserve, and a linear feeling in its design, though with considerable richness of detail, as in the carving of the characteristic cushion and basketlike capitals and screen panels of open work, which also suggest wicker and rope-work motives. This linear feeling and lattice, wicker and rope-work motive can also be traced in the typical carved ornament of Romanesque work generally-as, for instance, in the mouldings of Norman arches and the caps of These characteristics may perthe shafts. petuate the tradition of the construction of the primitive buildings, in this country, of wood and wicker. At the time when design was emerging from Byzantine tradition, or perhaps adding to it by fresh and simple inspiration from nature, and acquiring techni cal freedom, in the thirteenth century, Gothic sculpture appeared to reach a grace and vitality which relates it to the best Greek work.

English Gothic sculpture has suffered so much from the destroyer and defacer that it is difficult to find complete examples to compare with Continental work.—Walter Crane, in the Magazine of Art.

THE MOST GORGEOUS LADY BLESSINGTON. By J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, -There is every reason why this book should have been written: for, apart from the fact that the writer has been permitted to make use of "six volumes of letters in Mr. Morrison's possession, addressed by the leading men and women of the day to the countess, or written by herself," no Life of the renowned beauty has been published since Mr. Madden's voluminous "Life and Correspondence," in three very large volumes. There was every reason, I repeat, for producing a new Life of Lady Blessington in a compact and handy form, and no apology was necessary for such an undertaking. But when one glances through the older biography, and sees how enormously Mr. Molloy must have been aided by it in his labors, I must confess it does seem to savor of ingratitude for him to say, as he does most deliberately, "No luminous biography of Lady Blessington has ever been written."

In his modest preface Mr. Madden told his readers "an intimate acquaintance and uninterrupted friendship with the late Countess of Blessington during a period of twenty-seven years, and the advantages of possessing the entire confidence of that lady, are the circumstances which induced the friends of Lady Blessington to commit to me the task of editing an account of her literary life and correspondence." While, then, Mr. Molloy's two charming volumes ought to find their place on the drawing-room tables of those to whom books are treasures, the older and more sombre volumes are not superseded, but still remain the authority for students of what we may call the Byronic period of English literature.

The father of Lady Blessington was a typical Irish squire of the last century; not as he is here misnamed, a "squireen," which is in Ireland a term of opprobrium usually associated with an upstart or a middleman, but never applied to a country gentleman, as, by position at least, Edmond Power undoubtedly was. He was one of the hard drinking, reckless, extravagant men of his time, "whose love of display drifted him into debt and difficulties.

"Tall, straight-built and bandsome, florid

of face, peremptory of speech, he dressed in leather breeches and top boots, wore white cravats, frills, ruffles, and top seals, which costume helped to give him a showy and impressive appearance and to gain for him among his fellow-squires the names of 'Beau Power' and 'Shiver the Frills,'"

Her mother was of too weak a character to influence her husband for good; she had probably so grown up with the manly vices of her time as not to recognize their existence. She was "too much absorbed," we are told, "in the glories of "me ancestors the Desmonds" to enter into the inner lives of her children, of whom (sic) she bore six."

The folly and recklessness of Power soon came to its natural ending: "His property, which at one time had brought him fifteen hundred a year, became, through neglect and increasing debt, of less and less value. But so long as he could have dogs and hunters, and enjoy wine and revelry, the world went well with him, and he was content to put off till to-morrow such unpleasant considerations as tradesmen's bills and obtruding (sic) bailiffs." When the inevitable day of reckoning did come, and nearly all the property had to be sold, poor "Shiver the Frills," for the first time, must of necessity soil his aristocratic fingers with business. Surely "me ancestors the Desmonds" must have turned in their graves and groaned.

It is an unpleasant picture we are afterward shown of Power, with whom the times, as we say in Ireland, "were going hard." Various methods of making money had been tried, with bad results; and, as the man's income became lower his vices sank also to a lower level. From the handsome, open-handed sporting squire, with a fine, gentlemanly taste for generous wine, he soon became a sordid drunkard: "He treated his wife with brutality, and became the terror of the home, where he delighted to display his tyranny.... Terror-stricken by his fury, his cruelty, and his drunken oaths, his children fled from his approach."

Equally sordid is the scene of the future Lady Blessington, standing in her father's shabby dining room, in an atmosphere heavy with the smell of roast meat and whiskey, when the order was given that she should marry Captain Farmer, for whom she had an instinctive dread—an instinct afterward justified by events, for the man became a lunatic. The young wife of sixteen, who was "between the devil and the deep sea"—an insane hus-

band and a brutal father—put herself the protection of a Captain Jenkins, whom she was transferred to Lord Ble ton, who, on the most opportune des Farmer, made her his wife. And, a Molloy relates with admirable naīveté, sooner had she parted from Captain Je than Lord Blessington sent him a che £10,000, the presumed value of the j and apparel given by Jenkins to Mai Farmer."

From poverty, with all its petty shift miseries, the scene is now changed to o the most dazz!ing wealth, and if any i ited vices linger around the most gorg lady, they are so daintily gilded that we call them by some other name.

The most repulsive actions of Lady E ington's life were the arranged marriag her poor little stepdaughter with C D'Orsay, and of her subsequent friend with the French count, whom Byron descr as having all the air of a cupidon dech Our biographer is at pains to tell us, a and again, how thoroughly innocent was friendship between the most gorgeous and the most captivating count; and he forbid that any one to-day should follow scandal-mongers who thought otherwise. apart from the question of graver guilt, not the marriage of this young girlchild of sixteen to the man-of-the-wo blasé, selfish, and sensual—in itself quite enough? The girl was hurried into a tract, the nature of which she was ignor Why did the man marry her? W could he have seen in this bread-and-bu miss? We are told of the interview betw Miss Power and her drunken father in a re heavy with the odor of whiskey and hot m and of her subsequent interview with weak mother, to whom she had flown in v for sympathy—that mother and father 1 at least, the excuse of poverty, that w mother could not have helped her daugh But Lord Blessington and his most gorge lady had no such excuse, and Lady Blessi ton could have prevented the marriage she would. On the whole, I am inclined think that a vile action is none the less because the air is redolent with the scenvervain and roses.

It is interesting to reflect that, if L<sub>i</sub> Blessington had not taken to literature, might have succeeded well as a matrimor agent. She arranged a marriage between sister and a French nobleman twice her a

Either party was deceived into thinking that the other had wealth, and they finally parted.

It is in the after period of Lady Blessington's life that her better nature seems to assert itself. She then devoted the energies of her mind to the calm pursuits of literature, lived down much of the prejudice which existed against her, and gathered around her the most illustrious men of her time. We have here published "for the first time," as we are told, "letters which Disraeli, Dickens, Lendor, Barry Cornwall, Marryat, Macready, Lord Lytton, and others addressed to her." The inclusion of these letters alone makes the work a useful addition to any library; but I may remark, in passing, that an index would have made it still more valuable.

A number of racy anecdotes are collected together. Disraeli figures in Lady Blessington's salons, of all others the most interesting figure. Some of the descriptions are excellent-as, for example, in the chapter which introduces young Disraeli: "A curious figure that derided sobriety, he looked half contemptuously, half amusedly, and with some curiosity at the life around him. Fluent, his words seemed to conceal his thoughts; vivacious, it appeared impossible to penetrate him '' And how great he was for all his fopperies, which, unlike those of poor Byron. were mere externals. And, stranger still, in sober, conservative English society, where aberrations of morals and of intellect are far more tolerated than eccentricities of dress, this young Hebrew could enter a drawingroom, arrayed in "a scarlet waistcoat, long laced ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling upon his shoulders."

Count D'Orsay was an admired member in the circle. Thank heaven, not admired by all! Mrs. Newton Crosland, whom he once took into dinner, remarked that his hands, "large, white, and apparently soft, 'had not the physiognomy which pleases the critical observer and student of hands, ' for they indicated self-indulgence." He struck her moreover as being "mannish rather than manly, and yet with a touch of effeminacy quite different from that woman-like tenderness which adds to the excellence of man." Thackeray met the splendid humbug in 1850, and describes him as "living in a charming atelier, which he has fitted up for himself with arms and trophies, pictures and looking-glasses, the tomb of Blessington, the sword and star

of Napoleon, and a crucifix over his bed. And here he dwells," writes the cynic, "without any doubts or remorses, admiring himself in the most horrible pictures which he has painted, and statues which he gets done for him."

The count had received within twelve months of his marriage a sum of twenty thousand pounds, while Lord Blessington arranged that after his decease a similar sum should be settled upon him for life. So generous a dower—a genuine pretium puellae as it was—might have made him kindly disposed toward his child-wife, who, three years after her marriage, when she had reached the age of nineteen, grew to be a remarkably handsome woman. Not for her was the "brilliant wit" and "wonderful fascination" which made D'Orsay the pet of society. That was reserved for others.

"Instead of being the wife of her husband, and the mistress of her home, she found herself a supernumerary in a circle with which she had no sympathy. Disagreements followed, rebellion set in; and in the autumn of 1831 she and Count D'Orsay separated by mutual consent." Afterward she repeated the early portion of her stepmother's married life, upon a far grander scale (vires acquirit eundo), by gaining the friendship and "fostering kindness" of the Duc d'Orléans, prince royal of France, and son of Louis Philippe.

An amusing sketch is given of the latter days of Mme. Guiccioli, the friend of Byron. Her husband having died, in 1840, she had waited for some one to wed her, and finally succeeded in capturing an ancient nobleman. the Marquis de Boissy, who was a collector of curios and rare editions. To him the fact of his wife having had a linison with a great poet made her as valuable as a rare copy of some old book, or an antique vase with a flaw or two. He was wont to introduce her to his friends as "Madame la Marquise de Boissy ma femme, ci-devant maitresse de Lord Byron." It is not hard to imagine the dear old creature rubbing his hands as he said this, and after a little while taking his guest by the arm, with, "And now, mon ami, you must permit me to show you ma Breechesse Bible !"

What a gay world it was! How it would afford material for nice reflections in a sequel to "Little Arthur's History of England"—if there be any "Little Arthurs" nowadays, which is extremely doubtful! It would be so easy to tell how very different the ways of

society have grown—how little the D'Orsays are tolerated; how they are estimated at their real worth, and not for fine clothes, and a superficial polish, and a smart repartee, and suave mannerisms. But this is verging very closely on cynicism, a quality quite intolerable in a reviewer.—George Newcomen, in the Academy.

THE NEW MEMBER.—New members are slowly learning the pitfalls that lie in the pathway along the innocent-looking floor of the House of Commons. In the early days of their changed existence they showed the customary passion for walking out to a division with their hats on. Few things, in a small way, are so comical as to see the new member thus offending turn round, on hearing the stern cry of "Order! order!" from the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and look about to see who it may be that is misconducting himself. When the truth dawns upon him, or is brought home to him by peremptory action on the part of neighbors, the condition of the new member is pathetically pitiful. He clutches at the offending hat, and makes off at quickened pace to the grateful obscurity of the division lobby.

Another familiar incident in the early life of the new member is his irresistible tendency to stroll between the Chair and an honorable gentleman on his legs addressing it. That, according to Parliamentary etiquette, is an offence second only to the enormity of manslaughter in the eye of the criminal law. The circumstances under which it usually takes place add considerably to the sensation of the moment. The new member enters the House and finds it moderately full, listening to a gentleman addressing the Speaker from a bench below the gangway. He stands at the bar a few minutes. Then he thinks he may as well take his place, approachable by the gangway that midway divides the benches. He steps down the floor, bowing with easy grace to the Speaker, turns to the left and begins to saunter up the gangway, when he is startled by an outburst of fierce cries of "Order! Order!" Members near him are shouting, too, glaring upon him like tigers deprived of their whelps. He perceives as in a lurid flash of lightning what is the matter. He is passing between the Chair and the honorable member addressing it. The anguish of the situation suddenly revealed is added to by the difficulty of deciding what to do. If he goes back he will have to walk crestfallen to the

door, under the mocking gaze of a ero House. If he goes forward he will be ing up the enormity of his guilt. Wh generally does is to stand stock-still for ment, his knees trembling, his face received he look in the eyes of a hunted hare. (ally he stoops down with hands on a lamost touching the floor, and so, making way up the gangway, slinks into his Then the House, thoroughly refreshed be sport, turns to further consider the argue of the member who was addressing it.

At one time during the existence of Salisbury Parliament, the House, bent o joyment of this time-honored game, can An Irish member was contin debate from the second bench below the a way. Lord Tweedmouth (then Mr. Mai banks and one of the Opposition Whips) from the front bench and strolled toward door. On the way he necessarily passed tween the Irish member and the Chair, wl at there burst forth a roar of "Order! der!" the more jubilant since the offer was an old and popular member. To general surprise, Mr. Marjoribanks did go down on his hands or knees, or other show himself perturbed. On the contrary raised himself to fuller height, shortened pace, and defiantly regarded the shou members. Worse still, when he reached bar he turned round, and walked back as slower than ever as he passed between orator and the Speaker. There was evide: something wrong somewhere, and it did appear to rest with Mr. Marjoribanks. was not committing a breach of order, or defiant procedure would have drawn forth proof from the Speaker. This conclusion correct. The member on his legs at the ment spoke from the second tench, which raised a step from the floor. The assumpt -not quite safe in the case of a man of I Tweedmouth's inches—therefore, was that obstacle interposed between the line of si of the member thus elevated and the Ch The gangway step made all the differen Had the member speaking stood on the f by the front bench below the gangway. Marjoribanks sauntering down to the d would have called upon himself the repl of the Speaker. But he is too old a Pal mentary hand to have committed so un donable an offence. - Strand Magazine.

Animals' Illusions.—A curious instanc animal illusion was seen on the Thames



cently by those on their way to Henley by river. A cock swan was fighting his own reflection seen in the window of a partly sunken house boat, which acted as a looking glass. He had been doing battle for some time in defence, as he supposed, of his wife and family who were grouped together close by, and had apparently begun to have some misgivings as to whether the enemy was real or not, for at intervals he desisted from the attack, and tapped the frame of the window all round with his bill.

1896.

Birds are perhaps more commonly the victims of illusions than other animals, their stupidity about their eggs being quite remarkable. Last year, for instance, a hen got into the pavilion of a ladies' golf club, and began to sit on a golf-ball in a corner, for which it made a nest with a couple of pockethandkerchiefs. But many quadrupeds are not only deceived for the moment by reflections, shadows, and such unrealities, but often seem victims to illusions largely developed by the imagination. The horse, for instance, is one of the bravest of animals when face to face with dangers which it can understand, such as the charge of an elephant, or a wild boar at bay. Yet the courageous and devoted horse, so steadfast against the dangers he knows, is a prey to a hundred terrors of the imagination due to illusions-mainly those of sight, for shying, the minor effect of these illusions, and "bolting," in which panic gains complete possession of his soul, are caused as a rule by mistakes as to what the horse sees, and not by misinterpretation of what he hears. It is noticed, for instance, that many horses which shy usually start away from objects on one side, more frequently than from objects on the other. This is probably due to defects in the vision of one or other eye. In nearly all cases of shying the horse takes fright at some unfamiliar object, though this is commonly quite harmless, such as a wheelbarrow upside down, a freshly felled log, or a piece of paper rolling before the wind. This instantly becomes an "illusion," is interpreted as something else, and it is a curious question in equine neuropathy to know what it is that the horse figures these harmless objects to be? When Russian ponies first began to be shipped to Harwich they usually objected to pass near a donkey. This reluctance was explained on the hypothesis that the ponies seldom saw donkeys in Russia, and mistook them for bears. But that is hardly an illusion which is the effect of a mental misinterpretation of outside phenomena. One conclusion is certain: all horses share the feeling, omne ignolum pro mirabili, with a strong tendency to convert mirabili into terribili, and night or twilight predisposes them to this nervous condition. A coachman who for many years had been in charge of a large stable of valuable carriagehorses, gave the writer some curious instances of the nervous illusions of horses. Once only did he find a whole stable in anything like permanent fear. He had taken ten carriagehorses to a large house in Norfolk, where they stood in a line in a ten stalled stable. There was a tame monkey in the stable, very quiet, which slept unchained, sitting on one of the divisions of the stalls. On the first night, about 11 o'clock, he heard a disturbance in the stable, the horses stamping and kicking, and very uneasy. He got a light, entered the stable, and found them all "in a muck sweat." Nothing which could disturb them was there except the monkey, apparently asleep on its perch. He quieted the horses, locked the door, and went away. Soon the disturbance began again, and this time, slipping quietly up, he drew a pair of steps to one of the windows, and as the moon was shining bright, had a view of the interior. The monkey was the source of terror. It was amusing itself by a steeplechase along the whole length of the stable, leaping alternately from the division of the stall to a horse's back or head, then off on to the next rail, and so on. The horses were trembling with fright, though many of them had not the least objection to a cat or a pigeon sitting on their backs. Yet the monkey had not hurt any of them, and their panic was clearly the result of illusion. Old-fashioned people used to identify any strange living object which frightened them with "the devil." Perhaps for horses "the devil" is anything which they cannot understand.

"Understanding," or investigation to that end, does often remove these equine illusions. Young horses can be led up to a sack lying on the ground and induced to pass it by letting them smell it, and find out that it really is a sack, and not the Protean thing, whatever it may be, which illusion conjures up for them. Once the writer saw a very quick and pretty instance of experiment by touch made by a frightened pony. It was being driven as leader in a pony tandem, and stopped short in front of where the rails of a steam tramway crossed the road. It first smelt the near rail,

and then quickly gave it two taps with its hoof. After this it was satisfied, and crossed the line. On the other hand, a donkey always tried to jump the shadows of tree-trunks on the road, though a similar experiment of touch would have shown that these were as unreal as the tram-rail was substantial. Lastly, no horse which has once knocked its head against the top of a stable doorway seems quite able to get 1id of the illusion that there sits up in the top of all doorways an invisible something which will hit him again next time he goes through. Hence the troublesome, and sometimes incurable habit of horses "jibbing" when taken out of the stable. This is an obvious instance of the disadvantage at which most animals stand in regard to means of physical experiments. The horse, for instance, need only feel the lintel to find out that it is fixed and does not move, and is not alive and waiting to hit him. But except his lips, which are sensitive, he has no member with which he can make this experiment. Except the elephant and the monkey, most of the "higher" animals suffer from this lack of the means of experiment. The wonder is, not that they suffer from illusions, but that they make so few mistakes.

The routine of chemical experiment gives some idea of the common means by which we guard against mistaking one thing for another. The inquirer notes the taste, scent, and color, and judges of the weight, solubility, and, in the case of crystals, of the shape of the object he wishes to identify, he tries if it is brittle or tough, he heats it or cools it. In common every-day experience the number of "tests" unconsciously applied by men to prevent illusion and identify objects approaches much more nearly to the number prescribed for scientific inquiry than to the simple experiments used by animals. There is even a test for a ghost, which, since quoting Latin to it fell into disuse, usually takes the form of seeing if it is "sensitive to percussion." Now, even this simple experiment is denied to a horse when uncertain as to the reality of a figure seen by twilight. In the absence of a hand the sense of touch is deficient in most animals. This, except in the case of birds, is not compensated by special acuteness of sight, though nearly all animals apply a sensible test to ascertain whether an object is living or inanimate. They wait to see if it moves; and to do this they know that the first condition is to keep absolutely still themselves. Most of the larger birds, notably wood-pigeons, remain perfectly motionless for many seconds after alighting in a new place, in order to identify any moving On the other hand, the power of scent is a great corrective to animal misconceptions about objects. It is their chief means of distinguishing the animate from the inanimate, and is always employed by them in the diagnosis of death. It would be interesting to know whether camels and horses share the illusions produced on men by mirage in the desert, or whether they are all the time aware that the seeming lakes of water are unreal. It is certain that they are frequently mistaken in sounds, for there are many authenticated instances in which animals have mistaken the mimicry of parrots for the call of their masters, and a nervous dog, which had a special dread of thunder, has been known to go into a fit when it heard a sack of coals being emptied into the cellar. - Speciator.

CHANGE OF AIR.—The popular notion that sea air owes its vivifying effects to ozone is, says Dr. Louis Robinson in the National Review, not sanctioned by science; for although a certain amount of that much vaunted gas is generally present in the air of seaside places, its action for good on the human frame is more than doubtful. On the whole too much has been made by writers on hygiene of the deleterious effect of carbonic acid; for as long as this gas remains pure, and is unassociated with the deadly carbonic oxide or "choke damp," it does not seem to produce anything like the serious effects which were at one time supposed to follow from breathing it. Only when it is present in such large quantities as to displace the indispensable amount of oxygen does it endanger life.

But if our theories have been doubtful, the facts remain certain. There is undoubtedly a peculiar virtue in mere change, says Dr. Robinson. It seems to give a fillip to the whole system, and especially to increase the recuperative power. The persistent languor and debility following an exhausting illness, such as an attack of influenza or whoopingcough, will often disappear like magic under the influence of a change of abode. Nor is it essential that the patient should go to the seaside, or to some spot of acknowledged salubrity. "Often the mere removal from one part of a town to another will result in an immediate and manifest improvement. I know of an instance in which a gentleman, a sufferer from asthma and bronchitis, whose

home was in a healthy part of Surrey, obtained very great relief by a short residence among the slums of Seven Dials. Children seem especially benefited by a change of air; so much so that it is often found advisable to remove them even during a severe illness. In two cases which occur to me in which such a course was adopted, the little patients had been given up by their medical attendant because they had reached that fatal stage of exhaustion so dreaded by the physician, when all rallying power has ebbed away and there is no more response to remedial measures. Although it seemed doubtful in both cases whether the children would even survive the journey, an instant improvement took place as soon as the removal was accomplished, and in each case complete recovery followed. Both of these children came from homes where every comfort was provided, and from neighborhoods considered healthy."

Similarly with lower animals. It is well known that wild beasts in travelling menageries, in spite of the rough and limited accommodation which they have to put up with. are more healthy and live longer than those which have all the care which science and money can provide in the Zoological Gardens. Among the first elephants to breed in captivity were those in Barnum's travelling show, and this almost unprecedented event asserts in the most positive manner that the circumstances under which the animals lived were more conducive to their general well being than those of the elephants in Regent's Park. or even in the government establishment in India. Race-horses, it is said, are more likely to become "stale" and to deteriorate in condition when they are kept in one place than when they are travelling about to different race-meetings. Not a few owners of drav horses in London, such as railway carriers, brewers, etc., find it answer their purpose to have a farm in the country, to which the horses are sent for a change when they show signs of failing health. I have seen young Irish cattle which arrived in "store condition" at an English farm improve so rapidly that they outstripped the beasts of the same age which had been bred on the spot, although the latter were in every way of superior quality from a grazier's point of view.

And the theory? Why is it that mere change does us good? It is, says Dr. Louis Robinson, because man is naturally and primitively a nomad: "The epoch during which man was a savage hunter with no fixed place

of abode was so incalculably longer than the most extended estimate of historic time that it is impossible to ignore the influence of such a state of existence upon human nature as we find it to-day. That early man was a wanderer on the face of the earth, like all modern savages who get a precarious livelihood by hunting, is abundantly proved. With the change of the seasons, or as game became scarce in the vicinity of his cave dwelling, he was compelled to migrate from place to place, in search, not of change of air, but of bare That such habits, prevalent sustenance. through so long a period, would be likely to leave a lasting impress on every cell and fibre of the human frame is more than probable. And if these were the prevailing conditions of environment during the manufacture, so to speak, of our physical constitution, it seems reasonable to infer that somewhat similar conditions would be those most favorable to the smooth working of the bodily machinery in modern times. It was found that the unfortunate natives of Tasmania, bred among the hills and woods, perished rapidly when removed to a totally different environment on Flinders Island; and the dwarfs which Stanley discovered in the dense and gloomy forests of the Aruwhimi only lived a short time if forced to dwell in a more open and sunny If therefore a race of nomads, to region. whom vagrant habits had become a second nature, were compelled to live permanently in one spot, one would expect that some evil consequences would ensue, and that these would be especially liable to show themselves when the general vitality had been lowered by disease. And, conversely, it seems reasonable to conclude that a renewal of the conditions to which the constitution of man was originally adapted would contribute to the recovery of a normal state of health."

The Social Function of Wealth.—The social function of wealth comes into play when the disposition is to be determined of the surplus that is left after a comfortable style of living with judicious luxury is provided for, and a proper amount has been put away. Persons of great wealth have large opportunities for usefulness in associating themselves with and participating in efforts which seem useful, but the results of which are uncertain. Many discoveries and inventions have to pass through a period of incubation, as recently electric lighting and the transmission of force by electricity, and now the division and dis-

persion of motive force into small shops, experiments in photography of colors, etc. Numerous costly efforts are necessary in seeking advance in such matters which we see to be possible and even near, but which are still far from the practicable period. Wealth is thus put in the way of fulfilling its social function of assisting progress; and much more is accomplished by it in this way than the multitude think. A similar field of usefulness is found in giving assistance to agricultural experimentation,

A second social function of wealth is found in enterprises requiring patronage and remunerative philanthropy. The term "remunerative philanthropy" may have an odd sound to some persons. It is, however, true that rich men render great social services by the performance of the kind of work which we have designated thus. A portion of the revenue of the wealthy might well be devoted to enterprises of general and public utility, which would also, if well directed, produce a modest but respectable remuneration. There are a number of kinds of businesses capable of returning a small profit, but in which the chances of gain, though not absent, are too limited to attract private speculators, careful only of their personal interest, which might be undertaken by wealthy men satisfied to put out a part of their revenues for low inter-An investigation made about fifteen years ago by the Industrial Society of Upper Alsace brought to light several enterprises of this character, inspired by a philanthropic feeling, and yet giving a modest indemnification for the capital invested in them. Among them are societies of Popular Credit, of which Schulze-Delitsch and Raiffeisin have described admirable types, consumers' co-operative societies, workingmen's insurance under a variety of forms, baths and lavatories for workingmen or for the small middle class, workingmen's lodgings, cheap dining-houses, and other establishments of similar character. All these organizations that concern the people are usually despised by professional speculators and by capitalists.

In a very successful experiment made by a number of practical philanthropists at Lyons, France, ninety houses, containing a thousand simple but convenient and healthful suites, returned a profit of 5½ per cent, of which the investors received 4 per cent, the statutory maximum, while the rest went to increase the reserves. The objections which have been alleged against these enterprises are not really

of great importance. It does not follow because they are not of advantage to one or to the poorest class they are not to a very considerable class of workme small clerks. And while there is dange in the course of time-say, after fifty ( enty-five years-they will deteriorate come corrupt, we have no right to con that they will not have rendered good s in the meantime. It only proves that ing is lasting, and that types and me will have to be modified, every half ce: for example. These establishments fo taste for neatness and hygienic condition the house, and provide models which p builders may imitate. What has thus done in reference to the house may al done with relation to food. In this, ] again has given an instructive example the provision that has been made the popular restaurants with low-priced di which yet pay a very convenient intere from 3 to 4 per cent. In association wit terprises of this kind wealth performs it cial function without suffering depreciati

A third social function of wealth lies is gratuitous patronage of unremunerative w a sympathetic way of giving help whe will be worthily bestowed and thankfull ceived. Next are great foundations of eral interest, such as a few millionaires, w names are honored and perpetuated by t deeds, have taken pleasure in making. finest examples of this kind of benevole have been found among the Americans in the little States of ancient Greece: m ums, schools, observatories, public pa churches, orphanages, hospitals-instituti with which every man possessing a fortun the first class might deem it a privilege have his name associated. No consider curtailment of the amount to be transmito heirs or gradual transformation after de of private fortunes into collective fortu need be contemplated in these foundation Such transformation would be of mischiev economical effect; for money, except is few rare exceptions, is better administered individuals who possess it than by collec organizations of any kind. Many fortui however, are large enough to afford considerations able sums for these foundations. There many other beneficent works that mi tempt millionaires. Among objects worth attention are African and Asian explorati experiments in acclimatization of animals: plants, subventions of scientific and med investigation, and others. Under the triple form we have pointed out, the social function of wealth, as distinguished from its economical function, is to be initiative and auxiliary. This function cannot be imposed by law, but must be promoted by tradition, conscience, and a taste for useful and sympathetic activity.—M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

A CITY OF GALLANTS.—Your typical Florentine is epicurean to the toe tips. His enthusiasms and yearnings are quite other than those of the northerner. Give him two francs a day for life, and he will toil no more. He may be a marquis, and seventh or eighth in direct descent, but he will be content to forego the assertion of his rank so he may thenceforward enjoy the priceless boon of leisure and independence. His leisure he will dissipate at the café, with perhaps two three-halfpenny sweet fluids per diem; and you may study the effect of his independence in his courtly manners, even though his hat be worn at the brim and his coat back be deplorably shiny. He is a pellucid brook-shallow as you please, yet engaging for his pellucidity. As he sits on the red velvet cushions and looks forth at the carriages and gowns of fashion in the Via Tornabuoni, he shows no trace of envy on his open countenance. What, in effect, have these rich ones more than he, save the ennul of modishness and the indigestion of high feeding? The monuments and blue skies of Florence (not to mention the glorious or stirring memories of its history) are rather more his than theirs. And it is such ineffable bliss to be able to twiddle one's thumbs and defy all and everything (except death) to upset one's sweet tranquillity of soul. Call it vacuity instead of tranquillity, and no harm will be done,

Through sitting twice or thrice as his neighbor, I came to know one of these remarkable men. His salutations at meeting and parting were of the benignest, but he had nothing to say between times. He sat with his hands folded in his lap, looking as happy as a pretty maid at her first ball. Now and then he would comb his hair and mustache with an ivory pocket-comb, and now and then he would use a tooth-quill. Occasionally he hummed a popular air. His daily beverage was lemon and water. When he lifted his arm I could see the bare skin through the parting of his shirt. In the forenoon, toward evening, and well on in the night, I caught him in the thrall of the same giddy diversion. Yet he was always radiant with innate felicity. And there were others, many, like him. This devotion to the pleasant shadows of propriety is quite a characteristic of certain of the Florentines. They skim the cream of existence, and care little or nothing for what lies underneath. Why should they distress themselves with doubts or unattainable ambitions? they seem to inquire with their ingenuous, unwrinkled countenances. thing to do is to live easily. That achieved, all worth achieving is achieved. plains much in modern Florence that has raised the furious ire of more or less illustrious stranger-sojourners in her laughing Our great Ruskin writes of the "Devil-begotten brood" of the Florentines of our day. They "think themselves so civilized, forsooth," he proceeds, "for building a Nuovo Lung' Arno and three manufactory chimneys opposite it, and yet sell butchers' meat, dripping red, peaches, and anchovies side by side : a sight to be seen."

Between the unspoiled high-born Florentine and the ordinary native there is comparatively little difference on all material points. The one has more money than the other-that is about all. He has a heart of just the same size, and is just as willing to let his heart be the monitor of his actions. From vulgar pride he is gloriously free. As for the leisured young men of the city, these devote themselves strenuously to but a couple of aims: the garnishing of their own dear persons and the pursuit of fair ladies. In the former particular they are not more eccentric than their peers elsewhere. But in their amorous adventures they are wonderful. One with whom I was acquainted was possessed by three infatuations at once. The ladies in question were entire strangers to him, but he knew their names, their circumstances, the hotels at which they were staying (with mammas, papas, or big brothers), and the shops they patronized. He was deterred by no false modesty from raising his hat to them whenever he met them in the Via Tornabuoni (his favorite lounge) and smiling his sweet. est. He had tried a billet-doux on two of them. but had received no answer. He admitted that so far he had not had encouragement from any one of the three, yet he was far from despondent. The most beautiful of them was soon to have a birthday (he had learnt that fact from the subsidized portier at the hotel-Heaven knows how), and he proુર્<sup>ત</sup>્ય.

posed to spend ten lire on her in a magnificent bouquet, in the midst of which there was to be a note containing an eloquent declaration of his heart's passion. He said he was sure he should succeed sooner or later with one of the three, because he had so often before succeeded under similar circumstances. When I mentioned the perils he so audaciously faced at the hands of wrathful parents and brothers, he shrugged his shoulders in contempt of such petty obstacles. "Amico mio." he remarked, with the air of a Solon, "between two hearts that love there is always a way."

The Briton is disposed to laugh to scorn such barefaced impertinence in the Florentine youths. But not infrequently impudence gains the day. A lamentable instance of this occurs to my mind. The victim was a convent bred American girl, visiting Florence with her mother. She was beautiful, with strange light brown eyes, a coquettish demeanor mysteriously out of keeping with the manners one is disposed to believe are inculcated in convents, and a sufficiency of dollars. The rascal who wrecked her was precisely one of these young ruffians of the Via Tornabuoni. He was a count, of course. They are all that, at least. He bored his way into her young heart with the assiduity of a bookworm and the singleness of purpose of a ferret. When she and her mother ate tarts in the swell confectioner's shop near the club, he also was there with sad, wistful eyes. He won the driver of their hired car to slip something into her hands from "il Signor Conte." He bribed the porter at the pension where they were staying, and so established a channel for his love-letters—on superb thick paper embellished by an insidious gilt coronet. And after a fortnight's wooing of this kind, he got so far that the girl was not unwilling to sit at the open window of her ground-floor room and accept his smiles and greetings from the roadway, and even his letters. The affair ended in a wedding, and a year later in a divorce. This precious count, like so many others of his kidney, was a mere adventurer. Since the time of the "Decameron," love or the semblance thereof has played what one may term an inordinate part in Florentine life. Let the visitor be on his guard when he comes to this beautiful city, with its Fair Ladies Street and its expansive smiles; and let him be so especially if he have with him a susceptible and pretty wife, sister, or daughter whom he wishes to leave Florence with

her affections in much the same state as whe she first walked, open-eyed and eager, amouthe pictures and antiquities of the place. I one of the city's enchanting cemeteries yet may read the following epitaph under the marble bust of a girl—"Born for heaved After eighteen years of life and forty days love, fied to her home." These words are epitome of more than one young life upd which Florence has brought the first roughook of disillusionment. Taine says of the Florentines that they are "actifs sans et affairés."—Cornhill Magasine.

A FORMIDABLE FISH, -Dr. Frolich tell about a sucker first found in the Nile and i tributaries by modern scientific men in 188 but well known to the Egyptians as the sucks thunderer god, being worshipped as such in: sucker god temple in the city of the thunder sucker, or Oxyrrhynchos. The reason the called it the thunder-sucker, instead of the thunder fish, was because they knew of at other fish, known to the English-speaking people as the electric cat (fish), and to the Germans as the Zillerwels. It grows to length of about a foot, of which the head and nose take up a quarter, and at the deepeds part measures more than a quarter of length. A peculiar thing about the variou electrical fish is that, should one swim even at a considerable distance from a human bather, the bather would know of its proximile by an electrical sensation, while many them have batteries actually fit to kill a horse on contact.

TELEPHONE WIRES AND LIGHTNING.—It has long been held from practical experience that the network of wires now found in many towns protects those places from the effects of lightning, and probably also prevents many thunderstorms from breaking over them. An official inquiry has been recently made in Germany as to the influence exerted by telephone wires on atmospheric electricity, with a view to set at rest the question whether danger from lightning stroke is increased or diminished by a close network of wires. According to Das Wetter, the inquiry has shown that the wires tend to weaken the violence and diminish the danger of the lightning. Returns obtained from 340 towns provided, and from 560 not provided, with a telephone system, show that the danger varies in the proportion of 1 to 4 6 between the two Cases.

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# MAGAZINE

OF

# FOREIGN LITERATURE

#### DECEMBER.

	CONTENTS.	
	4 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 -	GE.
I.	The Old Order Changeth. By Julia Wedgwood Contemporary Review	721
II.	England, Russia, and France. By T. H. S. Escorr Fortnightly Review	731
III.	Virgil as a Magician. By K. V. Coote	737
IV.	Youthful Views of the Arch-Enemy	742
	Pageantry and Politics. By A Spectator New Review	
VI.	In "Holy Russia"	749
VII.	Trafalgar and To-Day. By H. W. Wilson	758
VIIL	Sketches Made in Germany. By Mrs. KATHARINE	
	BLYTH	768
IX.	William Morris: A Eulogy. By Mackenzie Bell Fortnightly Review	777
X.	The Social Philosophy of Charity Organization. By	
	John A. Hobson	784
XI.	John Gibson Lockhart	796
	The Economic Aspects of the Bicycle. By A. Shadwell. National Review	
	On an Old American Turnpike. By A. G. BRADLEY, Fortnightly Review	
	Louis Pasteur. By C. M. Aikman	
XV.	Yosemite Memories. By W. H. GLEADELLGentleman's Magazine	837
	Cupid the Fiddler	
WII.	Foreign Literary Notes	858
VIIII	MISCELLANY	854

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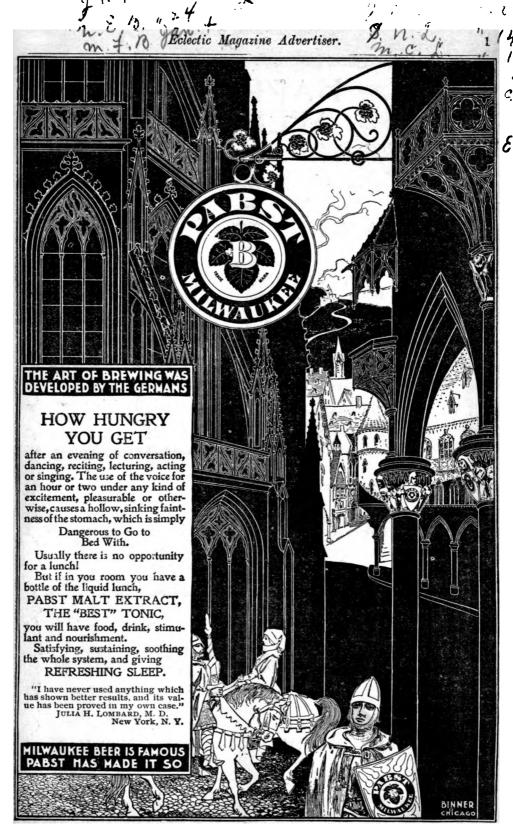
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Bamboo as a Food. --Young bamboo shoots are eaten by the Chinese and Japanese as we eat asparagus. Dr. Lamounier tried two or three species at a right age, and found them excellent. The stalks should be taken very young during the first fortnight of spring growth, and should not be more than 15 centimetres thick. The outer envelopes or spathes are taken off, and the soft substance is left, erisp and brittle, and yielding easily to the pressure of the finger. Dr. Lamounier says they have the general taste and flavor of Brussels sprouts, and that they are wholesome, easily digestible, and economical. But all depends on the time of cutting and the prepara-Some canned bamboo, exhibited in 1889, by the Japanese at Paris, was found hard and tasteless. We have these differences, too, in asparagus and all vegetables, while we judge the quality of the same from their best, not from their worst,

Anvils.—" It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn, N. Y. All kinds of substitut s have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought iron anvil, which is hand-made. There are plenty of cast-iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The cast iron anvil has no music about it, and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one was hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as the smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does nearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his hammer. As far as the village blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant advertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from ten to twenty years - that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by sons which were used by the fathers during their entire lifetime."- Washington Evening Star.

A New Submaning Boat,—The latest improved boat of this kind will be cigar-shaped

and of steel. It will be propelled by steam on the surface and electricity from storage batteries under the surface. It will carry a crew of six men, and will be capable of staying on the bottom about forty hours without renewing the air. The openings, where the divers go out to work, will be on the bottom, and the water will be kept out by air pressure. Powerful electric lights will illuminate the ocean bed for about 300 feet around the vessel. When the boat strikes bottom it will run on three wheels, two of which will be provided with claws, so they may be used as additional propellers. The relative air and water pressure will be shown by gauges. A derrick fastened on the front end will be used in lifting wreckage. It can also be used for torpedo service, raising and exploring wrecks, and for discovering sponge, coral, and valuable submarine deposits.

THE USES OF FLOWERS.—The saffron of commerce is the dried stigmas of a species of crocus. From a remote period it has been highly prized for coloring and flavoring fluids. It is largely employed in India in this way. In India the young flowers of the banana plant are eaten. The Chinese prepare them by pickling them in vinegar. In India the flowers of a kind of sorrel, which have a pleasant, acid taste, are made into tarts and jellies. The blossoms of the shaddock are used for flavoring sweetmeats in the same country. The beautiful bright red flowers of the Quassia amara are valued in Jamaica for the help they give to digestion when infused in wine and water. A powerful alcoholic beverage, somewhat resembling Irish whiskey, is distilled from them. The species of lily known to botanists as Thunbergi is one of the choicest delicacies of the Chinese kitchen. In China dried rosebuds are used as a condiment. Rosebuds boiled in sugar and made into a preserve are eaten by Arabian women. Rose petals are candied like violets, and so likewise are jasmines. The common, yellow pond lilies make delightful preserves, and from them the Turks prepare a cooling drink. These flowers have a perfume like that of brandy, and hence they are sometimes called

"brandy bottles." The flower petals of a species of custard apple, called Anona senegalensis, are used on the Niger for flavoring dishes. The petals of roses thrown upon cold, light wine float away from the lips in drinking. Every lover of cool and fragrant beverages knows the luxury of plunging the heated face into a bunch of fragrant green mint.

AN ILLUMINATED FISH.—The Prince of Monaco is a distinguished naturalist, who every summer adds to our knowledge of the deep sea by dredging it from his steam yacht, the Princess Alice. One of his most curious discoveries of late is the Photostomias Guerni. Having to live at great depths of the Atlantic, where there is very little light, the fish is provided with a double row of lamps in the shape of luminous or phosphorescent spots not unlike those of the glowworm.

A New Lighter.—The time-honored scheme of rolling up a piece of paper and using it for a lighter has been utilized by an inventor in the manufacture of matches. The invention promises to revolutionize European match manufacturing, and is particularly timely, because the wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than wooden matches and weigh much less-a fact which counts for much in the exportation, The sticks of these matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and when immersed in a solution of wax, stearin, and similar substances, will easily stick together and burn with a bright, smokeless, and odorless flame. Strips one half inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass spoken of above, and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size, they are dipped into the phosphorus mass, also by the machine, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface.

KITE-FLYING.—A notable experiment in kiteflying was made at Blue Hill Observatory, N. J. The greatest height yet reached by kites was attained, records being made at a height of 9385 feet above sea level. More than three miles of piano wire were paid out, the ascension beginning at 9.15 a.m., and continuing till 9.5 P.M. The pull on the win was from 20 to 50 pounds at the start, sai ranged from 50 to 95 pounds at the highest point, after which it slowly decreased. The instrument entered and passed through dock, as shown by the record of very dry air above them. The temperature fell from 46° at the hill to 20° at an altitude of 8750 feet The meteorograph record in ink, on a revolving cylinder run by clockwork, was the best yet The lifting force consisted of obtained. seven Eddy, or tailless, and two Hargrave, or box kites, from 6 to 9 feet in diameter The instrument was more than a mile high during three hours.

LEFT HANDED BIRDS.—There seems to be evidence that some animals, at least, are left handed. Parrots grasp and hold food with the left claw. Livingstone stated that lious struck with the left paw; he taught that all animals are left handed. David S. Jordan, who has been shaking hands with the parrots to verify this observation, finds that the lefthanded habit may be induced in parrots from the fact that in offering one's finger for the pairot to grasp it is usually that of the right The parrot, therefore, puts his left hand. claw forward. If the left finger be offered the parrot, the bird will put forward the right foot. He says, however, that there is apperently a small preference for the left foot, but this he accounts for on the ground that leftfootedness is most always induced in parrots from the fact that those who offer the finger or food to the parrot usually do so with the right hand. Repetition of this process, it would seem, tends to make the parrot more or less left-footed.

COOLNESS.—The Wheelwoman is responsible for the following story: Owing to the narrowness of Richmond streets and the enormous traffic, accidents in the town are still plentiful; fortunately, none have been of a serious nature lately. Few girls, however, possess the sang froid shown by one last week, who, losing control of her machine coming down the hill, dashed on to the pavement, and through the open door of a linen draper's shop. Dismounting just in time to prevent colliding with the counter, she turned to the astonished shopwalker and asked for "a penny box of hairpins," and having been served, walked out as if nothing had happened!

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